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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

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FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

VOLUME XL.

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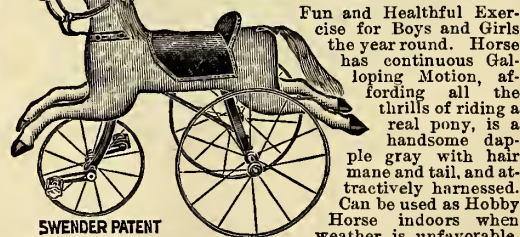
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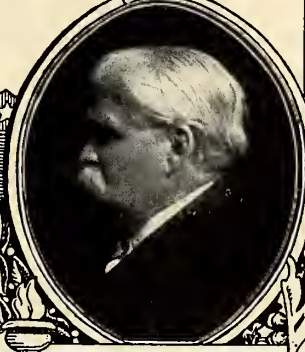
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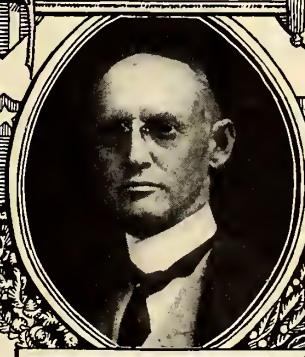
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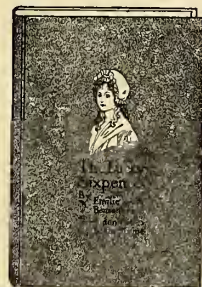
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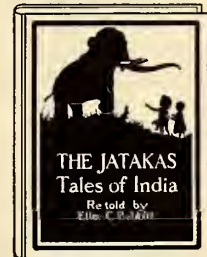
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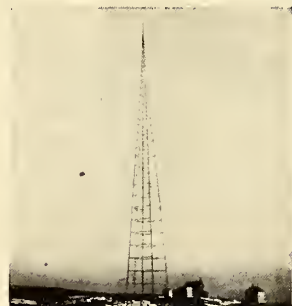
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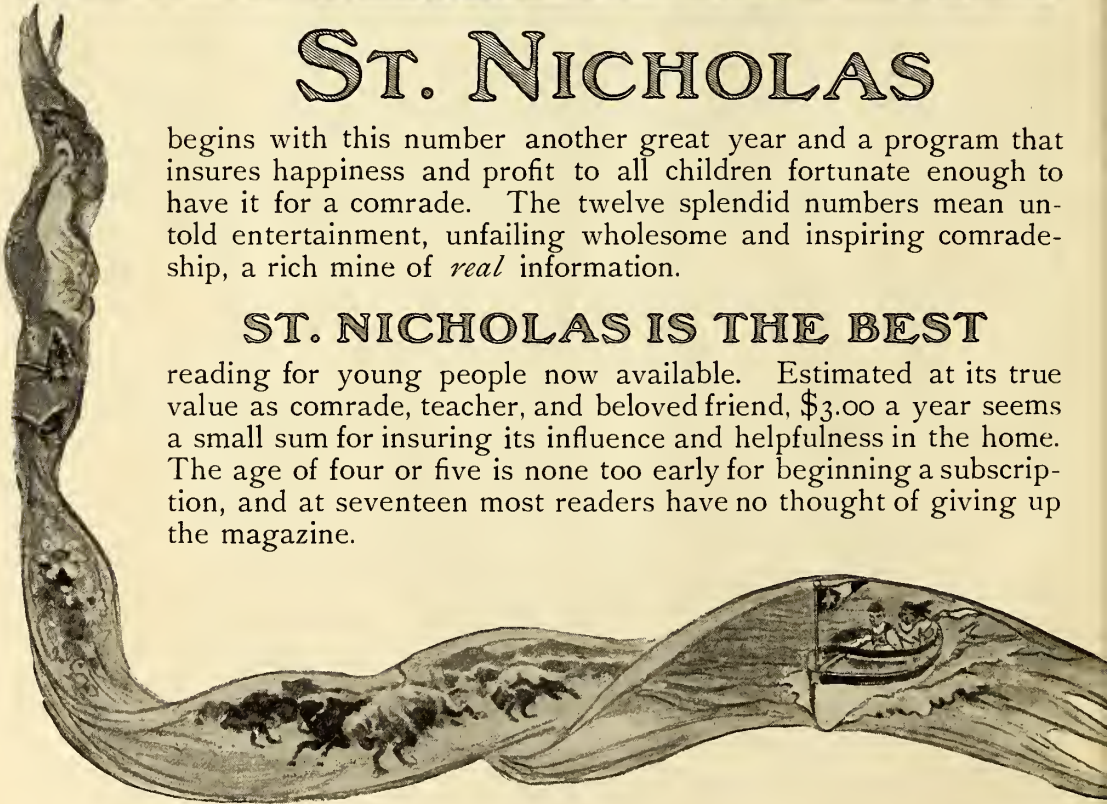


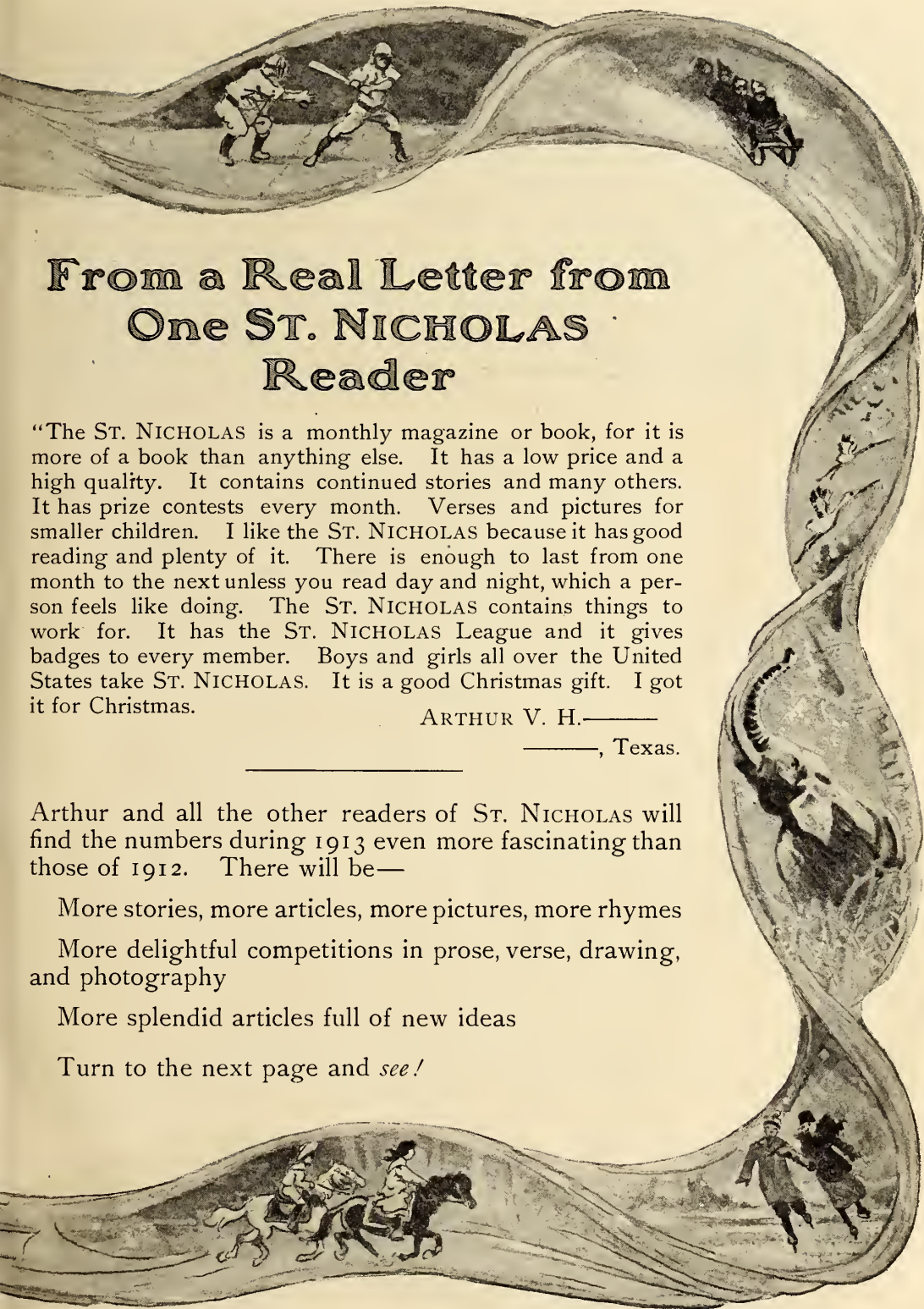
ST. NICHOLAS

begins with this number another great year and a program that insures happiness and profit to all children fortunate enough to have it for a comrade. The twelve splendid numbers mean untold entertainment, unfailing wholesome and inspiring comradeship, a rich mine of *real* information.

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"The ST. NICHOLAS is a monthly magazine or book, for it is more of a book than anything else. It has a low price and a high quality. It contains continued stories and many others. It has prize contests every month. Verses and pictures for smaller children. I like the ST. NICHOLAS because it has good reading and plenty of it. There is enough to last from one month to the next unless you read day and night, which a person feels like doing. The ST. NICHOLAS contains things to work for. It has the ST. NICHOLAS League and it gives badges to every member. Boys and girls all over the United States take ST. NICHOLAS. It is a good Christmas gift. I got it for Christmas.

ARTHUR V. H. _____
_____, Texas.

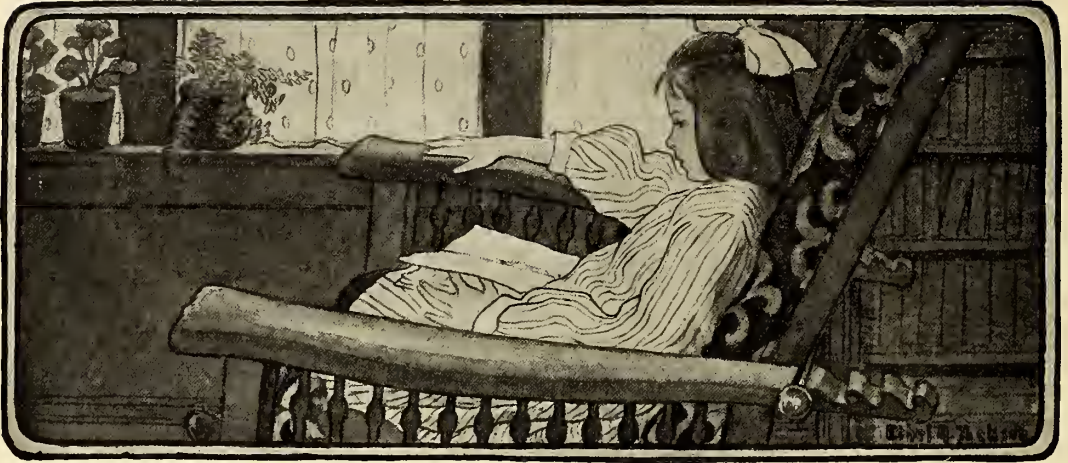
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More stories, more articles, more pictures, more rhymes

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More splendid articles full of new ideas

Turn to the next page and *see!*



The New Year of ST. NICHOLAS

ARTHUR RACKHAM

is a famous English artist who makes wonderful pictures. He has drawn some marvelous pictures—most of them in lovely color—of the best-known Mother Goose characters and rhymes. There have never been such fascinating Mother Goose pictures. They are to appear in the new volume of ST. NICHOLAS.

THE LAND OF MYSTERY

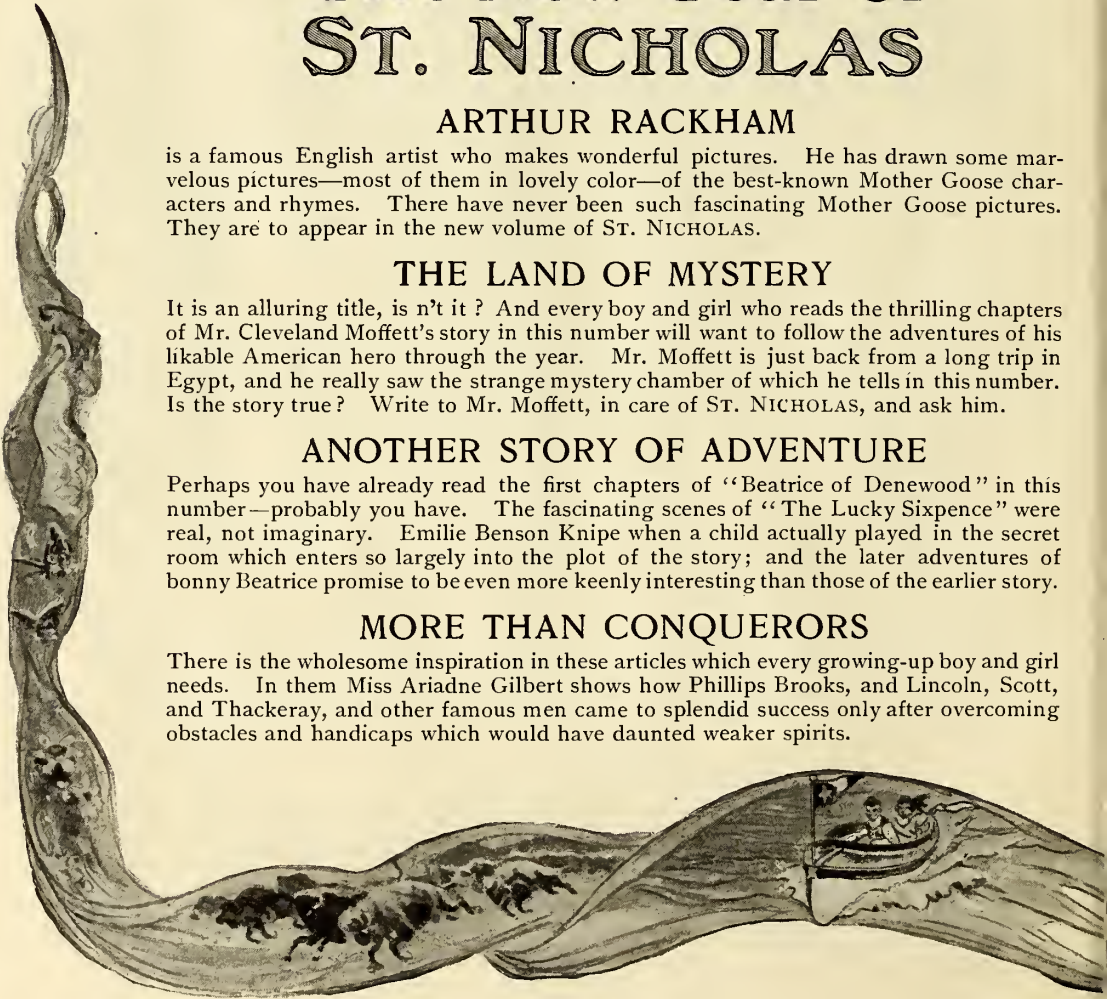
It is an alluring title, is n't it? And every boy and girl who reads the thrilling chapters of Mr. Cleveland Moffett's story in this number will want to follow the adventures of his likable American hero through the year. Mr. Moffett is just back from a long trip in Egypt, and he really saw the strange mystery chamber of which he tells in this number. Is the story true? Write to Mr. Moffett, in care of ST. NICHOLAS, and ask him.

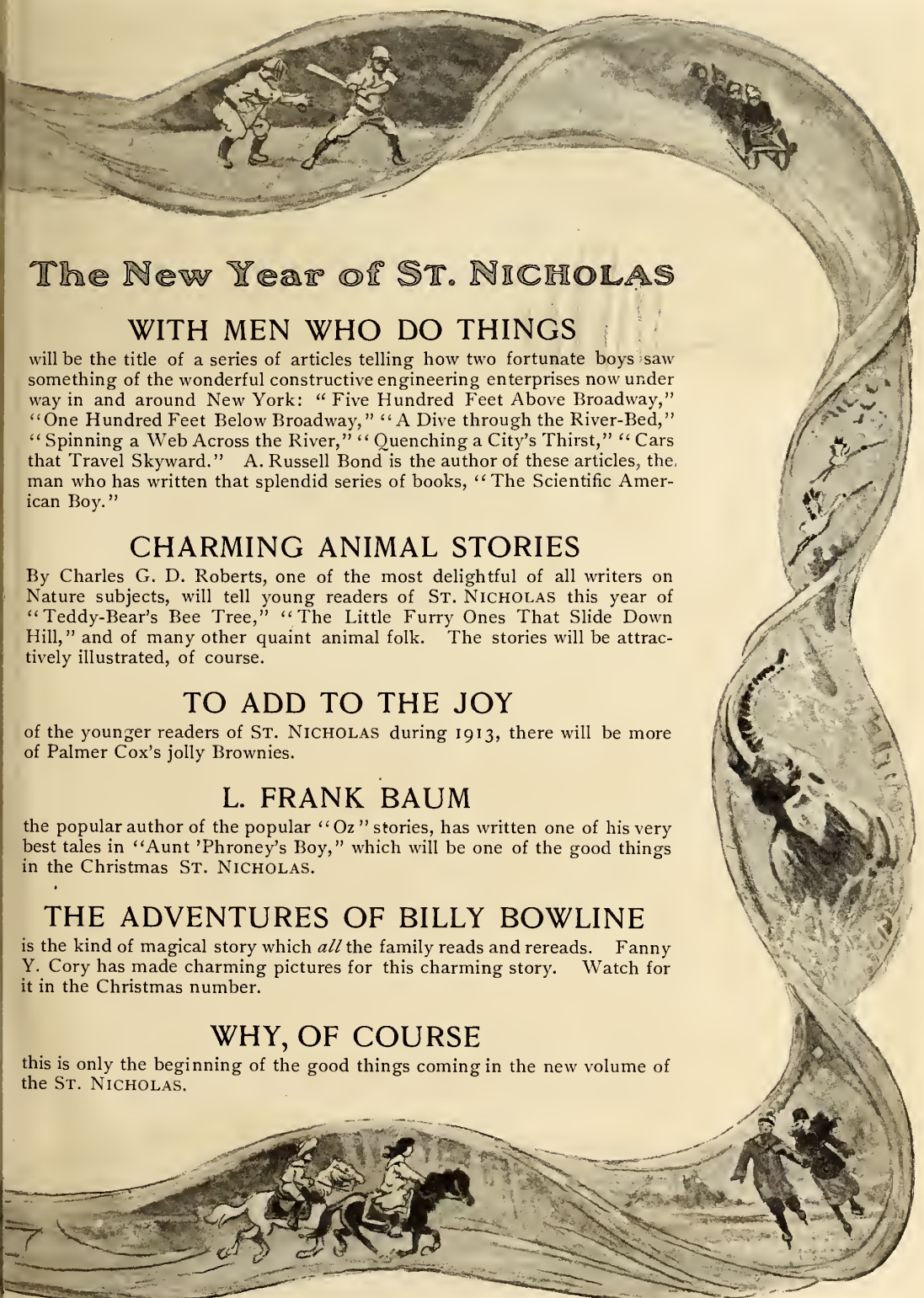
ANOTHER STORY OF ADVENTURE

Perhaps you have already read the first chapters of "Beatrice of Denewood" in this number—probably you have. The fascinating scenes of "The Lucky Sixpence" were real, not imaginary. Emilie Benson Knipe when a child actually played in the secret room which enters so largely into the plot of the story; and the later adventures of bonny Beatrice promise to be even more keenly interesting than those of the earlier story.

MORE THAN CONQUERORS

There is the wholesome inspiration in these articles which every growing-up boy and girl needs. In them Miss Ariadne Gilbert shows how Phillips Brooks, and Lincoln, Scott, and Thackeray, and other famous men came to splendid success only after overcoming obstacles and handicaps which would have daunted weaker spirits.





The New Year of ST. NICHOLAS

WITH MEN WHO DO THINGS

will be the title of a series of articles telling how two fortunate boys saw something of the wonderful constructive engineering enterprises now under way in and around New York: "Five Hundred Feet Above Broadway," "One Hundred Feet Below Broadway," "A Dive through the River-Bed," "Spinning a Web Across the River," "Quenching a City's Thirst," "Cars that Travel Skyward." A. Russell Bond is the author of these articles, the man who has written that splendid series of books, "The Scientific American Boy."

CHARMING ANIMAL STORIES

By Charles G. D. Roberts, one of the most delightful of all writers on Nature subjects, will tell young readers of ST. NICHOLAS this year of "Teddy-Bear's Bee Tree," "The Little Furry Ones That Slide Down Hill," and of many other quaint animal folk. The stories will be attractively illustrated, of course.

TO ADD TO THE JOY

of the younger readers of ST. NICHOLAS during 1913, there will be more of Palmer Cox's jolly Brownies.

L. FRANK BAUM

the popular author of the popular "Oz" stories, has written one of his very best tales in "Aunt 'Phroney's Boy," which will be one of the good things in the Christmas ST. NICHOLAS.

THE ADVENTURES OF BILLY BOWLINE

is the kind of magical story which *all* the family reads and rereads. Fanny Y. Cory has made charming pictures for this charming story. Watch for it in the Christmas number.

WHY, OF COURSE

this is only the beginning of the good things coming in the new volume of the ST. NICHOLAS.



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gift for yourself**

Every ST. NICHOLAS reader must know several boys and girls who do not take ST. NICHOLAS, but who would enjoy having it just as keenly as you do. The publishers of ST. NICHOLAS want to get the names of as many of these boys and girls as possible, and their parents' names.

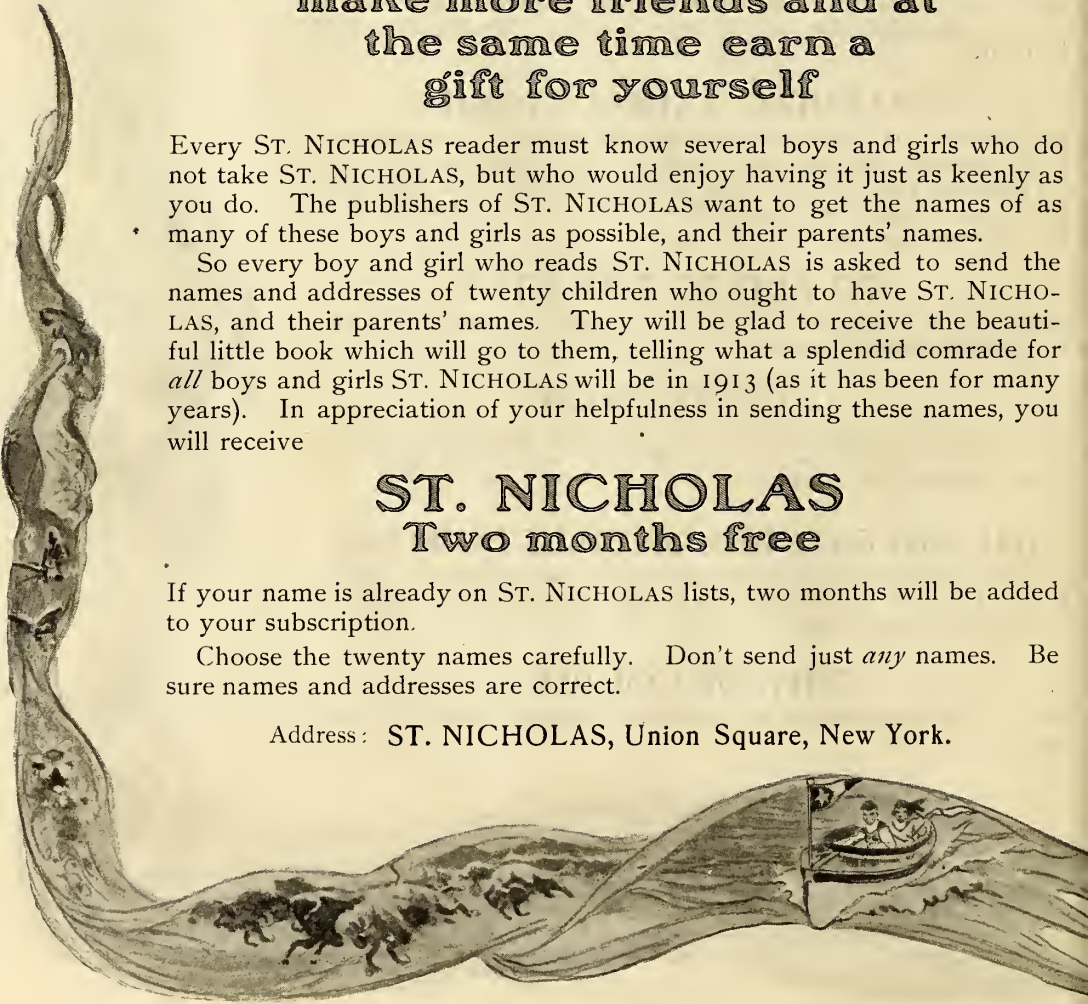
So every boy and girl who reads ST. NICHOLAS is asked to send the names and addresses of twenty children who ought to have ST. NICHOLAS, and their parents' names. They will be glad to receive the beautiful little book which will go to them, telling what a splendid comrade for *all* boys and girls ST. NICHOLAS will be in 1913 (as it has been for many years). In appreciation of your helpfulness in sending these names, you will receive

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If you have not \$3.00 right now to spend in making a gift of ST. NICHOLAS, send \$1.00 now with the coupon below. We will start the subscription at once and then some time between now and next February you can send \$2.00 more to complete the payment for the year. Give the name and address of the boy or girl to whom ST. NICHOLAS is to go, and your *own* name and address.

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THE SISTERS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET.

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XL

NOVEMBER, 1912

No. 1

THE LAND OF MYSTERY

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Author of "Careers of Danger and Daring," "Through the Wall," "The Battle," etc.

CHAPTER I

A HOUSE WITHOUT A WINDOW

THROUGH the purple stillness of the night, in the strangest spot on earth, a boy of sixteen and his mother sat on a ledge of grayish brown stone, watching the August moon as it sank redder and redder through a bank of early morning mist, there on the far horizon where the sea of sand met the sky. This ledge of stone, the lowest step of the Great Pyramid, was about as high as a dining-room table, and as long as two city blocks. It was hewn perfectly flat, top and side, save where the stone had crumbled. Two or three feet back of this ledge, rose the second step, exactly like the first, but a little shorter in length. And back of this rose another step, and then another, scores and scores of steps, tiering away upward in a huge mass that narrowed and narrowed, until, far up against the velvet stars, it came to a dull point. This point, higher than the highest church steeple, was the meeting-place of the four steep, stone hills of steps that formed the four faces of this wonderful pyramid.

"Mother, look!" cried the boy, and he pointed up to a band of opalescent color that had suddenly settled, like a flashing jewel, upon the topmost tip of the world-famous tomb of Cheops.

"Yes, dear," said the woman, softly. "It 's the dawn. I want you to remember this as long as you live, Harold. There are n't many American boys who can say that they have sat at the foot of the Great Pyramid and watched the moon set and the sun rise. Look there—toward Cairo!"

She rose and turned to the east, where the delicate pink and purple tints of breaking day formed an exquisite background to the white domes and minarets of the distant city.

"Is n't it beautiful! Is n't it wonderful!" Mrs. Evans murmured, and her face shone transfigured. It was a face wherein was blended, with a high-bred American beauty, that strength and nobility of soul that come through fine, womanly achievement, and suffering bravely endured.

"Tell you what we ought to do, Mumsy," suggested the boy in a matter-of-fact tone. "If you 'll let me boost you up a few steps, we 'll get a corking view of good old Egypt and the good old river Nile, 'drink her down, down, down.' Only she looks awfully muddy to drink."

"Harold, have you no reverence?" sighed the lady.

"Excuse me, Mother. You see, I 'm so glad to be off that wobbly steamer. Um-m! It 's good to be on solid earth again! Besides, I never met a pyramid before." He laid his arm playfully on

her shoulder. "I never met a pyramid, Mumsy, at four in the morning, and—no breakfast, and—I don't know the right line of talk."

Mrs. Evans smiled as she met the gleam in her son's dancing gray eyes.

"Shall I be heroic? Shall I be the great Napoleon? Eh—Mumsy?"

With an agile leap, Harold sprang to the step above, and struck an attitude.

"You 're a great mōnkey!" she said; and then, more seriously, "Sit down, dear. I want to talk to you."

Harold's quick ear caught the change in his mother's tone, and he came to her side in half-alarm, his antics all forgotten.

"What is it, little Mother? Tell me." He took her slender hand in his, and patted it fondly. "You seem sort of—sort of strange."

And now, suddenly, began the most momentous hour in Harold Evans's life, the hour that changed him, one might say, from a boy to a man. Some camels with swarthy drivers lurched across the sandy way, but he barely noticed them. An Arab boy with harsh cries led a flock of goats to a well under neighboring palm-trees, but the young American did not see them. The sun, in incredible glory and mystery, crept up over the parched plain, over the rolling yellow waste of Sahara, but Harold scarcely turned to marvel, so absorbed was he in the startling story that his mother was telling him.

"My son," she began, "I know you have wondered why I sent for you to come over here, all the way from America. I know you did not want to come. You thought it foolish."

"Not exactly foolish, Mother," put in the boy, "but, of course, I know we have n't very much money—that was one of the things Father told me last year when he took me back to America, that a missionary doctor did n't exactly abound in this world's goods, and that I must keep down my school expenses as much as I could. Besides, I thought you were coming back to be with me. I thought you decided that, Mumsy, after Father—died." He dropped his voice as he spoke the last word.

"I know, dear, that 's what I wrote you; that 's what I meant to do, but—there 's something I have n't told you, Harold, about your father. It 's not bad news, my boy, it 's good news, blessed news; but I could not write it. I dared not, and, if it 's true, you 'll see why I could not go to America, and why it was necessary that you should come here."

Her voice was tense with emotion.

"But, Mother," he said slowly, "I don't understand. How could there be such news now?"

"Oh, but there is, my boy!" the mother cried happily. "Yes, dear, and I can tell it to no one but you. We are everything to each other, are n't we? And this is a big thing to face—such a wonderfully big thing that—" she paused as if afraid to go on.

The boy stared in half-understanding.

"Mother! You don't mean—you can't mean—" he stammered.

She turned to him with radiant eyes.

"My son, your father is *not* dead."

"*Not* dead!" he cried.

Harold's mind flashed back to that morning at St. Paul's school about a year before, when the terrible cable had come, forwarded from Constantinople. His father, his brave father, who had given his whole life to helping others, had been killed on his return journey from America, killed mysteriously in this ancient land of Egypt, perhaps by fierce tribesmen in the desert. And now his mother said that this was not true. His father had *not* been killed!

"Mother, tell me!" begged the boy. "Tell me everything."

Then, in low words, she told him, and, as Harold listened, he bit his lips, and his boyish frown deepened.

"Let 's go over this again, Mumsy," he said gently, when she had finished. "Let me tell it. I want to be sure I 've got it straight."

And briefly Harold reviewed the story of his father's disappearance and accepted death the previous August. It was a story that had made a great stir in the missionary world.

For thirty years, Dr. Wicklow Evans had been a picturesque figure in that lawless, blood-stained mountain province of the Turkish sultan known as Anatolia. He was a good American, yet so active had he been, and so much had he found to do in this benighted region, fighting the Asiatic cholera, teaching the stupid villagers to save their children from eye disease, and generally letting his light shine, both as a physician and a man, that in this long period he made only two journeys to his native land, the first seventeen years before, when he had gone home to be married, the second only the previous summer, when he had returned to enter Harold in St. Paul's school.

Up to this time (when he was fifteen), all of Harold's life had been spent in Adana, that strange Turkish city lost in the Taurus Mountains, five hundred miles east of Constantinople, five hundred miles west of Bagdad, four hundred miles north of Jerusalem. Here the boy lived the free, wild, missionary life, making long horseback journeys from village to village, sleeping in caves and mud houses, learning to drive a loaded *araba* (a sort of gipsy wagon) across a mountain tor-

rent, down one steep bank and up another, without ever spilling a spoon, learning to fight wild dogs in the villages, learning to use the sling native fashion—the real David and Goliath article,—knowing the signs of the wild boar and the

After settling Harold in St. Paul's school, Dr. Evans had returned by the way of Marseilles, and had written his wife from Alexandria, saying that he would stop over a steamer there, so that he might run up to Cairo and see the Great Pyramid. It had always been one of the doctor's ambitions to explore the mysteries of Cheops. He said he would take the following steamer, three days later, and proceed to Jaffa, and then to Alexandretta, the disembarking port for Adana.

This good news made Mrs. Evans so happy that she immediately set off on the rough horseback journey to Alexandretta, and when the steamer came to anchor and the little boats pulled off, there was the eager wife full of joy at the thought of seeing her husband again, and giving him a pleasant surprise.

But, alas, the doctor was not on board! Nor did the next steamer bring him. Nor did any letter or any word come from him. In vain the distracted wife made effort upon effort. In vain the American consul in Cairo, the American minister in Constantinople, did what they could. Nothing availed. No news of Wicklow Evans was ever received, and as the weeks and months passed, it was generally agreed that this fearless and admirable man had perished, in some sinister way, another victim in the long list of mysterious disappearances, so common



"NOW BEGAN THE MOST MOMENTOUS HOUR IN HAROLD EVANS'S LIFE."

way of meeting him, picking up the Turkish language, and yet remaining an out-and-out American boy whose greatest pleasure, through long winter evenings, was in reading and re-reading old copies of American magazines under the cheery light of a Rochester lamp, while his mother buzzed a Singer sewing-machine and his father read the weekly *London Times*, and while Nasr-ed-Din chanted dolefully outside the compound walls.

in the East, where neither the criminal nor the motive are ever brought to light.

"That much is clear, is n't it?" resumed Harold. "You thought Father was dead. You thought so for months. You went back to Adana to settle up things before returning to America to be with me. You were going to leave this forsaken old land, and—"

"Don't say that, Harold! It 's the land where

your father and I have spent the happiest and most useful years of our lives. It 's the land where you were born, dear."

"All right, Mumsy. I like the land well enough, barring some of the people, but the point is, you suddenly changed your mind and sent for me to come over here. You would n't tell me why. You just said come. So I came. And you met me yesterday at the steamer—say, but I was seasick! And we took the train up to Cairo. And we drove straight out to this gorgeous old pyramid. And now you 've told me this extraordinary thing—this most extraordinary thing. Why do you look at me like that, Mumsy?"

Under stress of emotion the boy had been rattling on nervously, while his mother watched him with sad understanding eyes.

"Take the basket, Harold," she said quietly. "We 'll go over to those palm-trees where there 's shade and water, and we 'll feel better for a little breakfast. Ther I 'll tell you more."

They crossed the sand in silence, and when the mother spoke again it was to ask a blessing on their simple meal, which was spread on a massive slab of reddish stone that had once been part of the tomb of a forgotten king.

"Bless, O Lord, this food to our use, and us to Thy service"—her voice broke here, and she repeated the words with almost rapturous devotion.

When they had finished eating, they rested in the shade of the waving palms, and again Mrs. Evans tried to overcome Harold's doubts.

"I know you see nothing in what I 've said, my son," she began gently. "You think I am deceived."

Harold hesitated before her searching eyes.

"Well, Mother, it seems as though there is so awfully little to go upon. I mean so little that is—er—tangible. You think Father is living because you feel that he is living, but—"

"I *know* he is living!" she breathed. "The truest things are the things you know. We were so close together, your father and I, that—it is n't like America over here—this is a land of mystery."

"But if Father is living, why has n't he sent word?" interrupted the boy.

"He has n't been able to send word. Have you forgotten what I told you?"

"I remember everything, Mother. Father had enemies who wanted to drive him out of Adana, and they threatened him and thrcatened you, and, at last, they saw their chance, and took him, and now they 're keeping him a prisoner somewhere. It 's all right as a story, but we 've got nothing to go upon. We don't know *who* carried Father off, or *where* they 've got him, or anything about it."

"We 're going to know something about it very soon—perhaps to-day," Mrs. Evans said firmly.

"To-day?"

"My boy, we must have faith. If we ask for guidance, it will be given us. All through this lonely year, I have asked for guidance, and that is why we are here, now, at this Great Pyramid."

She spoke as one inspired, and Harold looked at her in awe-struck wonder.

"You mean that we may find out something about Father from—from this pyramid?"

"Yes, dear. You know it is the last place your father visited, and there are more things in the world than that two and two make four, Harold. I have never been inside this pyramid, but three times during the past year, I have *seen* inside of it."

"Seen inside of the pyramid! You mean—in a dream?"

"No. It was n't a dream. I don't know what it was, but I know it was real; it was true. I saw a stone chamber with a low ceiling, so low that it was not much higher than your head."

"I?" exclaimed the boy. "Did you see *me* in this stone chamber?"

"As plainly as I see you now. You were holding a candle, and were searching for something near an opening in a wall."

"An opening? What kind of an opening?"

"A small square hole about a foot wide. The wall was polished, and in the middle of the floor there was an immense gray stone, shaped like a trunk, only larger. And on each side of this stone, there were two other stones of the same shape, but smaller."

"Five stones like five big trunks!" mused Harold. "Well, Mumsy, did I find anything—when you saw me?"

"I don't know, my boy. I only saw you searching."

"And you saw this three times?"

"Three times," she nodded.

"And you know there 's a chamber like that inside the Great Pyramid? Nobody ever told you so?"

"No."

"You never saw a picture of it? You never read about it?"

"No."

"You just know it 's there?"

"I just know it 's there."

Harold was silent for some moments, his brows drawn together in tight perplexity. Then he tapped his foot and pulled at his under lip, and finally he murmured softly, "By George!" with a look of astonishment.

"What is it, dear? What is it that surprises you?"

"Why—er—I happened to remember something that seems to work in with your two-and-two-make-four idca. Along in June, Mother, before I got your letter to sail, I went down to Asbury Park with the boys on a school excursion."



NORTH FACE OF THE GREAT PYRAMID, SHOWING THE ENTRANCE.

"Yes, I remember you wrote me about it."

"Well, there was a gipsy camp there, and a woman with big gold ear-rings told my fortune."

"Yes?"

"She said I was going on a long journey across water. She got that right, did n't she? And she said I was going to get an important letter."

"That was my letter."

"No, no, because this was to be a letter written on stone. The boys laughed at that, for how could a letter be written on stone?"

"Go on, dear," urged his mother.

"The gipsy woman said I was to find this letter in a house without a window, where there was a bed that had never been slept in. Sounds crazy, does n't it? A house without a window!"

Mrs. Evans thought intently, and then, with a cry of sudden understanding, "No, it 's true! Don't you see? The house without a window is—*there!*" She pointed to the somber mass of Cheops. "The bed that has never been slept in

is the sarcophagus in the king's chamber."

"By George!" repeated Harold, stirred at last to genuine excitement. "And the letter written on stone? What do you make of that, Mumsy?"

"The letter written on stone is a message from your father. It 's waiting for us—there. You must find it, my boy; you must find it."

CHAPTER II

FACING THE DRAGON

HAROLD EVANS—they called him "Sandy" Evans at St. Paul's school, where he played short-stop on the nine—had inherited from his father a certain practical businesslike quality that had often served him. "It 's a sensible kid!" his room-mate used to say. "No stop-over, but when he starts, he stays."

And now that Harold (for his mother's sake) was enlisted in this pyramid adventure, he proposed to see it through. If there was only one chance in a hundred that his father was alive, that father whom he had always looked up to as to a wise elder brother, why, he 'd take the chance if it brought him up against the toughest old dragon in Turkey. His father! The boy shut his lips, choking back a gulp, and made ready to tackle Cheops. Where was this

chamber with the five stone trunks?

"Say, Mumsy, how many rooms are there in the pyramid? Got any idea?" he asked presently, and, as she shook her head, he added, "Let 's go to the hotel and get a guide-book, and talk to the clerk, and we 'll find out where we 're at."

As they walked along the edge of the desert toward the Mena House, about five minutes distant, they caught sight of a trolley-car laden with tourists speeding along the broad avenue, bordered with arching acacia-trees, that leads from Cairo.

"It seems like a desecration," sighed Mrs. Evans, "to have a sputtering trolley-line running to this sacred spot."

"I don't see that, Mother. The pyramids are n't any more sacred if you pay five dollars to see 'em

in a carriage, are they? Hello! that must be where you go in!"

He pointed to a dark opening near the base of Cheops where a group of white-robed Arabs were seated cross-legged on the great stones, two of which slanted together upward, as if guarding an entrance underneath.

As they approached the hotel, a grizzled Turk in red fez, red slippers, and baggy blue trousers came forward respectfully to meet them.

"Here 's Deeny, Mother. Hello, Deeny! *Sabah hire olsoun!*"¹ said the boy, falling naturally into Turkish, as he saw their old family servant.

"*Choke eyi, effendi,*"² answered the Turk, salaaming three times, from the eyes and the lips and the heart, as is the custom.

Deeny—his real name was Nasr-ed-Din—had been an important member of the Evans household for fifteen years. He had watched over Harold as a baby, and had accompanied Dr. Evans on scores of perilous expeditions, acting as a faithful body-guard.

"I can't make a Christian of him," the doctor used to say, "and I've given up trying. I tell him he's a Christian without knowing it."

In spite of his sixty years, Nasr-ed-Din was as strong as a horse. One day he unloaded a small upright piano that had been brought to Adana on a squeaking bullock cart, and carried it into the house on his shoulders. And he stood there impassively for two or three minutes, without ever thinking of putting his burden down, while Mrs. Evans decided where the instrument should be placed.

Nasr-ed-Din had grieved deeply over his master's loss, and had refused to leave Mrs. Evans's service. He would do whatever she wished, go wherever she said. He would make the beds, cook the food, wash the clothes, anything except leave the lady he had served so long. And so he had stayed and proved himself invaluable.

"Say, Deeny, d' ye know anything about this pyramid?" questioned Harold. "Ever see it before? Ever been inside it?"

"*Yok,*"³ said the servant, clucking his tongue, and lifting his chin in decided negative.

"No? Well, we've got a job there, you and I, and I wish you'd get busy. Have a talk with those Arabs. Ask 'em if they know about a room with five stone trunks in it. We've got to find it. See?"

After some further explanation, Harold sent the resourceful Turk off in search of information, while he addressed himself to the hotel clerk. Mrs. Evans, meantime, went up-stairs to her room to write some letters.

The hotel clerk, a red-faced Englishman with an important manner, had never heard of a chamber in the pyramid containing five stone trunks. He did n't believe there was such a chamber, but admitted he was not an authority, being too busy.

In the library, Harold found a book about the Great Pyramid, and studied this diligently for an hour. It was pretty hard reading. There were pages of figures and diagrams like geometry.

"Have you found anything?" asked his mother, when she joined him later.

The boy looked up with flushed face and tumbled hair. "Have I found anything? I should say I have. Listen to this." Then he read from the page: "The length of the earth's polar axis is assumed by pyramidists to be 500,000,000 pyramid inches, or 7891.41 pyramid miles of 63,360 pyramid inches to the mile, or 7899.30 English miles.' Now that 's what I call interesting!" he grinned.

"Harold, what *is* the use?" his mother began, but the boy stopped her with a grandiloquent wave of the hand.

"Madam, I know what you're going to ask. You want to know what is the *use* of this Great Pyramid. You want to know why it was built. Madam, I can give you nine answers—all different. Listen!" He turned to the index of the book. "It was built as a barrier against desert sands. As an imitation of Noah's Ark. As Satan's Seat. As a filtering reservoir. As Joseph's granary. As a gift of the Queen of Sheba. As a tomb of the King. As a standard of weights and measures.' And finally, to please the ladies. I like the last one, Mumsy," he laughed.

"I wish you would n't trifle, Harold. Did you—did you learn anything about the—the chamber I described?" Mrs. Evans asked anxiously.

Harold saw the tenseness of his mother's look, and answered affectionately, hiding the fact that he had searched the pages vainly for any mention of such a chamber.

"Don't you worry, Mumsy. Deeny and I are going into the pyramid now, and if those five stone trunks are there—"

"They *are* there; they must be there!" she insisted.

"Then we'll find 'em. You can bank on that. I'll go right over and see what Deeny's doing."

He kissed his mother fondly and told her to cheer up, and said he'd be back in a couple of hours or so.

"God bless you, my boy!" she whispered, and there were tears in her eyes as he turned to go. "I'll be waiting at the mouth of the pyramid to meet you when you come out," she added.

¹ How are you?

² Very well, sir.

³ No.

Alas, they little knew how many weary weeks and months must pass before they would meet again!

CHAPTER III

THE THIRD CHAMBER

TEN minutes later, Harold entered the Great Pyramid, making his way carefully along a passage about four feet square that slanted downward at a fairly steep incline for about sixty feet, and then slanted up again. Two Arabs, chosen by Nasr-ed-Din, went before him, and the Turk came last. Each one carried a candle, and as the bent procession moved along, their flaring shadows danced strangely on the yellowish walls.

"Deeny, what are those fellows carrying sticks for?" whispered Harold.

Nasr-ed-Din gestured that he did not know.

At the top of the second incline, the passage straightened out and ran forward on a level for a hundred feet or so, where it opened into a large room, about eighteen feet in each dimension.

"Queen's chambaire," announced one of the white-robed guides, holding his candle high.

"Hello! you speak English!" said the boy.

"Yes, sair. Vair good Engleesh. My name, Saide. Look out, sair."

At this moment, Harold was startled by a whizzing sound, and a number of small, swiftly moving creatures darted through the candle-light.

"What are they? Birds?" he cried.

"Bats. Turn your back, sair. They hit you, or—bite you."

As he spoke, Saide swung his stick about him vigorously, and moved toward a long, narrow recess in the wall, shaped like a Gothic window. It was out of this recess that the bats seemed to be flying.

"Do bats bite?"

"Peermid bats bite, sair. If he catch your cheek, peermid bat cut heem out a hole."

Harold asked what this recess in the wall was for.

"Queen's say-coph-gus," answered Saide.

"Oh, I see!" smiled the boy. "And where is it now, the *say-coph-gus*?"

Saide expressed the pious opinion that Allah alone could answer that question.

Harold walked back and forth about this chamber, which was bare and empty, except for clouds of irritating dust.

The floor was perfectly even, with no sign of stone trunks.

"Try the next room," he ordered, and the procession started back along the same level passage. "Wait! Let me go first." He pushed ahead with



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VIEW OF THE GREAT GALLERY OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

the zeal of an explorer, and Nasr-ed-Din came close behind, which was fortunate, for they had not advanced more than fifty feet along the dark passage, when a shriek of terror resounded through the pyramid.

"You black scoundrels! Let go of me! Help! Help!"

Harold sprang forward, and presently came upon two Arabs who were struggling with a young tourist, pressing him down, with threatening gestures, over an opening that yawned like a well in the floor of the passage.

"Come on, Deeny! Quick!" shouted the boy.

Here was a white man in trouble, perhaps a fellow-countryman, and, without waiting for further explanation, Sandy swung on the nearest Arab in good American style, catching him cleanly on the jaw, and tumbling him backward in dazed astonishment. Nasr-ed-Din, meantime, had seized the other Arab by the scruff of his neck, and, with huge strength, was dangling him over the black gulf, while the fellow rolled his eyes piteously and howled for mercy.

"*Brakkahyim-mi, effendi?*" asked the Turk, turning to Harold, which, being interpreted, is, "Shall I drop him, sir?"

"No, no! not drop!" shouted Saide from behind, and explained rapidly, that this opening led straight down into the rock for an immense distance under the pyramid. The man would be dashed to death.

But the Turk paid no attention, and still held his captive at arm's-length, squirming over the void.

"*Brakkahyim-mi, effendi?*" repeated Nasr-ed-Din, his eyes flashing.

"Of course we can't drop him," said Harold to the stranger; "but what shall we do with him?"

"It would serve him jolly well right," said the latter. He talked about dropping *me*, but—oh, well, let the poor wretch go."

"*Koy varsin* (Let him go), Deeny," said Harold, as he motioned to the Turk, and the terrified Arab scurried away, muttering.

Then Sandy turned to his new acquaintance. He was a boy of about seventeen, tall and smartly dressed, and he had an air about him that made Harold doubt whether he was American or English.

"I tell you, old chap, I owe you an awful lot," began the stranger, awkwardly.

"Glad I happened along," nodded Harold.

"Stopping at the Mena House?"

"Yep."

"So am I. Suppose you 're just starting in? I 'm just through."

"You mean starting in the pyramid? Yes," answered Sandy.

"Rotten place! They ought to have electric lights here and an elevator. Why not? Say, my name is John McGregor."

"Mine is Harold Evans."

"I 'm from Chicago."

"I 'm an American, too. Say, you 'd better take my man Deeny along with you. Oh, yes, I 'll be all right until he comes back. They won't try to hold up anybody else to-day. Besides Deeny picked out these Arabs of mine, and Deeny knows his business."

"That 's awfully decent of you," said the other

boy. "I 'll send him right back. By-by! See you at dinner!" he called, as he drifted away, candle in hand, through the long, stone passage, straight as a telescope, that is said to have pointed exactly to the north star, some six thousand years ago, when the pyramid was built.

As soon as McGregor had vanished, Harold came back to the business in hand.

"Now, then," he turned to Saide, who had been squatting discreetly beyond the well, "we 'll try the next room."

"Yes, sair. King's *chambaire*—by Great Gallery."

The Arab sprang forward with nimble bare feet into another passage, wider than the first and lofty as a church, that stretched upward in a steep incline like a strange mountain railway with a four-foot depressed level between its stone tracks. At the upper end of this Great Gallery, was a chapel-like vestibule that led into the vast chamber where mighty Cheops was laid to rest in his sarcophagus.

This was the first object that caught Harold's eye, the scarred and battered red-rock casket that has stood there, lidless and empty, these many centuries. Then the boy noticed that the walls of this king's chamber were defaced with many names and inscriptions, and he studied these mural writings eagerly, moving his candle back and forth; but he came upon nothing more important than the foolish scrawlings of tourists that had passed.

"See jynte," exclaimed Saide, proudly, pointing to the thin, straight lines, like pencil rulings, that showed the joining of the huge stone blocks in the walls, some of them ten feet square. "Very small jynte. No leetle bit you can put yer finger up."

"Next chamber," directed Harold, briefly.

The guide held out his brown hands, palms up, and lifted his shoulders apologetically.

"Ees no more *chambaire*, sair," he replied.

"What?"

"No more *chambaire*, only—" He hesitated, then turned and led the way back to the upper end of the Great Gallery, where he pointed upward among the dim shadows. There in the topmost corner of the lofty vault, Harold made out some wooden cross-bars set across the walls.

"Well?"

"Very hard, sair. Must have ladders, ropes. Dangeruss!"

"That 's all right. Ah! Here 's Deeny! Did you get him out all right? Good. Deeny, we 're going up there. You make him get the stuff, and—hustle. I 'll wait here." This in vigorous Turkish, which Nasr-ed-Din forthwith translated into Arabic with fear-compelling gestures.

Saide turned pleadingly to Harold. "You geeve bakshish, sair. You geeve bakshish?"

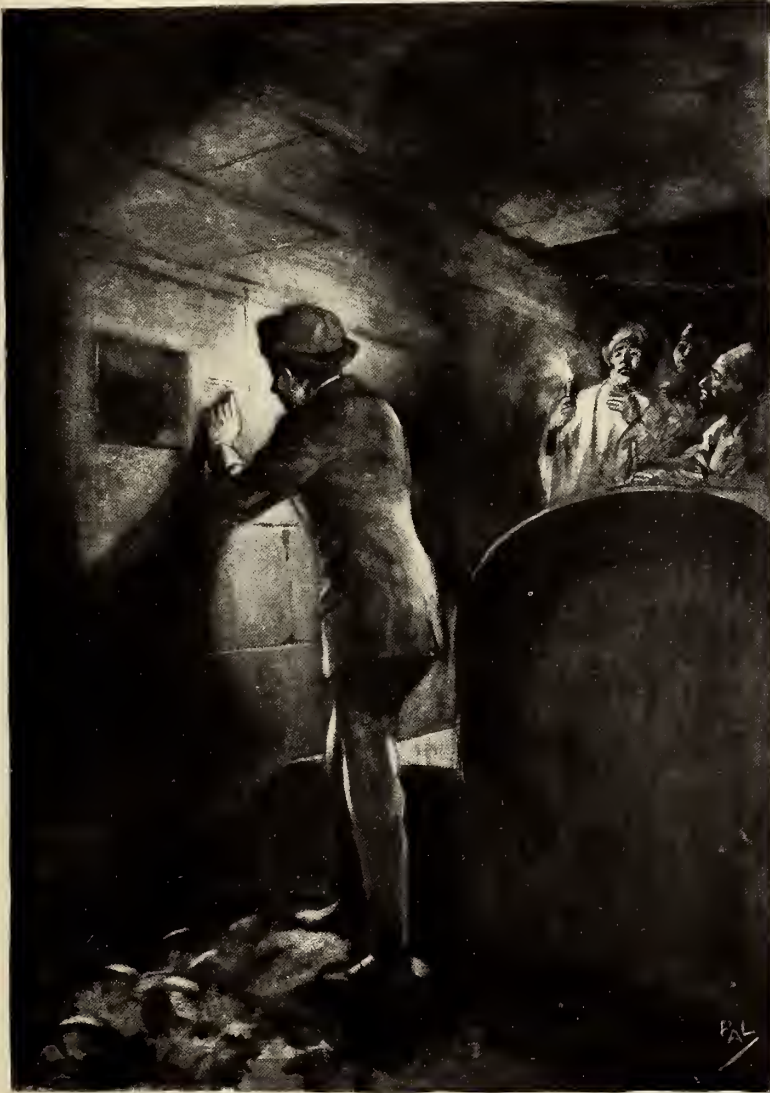
The extra bakshish being promised, Saide and Nasr-ed-Din hurried off, leaving Sandy with the other guide, whose name turned out to be

as the Arab, by some miracle of skill, worked his way, foot by foot, up the precipitous corner walls of the Great Gallery with ropes hitched around his waist and a lighted candle in his teeth.

"Now, sair, your turn," he called, when he had reached the cross-bars, and his voice resounded through the pyramid with strange reverberations.

If Sandy Evans had been an archaeologist or an Egyptologist, he would have taken careful note of the next hour's exploring. It was a great experience. First (after reaching the cross-bars) he crawled on hands and knees through a rough horizontal tunnel, thick with dust, that led into an upright shaft full of twittering bats. Up this shaft he wriggled and presently came to a jagged hole, like a fireplace out of a chimney, that opened into the first chamber. Then, a yard or two above this, to another hole that opened into the second chamber. And so on. Before he had gone far, Sandy Evans was a woeful sight, streaming with sweat and smudged with dirt, but he shut his teeth and pressed on. He was looking for five stone trunks.

The first chamber was a good-sized room but ridiculously low, not over two feet high in the lowest part, and scarcely four in the highest. The second chamber was about a foot higher, and the third chamber was higher still, so that Sandy could stand upright in it. In each of these chambers the ceilings were formed of great



"HAROLD STOOD STARING LIKE ONE IN A TRANCE."

Mahomet. Mahomet explained that they were now going to climb to the mysterious five chambers that tier above the king's chamber, and are never visited except in rare cases by some very venturesome tourist.

In a surprisingly short time, Saide and the Turk returned, their faces glistening from their efforts, and their arms filled with coils of rope.

With fascinated interest Harold watched Saide

granite blocks, smooth and level, whereas the floor blocks offered uneven surfaces like rough-hewn boulders. And in the third chamber—there was no doubt about it—these boulders took the form of monster trunks, five of them, ranged along side by side with narrow spaces between.

As Sandy lifted his candle and made out these grim gray forms one after another in the gloom, he gave a little gasp and then stood rigid.

"By George! it's true!" he murmured, swallowing hard. "Mother *did* see it!"

Then he turned to the wall, and, just opposite the middle trunk, he discovered a small square opening. "That's true, too! It's *all* true!"

Now the boy knew that he was about to find a message from his father. He *knew* it. And, going to the wall with a strange, confident faith, he examined the polished stone about the small square opening. There it was! His father's handwriting!

To Mary or Harold or Nasr-ed-Din:

You must go to Jerusalem and find the Greek monk, Basil, who has a carpenter shop in the tower of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and ask him to—

It ended abruptly with no date and no signature, but the handwriting was unmistakable.

Harold stood staring like one in a trance. This incredible thing had happened. His father was alive and—in his great peril he had tried to write a message to those who loved him. He had tried to tell them what to do, but—he must have been interrupted—perhaps by his enemies—perhaps—

A rush of sickening fears made the boy weak. He staggered away from the wall, but—it seemed as if he could not go on. He leaned heavily against a stone mound and tried to collect himself. He must go on. He must hurry back to his mother with this wonderful news. He must hurry, but—

The thought of his mother gave Harold new strength. His mother! It was her love and trust that had brought them this great joy. He must be brave for her. He must think of everything and—the first thing was to carefully copy down these precious words of his father. There! Now—to start on the downward climb.

A few moments later they were safely back in the Great Gallery, and two minutes after that, a

smudged and perspiring, but radiantly happy, youth sprang out from the pyramid entrance and looked about for his mother. She had promised to be here, waiting for him. Where was she?

"Oh, Mumsy, hoo-oo!"

He gave the familiar call, and listened confidently for the answer. But no answer came. Queer. She must be about somewhere. Ah, yes, she had gone over to their breakfast place under the palms. He strode across the sand, but, no, she was not there! Filled with a vague alarm, the boy hurried back to the hotel. His mother must have grown tired waiting. Perhaps she had a headache. Had the clerk seen Mrs. Evans? The clerk shrugged his shoulders at Sandy's disreputable appearance. No, he had not seen Mrs. Evans. She went out a couple of hours ago, and had not returned.

Sandy felt a sudden gripping at the heart. His mother had not returned. He looked at his watch. Three o'clock. How the time had passed! Wait. Perhaps she had gone to her room, and the stupid clerk had not seen her. Sandy raced up the stairs two steps at a time, but he came down slowly. No, not there. And no little note on the pincushion. *Where could his mother be?*

At six o'clock, the boy was still searching. At nine o'clock, he was still searching. At midnight, he went to his room, heart-sick and weary. He had learned nothing. He had found nothing. No one had seen his mother. No one knew anything about his mother.

Sandy knelt down and tried to say his prayers. He pulled off his shoes and threw himself on the bed. And he lay there for a long time, listening to Nasr-ed-Din, who sat down below in the purple shadows under the window, crooning one of those strange minor chants that, for centuries, have relieved bruised hearts, in this land of beauty and mystery and pain.

(To be continued.)



WHAT WOODROW WILSON DID FOR AMERICAN FOOT-BALL

BY PARKE H. DAVIS

Author of "Foot-ball, the American Intercollegiate Game," and
Representative of Princeton University on the Rules Committee



IN Georgia's beautiful city of Augusta, about forty-five years ago, a young Virginia boy was attending school. The lad was slightly over ten years of age, but for his youth was strongly built and athletic. His hair was black and straight, and his skin, naturally dark, was deepened in color by the tan of a vigorous outdoor life in the southern summers. His countenance was featured principally by a strong jaw, a sharp projecting nose, and two distinct eyebrows beneath which a pair of dark eyes continually snapped and sparkled with alertness.

If such a figure and face denote unusual mental and temperamental characteristics, in this lad these signs did not mislead. He was quick of wit, full of courage and determination, a trifle pugnacious, perhaps, but possessing an abundance of good humor. Inventive, talkative, and fond of companionship, he easily was the center around whom the life of that school, both in the classroom and on the playground, daily revolved. Who, pray, was this boy? He was Woodrow Wilson.

Those were the years that immediately followed the Civil War. Some may think that it is a long, long road from war to sport, but it is to our terrible Civil War that this country owes the early advent of organized athletics. The soldiers of the north and south during this conflict found no happier pastimes with which to while away the homesickness of camp life than field games in which a number of men participated in team play. It was these soldiers of the Civil War that upon their disbandment carried the new game of base-ball far and wide throughout the country. Likewise, the soldiers in camp played foot-ball. The ball, it is true, was only an inflated beef bladder obtained from the regimental butcher. The teams were composed of all comrades who desired to play, and the game consisted merely in kicking the ball across a given line. Nevertheless

it was foot-ball, vigorous, pleasurable, and fascinating.

Thus it came about that base-ball and foot-ball were the two principal games that young Woodrow Wilson and his companions played in that Georgia school forty-five years ago. But it is with foot-ball rather than base-ball that the name of Woodrow Wilson chiefly will be associated, for, as player, coach, and councilor, he came in contact with the intercollegiate game at the three most critical periods in its history, and so contributed to its development that he fairly is entitled to a place among the brilliant fellows who have wrought out of English Rugby a distinctive and truly American intercollegiate game.

About 1870, Woodrow Wilson moved to Columbia, South Carolina, and entered the private school of Charles H. Barnwell. Here, also, the boys played base-ball and foot-ball. One of them had obtained a copy of the rules of the "London Foot-ball Association." This is the organization which, in 1863, invented and gave its name to that style of foot-ball known as the Association game. The word "soccer," by which this style of foot-ball also is known, is likewise merely a humorous derivative from the word Association, just as rugger is derived from Rugby.

These rules were closely followed by those school-boys in their play, and although no games were waged with teams outside of the school, their struggles were not without influence in after years upon intercollegiate foot-ball, through the practical experience they were affording young Wilson.

In 1873, Woodrow Wilson entered Davidson College, and promptly won a position upon the base-ball nine. Foot-ball, at that time, was not played at Davidson. Indeed, in 1873, foot-ball was played only at Columbia, Harvard, Princeton, Rutgers, and Yale, and a curious mixture of foot-ball it was. Harvard had devised a form of

Rugby that to-day would be deemed grotesque in the extreme, but it was hugely enjoyed at Cambridge in its time. Yale, likewise, had a peculiar game of its own which had been adapted from the Association rules. Columbia, Princeton, and Rutgers, however, were playing a common game which they had constructed out of the Association code, and which required only ten rules—rather a concise body of foot-ball law in comparison with the great complex rule book of to-day.

In 1875, Woodrow Wilson, having withdrawn from Davidson, entered Princeton College, matriculating in the class of 1879. Here the young Virginian found himself in a fascinating whirl of athletic life. Intercollegiate base-ball was raging, with a season in the fall as well as in the spring. Cricket was competing with it for favor, and track-athletics, just beginning, like all novelties that are truly meritorious, was sweeping forward in a tidal wave of popularity. Princeton also was rowing regularly and well in the great intercollegiate regatta of that day, a regatta which was held on Lake Saratoga and frequently presented as many as twelve competing college crews. In foot-ball Princeton had been beaten only once in the first six years of intercollegiate strife. The style of game was still a form of Association.

Unfortunately for Woodrow Wilson, a serious sickness at Davidson had incapacitated him from playing foot-ball, but he still maintained a marvelous ability to talk it. His classmates soon discovered that, for a freshman, he possessed an exceptional knowledge of the technic of play, and that he also was very fertile in ideas for improving the game. At that time, foot-ball at Princeton was ruled by a council composed of representatives from the three upper classes, known as directors. To-day such a board would be called a coaching committee, but in 1875, the word coach had not been applied to sports. In the course of time, Woodrow Wilson was elected as a foot-ball director, and the board immediately recognized his signal ability for the position by choosing him as their secretary. It is intensely interesting in this year of 1912, eventful as it is in the life of Woodrow Wilson, to turn backward in the old records at Princeton to the days of this board, and frequently find the name of that young secretary, "T. W. Wilson, '79," for his name originally was Thomas Woodrow Wilson. Fame and choice in after years erased the Thomas, but to his college mates of thirty-five years ago he is still familiarly and affectionately known as "Tommie." Thus Woodrow Wilson was given an opportunity to become one of the constructors of the present intercollegiate game at the most

crucial period in its history,—and well indeed did he take advantage of that opportunity!

For a new style of foot-ball was upon the horizon. In the spring of 1874, McGill University had sent a team down from Montreal, and shown a game of real Rugby to Harvard. It was only a few weeks afterward that the "Harvard Advocate," voicing the college sentiment, editorially stated: "Rugby foot-ball is in much better favor than the sleepy game heretofore played by our men." Accordingly Harvard soon abolished its "sleepy game," and in its place adopted full Rugby foot-ball. The following autumn, 1875, Harvard sent its first foot-ball challenge to Yale, inviting the Blue to meet the Crimson, or, rather, the Magenta, which was Harvard's color in 1875. Yale accepted this challenge, but demanded some concessions in the Rugby rules. A special code, therefore, was drafted, which, from these concessions, was known at the time as the "Concessionary Rules." Under these rules the first Harvard-Yale game was played at New Haven, November 13, 1875, Harvard winning by four goals to none.

Among the spectators at this game were two of Princeton's players, Jotham Potter and W. Earle Dodge, the latter being a classmate of Woodrow Wilson. So deeply impressed were these two men with the Rugby style of play, that, upon their return to Princeton, they vigorously advocated the abandonment by Princeton of the Association game and the adoption of the Rugby rules. Reform in sport, however, is not less slow and difficult than it is in the serious affairs of life. The proposition of these two pioneers precipitated a warm controversy at Princeton which raged incessantly for a year. In this battle of debate between the advocates of the old game and the new, no one argued more aggressively and effectively than the freshman Woodrow Wilson, and, strange to say, notwithstanding his breeding in Association foot-ball, he argued in favor of the Rugby game. Finally this controversy terminated, November 2, 1876, in a great mass-meeting at Princeton, at which the Association game was overthrown and the Rugby game adopted. But this mass-meeting did more. It issued a call to Columbia, Harvard, and Yale to meet Princeton in a convention and form an Intercollegiate League, with the Rugby rules as a common playing basis. This call was accepted, and thus, in the old Massasoit House at Springfield, Saturday, November 26, 1876, in a session lasting six hours, this league was formed and the present intercollegiate game of foot-ball adopted.

During the ensuing winter, the foot-ball men at Princeton buried themselves deeply in the study of the new game, and with the inventive char-

acteristics of their elders, young America immediately saw numerous features of the English game that were open to improvement and reform. The first of these to engage the attention of the tacticians was the cumbersome, unsightly "scrummage" which had come in with the English game. This was the Rugby method of putting the ball in play. This was done by placing the ball upon the ground between the two rush-lines, no man

moves that to-day characterize the American game.

Woodrow Wilson and his associates, studying the game, soon perceived that a great advantage would accrue to that team which could devise some method of team play which regularly would obtain the ball in scrummage. As a result, a plan was invented in which the linemen, instead of acting individually, acted together, blocking off their opponents with their feet, and either kicking the ball back themselves at a designated point, or, by a crafty feint, tricking their opponents into kicking the ball through the line for them. Since Harvard and Yale simultaneously were developing the same idea, and all were foreseeing the great improvement which could be made in the English game if one team should be given possession of the ball by rule and permitted to snap it back in an orderly manner, it was not long before the English scrummage was abolished, and the far more ingenious American scrummage invented and established. To appreciate the importance of this great change, one must realize that it is to the invention of the American scrummage that we owe the advent in foot-ball of prearranged formations, plays, signals, and other tactical team play which have given to the American game its most distinctive characteristic, making it a veritable game of chess with live men for the pieces, and converting the sport into a battle of brains as well as a battle of brawn.

Another problem which at the outset occupied the attention of Woodrow Wilson and his fellow tacticians was the comparative merits of the kicking and rushing games. When the English game was first taken over, the English fondness for kicking the ball was taken over with it. Accordingly, the ball was kicked far more often than it was rushed, and the art of kicking was de-

veloped to a very high degree. Rushers kicked the ball as well as the backs. The players used the drop-kick for distance equally with the punt. Good kickers used either foot, and many a long, accurate kick was delivered from a ball rolling and bounding along the ground.

In these days, when rushing the ball comprises the major offensive tactics of the game, and kicking is only a minor or defensive feature, it is difficult to realize that there was a period in the



From a recent photograph taken for ST. NICHOLAS.

GOVERNOR WILSON AND PARKE H. DAVIS.

Woodrow Wilson was coach of the Princeton Foot-ball Team of 1890, on which Mr. Davis was an end rush.

of which was permitted to touch the ball with his hand. The players, therefore, in an indiscriminate struggle, endeavored to work the ball between them with their feet, where two backs on each side were waiting to seize it as soon as it popped out of scrummage. Under such a method as this, time-honored though it was in English Rugby, there could be no prearranged team play for advancing the ball, no use for signals, and none of the orderly, machine-like formations and

P. H. Davis, '93.

E. A. S. Lewis, '91.

J. B. Riggs, '92.

P. C. Jones, '91.

F. M. Dusenberry, '94.



THE PRINCETON 'VARSITY FOOT-BALL TEAM OF 1890.

R. Furness, '91. C. C. Jefferson, '92. J. G. Symmes, '92. R. E. Speer, '89.
 C. T. Wood, '92. S. Homans, '92. E. A. Poe, '91. J. N. Thomas, '90. R. H. Warren, '93.
 P. King, '93. E. A. Dalton, '91. W. C. Spicer, '91.

history of the game when young collegians like Woodrow Wilson were waging a warm controversy in councils, on the campus, and in the college press, in support of the superiority of rushing over kicking as offensive play. The work of these pioneers thirty-five years ago may be appreciated by a perusal of the following extract from the "Princetonian," as it was printed at the time of this great foot-ball controversy:

Keeping the ball and working it by passing, running, and rushing is superior to the kicking game now in vogue. Kicking, of course, must be resorted to at times, but to gain by a long punt depends upon the opposite side's failure to make a fair catch, which now rarely happens, especially under the new non-interference rule. One thing is certain: as long as one side can keep the ball the other side cannot score, and where one team kicks the ball, the other team is extremely sure to get it.

Incredible as it may seem, almost two years of incessant argument were necessary before the kicking tactics subsided and rushing tactics came to the fore.

Another major feature of foot-ball which Woodrow Wilson aided in adjustment was the tactical arrangement of the players. When the

English game was adopted, in 1876, Yale moved to amend the Rugby rule, which called for fifteen players upon each side, by substituting the Eton rule, which limited the players to eleven. Yale's motion was defeated. Each year, however, the Blue renewed this proposition, until, in 1879, Walter Camp, Yale's captain, succeeded in obtaining the adoption of the rule. During these years, however, Yale, in her games with Princeton, had exacted a special rule that eleven men should constitute a team, and not fifteen. Thus Princeton, in 1876, 1877, and 1878, played Yale with eleven men and Harvard with fifteen. In these early times, and, indeed, for several years thereafter, the positions of the players were not fixed as now, nor were the positions named. "How should the fifteen players be deployed upon the field against Harvard?" and "How should eleven players be utilized against Yale?" were annual problems Princeton's foot-ball council faced for solution. In 1876, they solved it by playing against Yale six men on the rush-line, two at half-back, and three at full-back, the half-back position then being the same as our quarter-back position now. The following year against

Yale six men again were played on the rush-line, but three at half-back and two at full-back. Against Harvard, in the same year, Princeton used seven men on the line, five at half-back, and three at full-back. In 1878, we find Princeton using against Yale seven men on the line, two at half-back, and two at full-back, while against Harvard the same arrangement was used as in the previous year, thus indicating that Woodrow Wilson and his fellow strategists had discovered, so far as Princeton was concerned, that the best number of players for the rush-line was seven.

Woodrow Wilson's foot-ball activities at Princeton, in these early years of the game, were not confined, however, to the council-table. His was almost a daily figure at field practice. Coaching, of course, thirty-five years ago, was not the highly developed art that it is to-day. The period antedated by fifteen years the professional coach. Obviously the period even antedated the coaching by patriotic alumni veterans, for, in Woodrow Wilson's time, the intercollegiate game was in its first three years of life. Coaching, therefore, was confined to the undergraduates experienced in the old Association game, and to the members of the foot-ball council. In this service Woodrow Wilson frequently took part, correcting, advising, exhorting, admonishing, and praising, and especially suggesting valuable improvements in individual and team technic. And Princeton played fine foot-ball in those years. Harvard was beaten in the fall of 1877, and again in 1878. Yale won from Princeton in 1876, was tied in 1877, and beaten in 1878. Since Harvard, Princeton, and Yale at that time were leagued in the American Intercollegiate Foot-ball Association, Woodrow Wilson may look back through his many successes in the serious work of life to his senior year at Princeton, when, as an assistant foot-ball coach, he materially aided in producing a championship foot-ball team.

And now came and went an interval of ten busy years, in which Woodrow Wilson found no time to participate actively in foot-ball, but in which he managed to keep pace with the evolution of the sport by frequent attendance at the games. In 1880 and 1881, he was a student in the law school of the University of Virginia. In 1882 and 1883, he was a practising attorney at

Atlanta, and in 1884 and 1885, we find him again in college, pursuing a postgraduate course at Johns Hopkins. During these years, he was at work upon a wonderful book, "Congressional Government," which now has been published, and which met with such great success that it brought to Woodrow Wilson a number of calls to become a college professor. One of these calls, from Bryn Mawr, he accepted, and there he remained until 1888, when he accepted an election to the chair of history and political economy at Wesleyan University. This move brought him once more actively



CAPTAIN POE KICKING A GOAL IN A GAME BETWEEN PRINCETON AND COLUMBIA.

One of the earliest photographs of foot-ball players in action.

into foot-ball, for Wesleyan then, as now, was a strong competitor upon the gridiron.

Almost ten years had elapsed since his foot-ball days at Princeton. In this long period, many profound changes had occurred in the methods of play, and many equally profound changes in the rules. The great basic rule of the American game, the right of one side to possess the ball a certain number of downs for a minimum gain—at that time five yards in three downs—had been invented, thereby further stimulating the study of offensive tactics. The Intercollegiate Association, now augmented by the University of Pennsylvania and Wesleyan, at its March meeting in

1888, had adopted a new rule which permitted a tackle to be made below the waist and as far down as the knees. This may appear a slight change on paper, but it was working a revolution in the game to its very roots. Under the twelve years of waist tackling the game always had been open. The rush-line had deployed widely across the field, the backs had been played well back and as far out as their ends, receiving the ball from the quarter-back on long side passes, and then beautifully sprinting and dodging in an open field. Interference had not then been invented, although its advent was indicated by a method called "guarding," in which players ran at each side of the man with the ball, to make tackling more difficult, but never in advance of the runner, which, in that day, would have been off side play. This was the beautiful, brilliant, old-fashioned "open game" that is recalled so fondly by the older generation of foot-ball men. But the extension of tackling from the waist to the knee instantly swept this style of attack out of existence. Against the low tackle the lone, open field-runner was powerless to advance the ball, because the low tackler, unlike the high tackler, could not be dodged or shaken off. The rule-makers had not intended, nor did they foresee, this revolution when they introduced the low tackle. The chaos came unexpectedly, but it was complete.

In this crisis, the young professor of history at Wesleyan volunteered his services as a coach to the Wesleyan foot-ball men, and his offer was enthusiastically accepted. Around the council-table, Woodrow Wilson, with F. D. Beattys and S. V. Coffin, worked out a new system of offensive tactics. The rush-line was contracted until the men stood side by side as they do to-day. The backs were brought closer to the line and stationed about four yards distant. The quick line plunge was introduced, the double pass, or "criss-cross," as it was called first, adopted, and protection given to the runner on end runs. It is not to be claimed that Woodrow Wilson and his associates at Wesleyan were the exclusive inventors of these features which now comprise the elements of the modern game, for they were worked out simultaneously at the other colleges of the association, but they are entitled to be credited with the honor that both by invention and adaptation they gave Wesleyan in that difficult period a foot-ball system without a superior.

Here, again, Woodrow Wilson's coaching services did not end at the council-table. Actively and enthusiastically he applied himself to the task of daily coaching the team upon the field. Other coaches, of course, there were, alumni veterans who appeared from time to time, but it was

Woodrow Wilson and his companions, F. D. Beattys and S. V. Coffin, who bore the brunt of that memorable campaign. For 1889 was a memorable foot-ball year at Wesleyan. At that time, Wesleyan's dearest opponent was the University of Pennsylvania. The two elevens met in their annual struggle the morning of Thanksgiving Day, and Wesleyan emerged the victor.

A factor in this great victory was a new mechanism of which Wesleyan men claim Woodrow Wilson was the inventor. This was the "rotation." The rotation was a varied series of plays the order of which the players committed to memory. When Wesleyan came within striking distance of the Pennsylvania goal, the quarter-back merely clapped his hands, and the rotation was in action. Silently, mysteriously, and swiftly the Wesleyan plays followed one another, now at the center, now at the end, and all along the line. The absence of the usual signals disconcerted their opponents, and the rapidity of the plays wrought havoc in the defensive line.

All foot-ball colleges possess a tradition of some great speech made by a coach just before a battle or in the intermission of a game. At Wesleyan such a tradition still clings around the memory of Woodrow Wilson. For years Wesleyan had been meeting Yale, resigned to the certainty of defeat and with an ambition limited merely to making a stout defense and, if possible, to score. In 1889, Wesleyan once more was about to play Yale. "Now, fellows," shouted a coach in final admonition to the team, "let every man play hard to hold down the score." "No! No!" cried Woodrow Wilson, "let every man play hard and win the game!" And then for three minutes the fiery, fighting Wilson poured into those men a torrent of words that aroused and stung and enthused, carrying with it such grit, vim, and determination that little Wesleyan went out against great Yale like a David against Goliath. In the ensuing battle Wesleyan was beaten, but it was one of the best games ever waged by Wesleyan against Yale, and though the team went down to defeat, they went down gloriously, fighting hard every minute and every minute fighting hard to win.

And now, in the autumn of 1890, Woodrow Wilson's eventful career brought him once more to Princeton, where he had been tendered the chair of jurisprudence and politics. Those were dark days for foot-ball at Princeton. Graduation had left only three members of the championship eleven of 1889. One of these was the captain, Edgar Allan Poe, now the attorney-general of Maryland. But if players were scarce, coaches were scarcer. The period still antedated the com-

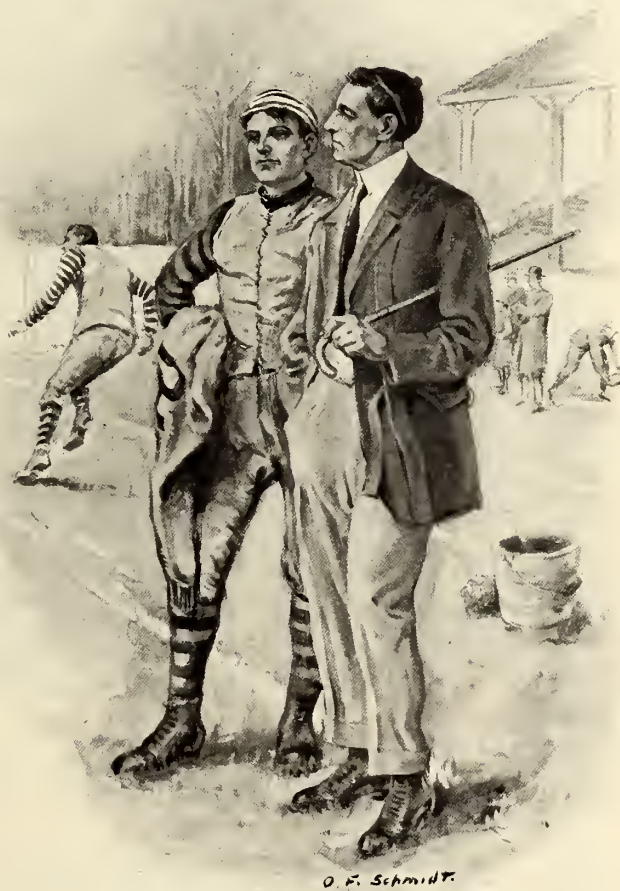
ing of the organized coaching staff. Old-time players like Alexander Moffat, Duncan Edwards, and Tracy H. Harris, famous fellows in their time, occasionally left their business for an afternoon and came to Princeton to work with the team, but the burden of the coaching was borne by Captain Poe. It was, therefore, a particularly welcome sight, one afternoon in October, to see our Professor of Jurisprudence come striding out upon the field, take his place behind the eleven with Captain Poe, and proceed to whip the team up and down the sward.

Only a few minutes were necessary to demonstrate that this new coach was full of ideas. And ideas were doubly valuable in 1890. Experiments were being made day after day to find a more effective method of forcing an opening in a defensive line, of breaking the powerful new device known as a "box on the tackle," and especially of breaking an interference such as Yale that year was developing, in which a guard—and such a guard as W. W. Heffelfinger—was leading the backs on all end runs, whether wide or short, and whether to the right or left.

In those days, some coaches and almost all officials, English fashion, affected a cane while discharging their duties. It also was the time in which the upturned trousers and the red water-proof shoes first made their appearance. Thus it is that Princetonians of 1890 fondly carry a mental picture of Woodrow Wilson as he appeared to them in his coaching days, clad in a collegian's cap, a loose jacket, trousers upturned, and shod in red leather shoes, swinging his cane, following the eleven up and down in fair weather or foul, quietly correcting the faults of the players, firm and stern, but companionable with all.

At the close of the season, his practical knowledge of competitive athletics won for him the important and highly influential post in the faculty of Chairman of the Committee on Outdoor Sports, a position which carried with it a

strong voice in Princeton's committee, controlling all matters relating to athletic advancement. Thus Woodrow Wilson's days as a foot-ball coach came to an end; but making the most of the opportunities in his powerful chairmanship, he



WOODROW WILSON AS A FOOT-BALL COACH.

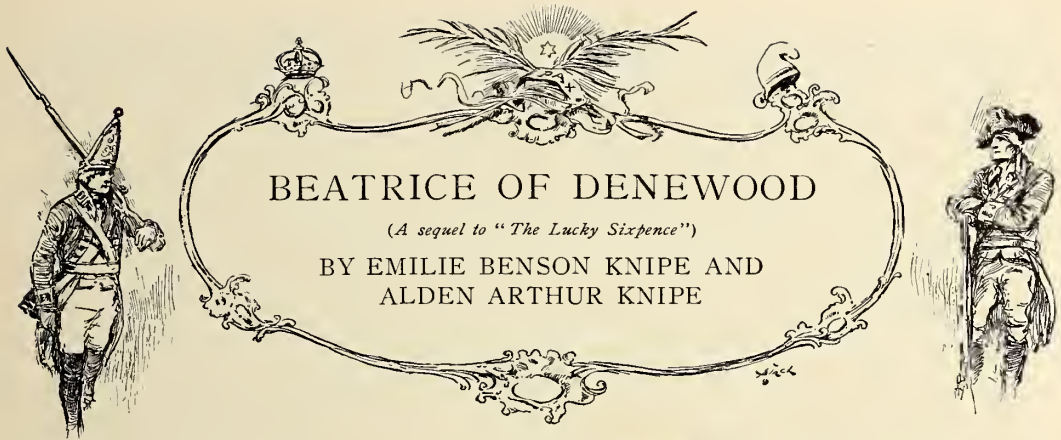
vigorously entered upon a field of larger service to Princeton's athletics. Under his guidance the entire system of athletic management was reorganized. The various departments of sport were brought under a central body of responsible control. The athletic association was incorporated, and at once began to improve its athletic grounds, stands, buildings, and equipment. The financial managements were consolidated and put upon a sound business basis. So satisfactory to the faculty, undergraduates, and alumni was his administration as chairman, that he held the post until he became President of the University.

A Rhyme of Hallowe'en



With the darkness ever growing,
And the moon behind her hat,
You would soon have trouble knowing
Witch is Witch and Witch's Cat.

G. BUTLER



BEATRICE OF DENEWOOD

(A sequel to "The Lucky Sixpence")

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND
ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

CHAPTER I

BART FINDS A HESSIAN IN JUNE, '78

"THERE NOW," exclaimed Mrs. Mummer, my cousin John Travers's housekeeper, as she straightened up and regarded the huge brass andirons with pride. "I've polished and rubbed them till my back aches, but it's worth it, to see Denewood beginning to look like itself again."

I stepped down from the chair upon which I had been standing while I gave a finishing touch to the mirror, and glanced about the great hall with much pleasure and satisfaction. A week before, the news of the battle of Monmouth had reached us, and feeling assured that the British army had left Philadelphia for good, the entire household had been busy putting things to rights. We wanted the place to look particularly fine against the arrival of its owner, who was expected back at any time; and with Mummer, the steward of the estate, to direct the blacks out-of-doors, while Mrs. Mummer saw to it that all inside the house worked their hardest, we had accomplished wonders. Even Polly and Betty Travers, cousins to Mr. Travers, did their share, and little Peggy, their sister, wished to sleep with a duster clutched in her fist.

"'T is Mummer we have to thank that there is aught left," Mrs. Mummer went on. "'T was he that bade me hide all that was worth stealing."

"How d-did M-M-M-Mummer know the soldiers would take them?" stuttered Peggy.

"Was n't Mummer a soldier himself before he came to the Americas?" demanded Mrs. Mummer, bristling. "He knows soldiers right enough, does Mummer; though, in sooth, it was not the British he was thinking of so much as the Hessians. Their very music says 'plunder! plunder! plunder!' in good, plain English. Ah, Miss Bee, if you had been to town and seen the mess they

've made of it! I am right glad we are in Germantown instead of in Philadelphia."

Sam and Tom, two of the black house-servants, came in bearing the Turkey carpet to cover the center of the hall floor, and, in a minute, we were all busy again, pulling the corners this way and that, till it was settled to our satisfaction.

It was the end of our task. The house was in order, and we stood regarding it a moment in silence. "Now it is as it was the first day I came to Denewood," I said half aloud, for, in truth, I was thinking rather than talking.

"A lucky day for the house that!" declared Mrs. Mummer. "Ah, Miss Beatrice, how well I remember it! For weeks we had been waiting for a sight of the boy who was to come over from England, and la! the boy turned out to be a girl. 'You have only to know her to love her,' says Master John, and 't was a true word he spoke."

"And that was only two years ago," I said, my thoughts dwelling on the past; "only two years—and yet it seems as if I'd been here always."

"True enough," agreed Mrs. Mummer, "but such long years they've been! What with soldiers coming and going, and Master John hurt, and the battle of Germantown right over our heads, 't was no very pleasant welcome to a new land for a little maid; but let us pray that the war is ended, as they say. Are you never wishful to be back in England, Miss Bee?" she added, with a note of anxiety in her voice.

"Never! never! never!" I cried, putting my arms about her, for Mrs. Mummer was like a mother to me. "Denewood is my home, and I want no other."

"Praise be for that!" answered the old housekeeper, heartily. "Mummer has said a dozen times that, although you and Master John but call each other brother and sister, and are, in truth, only distant cousins, no real brother and

sister could be closer the one to the other. 'T is a misfortune that so young a man should lack near kin, for 'blood is thicker than water,' Mummer says, and while he and I did our best, we were only plodding old servants, after all. So, though you were but a slip of a maid of twelve years when you came to us, you brought the sunshine we needed to make a home of Denewood. You are the luck of the house, my dear. 'T is good to know you have no longing to go back to England."

"'T would be most ungrateful if I had, seeing all that Brother John has done for me," I replied.

"Nay now," she answered, bristling a little, "the shoe is on the other foot, I 'm thinking; for, without you and your lucky sixpence, Denewood would be ashes this day; so a truce to all this talk of gratitude 'twixt you and Master John."

It was all very well for Mrs. Mummer to thus dismiss the question of obligation between Cousin John Travers and myself, and such a thought would never enter his head either, but nevertheless all in that house were his guests, and I, in particular, owed him more than ever I could pay. Polly, Betty, and Peg were cousins also, whose home was across the Delaware River in Haddonfield, but when the British entered the Jerseys, their father, who was with our Continentals, thought it safer for them in Germantown, and Brother John had given them a home and a warm welcome until the war should end.

With me the matter was somewhat different. As Mrs. Mummer had said, I was but a distant cousin, and belonged to the English Travers, having small claim upon Brother John's generosity; yet when, two years before, Granny, from lack of money to keep my two brothers and myself, was forced to send me to the Americas, John Travers had adopted me for a sister, and placed me at the head of his household while he was off serving with Washington's army. Mrs. Mummer might say there should be no talk of gratitude between us, but I could not forget the kindness with which he had welcomed a forlorn little maid, and my heart overflowed with thankfulness in that I had found so true a friend.

Some such thoughts as these were passing through my mind, when they were interrupted by a shout from Peg, who was standing by the window.

"They 've c-c-come! They 've c-c-come!" she cried, and we heard the sound of horses' hoofs beating the ground outside.

Goodness! what a clatter we made as we hastened to welcome the new arrivals. Polly and Betty came down the stairs in quite a rush, for

them. Little Peg ran to hide her duster, and Mrs. Mummer and I took one last glance about to see that all was as it should be before we hurried to the front door. Outside, with cries of joy, the stable-boys scampered up to take the horses, and Mummer himself, with three or four of the farmhands, appeared to give the master a welcome.

Two horsemen came galloping up the long driveway. In front, Cousin John Travers, on a strong chestnut mare, and a little behind him, Bart Travers, brother to Polly, Betty, and Peg, putting his beast through its capers and showing off grandly before us all; for Bart was but a few months older than I, though he had run off to the war. Along they came at a smart pace, pulled up to a standstill, and, in another minute, John had dismounted, and I was in his arms.

"Oh, Brother!" I cried, "'t is fine to have you home again!"

"And 't is fine to be home, little sister!" he answered, kissing me and giving me a loving pat on the shoulder.

Meanwhile, Peggy had run to Bart, and the air was full of cries of welcome and questions flying back and forth as to how all fared.

Presently we all moved to enter the house, and, as Brother John reached the threshold, he stopped amazed. Then turning to Mrs. Mummer, he shook a finger at her.

"'T is magic!" he cried. "'T is well for you we are past the age of such superstitions, for otherwise you were liked to be burned for a witch."

"Nay then, we should need a huge fire, for all of us have had a hand in this magic, though 't is Miss Bee who kept us slaving till it was finished," replied Mrs. Mummer, with a laugh.

"But how have you done it?" he went on, his glance roving about the hall and lighting up as he noted, one after another, the old familiar objects of furniture and ornament that had been hidden away from sight so that they might not tempt the Hessian soldiers. "There are the little Dresden figures on the mantel-shelf just as they used to be, and there is the old clock, and—and the Turkey carpet! In truth, I never hoped to see all these things again, for I have passed places to-day where there was scarce one article of household use left to the owners."

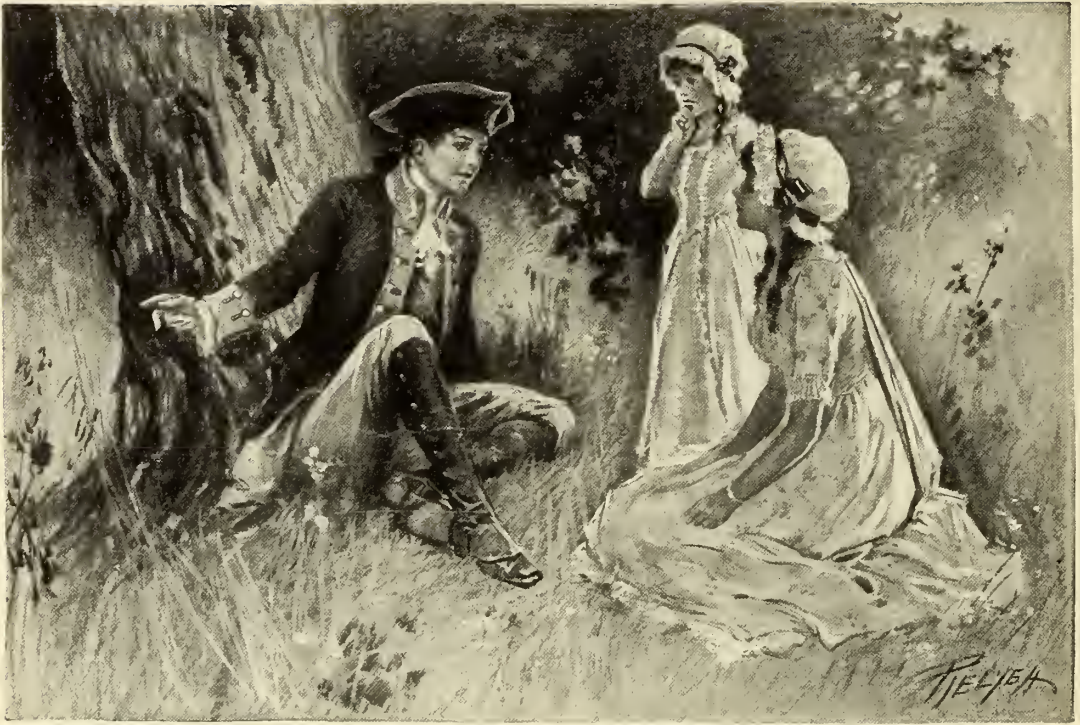
"For that you must thank Miss Bee and her lucky sixpence," said Mrs. Mummer, nodding at me.

"Aye, we 'll never forget that!" answered Brother John, warmly. "'T is when I see how others have suffered that I realize our good fortune. The country about us is in sad case."

"Aye," cried Bart, striding about, with his



"OH, BROTHER!" I CRIED, "T IS FINE TO HAVE YOU HOME AGAIN!"



"'I KNOW WHERE THERE 'S A PIRATE'S TREASURE!' HE WHISPERED." (SEE PAGE 26.)

great sword clanking as he moved. "This is all very well, but 't is the dining-room and its furnishings I 'm most interested in. I 'm fair starved, Mrs. Mummer, and that 's the truth."

"'T is but a poor meal I can give you," said Mrs. Mummer, amid the laughter that followed Bart's sally; "but such as it is, you have only to sit down, for all is ready."

"Aye, I know your poor meals!" cried Brother John, as we went into the dining-room. "I shall let out my belt two holes at least in anticipation."

And so, gaily and happily, we sat down to eat the first dinner we had all had together in peace and quiet for many a long day.

When the excitement had worn off a little, we began to ask questions of how our friends in the Continental army fared, and little Peg wanted particularly to have news of Allan McLane, who was captain of the troop of cavalry in which John served, and a great favorite with us all. Then we asked for His Excellency, General Washington, and the Marquis de Lafayette, news of whom made Polly and Betty prick up their ears, and for a host of others who, at one time or another, had stayed at Denewood during the dreadful winter just passed, when the army was freezing at Valley Forge, and the British under General Howe were quartered in Philadelphia.

"I s-s-say, B-B-Bart," piped Peggy, in one of the pauses in the talk, "w-w-what w-will you d-d-do with your s-s-sword, now that the B-B-British have g-g-gone and the war is over?"

"Ah, but it is n't over," answered Bart.

"Not over?" I echoed in consternation, looking at Brother John. "Has n't the war ended?"

"Nay, Bee," he answered, "not yet, nor for many a long day, I fear."

"But every one, says the British are going home," I insisted; for it was generally believed that the evacuation of Philadelphia was the beginning of the end.

"The wish is father to the thought to those who have spread that rumor," answered Brother John. "The British will scarce try their luck again in Philadelphia; but, for all that, the war is far from ended. General Clinton in New York has but changed his base."

"Should he do that often, he will have no army left," Bart put in with a chuckle. "His expensive Hessians are still straggling over the Jerseys to join us—and did n't we give them fits at Monmouth!"

Later, the dinner being finished, Mummer thrust his long, solemn face within the room and begged that John would go over the estate with him, so that he might make ready his plans for

the repair of the damage wrought by the soldiers. There was a new stable to be built, miles of fences to be put up to replace those burned for fuel, and many other things were needed; for, outside, the place had not escaped so fortunately as the mansion itself.

Brother John went off with him, leaving us still at the table, where we at once began to ply Bart with questions as to his doings with the Continental army.

"Nay," cried Polly, with a toss of her head, "I do not care to hear of Bart's bloody deeds. 'T is scarce fitting for the ears of a sensitive female," and she got up and quitted the room, followed by Betty, for the two always acted in concert. Truth to tell, Polly, who was a few years older than the rest of us, put on such grown-up airs that we were often glad to be rid of her; for she and Betty seemed interested only in the fashions, and talked of beaus and balls as if naught else in the world was of any consequence.

"A good riddance," said Bart, as they disappeared; "but I think their ears would not be so 'sensitive' if the news was of British victories. They are naught but silly Tories."

"And were you at Monmouth, Bart?" I asked, for it seemed scarce credible that a boy should have taken part in so bloody a battle as that one was rumored to have been.

"Aye, that I was, Bee," he answered proudly. "I think Father did n't like the notion altogether, but I told him I would run away alone again, so he let me go with him."

"And are you a p-p-private, Bart?" asked Peg, a little breathlessly.

"Nay, I 'm not a private," he replied.

"Then you *must* be an officer," I said.

"Nay, I 'm not an officer either—though I mean to have a commission soon," he went on. "I 'm just a sort of aid to Father, and though some of the officers laugh at me, I have all the fun of fighting just the same."

"T-tell us about the b-b-b-battle, B-Bart," Peg demanded excitedly.

"Well," Bart began, "we were with General Wayne—"Wayne the Drover," the army called him at Valley Forge because, when worst came to worst, and we were near to starving, he always went off somewhere and brought in a herd of cattle to feed us. His own men called him 'Mad Anthony' because he loves to fight and stops at nothing; but his whole command is mad, as far as that goes. Now as I said, we were with Wayne—but let me show you how it was."

"Yes do, Bart," I entreated, and Peggy and I leaned half across the table as he told his eager listeners the story of the battle of Monmouth.

"Now this plum-cake platter is Monmouth Court-house," he began, arranging the things before him to represent the two armies and their positions. "And the fold in the table-cloth we 'll call the road leading to Sandy Hook where Clinton wanted to get, way up by this coffee-cup. We were about *here*," and he placed an apricot to mark the place. "Over there, where the sauce-boat stands, was Knyphausen protecting Clinton's eight miles of baggage-wagons—which we should have captured had it not been for Charles Lee, the traitor!"

"G-g-go on, B-B-Bart!" cried Peggy, her chin in her hands, gazing down intently, and hardly able to keep still. "G-g-go on with the f-f-fighting."

"Don't be so impatient," Bart admonished, placing a salt-cellar near the fold marking the road. "This is where Lafayette and Greene were stationed, and 'way back here, by this bowl, was Washington with the main army."

He stopped, regarding his funny diagram critically and with a most serious air.

"Now, right in here, the road narrowed down between a wide swamp on each side, which we 'll mark with this saucer and the fruit-dish, and just where I put this knife was a bridge. Don't forget that, because it 's important. And on this spot where the spoon is, was a big tree, and that 's important, too, as you 'll see later on."

"Well, early in the morning, we had orders to attack, and off we went, crossing the bridge between the saucer and the fruit-dish, as gay as could be, all of us anxious to fight the redcoats, though it was hot, even before the sun was well up. We sighted them, and were just about to attack when along comes a message from Lee to withdraw. Wayne was in a rage, but he could n't do anything else, so back we went without a blow. Then along comes another order to make a feint, and we go off again, only to be withdrawn once more, till we did n't know what was happening, and the men thought some one was going crazy—and I tell you General Wayne *was* near crazy; but that was because Lee would n't let him fight."

"Why did n't he fight anyhow?" I demanded.

"Oh, he could n't, you know," Bart explained. "Lee was in command of the whole force, and Wayne had to do as he was ordered, whether he liked it or not."

"I would have f-f-fighted!" declared Peggy, positively.

"Pretty soon we had to fight," her brother went on, "for the first thing we knew, the British came running across the knife there—I mean the bridge—and were attacking us, instead of

our attacking them—and that 's a very different matter, let me tell you! The redcoats came with a rush, and our fellows, not knowing what to do, and bewildered by such contrary orders, were taken by surprise, and—and they ran. Yes, they ran, though I hate to say it. I was with Father, who, with Stewart and Ramsay, was trying to rally them. Down the fold we went and came up with Lee, who was sitting his horse like a spectator, doing nothing, and I thought it was all up with us—when along came a man on horseback, riding like the wind. Oh, you should have seen him, and heard the shouts that went up when we knew that it was His Excellency, General Washington! He *is* a man!" exclaimed Bart, his voice rising in his excitement, and Peggy and I gave a little cheer as if we had been there ourselves.

"What 's the meaning of this?" cried Washington, as he reined up beside Lee," Bart continued. "And Lee mumbled something in answer. Then the general just told him what he thought of him. 'You 're a poltroon, sir!' he shouted, and more of the same sort of talk, while Lee got red in the face, but could n't stand that storm. Oh, the general was fine and angry! And had I been in Lee's place, I should have died of shame. As it was, he went off to the rear, and Washington took command of us. It was mighty different then. The redcoats were running across that knife, bent on mischief, and meaning to drive us back to the bowl; but we rallied in the face of them, and the general, with his sword lifted high above his head and greatly exposing himself, led us at them, and, before we knew it, they were driven back between the saucer and the fruit-dish, and then across the knife into the sauce-boat, where Knyphausen was.

"I tell you, Bee!" cried Bart, firing up at the thought, "it was almost worth while to have retreated, to have seen what one man could do. There was swamp on each side of the road, and eight thousand British were chasing us, but Washington re-formed two of our regiments, under fire, and that gave time to plant the troops he had brought up with him on good ground. But it was a close thing—so close that Alexander Hamilton said his only thought was to die on the spot, and even Laurens hoped for no more than an orderly retreat. But General Washington—well, for all his calm ways, he is as mad as Wayne himself when it comes to fighting, and, when he leads, the men will follow, caring naught what happens to them."

Bart stopped out of breath.

"And you b-b-beat them, B-B-Bart?" asked Peggy, excitedly. "You b-beat them at last?"

"Aye, we beat them!" Bart continued. "They made a stand at the sauce-boat, but only for a little while, and still we drove them on. All day we fought, and, when at last night came, they were ready to cry quits. 'T was only the darkness that saved Clinton's whole army, for we found them gone the next morning. If Lee had n't played the traitor, they would never have reached the coffee-cup—I mean Sandy Hook, of course. Oh, it was splendid, but very hot!"

"B-b-but, B-Bart," Peggy broke in, after a moment's pause, "you have n't told us about the spoon that 's a t-t-tree."

"Hush!" murmured Bart, warningly; "that 's where I found my Hessian." And he looked about the room to see if any one were within hearing.

"Your Hessian," I echoed, not knowing what he meant.

"It 's a secret," he answered. "Let 's go out somewhere under the trees where we 'll be alone. Listen!"

He leaned across the table, and we three put our heads together.

"I know where there 's a pirate's treasure!" he whispered.

CHAPTER II

PIRATE GOLD

BART was so mysterious that, without another word, we all three went out-of-doors on tiptoe, as if we feared to make a noise. We scampered through the orchard near the house and into the woods bordering it, and were soon hidden among the trees, certain that no one would hear our secrets there:

"This will do," said Bart, seating himself at the foot of a huge chestnut, and Peggy and I dropped down beside him.

"Hurry and t-t-tell us, B-Bart!" cried his sister, impatiently. "I l-l-love m-m-mysteries."

"This is no joke," replied Bart, very seriously, "and I misdoubt I have made a mistake in letting you know anything about it. It popped out without my thinking."

"Oh, you need n't worry about Peggy, Bart," I hastened to put in. "She can be as secret as any one. She 's proved that."

"B-b-besides, you c-c-could n't keep it from me a-a-anyway," said Miss Peggy, with a toss of her head. "I *always* know."

"Remember then, not a word of this to a soul," insisted Bart, and it was plain from his manner that, whatever he had to tell us, he attached much importance to it. "I don't want any one else to get hold of it, least of all Polly and Betty.

"To begin with," Bart said, "we found that

Clinton had gone off, leaving behind his dead and wounded for us to care for, and I was sent out with some others to look for the injured. Now, as I was returning to headquarters, along in the afternoon, I was passing that tree that I marked with a spoon on the table, when I heard a great groan. At first I saw nothing, but, upon going around the trunk, I found a Hessian soldier propped up against it. He had a bullet in his leg, and he thought he was going to die right then and there. When he saw me, he began to chatter in broken English, begging me not to scalp him."

"What nonsense!" I cried, "as if we were Indians!"

"Oh, he believed it," Bart explained. "He had been told tales of torture, and I know not what else about us all. The British had to do something, for you know the Hessians have been offered grants of land if they desert, and scores of them have been coming in with their pots and kettles and wives all ready to set up housekeeping. 'T was no easy matter to get word to them until Doctor Franklin hit upon the plan of having the offer printed in German and stowed in packages of strong tobacco such as soldiers smoke. But to go back to Hans Kalbfleisch, my wounded Hessian. He was dreadfully frightened, but I got him into camp, and the surgeons cut off his leg, so he was about as well as ever."

"That 's n-no m-m-mystery!" Peg broke in, disgustedly, as Bart paused for breath.

"Nay, now, do not be so impatient!" retorted Bart. "I 'm coming to that in good time. When Hans was a little recovered from his hurt, and found that he was not to be massacred, he was monstrous grateful to me, and now and then, when I had nothing else to do, I would stop and talk to him, for he was a decent sort of chap, though he was a Hessian. Well, one day when we were alone, he asked me, in his funny, broken English, if I knew old Schmuck, the Magus in Philadelphia. You 've heard of old Schmuck, have n't you, Bee?"

"Never," I answered, "and I have n't the faintest idea what a Magus is."

"Well, a Magus," Bart explained, "is named from an old-time word meaning a 'wise man,' or wizard, or enchanter. Nowadays, he is a sort of diviner—a fellow who finds things that are hidden under the ground, like treasure; but mostly they search for springs of water."

"How do they do it?" I asked, much puzzled.

"With a hazel wand, usually," Bart answered, "though some use a peach branch. Oh, 't is true they can tell, Bee!" he insisted, no doubt seeing my look of incredulity. "All the farmers have a

Magus pick out the spot when they want to dig a well. He takes the hazel twig between the palms of his hands and walks slowly over the land till it bends down to the ground, and that is the spot to dig, whether it be for treasure or only water."

"'T is very funny," I said, "but go on with your Hessian; he 's interesting."

"I told him I had heard of old Schmuck," Bart continued, "and expected he would say something more about him, but he turned the conversation to the country about Philadelphia, and asked me did I know of Wissahickon Creek. I told him I did, and he said he had a friend who had camped there for a while, and that he himself had hoped to visit it, but that now he feared he would never see the place. It was plain that Hans had something on his mind which he wanted, and yet did n't want, to tell me. But at length, after he was convinced that it was useless to think of going there himself, he took me into his confidence."

"N-n-now it 's c-c-coming," whispered Peggy, wriggling with expectation.

"Mind you," Bart continued, "this did n't happen all in a minute. It was maybe a day or two later that, after looking about to see that no one was within hearing, he drew me close to him and whispered:

"I have dreamed a dream three times, and to dream three times is sure."

"What have you dreamed?" I asked him, though I did n't feel much interested.

"'T is a dream of hidden gold and silver, and much other wealth,' he answered, his eyes gleaming covetously as he talked, and his excitement growing, so that I understood less than half of what he said."

Bart paused a moment, looking about to see that no one could overhear.

"Why did the Hessian tell you about a dream?" I asked, with increasing interest.

"Now you are just as impatient as Peg," laughed Bart; "but to tell the truth, Bee, that 's the very question I asked Hans, and then out came the whole of his plan. He wanted me to hunt for the treasure he had seen in his dream."

"But—but—" I began.

"Hold on," Bart interrupted, "let me tell you just how it was. At first I laughed at what he called his dream, but he was so earnest that finally I really became convinced that, in some way, he knew of a hidden treasure, and I consented to make a search for it.

"'T is hid,' he told me, 'half-way between the tree blazed with the skull, where 't was buried by the crooked man with one eye.'"

"Oh-o-o-oh," came in a long drawl from Peg,

"the c-c-crooked man with one e-eye! It s-s-sounds awful!"

"But half-way between the tree and what?" I asked, noting that the description was not complete.

"That was what I wanted to know," Bart went on, "and Hans said old Schmuck, the Magus, could find the spot when I told him it was on the right bank of the Wissahickon, north of the Rittenhouse Mill road, and buried between the blazed tree and—*something!* 'T is well known that Kidd and Blackbeard came up our rivers with their gold, and like as not Hans's treasure is some such plunder."

"Nay, Bart, 't is a silly story," I said with a laugh. "Your Hessian was quizzing you."

"Aye, Bee, that was my very thought," agreed Bart, earnestly, by no means abashed at my doubt. "But when I laughed, and told Hans I would have none of his dreams, he was fair beside himself, and begged that I, at least, tell Schmuck. He protested that he wanted me to share the gold out of gratitude for my having saved him, and a lot more such talk, which I had no great faith in, for the end was always the same. 'Tell Schmuck. Tell the Magus,' was his plea, until I grew sure that there was a hidden treasure. 'T is plain Hans would never have told me a word of it had he been fit to go himself; but, seeing no other way, he was forced to take some one into his confidence—and now I mean to find it."

"And what is he to get out of it, if you do find anything?" I asked, becoming as convinced as Bart that there was something more in this tale than appeared on the surface.

"Oh, he wanted half, of course," Bart said easily, "but I told him flat that I would not take all the risk and all the trouble for so small a share. 'T was not for myself I bargained, but for the cause. He grumbled mightily, but finally consented to leave the matter to me so long as I would tell the Magus as quickly as possible."

"I can see no such need of haste if 't was a dream he dreamed," I suggested.

"He insisted it was a dream to the very last," Bart replied. "But he gave me a sly wink, and said that others might dream too, and that there was no time to lose. I don't believe all he told me, but I 'm sure he knows of a hidden treasure. He hints that it is a pirate's hoard, and I mean to have a look for it. Pirate gold belongs to him who finds it, and I have no mind to see it in the hands of some Tory or moderate, when the cause stands in need of money."

"Did Hans say that he had known the Magus?" I questioned. "He must have known him,—eh?"

"No, he protested that he had never seen him," Bart explained; "and I think he was telling the truth, though of course I can't be sure."

"What do you mean to do?" I inquired.

"To go with old Schmuck, and seek the treasure, taking some one with me to help me guard and carry it here, where it will be safe until I find a way to transport it to His Excellency," Bart answered succinctly.

"Who will you get to go with you?" I asked. "John or Allan McLane will be best."

At this I fancied Bart looked a little embarrassed, but when he spoke it was quite frankly.

"Nay, Bee, I 'll be honest with you," he said. "If Jack or Captain McLane go, they are my superior officers, and I get no credit out of the affair. General Washington needs money even more than he needs men, and I am hot for my commission, so if I find the treasure by myself, I 'll get it, you 'll see, even despite my years."

"Then whom can you ask to help you?" I demanded, puzzled, and Bart looked straight in my eyes, and said:

"You, Bee!"

"T-t-to be s-s-sure," agreed Peggy, in the most matter-of-fact way; "and I 'll h-h-help, too."

"No, no!" said Bart, impatiently, "don't get that into your head. You could n't be of any use."

"I c-c-could s-s-so!" Peggy was very indignant. "I c-c-could k-k-keep watch and t-tell you if any one was c-c-coming."

Whereat we had to smile, to the little lady's great disgust.

"But will you go, Bee?" Bart was all eagerness and not to be diverted. "You 'd like to do something for the cause, would n't you?"

"What are your plans?" I asked cautiously.

"Well, I shall see Schmuck first," Bart began; but I interrupted.

"Can't you get along without this Schmuck?"

"No, I cannot," answered Bart. "If I could I would, willingly enough; but 't is impossible for me to dig up the ground for a mile, maybe, around the blazed tree. The treasure may lie near or it may not be within a hundred yards. That 's what the Magus must determine, and 't is on that account I am forced to take him."

"But you need n't tell him all you know," I insisted, full of a vague distrust. "Only enough to get him interested, without saying just where the spot is."

"Exactly," agreed Bart. "All I 'll say is that the treasure is on the right bank of the Wissahickon, and that he must find the place, though my Hessian told me twice to be sure to tell him about the blazed tree and the crooked man."

"And then what?" I asked.

"Then we 'll agree upon a night—"

"Night!" I exclaimed. "Must we go at night?"

"Why, of course, Bee," he replied, surprised at my question. "Who ever heard of hunting treasure in the daytime?"

"To be sure, that 's true," I answered, admitting the force of this argument. "But Mrs. Mummer would never let me go."

"There 's my m-m-mouse's h-h-hole," suggested Peg, crossly; "you can g-g-go by that if you w-w-want to."

"What 's that?" Bart was curious.

"'T is a queer passageway she found, down through the nursery chimney and out by the spring-house," I explained.

"Allan McLane w-w-went out b-b-by it once, and he was s-s-so big that he n-n-nearly s-s-stuck," Peg remarked, good-humored once more. Her little tempers were only surface tantrums and never endured for long.

"So you can go, Bee, if you only will," Bart pleaded.

"But of what use can I be to you?" I asked.

"You could help with the gold," he replied, "and watch and see that old Schmuck did n't bash me over the head when my back was turned. You could carry a pistol, could n't you?"

"Aye, I could carry a pistol," I said a little doubtfully, "but 't would be better to take one of the black boys along."

"Nay, they would be frightened out of their wits," Bart protested.

"Not Charley," I insisted. "Moreover, he is strong and could help with the digging. Please take Charley," I ended pleadingly.

"Will you go if I do?" he questioned eagerly, and I nodded in agreement.

And so, swept off my feet by my wish to help Bart, by my desire to aid the cause, and not a little influenced, if it must be confessed, by the thought of the adventure itself, I found myself committed to the expedition. It is passing strange how matters turn out, and a wiser head than mine could not have foreseen how much depended on my answer to his pleading; but had I refused to go, I might have been spared many, many weeks of anxiety.

(To be continued.)



TRIALS OF SCIENCE

BY C. F. LESTER

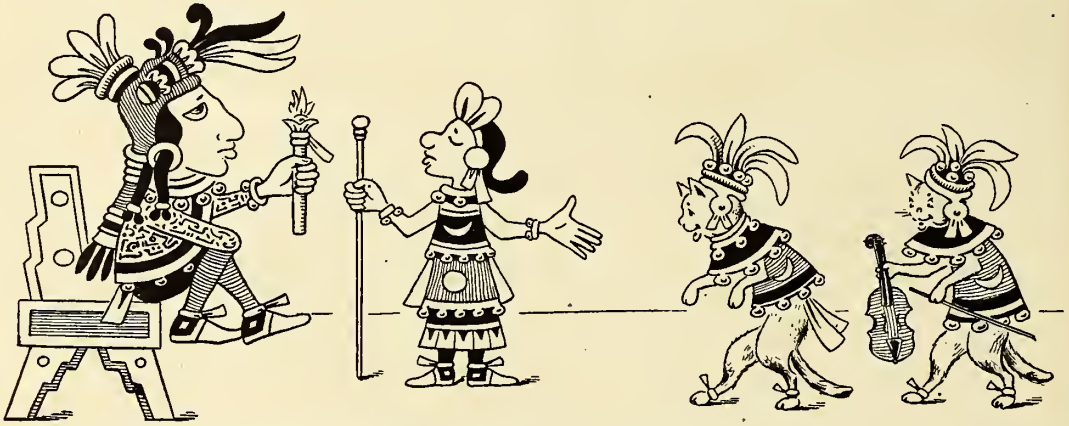
WHEN an apple fell
And hit
Sir Isaac Newton
On the head,
He discovered then
The law
Of gravitation!
So I've read.

But I've sat here
Two hours, now,
Watching, till I'm
Late for tea,
And that obstinate
Old apple
Simply *will* not fall
On me.

A Royal Release

The Aztec King could neither smile nor dance,
Life held him in a fixed and formal trance,
Until one day the Cheerful Cats
Appeared at Court in wondrous Hats

and then -



This picture tells the rest of this Romance.



Francis.



“A DUTCH TREAT”

BY GIULIA HOSSFELD

TED CUNNINGHAM closed his chemistry with a slam, and pushed it across the table. “That’s the last of chemistry for this week,” he said cheerfully to his room-mate. “Another try at that last problem in trig, and I’ve finished my work for to-day.”

“I’m glad you take it so pleasantly,” returned Robert Burling, dryly, as he looked up from his work with a frown. “I still have another half-hour’s work on my Latin. I should be very glad to have you explain to me the use in granting the students a half-holiday, if every one of the professors gives out so much extra work that a fellow has to spend his whole afternoon and evening over his books.”

Ted threw back his head and laughed. “Poor old Bobs! You *are* down, are n’t you! I knew the sole-leather you were eating last night would make a pessimist of you to-day, though you were charitable enough to call it pie.”

Some one was coming up the stairs three steps at a time, and a moment later, Harvey Ransom threw open the door and stepped in, without the formality of waiting for an invitation.

“Get out of here,” growled Robert, inhospitably. “I’m not half through with my lessons, and I can’t have you racketing around.”

The intruder caught the leather pillow which had been aimed at his head with a polite “Thank you,” and, throwing it down on the floor, seated

himself upon it. He looked up at Ted inquiringly: “What’s the matter with the senator? He seems to be on the war-path to-night.”

Ted shook his head. “Oh, he’s all right so long as you pay no attention to his growling. He thinks that the earth is n’t running in its accustomed orbit to-day, but it’s only that the pie he got down at that little corner restaurant last night gave him bad dreams.”

Harvey grinned. “We all have to learn by sad experience,” he remarked sententiously, then hurriedly dodged a second pillow that came perilously near its mark. “But fortunately not all of us develop this homicidal tendency.”

Robert closed his book and leaned back in his chair. “I had to spend the whole afternoon over that assignment in trig, and the everlasting grind is spoiling my disposition,” he explained apologetically.

“You’re quite right there,” returned Harvey, encouragingly; then added in a more serious tone, “You two fellows spend too much of your time here in this stuffy room. If you’d get out with the rest of us once in a while, you’d be a great deal better off. I’ve come over here this evening with a special invitation for you to join us in a lark we’ve planned for to-night, but I have n’t a doubt but that it will be declined with thanks.”

“I hope you have n’t been counting too much on a refusal,” said Ted, “for I’m ready for any

fun that may come my way to-night—not because I'm taking your advice to neglect my work, but simply because I am practically through with it, and feel ready for a frolic. You play all the time, Harvey, so you are never in a position to really appreciate your good times," added Ted, teasingly.

Harvey was not in the least disconcerted by this allusion to his well-known aversion to study. "You'll soon be called upon to fill the chaplain's place if you persist in giving us these choice sermonettes—your eloquence deserves a larger audience. How about you, Senator?"

"Oh, well, I guess I can finish my Latin in the morning before class, so I'm with you, too. What's the program?"

Harvey had already risen, and was pulling on his cap. "This is better luck than I had expected. But we're already late, so take your hats and let's be off. I'll explain as we go."

When they had crossed the campus, Harvey led the way down a little side street which neither of the boys could remember having traversed before. "Where does this road lead, Harvey?" inquired Ted, curiously. "And what have you fellows in view for to-night?"

"This road leads out into the fields west of town, to the best of my knowledge, and you are on your way to partake of a 'Dutch treat,'" replied their leader with a comical air of secrecy.

Ted thrust his hands down into his trousers pockets and jingled the coins he found there. "I trust it's not the same sort of a 'Dutch treat' that the watermelon party we had last year turned out to be—you remember that Bobs and I chanced to be the only ones who had any change in our pockets on that occasion, and we were therefore forced to foot the bill. We're not freshmen this year, and, besides, I only have thirty-seven cents with me—and perhaps the quarter that I think I feel may chance to be a nickel when it is brought to light."

His two companions chuckled reminiscently. "This is a Dutch treat without money and without price," Harvey reassured him.

"Oh, come now!" protested Robert, "tell us where we are going."

"We'll have to cross this field," said Harvey, vaulting the fence. "We're to meet the rest of the fellows over near the Westville road, and then all of us are to go on to Professor Donnerberg's, where refreshments will be served."

The two other boys stopped short. "But he has n't invited us!" exclaimed Ted.

Harvey laughed. "That need n't worry you, for he has n't invited any of us. It's something in the nature of a surprise party, in fact."

"That's not much better," returned Ted. "I don't even know Professor Donnerberg by sight, and I doubt whether Bobs here does. He'll wonder to what he owes the honor of our call."

Harvey seemed more amused than ever. "There, the fellows are already waiting for us, but before we join them, perhaps I'd better relieve your minds of the fear of meeting the professor. You see, there's some sort of a reception to the faculty over at Dean Wright's to-night, so the professor will unfortunately be unable to be present at our little gathering."

"What's the joke?" asked Robert, impatiently. "I thought you said that we were going out for a Dutch treat."

"And so we are," returned Harvey, coolly.

"Then just where does Professor Donnerberg come in?" insisted the other.

"He comes in on the 'Dutch,'" explained Harvey, soberly. "He looks Dutch, acts Dutch, and was christened 'Old Dutch' the first day he set foot on the campus. His special hobby is a vineyard which is just now in its glory, as you shall presently see, for we are now on our way to pay it a visit. Need I further demonstrate the fitness of the term 'Dutch treat'? Hello, there, fellows! Are we the last ones?"

"Every one else has been here fifteen minutes," replied Winston Carter. "Hello, Burling! Hello, Cunningham! If you'll take the lead now, Ransom, we'll get under way at once."

Ted and Robert had paused uncertainly on the edge of the little group, but as Ransom was about to set off, Ted called him aside. "I'd a little rather you'd count us out of this, Harvey," he began rather angrily. "If you had told us in the beginning that you were going out to rob some one, you might have spared yourself and us this trouble."

Harvey remained unruffled, and, laying a hand on the shoulder of either boy, he drew them on with him. "Don't be foolish, boys!" he protested under his breath. "The fellows would never forget it if you were to go back on us now, and it's all right at any rate. It's a regular class 'stunt' down here to do something like this, and no one ever thinks of calling it stealing."

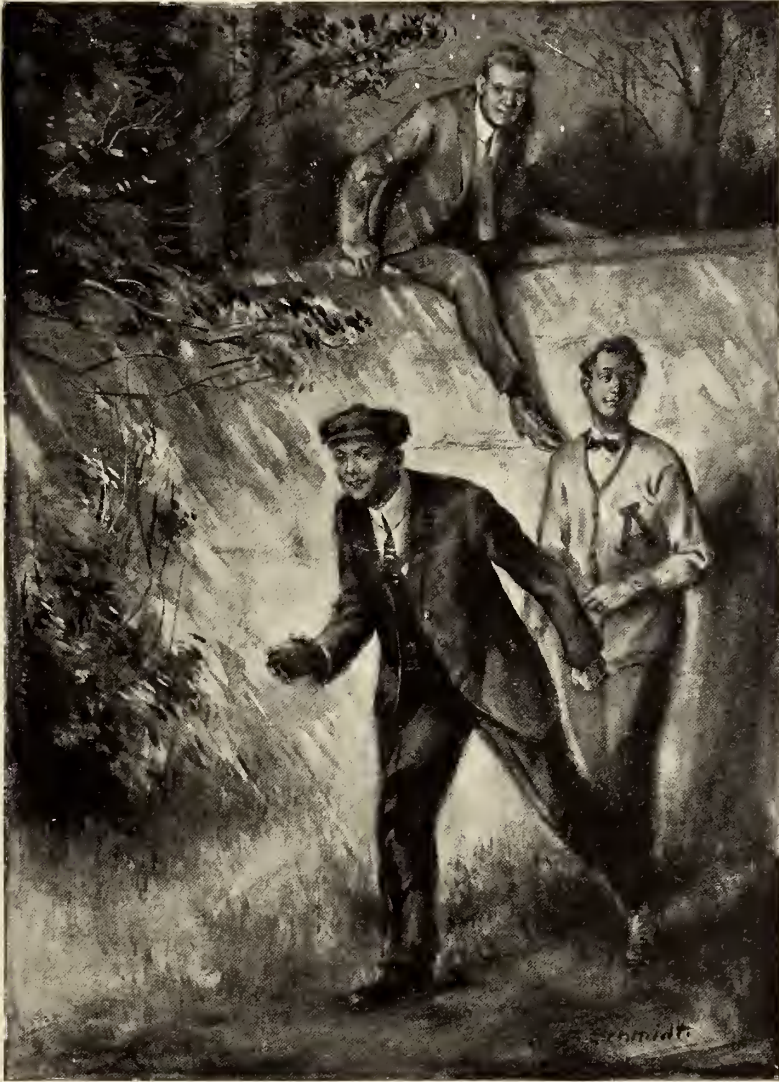
The two chums fell into step without making any reply, for Harvey's words had silenced but not convinced them. But the dozen boys who made up the party were a jolly, fun-loving lot, the night was glorious, dark but clear, and as they made their way quietly, yet with many a whispered joke and much gay banter, through the fields and around to the back of Professor Donnerberg's vineyard, both Ted and Robert forgot their scruples and were quite carried away by the

feeling of adventure, touched with just enough of danger to make them tingle pleasantly with excitement.

The boys came to a halt just under the high stone wall that separated the vineyard from the

a sound. Carter came last, having been drawn up by two of his fellows.

"Every one here?" whispered Ransom. "All right then. We'll go right up to the center path, where we're not so apt to be heard or seen from



"ONE AFTER ANOTHER OF THE BOYS SCALED THE WALL."

fields. "Here!" said Ransom, in a whisper, "some one lend me a shoulder, and I'll go over first to see whether the coast is clear."

They heard him drop softly onto the turf on the other side of the wall, and then, after a few moments of anxious waiting, his muffled call of "All right." Carter and Dick Walton lent willing shoulders, and one after another of the boys scaled the wall and joined Ransom with scarcely

the street and house, and then we'll scatter out a little."

Just as the boys turned to follow Ransom's lead, there came a blinding flash of light. The little group stood as though petrified for a moment, then turned to run, but a hearty voice, with a strong German accent, arrested their flight. "I'm very sorry that my flash-light startled you so, gentlemen, but I did n't want to lose

the opportunity to get a good photograph while I had you all together. I should have been very sorry to have broken up the party, though, for I refused one invitation for to-night in order not to forego the pleasure of meeting you here."

The boys were still too amazed for words. The flash-light had died down, but a small search-light was still turned full upon them, and into this circle of light stepped Professor Donnerberg. He extended his hand cordially to Ransom, who was in the lead. "I'm very glad to welcome you here, Ransom," he said cordially. "And you, Sargent; how do you do, Parr? I am very agreeably surprised to find you here to-night. When I heard that you were too ill to attend my class this morning, I feared that you might be seriously indisposed."

Parr blushed crimson, but the professor appeared not to notice his confusion, and went on down the line, greeting each one of his guests by name. When he came to Ted and Robert, who brought up the rear, he paused a moment. "I believe I have not had the pleasure?" he said inquiringly.

"My name is Robert Burling, sir," replied Robert, a little unsteadily.

"I am happy to know you. And this gentleman?" He turned to Ted.

"Theodore Cunningham, sir."

"Is your father a Princeton man?" inquired the professor, eagerly.

"Class of '83, sir," replied Ted, in surprise.

The professor held out his hand again. "Then I am doubly glad to meet you. Your father and I are old classmates, and I am delighted to know his son." He turned again to the whole group. "But I know that you are becoming impatient of all these preliminaries and are eager for the real business of the evening to begin. Are you all armed with pocket-knives? Yes? So much the better. Now if you will just follow me, I'll show you where the best table grapes grow."

He led the way into the vineyard, talking as he went. "There was a party of boys out here from town last night, but they neglected to tell me of their coming, and, left to themselves out here in the dark—they had even neglected to bring lanterns—they got hold of the poorest grapes that grew here this year." He took the search-light from the grinning negro who had held it, and threw the light over the vines. "You'll find the best black grapes on those small vines there in the northeast corner. Personally I prefer the red ones—those little fellows there at your right—they are so much sweeter. And if any of you are partial to the white grapes, you'll find a late variety on those large vines that are trained over

the arbor, but I can't recommend them very highly—I can't raise good white grapes here in this climate, though I've tried it again and again. If you'll just gather several bunches while you're about it, you can bring them to the big table in the arbor, and we can talk while we eat."

The professor continued his pleasant talk while they ate, but the boys found it very difficult to keep up their end of the conversation. It was not, however, because they were too busily engaged with their grapes—eating and talking seemed equally difficult, and in spite of their host's urgent invitation, they did not return to the vines for a second supply of fruit.

When, at last, they rose to leave, Professor Donnerberg shook hands with each of them again, assuring them that he had greatly enjoyed the evening, and then led the way toward the street. "Let me show you the gate," he said cheerfully. "It is really a much more convenient entrance than the one you chose to-night, and I hope that you'll make use of it often in the future."

The boys walked down the street in absolute silence, but as they neared the campus, Ransom said with a groan: "I've already got some black marks from last year, so I suppose this means expulsion for me!"

"You'll have plenty of company at least," returned Carter, grimly. "And by the way, Ransom, it was a fine old 'Dutch treat'—was n't it?"

"I thought those grapes would choke me!" put in Parr. "I never want to see another grape-vine the longest day I live."

"It seems to me, just now, that I could bear choking or expulsion better than the professor's politeness," said Ted, whose face looked drawn and haggard.

"He was awfully clever to get that picture of us before we knew he was there. There was n't any use in even trying to run after that," groaned Sargent, dejectedly.

THE expected notices, summoning them to appear at the president's office, were not received the next day nor the next. Then a week went by, and the boys, in anxious uncertainty, decided that "Old Dutch" was waiting to bring the matter up at the next meeting of the faculty. But the faculty meeting was held, and again a week went by without any mention having been made of the "Dutch treat." The boys began to breathe a little more freely. Ted Cunningham had twice been invited to take supper at Professor Donnerberg's home, but on neither occasion had any mention been made of their first meeting.

Then one evening in early November, Robert and Ted invited their companions of that Septem-



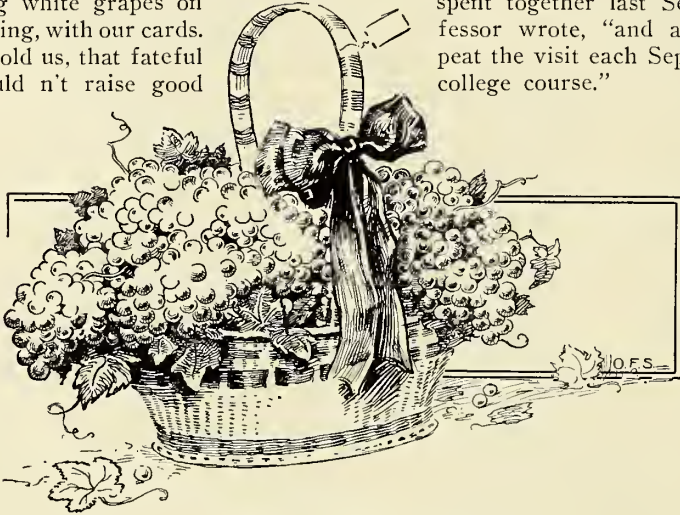
"INTO THIS CIRCLE OF LIGHT STEPPED PROFESSOR DONNERBERG."

ber excursion to assemble in their room, and Ted took the floor.

"I don't know how the rest of you fellows feel about the 'Dutch treat' Professor Donnerberg gave us six weeks ago," he began, "but I think the professor a perfect brick." (There was a hearty chorus of assent.) "I've felt all along that we fellows owed him some sort of an apology, and it has occurred to me that we might send him a basket of those big white grapes on Thanksgiving morning, with our cards. You remember he told us, that fateful night, that *he* could n't raise good

white ones. But perhaps one of you will have some better suggestion to make."

That first suggestion, however, was adopted unanimously, and the order despatched at once. The morning after Thanksgiving, each one of the donors received a personal note of thanks from "Old Dutch," and in each was inclosed a photograph of a startled group of boys—"as a souvenir of the very pleasant evening we spent together last September," the professor wrote, "and an invitation to repeat the visit each September during your college course."



MY GIRL

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

THE dear little children who pass all day,
I watch from my window above,—
Darlings, with blue eyes and black and gray;
But *one* little girl I *love*.

It is n't because of her lovely face;
Her hair is as straight as a string.
It is n't because of some wondrous grace;
She's a round, little dumpy thing.

But she always mothers the littlest tots,
And is kind to the weak and small.
Swift on her two busy feet she trots,
To comfort and help them all.

Once, when the circus was passing by,
And the band was blaring along,
At the sound of a baby's piteous cry,
She turned from the hurrying throng.

She lifted the baby, and kissed the smart;—
(I saw from my window above.)
She lost the circus, but won my heart,
This dear little girl I love.



HIS HIGHNESS THE YOUNG RAJA

SOME OF THE FUTURE RULERS OF INDIA

BY MABEL ALBERTA SPICER

MARBLE palaces, jeweled carpets, golden carriages, elephants resplendent with gold and silver trappings and silken blankets, princes gorgeous with aigrets, epaulets, ear-rings, bracelets, anklets, and rings, all gleaming with jewels, throngs of servants in rich liveries with gold lace,—could any place come nearer being fairy-land realized than India, where all of these splendors abound? India, where princesses and wealthy ladies are shut up in palaces and allowed to look out only through latticed windows, and the poor women cover their faces when they go out in the streets; where most of the people eat too little, and the others eat too much, and everybody all he can get; where the people have brown skins and wear curious clothes that look like carnival costumes? Would not all this be as interesting to see as the land of “Arabian Nights”?

Yet I could never forget that it was just the earth after all, for was I not obliged to eat three meals a day of potatoes and cauliflower (boiled without even salt), and tough chicken or goat? And when I was looking at the most wonderful things, would not a swarm of mosquitos attack me, or the sun beat down so fiercely, or the rain fall in such torrents, that I could not forget who or where I was? The odors in the streets, moreover, would never be permitted in a properly regulated fairy-land.

The most interesting parts of India to visit are those governed by the native princes. So long as they remain loyal to the king-emperor in England, and do not violate his ideas of justice and good government, they are allowed to rule quite independently, issuing their own currency and postage, making and executing their own laws. A resident or political agent, appointed by the British, acts as intermediary between the imperial and state governments.

Some of these princes claim to trace their lineage back to the sun, and others to the moon. They have little respect for a person who cannot

boast of a long line of illustrious ancestors. The chief in a Hindu state is usually called a raja (prince) or maharaja (great prince), and, in a Mohammedan state, a nabob, sometimes Nizam. The title is hereditary, but often the chief dies without a son, and a successor is chosen from among the nobles of his family. Self-indulgence and high living cause many of them to die early or to lose their health. At present, in a number of states, the chief is a minor. In such cases, the British government appoints an administrator to take charge of the state until the chief becomes of age, when he is installed on the *gadi*, or throne, with great ceremony.

It is almost impossible for an American boy or girl to imagine the extravagance and luxury that surround some of these young princes. Servants attend them night and day, fan them, dress them, and obey their slightest wish. If a wind stirs while they sleep, curtains are drawn that they may not be disturbed. When they drive out, a mounted escort accompanies them, and all the people salaam as they pass. Once, when taking tea with a raja in his garden, I was amused to notice that, as he moved about among his guests, a servant followed carrying a cup which he kept always within reach of his master's hand. The raja would take a sip of tea, and, with perfect unconcern, set his cup down in mid air. With unflinching dexterity, the saucer was placed under it by the servant in time to avoid accident. One prince had, suspended from the ceiling, a silver couch which was kept gently swaying while he slept or read. Another had a beautiful vine-covered arbor where artificial rain was made to fall, while the nabob sat under a marble canopy in the center, cool and refreshed, with the rest of the world broiling about him.

In Baroda, one of the largest states, I saw the heir, a boy of three, at the flower show, with his little sister and nurse, in a small golden carriage drawn by white ponies with gold harness. The



MAYO COLLEGE, AJMIR, INDIA, DEVOTED TO THE EDUCATION OF RAJPUT PRINCES.
The main building, composed entirely of beautiful white marble.



THE CRICKET PAVILION AT MAYO COLLEGE.

F. C. G.

cushions were of cloth of gold, and the livery of the coachman and grooms was ornamented with gold lace. These children are much loved by their grandfather, the Gaiikwar of Baroda, the present chief. Their father died recently, leaving his baby son heir to the gadi. They live in a palace set apart for them by the gaiikwar, where an English nurse, assisted by native servants, cares for them, and is rearing them much like English boys.

Many of the princes now have English nurses and tutors for their children. In Palitana I had tea with the young chief, Bahadur Singji Mansingji, a minor of twelve years. During his minority, the state is being administered by a very capable Englishman, Mr. Tudor Owen, whose wife acts as tutor to the young chief. When I arrived, the young prince was playing tennis with a cousin, who lives with him as companion. When the set was finished, he came into the drawing-room where Mr. and Mrs. Tudor Owen were receiving several guests. His eyes were sparkling, and he could scarcely wait to greet us before announcing that he had won. His manners were those of any well-bred English or American boy.

Later, when we were all sitting about the dining-room table having our tea, Bahadur Singji whispered anxiously to a servant, who thereupon reminded Mrs. Tudor Owen that it was jam day. It seemed that, sometime before, the boy was getting very fat, and the doctor prescribed less jam. He was consequently restricted to jam once a week, and this happened to be the gala-day. Had he been reared in strictly Hindu fashion, of course he could not have eaten of our food, nor even have sat at table with those not of his own caste, or social class.

He was dressed in a simple native costume of white linen, and wore a bright-colored turban. For an Indian to appear without his turban would be a mark of disrespect to his guests. Next year the young Takor Saheb, as the chiefs of this district are called, will attend Rajkumar



HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA OF PATIALA, THE PREMIER SIKH PRINCE OF INDIA, AS HE APPEARED AT THE CORONATION DURBAR OF KING EDWARD VII.

His Highness is now twenty-two years old, and has a heavy black beard which he parts in the middle and twists up over his ears, as is customary with the Sikhs.

College (college for the sons of princes), at Rajkot, and later go to England to complete his studies. He is being brought up as any American boy of wealthy parents might be, and without the extravagance of many of the native courts.

The little Nabob of Junagarh, somewhat younger than Bahadur Singji, received us in state, wearing silks and bedecked with jewels. He understands very little English, so we had to resort to an interpreter. The poor child made a brave effort to appear a cordial host, but it was

His Highness the Maharaja of Jodhpur, a charming boy of thirteen, and his brother, Maharaj Umed Singh, an unusually attractive boy of eight, have recently gone to England with their English tutor to complete their studies before the young chief is installed.

Many of the young princes are now sent to school in England, in spite of the fact that the training received there often unfits them for the lives they are destined to lead later at home.

The education received in the Indian colleges is much better adapted to giving the princes an understanding of the people and country over which they are later to rule. There are several colleges exclusively for the sons of chiefs. The principal one is Mayo College at Ajmir, which is maintained by the chiefs of the Rajputana district. These Rajput princes represent the purest Hindu blood, and have an air of distinction at times wanting in the other tribes.

At Mayo College, each boy has a separate establishment, with his own cook and servants. It is customary for Hindus to eat in private, but the boys sometimes invite one another for a meal. Athletics play as important a part in the college life there as in America or England. Cricket and polo are the chief sports. Most of the boys bring a number of ponies with them. Nowhere can one see polo to better advantage than in India,

the recreation hour, and he wriggled and squirmed and smiled slyly at his young cousin in his impatience to shed his finery and be off for a game of ball—his favorite sport. He wrote his autograph on his picture for me, talked a few minutes, then went off to the playground, and was soon running and laughing like any other boy.

where the princes have stables filled with ponies of the finest breeds, and are never hampered by having to use a tired horse. On the contrary, many of the ponies, I am told, die for lack of exercise. The game is much faster than at home. These dark-skinned riders produce a most picturesque effect as they dash after the ball with



THE YOUNG NABOB OF JUNAGARH—TEN YEARS OLD.



HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA OF JODHPUR, AND HIS BROTHER,
MAHARAJ UMED SINGH.

unparalleled abandon, the streamers of their gayly colored turbans floating behind them. Most of them, especially the Rajputs, are consummate horsemen.

The college was opened in 1875 by Lord Northbrook. The main building is a beautiful structure of white marble, showing modern Indian architecture at its best. Surrounding it are the

India is now going through one of the most critical stages of its history, and its future welfare depends largely upon these young princes. New and wholesome ideas from the West are making themselves felt. A great many changes have already taken place, railways, public instruction, hospitals, and sanitation have been introduced. With tact and sympathy and trust



THE "DIPLOMA," OR GRADUATING, CLASS OF MAYO COLLEGE.

dormitories erected by the different states: Under the supervision of a highly cultured English gentleman, Mr. C. W. Waddington, these young princes are given the education best adapted to the lives they are to lead. Here they are all treated as equals and are removed from the luxury and intrigues of their own homes, where they are pampered and spoiled by underlings. On the other hand they escape the snares to which so many succumb when sent to foreign countries.

between the British and Indians, the transition may be made naturally and harmoniously, whereas a false step might plunge both nations into untold bloodshed and misery. The stand taken by the native princes will be very important in reconciling popular opinion to the changes, and England has every reason to expect hearty coöperation from this generation of intelligent boys who are preparing to represent the Indian nation. Long live his youthful highness, the minor raja!



How Babe Escaped Polo



By Izola Forrester

MARIE LOUISE rode slowly, chin up, eyes half closed, perhaps to keep back the tears. She did not look at Slim, beside her on the white-footed bronco, but Slim pretended not to notice, and talked just as if he were being answered.

"You see, it 's this way, M'ree. A pony 's a pony, but a trick pony like Babe is worth an awful lot of money. That chap from the East has offered Dad one thousand in cold cash for her; a whole thousand, M'ree. She 's going to be a polo pony, and move only in the upper classes; ain't you, Babe?"

Slim leaned over and gave Babe a playful pat, but she curveted away from him easily.

"See that side-step she can do!" exclaimed Slim, excitedly. "Would n't that make them easterners' eyes bulge? And it ain't any teaching she 's had. It 's just nature. Why, M'ree, you ought to be glad she 's going to be a pampered pet. That 's what I heard the man tell Dad."

"She 's my pet, and I love her, and I don't think Dad ought to sell her when she 's mine," protested Marie Louise, forcibly. Marie Louise was likely to be forcible at strenuous moments. Back at the ranch, when the fur started to fly, old Louis Buteau, father of both children, would shake his head, and say, with shrewdly smiling lips:

"*Non, non*, M'ree Louise, and you named for the queen most charming!"

To-day Marie Louise had clearly forgotten the precedent in manners set by the "queen most charming." She was just a ranch girl, born and bred, tanned, keen-eyed, and not very pretty. But there was a grace and vitality about her at fifteen as she rode Babe over the hills that many a city girl would have envied. Even Slim's eyes rested on her admiringly.

She halted abruptly at the topmost point in the

mountain trail. Below them lay the Buteau ranch, a little, low, log shack, with many straggling lean-tos wandering back from it. The sheep grazing along the lower hill-slopes looked like dull gray rocks, their heads bent low. It was late October, and nearly all of the trees were swept bare of leaves. Their trunks stood out in sharp silhouette against the red-and-yellow-colored ground, ankle deep in the dry leaves.

Babe lifted her soft, sensitive nose, and sniffed the air restlessly. She started to back on the narrow path, and Marie Louise pulled her up almost crossly.

But Slim leaned forward in his saddle, and looked down below them over the rocky ledge. There was a strip of timber there, and from it curled upward through the hazy, still air a thin white cloud of smoke, hardly visible. Slowly it rose, and settled, hanging above the trees like a cloud.

"M'ree!" gasped Slim, tense and alert on the instant with the true scout's instinct that scents danger, "the timber 's afire! It 's those eastern chaps. They rode through there this morning, and both of them smoking cigarettes. What do they care where they throw the stubs? It ain't their woods. I wonder if Dad sees the smoke yet."

"He can't!" answered Marie Louise, shortly. "He 's gone with the men fishing."

"It 's got a bully start." Slim was off his pony, lying face downward over the ledge, scanning the scene below. "It will reach those spruces in an hour, crawling as it is through the leaves. I could keep it back that long—maybe, M'ree. I can take my saddle-blanket and wet it in the little waterfall back yonder, and ride down—"

Marie Louise met his eyes then, and there was a flash of understanding between them. They knew each other well, and they knew, too, what



"SHE LET OUT HER SPEED WHERE THE ROAD LAY CLEAR AHEAD."

it would mean to the timber belt, and perhaps the ranch itself, if a forest fire started raging through the valley.

"You do that, Slim," she said, turning Babe around on the narrow trail. "I'll go and tell Dad."

"Don't run all the way," Slim shouted after the flying streak, as it vanished down the mountain, but she did not even turn to wave. Four miles lay between her and the trout brook, not level miles on a good road, but mountain miles, of rough, dangerous roads, where a single misstep in places would land pony and rider hundreds of feet below on the gray crags of the deep ravines.

The smell of smoke seemed to have set Babe half crazy. Ears back, nose out, she took to the trail as if pursued. On her back, Marie Louise clung, riding like Slim himself, knees gripping the pony's sides, sitting well back, swaying with every move of the slender, supple body beneath her. Several times she half turned to look back at that pale cloud of smoke that hung over the timber. It looked like the smoke from a great camp-fire. Not two miles away from it, she knew, lay a stretch of good grazing-ground, where a bunch of choice cattle was herded. One whiff of the smoke, and they would all stampede, perhaps dash headlong over the brink of a half-hidden ravine, and be killed.

She knew that Slim would do his best to beat it back, but the strength of one boy was little against a fire that had got a good start amongst the dry leaves, and might be smoldering in twenty places. So she leaned forward over Babe's neck, and tried to make her understand what was expected from her.

Babe realized it. Carefully she picked her way down the dangerous places in the trail, then let

out her speed where the road lay clear ahead. Never had Marie Louise enjoyed a ride as she did that one, which she thought was her last on Babe. The very next day her pet was to be sold, and shipped east for a polo pony. A polo pony! Even in the excitement of the ride, a surge of indignation swept through Marie Louise's heart, to think of her wild, light-footed ranch pet spending the rest of her life chasing polo balls! And safely away from Slim's boyish chaffing, she let the tears fall freely on Babe's glossy neck.

Buteau was out in midstream, trolling contentedly for rainbow and brown beauties in the deep pools of Little Laramie River, when he heard the clear "Coo-ee!" above him on the hillside. He knew the signal of danger, and, without a word, left his fishing.

"The timber's burning, Dad!" cried Marie Louise, galloping toward him, and Buteau, shouting the news down-stream to his two eastern guests, scrambled toward his own horse.

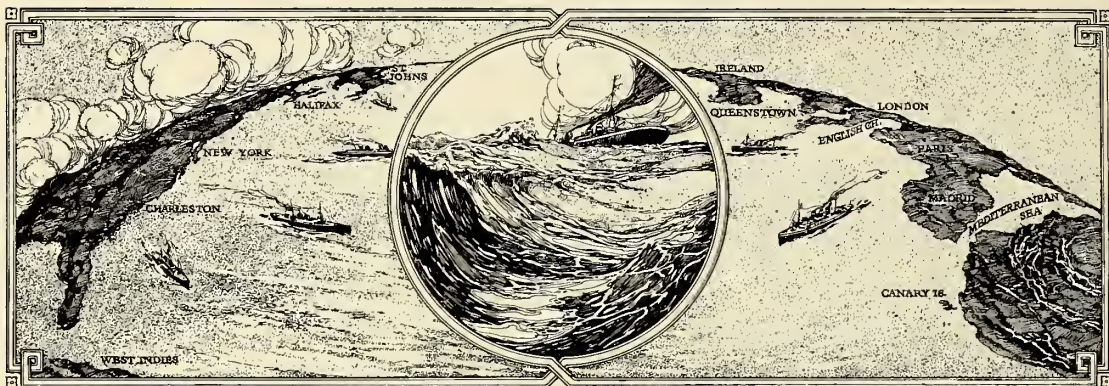
All night the men from the ranch worked fighting back the fire, and all night Marie Louise rode between the ranch and the fighting line, carrying fresh coffee and food, on Babe. When it was over, and the last smoldering embers stamped out, she stood beside her father, looking at the blackened trees. Babe was near by, nosing hungrily around.

"That was a good ride you took to warn me, M'ree," the old ranchman remarked proudly. "I don't think ten thousand dollars can buy that pony, eh?"

Marie Louise flashed her quick smile at him, and said nothing. She knew Babe was safe from polo! Slim turned to grin happily at her.

But Babe only lifted a hungry nose, sniffing toward where the home ranch lay.





ACROSS THE ATLANTIC BY WIRELESS

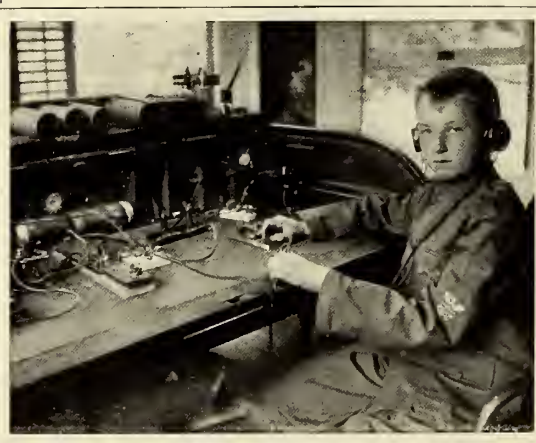
BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

SAILING day finds the wireless operator early at his post. Long before the passengers come aboard and commence to search for their state-rooms, the wireless booth is a center of activity. The machinery is carefully overhauled, supplies are looked to, and a number of test messages are sent out. The operators do not call up any one in particular at this time, but depend upon the sharp crack of the sending apparatus to tell them if everything is working properly. Every detail of the apparatus is examined, including, of course, the aërials strung from the topmasts. The tests are made fully three hours before sailing, when the operators are free until the boat leaves, almost the only carefree interval they will have until the steamer is docked on the other side of the Atlantic.

The first regular wireless message is sent out

as the steamer slowly backs from her pier. It is timed just five minutes after sailing. The sharp crack of the sending apparatus is usually drowned by the roar of the whistle calling for a clear passage in midstream. All transatlantic steamers send to the wireless station at Sea Gate, while the coastwise steamers call up the station on top of one of the skyscrapers on lower Broadway. This is merely a formal message, but no wireless log would be complete without it. This first message is known as the "T R," no one seems to know just why. The wireless station replies as briefly as possible, and the wireless operator shuts off.

Business soon picks up. Before the passengers are through waving farewells, some one has usually remembered a forgotten errand ashore, or decided to send a wireless (aërogram is the



BOY AMATEURS WITH WIRELESS OUTFITS. BOYS FREQUENTLY CATCH WIRELESS MESSAGES FROM OCEAN LINERS.

word), and visitors begin to look up the wireless station. It is usually a detached house on the uppermost or sun deck, just large enough for the mysterious-looking apparatus and a bunk or two. Before the voyage is over, most of the passengers will have become very familiar with the station, for it is, after all, about the most interesting place aboard. If no messages are filed for sending, the operator picks up the shore station and clicks off the name of his ship, as, for instance, "Atlantas. Nil here" (meaning "nothing here").

Should the operator have any messages to file, he will add the number, for example: "Atlantas 3."

The receiving station picks this up and replies quickly. If it has no messages to send, it will reply, "O K. Nil here."

Should there be any messages to deliver, it will reply, "O K G." (Go ahead.)

All the way down the harbor, the great ship is in constant communication, sending and receiving belated questions and answers. The passengers, who have been calling their farewells from the ship's side as the waters widen, are merely continuing their conversations with the shores now rapidly slipping past. Your message, meanwhile, will be delivered almost anywhere in the United States within an hour, and in near-by cities in much less time.

The wireless service is the last detail needed to give one the impression that the steamer is a great floating hotel. A steward comes to your room to deliver an aërogram written ashore a few minutes before, as any messenger-boy would look you up at home. If you are walking on deck, or lounging in the social-room or library, you are "paged" exactly as in a hotel. Meanwhile a bulletin, posted at the head of the main companionway or in the smoking-rooms, announces the latest weather forecast, the land station, and the various ships then in wireless communication. A

little later, the daily newspaper will be published. A novel diversion of a transatlantic crossing, nowadays, is a game of chess or checkers played between passengers on two steamers hundreds of miles apart. The squares of the boards are numbered and the moves announced by simply telegraphing these numbers, when each move is made.

One of a thousand advantages of having the wireless apparatus aboard is the control it gives the captain if his ship should chance to ground down the harbor. The ship's owners know all



A CHESS GAME BY WIRELESS.

The other player may be hundreds of miles away. Each, by a wireless message, communicates his move to the other.

about the trouble almost immediately, and assistance can be rushed from the nearest point within a few minutes. There is the case, for instance, of the great liner with a thousand passengers which sailed from New York one Election Day, and stuck her nose in the mud just inside Sandy Hook. Late at night, a tug filled with newspaper men ran down the bay and came

alongside. To their surprise they found the passengers in high good humor, lining the decks and shouting the latest election returns, which were being announced meanwhile in the cabin exactly as on any newspaper bulletin board.

The ship keeps its wireless connection with land through the Sea Gate station for several hours, even after the point has been left far astern. If the vessel is bound down the coast, a formal report will be sent to the Ambrose lightship, and later to the Scotland lightship. The transatlantic liner keeps her instrument carefully attuned to the tall masts at Sea Gate until she has left them about ninety miles behind. About this time she will add "Good-by" to one of her messages, and turn to the next wireless station on her course, at Sagaponack, Long Island. Throughout the long run along the shore of North America, she will let go one wireless grasp only when another is within easy reach.

Out here on the Atlantic, far out of sight of land, the wireless station becomes much more interesting than it is on shore or alongside the

for all the news must reach one through this channel.

It is considered a great privilege to "listen in" during an Atlantic crossing. There are very few hours, indeed, when a visitor to the wireless house, or cabin, would not be seriously in the way. If a corner of the cabin be found for you, however, and the receiving apparatus clasped to your ears, you will be amazed to find how busy the apparatus is kept. The air above New York harbor is as crowded with wireless messages as are the waters with ships. You are, besides, in easy range of many commercial stations and hundreds of amateurs. Long after the shores have disappeared from view, the buzz of wireless talk continues. There are hundreds of amateur wireless stations along the Atlantic seaboard listening to ships' messages. It is comforting to know that if, by an accident, the powerful shore stations should fail to catch our messages, an army of alert boys are on guard.

Some four hours after your ship has passed out of Sandy Hook, or after a ninety-mile run,



LOOKING DOWN FROM THE WIRELESS ROOM ON A FREIGHTER'S DECK DURING A HEAVY SEA.

dock. At sea, this invisible link with the land is always more or less in one's mind. The door of the wireless booth seems to lead to a bridge which spans the ocean. The wireless room has all the fascination of a newspaper bulletin board,

the operator bids the Sea Gate station good-by, and begins to feel ahead for the next station at Sagaponack, or even the one at Siasconset, on Nantucket Island. If your ear is sensitive enough, you have probably heard her call sometime before. For a few minutes all sending and receiving is stopped while the ship throws out her name, over and over again. Soon the wireless man catches the Nantucket's reply, and explains that he could recognize the operator's sending among a thousand.

Then he plunges into the work of sending and receiving messages. It was the Nantucket station, he will explain to you, that first picked up the C Q D call of the ill-fated *Republic*, and, by its promptness, gave the rescue steamers the news in time to save all

on board. The first call of a station is always listened to with a thrill of expectation.

An incessant chatter of shore talk reaches every ship, but your boat, you will find, has no time for idle gossip. But let a faint call flash from the Atlantic, and every nerve is strained to catch it. From now on, you will be constantly picking up news from the incoming steamers, and their messages are certain to be interesting. When a steamer is far out on the Atlantic and out of direct communication with the stations near New York, it is cheaper to relay messages from one steamer to another than to send to the far northern stations, and have them cable New York. In other words, the steamers scattered along the ocean lanes are used as stepping-stones to communicate with New York and Europe.

About this time you may look for news from the steamers on "the banks," as the region along the eastern shore of Newfoundland is called. Such news is of the greatest importance, and must be carried instantly to the captain, who makes his plans accordingly. The incoming steamer reports the weather, the presence of fogs or icebergs, and their exact location. News of this kind takes precedence over everything else, and the apparatus is tuned to catch these reports, whether it gets the regular messages or not.

Your wireless operator seems to be on the friendliest possible terms with all the wireless stations. The men are constantly changing about between the ships and the shore stations. To this group of operators the world seems small indeed. The men may not meet for years, and yet, in stations thousands of miles apart, their friendship is kept alive by almost constant conversation.

When Siasconset is dropped astern, the apparatus is attuned to the lonely station at Cape Sable, on the bleak shores of Nova Scotia. The steamer has been plowing steadily ahead for two days over the trackless ocean, but is still in almost instant communication with its last port. The wireless man will probably find time for a friendly word or two to cheer up the lonely watchers in these northern stations. The opera-

tor on one of our crossings explained that on his westward trip, a few days before, this station had been silent for as much as half an hour. There had been a slight accident to the machinery, and, in this isolated position, the wireless man must make his own repairs. Our operator understood perfectly, but he found time to ask



RECEIVING A WIRELESS MESSAGE ON DECK.

his friend if the fishing were good, and received instantly an indignant reply.

After Cape Sable, the ship continues its shore messages through the wireless station at Sable Island. Our ship is far north now, and the wireless stations are well up toward the verge of the snows. If you have sailed out of New York on a hot summer's day, it will be difficult to picture to yourself the man who is now talking to you, perhaps wrapped in heavy winter clothing, looking out on a field of ice. It is not uncommon to receive messages from the tropics and from the stations not very far below the arctic circle at the same moment. If the operator wishes to do so, he can tune his instrument now to pick up the series of wireless stations scattered along the Labrador coast. These stations are not used by the transatlantic steamers, but work only with the vessels, sealing expeditions, etc., plying in these waters.

The good ship is now nearing the easternmost point of North America, and at Cape Race

picks up the last land station. Once more a batch of messages is received and despatched. Cape Race is not a post to be coveted. It is one of the most isolated in the world, and throughout the greater part of the year perhaps the coldest. Operators stationed here have gone blind from the glare of the sun upon unbroken ice-fields. In leisure hours they have some compensation in hunting wild northern game. Yet, through the long winters, they have snatches of the news only a few minutes later than the newspaper offices in London or New York. An operator stationed here once broke the monotony of his life by chatting, with the wireless men on the ships, about the base-ball games, which were reported to him inning by inning.

Ever since the steamer left New York, the editors of her daily newspaper have been receiving the latest news and publishing it in their daily editions, exactly as in any well-equipped newspaper ashore. This news is sent out regularly from a station at Cape Cod. The news of the world, including the latest stock-exchange quotations, is boiled down to 500 words, and is sent broadcast out across the Atlantic at exactly ten o'clock every night. It is thrown out for about 1800 miles in all directions, so that any vessel between America and the middle of the ocean may catch it. When the despatch is completed, there is a pause of fifteen minutes, when it is repeated over the same enormous area, and the repetitions continue steadily until 12:30. The ships suit their own convenience, picking up the news, at any time between these hours, when they are not engaged with other messages.

When the calls from the Cape Race station grow faint and are finally cut off, our steamer ends its direct service to shore. We are now more than one third of the way across the Atlantic. Nevertheless, the ship is very rarely completely out of touch with the shore throughout the crossing. The ocean lanes are so peopled with great ships that a message can be relayed from ship to ship to the land station in an incredibly short time.

And for some hundreds of miles farther, as we go across the Atlantic—to the very middle of the ocean—the news service still follows our ship. Regularly every night at 10:30, the operator tunes his instrument to the Cape Cod station and writes down the latest news at the dictation of the operator, now more than a thousand miles away.

Half-way across the Atlantic, before the Cape Cod messages have died away, our operator catches his first wireless from Europe, flung out to welcome him from the powerful station at Poldhu, on the Cornwall coast. There is scarcely

a moment on the broad Atlantic when we cannot listen to one or the other of these stations. Poldhu sends out news and the stock reports, just 500 words of it, exactly as does Cape Cod, beginning every morning at two, and repeating the messages at regular intervals until three. And so the wireless newspaper you pick up at your breakfast in any region of the Atlantic, is quite as up-to-date as the one you read at home.

Even in the middle of the ocean, there is very little rest for the wireless operators. There is scarcely an hour when our ship is not in communication with one or more vessels. On a single crossing, aboard one of the great liners, there are usually from 500 to 600 wireless messages transmitted and received. When a ship is picked up, a notice is posted in the companion-way, smoking-room, and elsewhere, announcing that messages may be sent to such a vessel up to an hour, easily calculated, when she will be out of range.

The first direct landward messages are sent to the station at Crookhaven, on the Irish coast. Land will not be sighted for many hours, but the passengers are at once busied with preparations for going ashore. There are scores of messages filed for both sides of the Atlantic, announcing a safe arrival—for under the protecting arms of the wireless one feels himself almost ashore—greetings are exchanged, invitations extended, and the details of land journeys arranged.

When Crookhaven is dropped, the Liverpool steamer next picks up the wireless station of Rosslare at Queenstown, and Seaforth at Liverpool. For the other steamers there are the Lizard, Bolt Head, Niton, and Cherbourg, passing in rapid succession. But the thrill of the ancient sea-cry of "Land ho!" has been anticipated a thousand miles offshore.

A SAMPLE LOG OF A WESTWARD VOYAGE

1911

- Sept. 28—In communication with Liverpool all day.
 Sept. 29—In communication with Crookhaven all day.
 Sept. 29—12:40 A.M., signaled Scheveningen Haven, 315 miles.
 Sept. 29—1:50 A.M., signaled Pola, Austria, 930 miles.
 Sept. 29—9:20 P.M., signaled Scheveningen Haven, 600 miles.
 Sept. 30—12:20 A.M., signaled St. Marie-de-la-Mer, 920 miles.
 Sept. 30—1:11 A.M., signaled Seaforth, Liverpool, 400 miles.
 Sept. 30—2:40 A.M., signaled Scheveningen Haven, 705 miles.
 Sept. 30—10:39 P.M., signaled Seaforth, Liverpool, 800 miles. Sent messages.
 Oct. 1—3:20 A.M., signaled Seaforth, Liverpool, 890 miles.
 Oct. 1—9:30 P.M., signaled S.S. *Cameronia*, 1000 miles.

- Oct. 2—1:40 A.M., signaled Cape Race, 900 miles. Sent messages.
- Oct. 2—2 A.M., signaled Seaforth, Liverpool, 1250 miles.
- Oct. 2—7:45 P.M., signaled Cape Race, 550 miles. Sent messages.
- Oct. 3—In communication with Cape Race all day.
- Oct. 3—11:59 P.M., in communication with S.S. *Kaiser Wilhelm II*, eastbound, and remained in touch until 8:50 P.M. on Oct. 5, making over 1000 miles ahead and astern. *Kaiser* says, "We cannot get out of your range."
- Oct. 4—In communication with Cape Race and Sable Island all day.
- Oct. 5—In communication with Sable Island and Cape Sable all day.
- Oct. 6—In communication with Cape Sable, Siasconset, Sagaponack, Cape May, Sea Gate, all day.
- Oct. 7—In communication with Sea Gate. Docked 8 A.M.

On October 2 the *Cedric* was in communication with both Cape Race and Seaforth together; the signals from both stations were very good, the total distance covered from Cape Race to Seaforth being 2190 miles.

"WHOM THE KING DELIGHTETH TO HONOR"

(A case where "the office" certainly "sought the man")

BY JOHN K. CREE

THE old saying, "Some have greatness thrust upon them," was never better exemplified than when, in 1516, Sultan Selim of the Ottoman Empire wished to promote his secretary, Mohammed, to be his Grand Vizir. This secretary was a man of high scientific attainments whom the sultan had appointed to the post of secretary as a mark of his regard, and in recognition of his learning.

A question came up one day in regard to declaring war against the Sultan of Egypt, Kanssou-Ghawri. The secretary, Mohammed, spoke so strongly in favor of war that the sultan, as a mark of his approbation, promoted him to the post of Grand Vizir on the spot. The position of Grand Vizir at that time was, in addition to the honor, one of some insecurity, also, for Sul-

tan Selim was a monarch of quite uncertain temper, and his vizirs seldom enjoyed their office for much over a month before they received a visit from their sovereign's mutes with the fatal bowstring. In fact, most of them kept their affairs settled up to date, and their wills made out, immediately from their accession to the office. Mohammed, therefore, while he appreciated the honor that Selim desired to confer upon him, expressed a desire to be excused from accepting it. Selim, however, was so bent upon having him for his vizir, that, with his own royal hands, he applied the bastinado to the unhappy secretary until he cried for mercy and expressed his willingness to accept the proffered honor.



"MOHAMMED EXPRESSED A DESIRE TO BE EXCUSED."

The Marathon

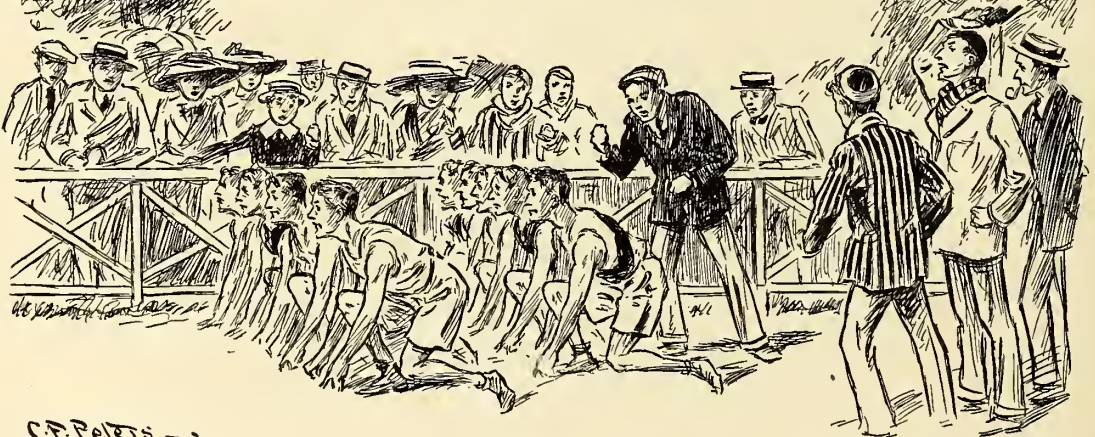
BY
FRED JACOB



THE heroes of muscle come and pass, men cheer
and forget each name;
Swiftly the glory blooms and dies in Marathon or
game;
But I 'll tell you the tale of the race I ran when I
made my bid for fame.

The band had droned till the cornet's notes
Gave forth the airs in a dreary whine;
But oh, how they shrieked from their brazen
throats

When the twenty and two of us formed in line!
The twenty two, and our trainers near
With their final words for each runner's ear;—
To use his speed while his legs were strong,
Or to save himself as the way was long,—

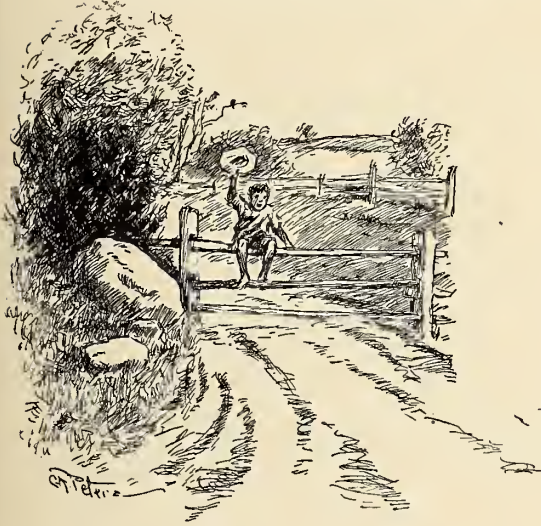


C.F. Peters

But Tom said nothing of speed or heat,
Only, "Bill the Spike is the man to beat."

Away! We spread till the mass of men
Stretched like a serpent along the track;
The Spike was leaping along in front;
He led through the gate; I knew that then
He would reach the hillside and there come back—

We all had heard of his "sprinting stunt";
He would settle down in a mile or so,
And it worried no one to see him go.



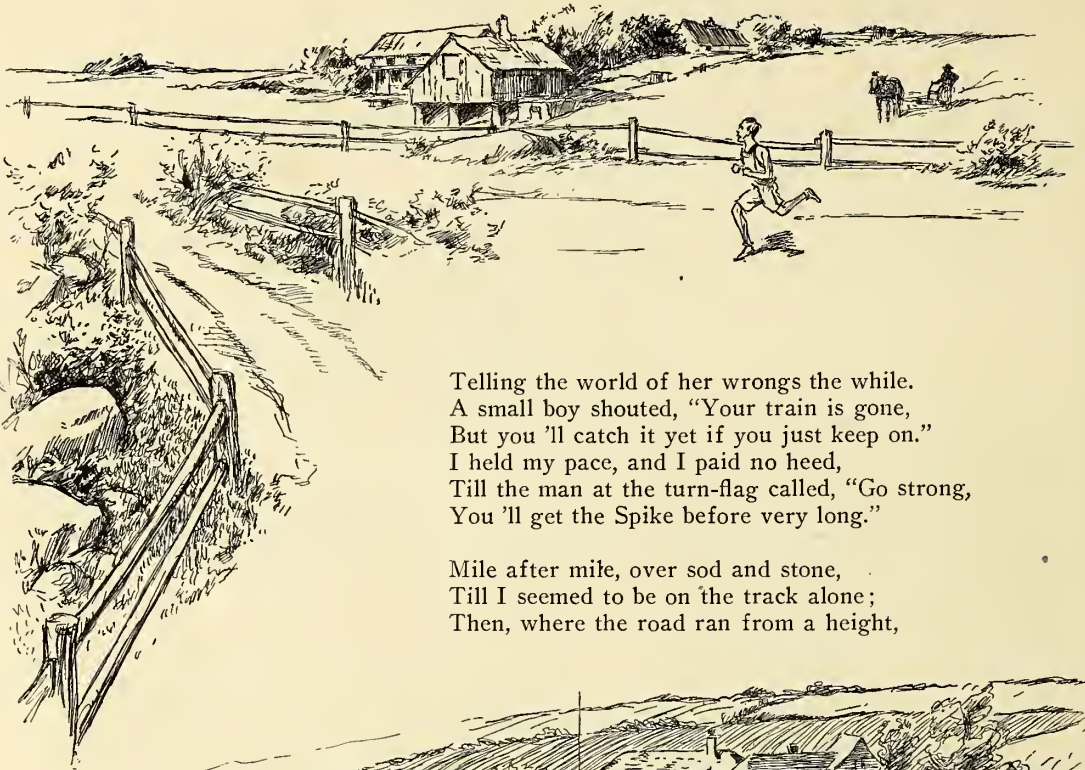
There comes a time, while the race is young,
When your heart throbs fast and your pulses beat
Till they seem to batter your brain and ears;
Your hot breath scorches your throat and tongue,
And your shoes are weights on your weary feet;

But just as you falter, your eyesight clears,
Your strength comes back, and your step grows
light,
Till your spirit leaps with the love of fight.

'T was where the wood to the road creeps down
Till it seems a pathway among the trees,
Losing the touch of the dusty town;
There where the clover scent fills the breeze,
I felt the joy of the race grow keen.

But where were the twenty, and where was Bill?
I lost him first when he topped the hill,
But not a runner could now be seen.
Out from the bushland, across a farm,
And never a man as a test of speed;
A chicken raced me in wild alarm,
Then dodged from the roadway beside a stile,



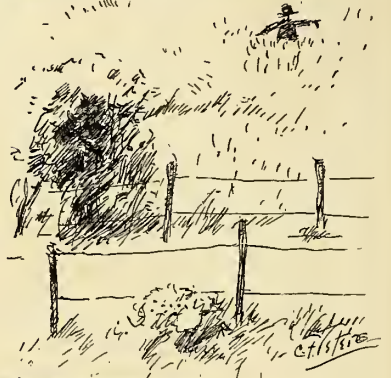


Telling the world of her wrongs the while,
 A small boy shouted, "Your train is gone,
 But you 'll catch it yet if you just keep on."
 I held my pace, and I paid no heed,
 Till the man at the turn-flag called, "Go strong,
 You 'll get the Spike before very long."

Mile after mile, over sod and stone,
 Till I seemed to be on the track alone;
 Then, where the road ran from a height,

I saw him far off; he had lost his vim,
 But I knew the Spike would still show fight
 If ever a runner came up to him.

I dared not sprint—I reserved my speed
 For the struggle to come when we were abreast;
 And Bill would falter a while to rest,
 While step by step I cut down his lead.



On a long bare stretch, where the sun beat down,
He noticed me as we neared the town;
He threw his head back and burst away.

I followed. The sun rays seemed to play
Straight on the dusty road, that lay
Parched as the noon of an August day;
The fields and the fences all grew gray;
I saw the shrubbery swim and sway,
But each throb in my muscle seemed to say,
"This is the crisis, your strength must stay."

Could he keep the pace? Was he falling back?
The world before me was growing black—
We were breast by breast. I could hear his breath
Gasp from his nostrils like long-drawn sips;
His eyes were staring, his face like death,
His teeth shone white between bloodless lips.



I had him! I had him! and yet again
He stiffened himself, and I felt him strain
To throw me off. I could hold him! No,
Slowly I weakened and let him go.



We passed the gate and were on the track,
When his shoulders trembled, his wiry back
Shrunk and collapsed; he clutched the air;
Then one bony hand ran through his hair
As I heard him utter a weary moan,
And his frame sank down on the stretch like
stone.

I saw the crowds swarming from the stands,
And felt on my shoulders my trainer's hands.

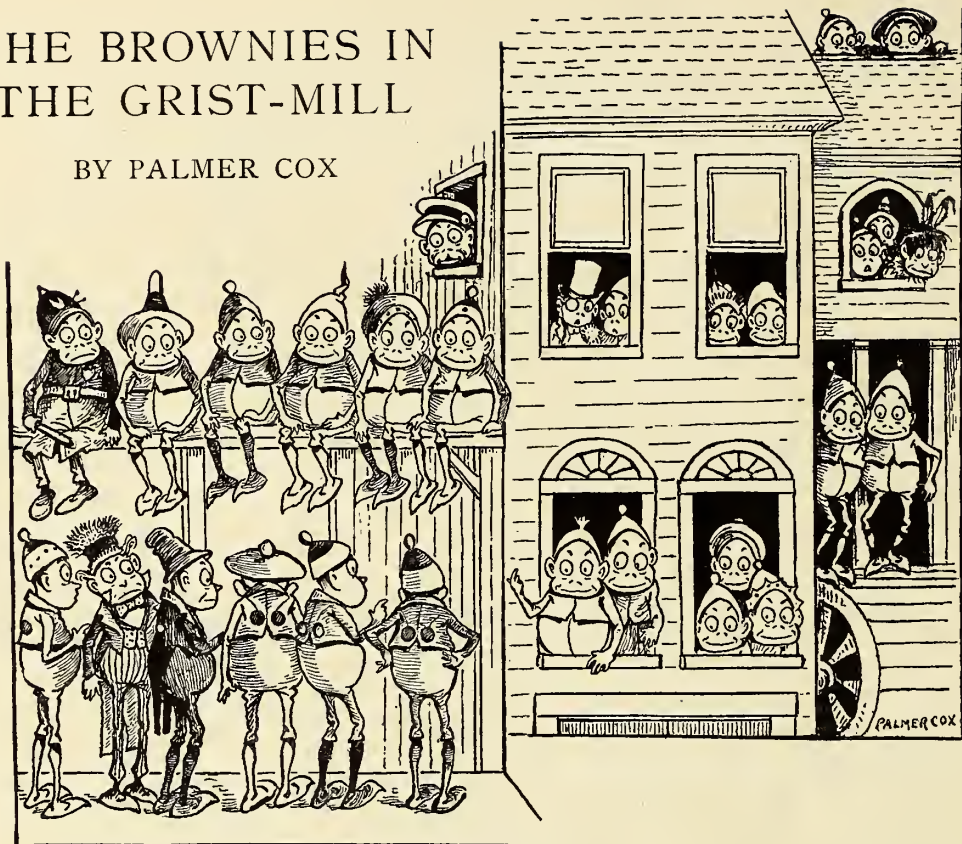
He led me away, and my breath came fast,
But I gasped: "I did it; he could not last.
I kept him in sight, it was hard to do,
But I got in front, at the right place too."

Said Tom: "There were twenty in front of you."



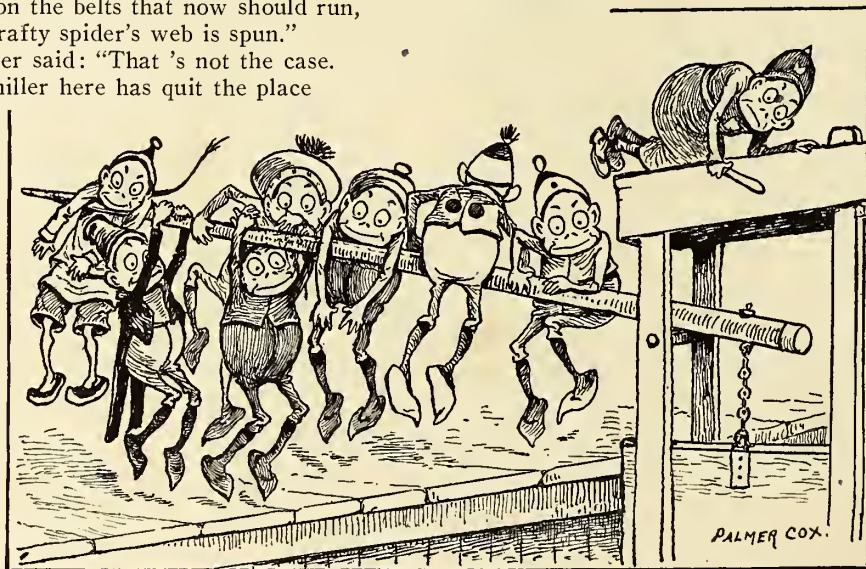
THE BROWNIES IN THE GRIST-MILL

BY PALMER COX



AROUND a mill the Brownies strode
 Where wheels were still, though water flowed.
 Said one: "A labor strike, I fear,
 Has made it so deserted here;
 And, on the belts that now should run,
 The crafty spider's web is spun."
 Another said: "That 's not the case.
 The miller here has quit the place

Because complaints of lack of skill
 Were piled much higher than the mill.
 Some said the bread was slow to rise,
 More found no joy in cakes or pies.



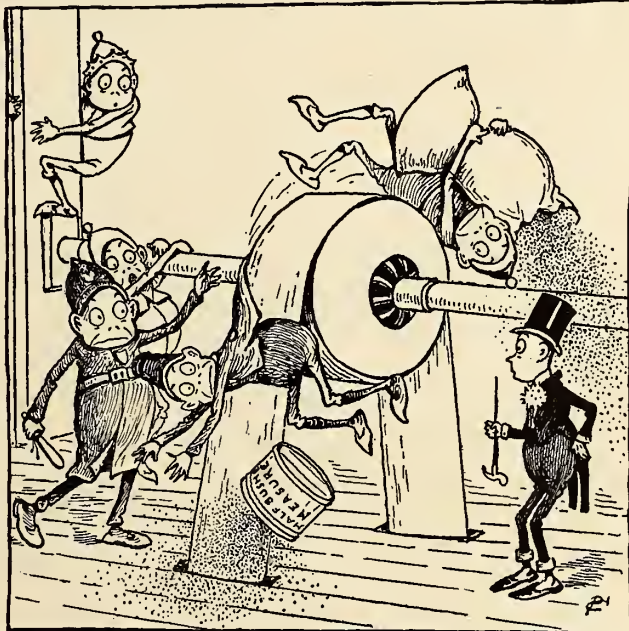
The bread, indeed, was not a treat,
But frost had spoiled the farmer's wheat;
But, that the flour might go around,
The wheat must in the mill be ground.
The corn, no better as a crop,

No second-rate, makeshift affair
Should in the face of diners stare,
But something that would praise inspire,
And make one edge the table nigher.
We 'll find the grain, in cars around,



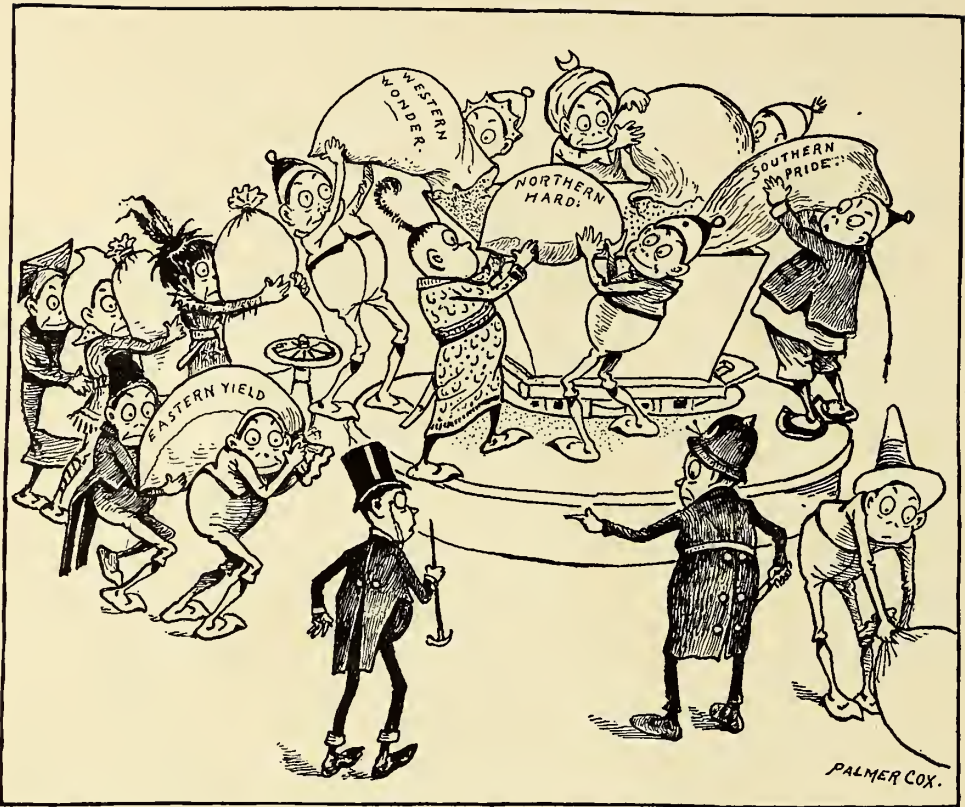
Refused to ripen, or to pop;
And so the children felt their share
Of hardship and misfortune there.
The hopper must take up its clack,—
We 'll bring the hum of business back,
And stir the spider in her net;
We 've several hours to midnight yet.
It is, you know, the time of year

That to some foreign land is bound;
It could not serve a better end
Than to folks here at home befriend.
The Chinamen can boil their rice,
And Filipinos live on mice,—
We understand that naught can run
Around on legs beneath the sun,
Or crawl about in sand or clay,



For puddings, cakes, and all good cheer,
When pies should from the oven slide,
A father's joy, a mother's pride,
To nothing say of younger eyes,
Where quality gives way to size,
And criticism as to make
Rests easy on both pie and cake.

But to their kettles finds its way.
Let work in which we 'll take delight
Now occupy our time to-night."
Another cried: "We 'll start the mill,
And set things moving with a will.
We 've but to let the water go
Upon the wooden wheel below,



And everything that rests above
Will get a most decided shove;
For water that goes bubbling by

The idle cogs begin to mesh,
And start each other's work afresh,
And soon you'll hear the rumbling sound



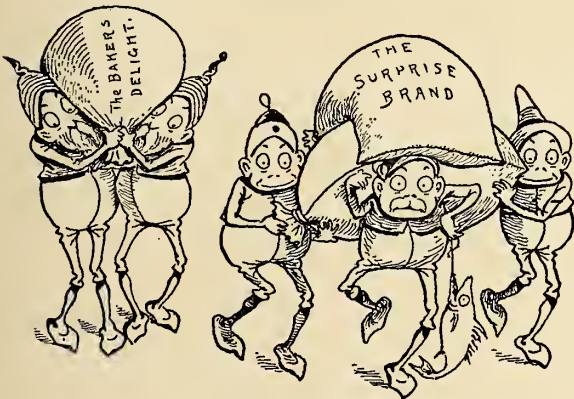
Contains a power that makes things fly.
The belts will then commence their race,
As though to find a hiding-place,

The miller hears the season round."
Some ran for oil with eager zeal,
And with it eased the whirring wheel.

Though some was lost through leaky cans,
 'T was not enough to spoil their plans,
 And rusty bearings here and there
 Ran as if cushioned on the air.
 The mill, with heavy post and beam,
 That stood half-way across the stream,
 Was made to start at dead of night,
 Before the touch of Brownies bright;
 For they knew how the gate to raise
 As if they 'd done it all their days;
 Could shake the bolt, and pick the stone,



And run the business as their own.
 United effort was required
 To raise the gate as they desired,
 But let alone the Brownie band
 To carry out a scheme as planned!
 Unfinished work is seldom found
 Behind the sprites when day comes round.



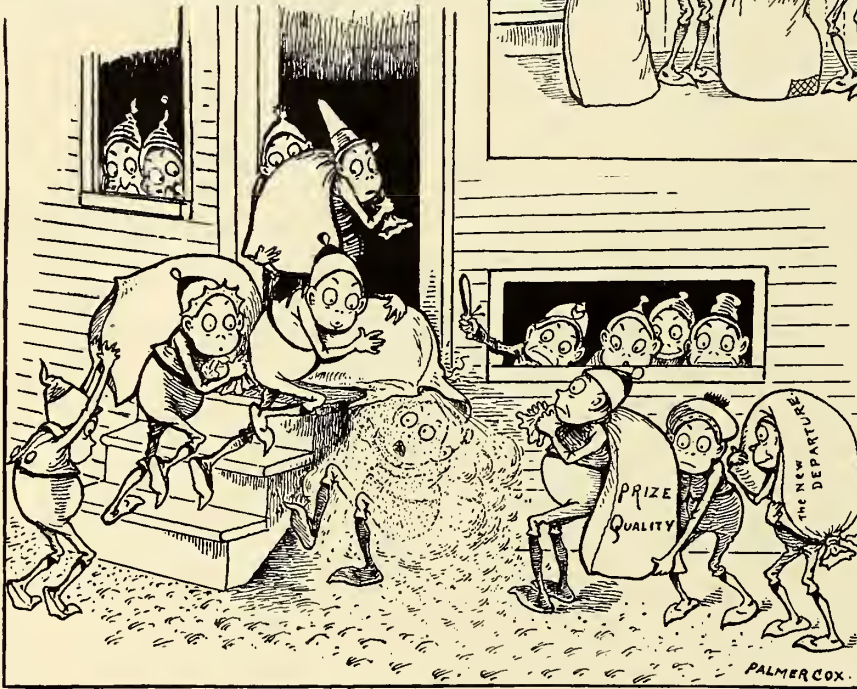
It may take strength, it may take weight,
 It may take action more than great,
 But gates will rise, and floods will flow,
 And wheels will turn, as well we know.
 It takes good work to run a mill,
 For hands may never long be still;
 And eyes must note when oiling dries



Or hoppers chatter for supplies.
 But with the Brownies at the task,
 The mill itself no more could ask.
 For every worker had his toil,
 And every bearing had its oil,
 While every belt was tight with strain,
 And every hopper heaped with grain.
 In such a place, with wheels at play,
 'T was hard to tell where danger lay;
 On shafts and belts, when off their guard,
 A few went through some trials hard,
 And, but that friends with courage grand
 And action prompt were near at hand,
 They might have needed some repair
 To bones as well as outer wear.
 A few who, in their secret way,
 Had watched the miller, day by day
 In summer-time, when grists were slow
 And fish were running to and fro,
 Come from the mill if signs were fine
 And drop a while his work, and line,
 Were quick to take the miller's stand
 And bring some handsome fish to land.

Where we both work and sport unite
 We play our Brownies' part aright."

THE story goes, next morning found
 A full supply of bushels ground;
 And better still, nigh every door,
 In all the place, two bags or more
 Of flour as fine as one could wish
 Were standing ready for the dish;
 And then such pudding, pie, and cake
 That carried not a pain nor ache.



They little cared what took the bait
 As long as it had life and weight.
 Said one: "A touch of sport you'll find
 Well rooted in a Brownie's mind,
 A pleasure-seeking trait that will
 Assert itself through trials still.
 And that is well; why should one toil
 Nor lift his eyes above the soil?"

Then cookies rolled without a stop,
 Like buttons in a tailor shop,
 Upon the table, chair, and floor,
 And still the fingers spread for more.
 The children from the blankets crawled,
 The babies in their cradles bawled,
 To take a hand at mixing flour
 The Brownies ground through mystic power.



The First Thanksgiving Day

A One-Act Play for Schools

By Agnes Miller

IN order to make this play practicable for general use, the scenery and stage-directions suggested have been made as simple as possible. Regarding costumes, it may be said the play can be effectively produced when the children wear ordinary clothes, the Puritan costume being suggested by white caps and deep collars and cuffs for the women characters, and broad-brimmed hats and wide collars for the men. These accessories can be easily made of very inexpensive material, and copied from any of the well-known Puritan pictures. The Indians may either appear in the Indian costumes possessed by so many boys, or, in case these are unavailable, they may be draped in gay blankets and wear feather head-bands, which may be easily imitated.

CAST:

John Winthrop, Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

William Pierce, Captain of the ship *Lyon*.

Thomas Dudley, Deputy-Governor of the colony.

John Wilson

Roger Clap

Mrs. Freeman } Colonists.

Mrs. Garrett }

Patience Freeman, aged 8, daughter to Mrs. Freeman.

Samuel Garrett, aged 10, son to Mrs. Garrett.

Chief of the Narragansett Indians.

Young Narragansett brave.

Man-servant to Governor Winthrop.

SCENE: A room in Governor Winthrop's house in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The front door of the house opens at center back of stage, and has small windows on each side of it. A door on the left opens into the next room. The room is very

plainly furnished, and is evidently used for transacting business. On the right of the front door is a settee, with a chest standing near it, and on the left of the door is a chair. Near the front of the stage, on the right, stands a flour barrel, and beside it, a table with weighing-scales. On the left side of the room there is a chair before a desk covered with papers, etc. Several portraits and old prints hang on the walls.

(A knock is heard on the front door. Enter Servant, at the left, who crosses to front door, and opens it, disclosing Mrs. Freeman and Patience. Mrs. Freeman has a basket on her arm.)

MRS. FREEMAN. Is the Governor at home?

SERVANT. Yes, madam; he has just come in.

MRS. FREEMAN. Will you let him know that I am here?

SERVANT. Directly, madam. Please be seated. *(Motions them to settee, and exit, left; Mrs. Freeman and Patience sit down on the settee. Patience breathes on her hands, to warm them.)*

PATIENCE *(fretfully)*. Mother, do you really think the Governor will give us some more corn? I'm so tired of having nothing good to eat!

MRS. FREEMAN. Why, Patience, of course he will if he can spare us any; but you must remember how many sick people there are in the colony, who need it more than we do.

PATIENCE. Yes, Mother, but why can there not be enough for everybody?

MRS. FREEMAN. I hope that there may be before long, my dear. We must try to think that our ship with provisions is coming in soon. 'Sh-h! I hear the Governor coming! Now remember your manners! Rise and curtsy as I have taught you.

(*Winthrop enters at left; bows to Mrs. Freeman. She and Patience curtsy.*)

WINTHROP. Good day, Mistress Freeman. I trust that you and all your family are well.

MRS. FREEMAN. All well, Your Excellency, and thankful to be so in this season of want and cold. All that we could complain of is that our larder is getting low, so I came to see if I could buy a few pounds of corn.

WINTHROP (*evidently worried, but trying to conceal the fact*). Why, Mistress Freeman, it is about just that matter that I am awaiting tidings. This morning I sent word to the chief of the Narragansetts that we should like to trade with him for corn. I expect that Master Dudley and Master Wilson, who took the message, will be back soon. Can you not wait till their return? If our trade is good, we shall doubtless have plenty of food for all.

(*Mrs. Freeman and Patience sit down on settee. Winthrop sits on chair at left.*)

MRS. FREEMAN. I suppose Your Excellency has, as yet, no word of the good ship *Lyon*?

WINTHROP. Not yet. No doubt the date of her sailing was deferred.

MRS. FREEMAN. It would seem so, for Captain Pierce sailed last August to fetch us provisions, and here it is now February.

WINTHROP. If we were all in health, the delay would not matter so much. But when half our people are too sick to leave their beds, we long to give them some of the comforts they left in England.

(*Knock on front door. Servant enters at left, and opens door. Enter Mrs. Garrett, who curtsies to the company. Exit Servant.*)

Ah! Mistress Garrett! I was lamenting to Mistress Freeman that we had few English comforts for our sick, but I did not forget that we brought the best nurse in England with us!

MRS. GARRETT. Your Excellency is very kind. I could only wish that I might do more in all the homes where sickness has entered. I thought, however, that you might like to hear that Master Humphrey and his wife are much better of their fever. (*Sits at center.*)

WINTHROP. I rejoice to hear such good news, and I trust that you can give as good an account of your other patients.

MRS. GARRETT. I would that I could, Your Excellency, but what with this biting cold and our poor victuals, it goes hard with them. Is there still no hope of the *Lyon*?

WINTHROP. No immediate hope, madam, but I am expecting that we may be able to buy corn from the Narragansetts.

(*Knock on the front door. Enter Servant at left, opens door to admit Dudley, Wilson, the Narragansett chief, and the young brave. Dudley and Wilson greet the company, and, with the Indians, come for-*

ward to right center of stage. Servant stands in background, at left of front door.)

DUDLEY. (*To Winthrop*) We have brought the chief back with us, Your Excellency, as you directed, but he does not seem favorable to making a trade. However, we can but try. (*Dudley and Wilson then endeavor to conduct the trade, in dumb show, as follows: Dudley beckons the chief over to the flour barrel, and indicates to him by gesture that it is empty. He and Wilson then go to the chest, and take from it several long and showy strings of beads, which they offer to the chief, suggesting by their*



motions that the Indians may have the beads if they will fill the barrel. The chief shakes his head. Both men urge him in vain for some time. Winthrop then takes a red blanket from the chest, approaches the chief, and offers it in similar fashion. Finally, after all three men have persisted in their offers for some time, both the chief and the young brave shake their heads decidedly, and by pointing to their own mouths and showing their empty hands, indicate that they themselves have not enough to eat. Upon this Winthrop lays down the blanket upon the table, and Dudley and Wilson cease their offers, in apparent despair. The Indians then file stolidly out of the front door, which is opened for them by the Servant. Exit Servant.

(*A silence falls on the company. It is broken by Patience, who is frightened, and begins to cry.*)

PATIENCE. (*Clinging to her mother's hand*) Mother!

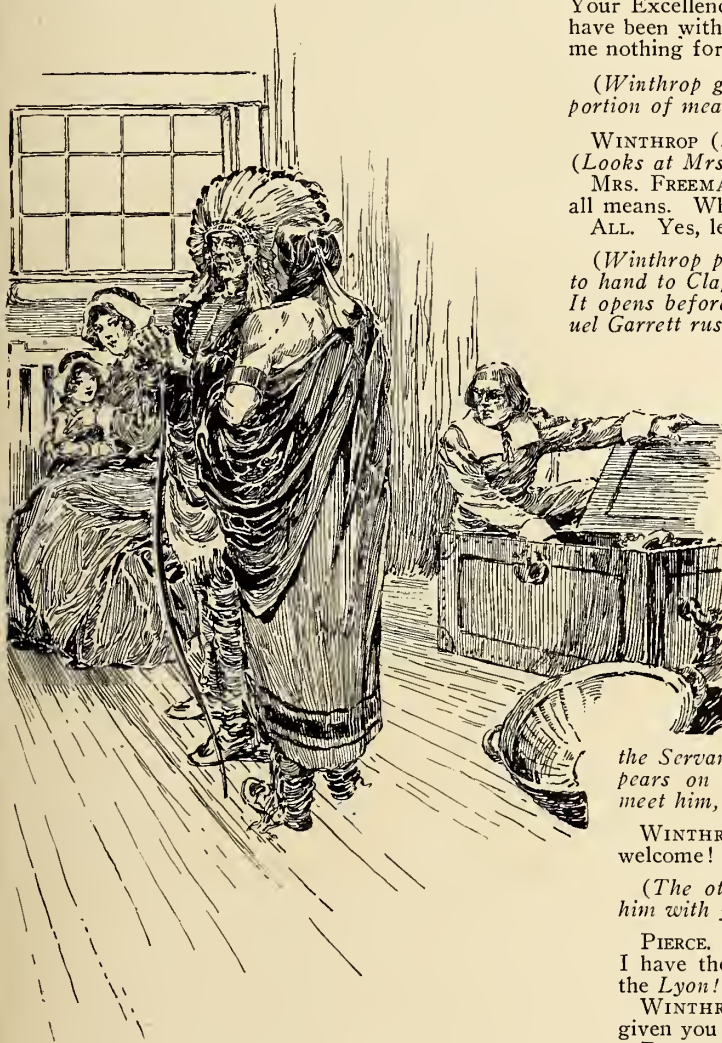
MRS. FREEMAN. Yes, what is it, little daughter?

PATIENCE. If we had only stayed in England, we should have had plenty to eat!

(Mrs. Freeman does not answer her, but puts her arm around her, and turns to Winthrop.)

MRS. FREEMAN. Is it not hard sometimes, Your Excellency, for all of us to realize how much more precious liberty is than the comforts we gave in exchange for it?

WINTHROP. You speak truly, Mistress Freeman.



But we have crossed the sea in safety; we have been kept from harm among the savages; we have founded a colony where freedom is to be the birth-right of every citizen. I believe that we have a right to expect to receive our daily bread. Whatever happens, we must not give up hope. I will proclaim a day of prayer and fasting for to-morrow. We must not lose faith, for all may yet be well.

(Wilson, who has been standing by the table, crosses to the barrel and glances into it.)

WILSON. See, there is still some corn in the bottom of our last barrel. May not this be a sign that we shall be fed until help comes, even as we read in the Scriptures that the widow's handful of meal lasted till the famine was past? (As the company nod approval to his words, there is a knock on the front door. Servant enters at left, and opens door to admit Roger Clap. Clap is wild-eyed and shivering, and looks distractedly about until he sees Winthrop. Servant stands at left of door.)

CLAP (impetuously crossing stage to Winthrop). Your Excellency, my wife is dying, and my children have been without food for two days. Can you give me nothing for them?

(Winthrop goes to barrel, and scoops out a small portion of meal.)

WINTHROP (sadly). This is the last of our corn. (Looks at Mrs. Freeman.)

MRS. FREEMAN (promptly). Let Clap have it, by all means. What say you, neighbors?

ALL. Yes, let him have it, to be sure!

(Winthrop puts meal in a dish, which he is about to hand to Clap, when there is a knock on the door. It opens before the Servant can reach it, and Samuel Garrett rushes in.)

SAMUEL. (To Winthrop, breathlessly) Your Excellency, the Lyon has come! (The company are startled and surprised, and scarcely believe him.)

WINTHROP. Boy, is this the truth? How do you know?

SAMUEL. Indeed, Your Excellency, it is nothing but the truth! I was down on the shore, when I looked across the bay, and saw a great ship entering the harbor. And as I ran up to bring you word, I heard a man saying that Captain Pierce was even now being rowed ashore.

(Before any one can speak, there is a loud knock on the door, and as the Servant hastily opens it, Captain Pierce appears on the threshold. Winthrop rushes to meet him, and seizes him by both hands.)

WINTHROP. Never was man, or ship, more welcome! William Pierce! Thank Heaven!

(The others crowd around Pierce, and greet him with joyous and grateful exclamations.)

PIERCE. (To Winthrop) Your Excellency, I have the honor to report the safe arrival of the Lyon!

WINTHROP. An hour ago we had well-nigh given you up!

PIERCE. We have met with many unforeseen delays on our voyage.

WILSON. Did you meet with storms?

PIERCE. Many of them, one so severe that one of our sailors was washed overboard. But our greatest delay was caused by our meeting a dismasted bark, which we must needs tow back to Bristol. We could only imagine what you must suffer in our absence. I, too, thank Heaven we have arrived!

DUDLEY. Have you provisions aboard?

PIERCE. Yes, verily, a goodly store. We have wheat, peas, and oatmeal; we have beef and pork

and cheese and butter! (*Great relief and thankfulness shown by the company.*)

(*To Winthrop*) If Your Excellency will ask a few men to volunteer to go down to the *Lyon* and help us unlade her, we shall have everybody fed within the hour.

SAMUEL (*eagerly*). I will volunteer!

(*All laugh. Pierce pats him on the shoulder.*)

PIERCE. You shall come down to the ship with

me. There is plenty for smart lads to do as well as men.

WINTHROP. Friends, I will now proclaim not a day of fasting and prayer, but one of praise and thanksgiving for our deliverance. However great the destiny that may await our colony, struggling here in the wilderness, this day must never be forgotten!

(CURTAIN)



ON DAYS OF STORM

BY MARGARET JOHNSON

I LOVE the sunny days for play,
And all the outdoor things we do;
But days of storm—they shut me in,
Yet they 're the ones I wait for, too.

For somehow, when the floods come down
And pour through all the tossing trees,
And all the windows, streaked with rain,
Look out as if on foaming seas;
When, streaming from the roaring boughs,
The yellow leaves in crowds are blown,
And all the furious gutters choke,
And thick the weltering ways are sown;
When dimly show the driving clouds
The sweeping rain and tempest through,—
It 's then, not on the sunny days,
The splendid story-things come true!

The tumult rises in the trees,
And through it, where I, sheltered, stay,
I hear the din and clash of arms,
And battles raging far away.
Then plumèd knights on neighing steeds
Career across the swelling storm;

Strange scents from ladies' scarfs are blown,
And swinging censers, rich and warm.
The trampling hoofs of hosts go by,
With banners torn and rending cries;
Crusaders shout their battle-hymns
Above the havoc of the skies;
Beleaguered castles heave and fall;
Great conflagrations heavenward roar;
And shouting breakers run and plunge,
Tumultuous, on the crashing shore;
The blare of bells where kings are crowned,
The trumpet's peal, the rolling drum,
The surge of cheering multitudes,—
Still on across the storm they come;

I hear the fury and the rout,
And watch the proud parade go by,
Till something swells into my throat
That almost makes me want to cry!

And though the sunny days are best,
Perhaps, for men who work and fight,
Someway, on stormy days like this,
I know what makes the poets write!





“SHELTIE”—THE CHILDREN’S FRIEND

BY FLORA MACDONALD



MAKING FRIENDS.

In the Shetland Islands, far up in the cold North, two hundred miles beyond Scotland, there lives a shaggy, strong little horse called a “Sheltie,” that has been for generations the friend and helper of the simple inhabitants. The steep, rugged hills made his little feet strong, the great cold gave him a thick, warm coat, and the friendly hearts of the people among whom he

They grew to be such good friends that every child wanted to have a pony of its very own. Fathers and mothers gladly gratified this wish, for they saw how “Sheltie” helped the children to grow strong and healthy, full of life and courage.

A Shetland pony is not only an ornament and a child’s plaything, but is useful about a place in many ways—in running errands or taking the children to school. His care and keep are very simple matters, as grass is his best food in summer, and no object on a lawn is more attractive than a pony. In winter, his food is hay, cured while still green, with the addition of a little grain, especially if he is much used.

A very young pony will be easily broken by the children playing with him. They will naturally climb upon his back to ride him, and hitch him to a sled in winter, or a little cart in summer. He is soon accustomed to any and all uses. But an older pony needs to be broken to the saddle and harness by one who understands how to do it patiently and gently. He is keen to learn anything in a friendly way, and is naturally fearless.

lived developed in him a gentle, affectionate nature. Especially did the children come to love him and take him for their playmate, and when some of these ponies were brought to America, the children soon claimed them for their own.



SUMMER OR WINTER, THE "SHELTIE" IS A JOY.

The cost of a pure Shetland pony is not large. It depends upon his age, breeding, beauty, and value for children's use. One can be bought as soon as it can leave its mother for from sixty to eighty dollars, while a mature pony, of three or four years of age, is worth from one hundred and

ridden her pony up the steps into our house, where he has walked through the rooms, a most welcome visitor. Especially is this a pretty incident at a time like Christmas. They do no more damage than a dog, and can manage the steps nearly as well. At one time, we had a young



GOOD COMRADES.

twenty-five to two hundred dollars. The purchase of a Shetland for children is strongly advised by Dr. S. B. Elliot, of the Belle Meade Farm, at Markham, Virginia, the largest pony farm in the east. He says, "If a young pony is given to a little child, they will grow up together and become the best of friends, each acquiring confidence to the extent that the breaking to saddle and harness is hardly noticed by either. Furthermore, when the Shetland is well taken care of, he matures rapidly, and can be used moderately at fifteen months' of age. He often lives to be thirty or forty years old."

The Shetland pony becomes of greater use where he is made a real member of the family, loved and petted by all. Then he is in the best condition for his development, if his simple wants are attended to carefully. My little girl has often

English cook who loved animals dearly, and the ponies seemed to know it, for they would come to the kitchen window and neigh till she gave them a bit of bread or other titbit. When she went out to the garden for vegetables, they would follow her, till often her pan would be half empty when she reached the house, especially if it contained carrots, of which they are very fond. I have known them to rattle the door-latch or knob till she came to see them. All animals have a language of their own, and where friendship exists between man and an animal, the animal will learn to let his wants be known in strange sounds and queer ways.

The baby ponies are as full of fun as human babies, and play just as hard. My little daughter and I have often gone to the fields where the mothers and colts were pastured, at about four

o'clock in the afternoon. After their noon meal, they take a good sleep, and as it gets cool, they wake, full of the spirit of fun. Two or three little ones will act as if they were playing tag, tearing across the field after each other. Instead of tagging, they suddenly wheel about and kick each other in the funniest way, their tiny heels making a drumming noise as they strike. Then off they fly again like the wind, keeping it up till they are tired, and glad to lie down and roll over in the cool grass. Their coats, as babies, are like silk plush, and every movement is full of grace. Their faces are very pretty, with a soft, innocent expression that makes one long to hug the dear little things. It is also a great pleasure to see their love for their mothers, and the care the mothers give them.

There is a side to the value of ponies to children which is not generally understood. Physicians frequently recommend them as playmates, and repeatedly children have been known to obtain rugged health and develop rapidly when given a pony. It is quite true that a child who has a pony is happier and will take more exer-

cise in the open air, but that is only part of it. A child of four or five years learns to ride as easily as it does to play, and he has a natural love for a horse of any kind. Having a pony of his own develops in a child a sense of ownership and control, and he learns to govern other natures; this child will, I believe, develop into a finer, more robust, and more able man or woman than he would have done without the pony. My own little girl began to ride as soon as she could sit up on a pony, and now, at seven years old, she is very strong and active, well-grown, and almost never ailing. We believe her years of riding have greatly helped to develop her into the strong, muscular child she now is. As to her mental development, I find that ruling animals in an active, country life has made her not only intelligent and acutely alive, but has strengthened her will power and self-control. It has also fostered a deep love and sympathy for all animal life, which must ever be a help and blessing to her. Animals were intended by our Creator to be our friends and helpers, and in our childhood especially there is no better friend than a pony.



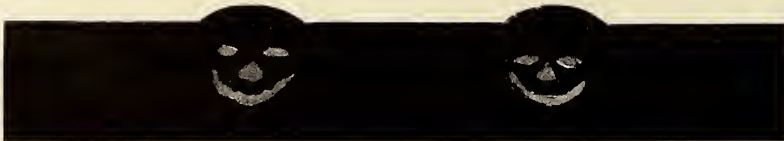


PUMPKIN TIME

BY EDITH MALLERY

Now the autumn leaves are falling
 And the chilling breezes blow,
 And the clouds that sail above us
 Tell of ice and sleet and snow;
 Yet the children all are happy,
 Singing many a cheery rhyme,—
 Need you ask of me the reason?
 Boys and girls, 't is pumpkin time!

Here they come with song and laughter,
 Merry elves with face aglow!
 Each one, from small, chubby fingers,
 Swings a pumpkin to and fro.
 As you look across the corn-field,
 Smiling fairies may be seen;—
 Need you ask of me the reason?
 Boys and girls, 't is Hallowe'en!



"WHEN I 'VE BEEN BAD"

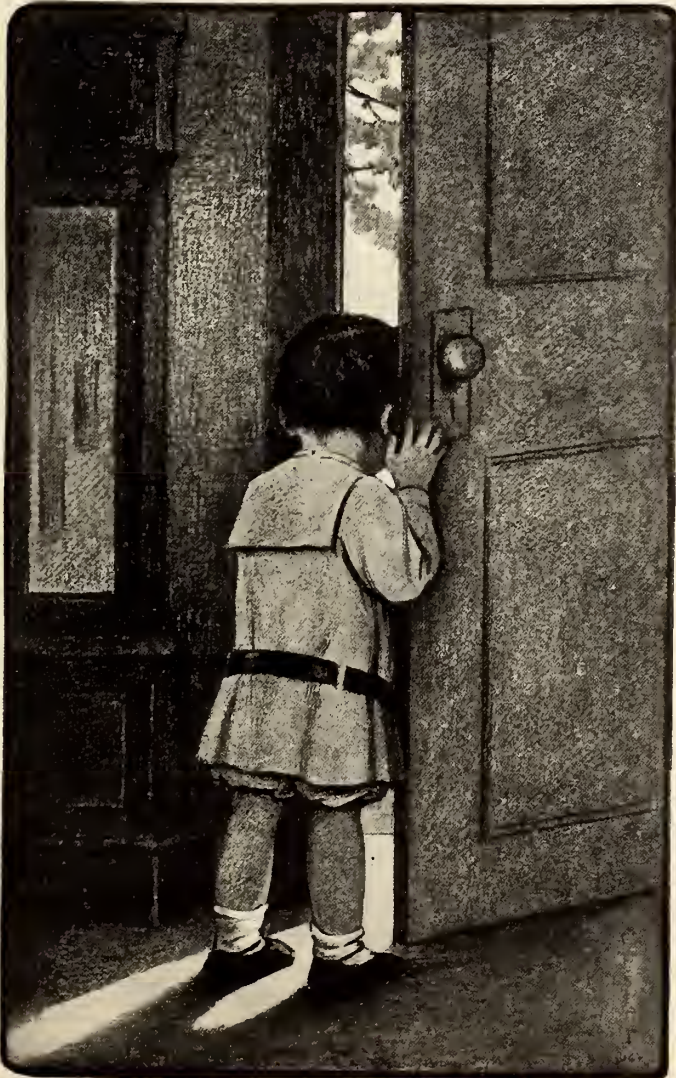
BY ANNA MAY COOPER

WHEN I 've been bad, my mother says,
"All right, son. Just you wait!"
And when night comes, we listen
For my father at the gate.
And if it 's me that hears him first,
I run to let him in,
And tell him all about it
'Fore my mother can begin.

And sometimes when I 've finished,
He looks down at me and grins,
And says that it reminds him
Of his own boyhood sins;

Then he leads me in to Mother,
And he says, "Poor little lad,
I really don't think, Sweetheart,
That he 's been so *very* bad."

But last night, by the window,
While I watched the shadows creep,
My eyes got very heavy,
And I, somehow, fell asleep.
I could have told him, easy,
Just why I screamed and kicked;
But Mother was ahead of me,—
And that time I got licked!





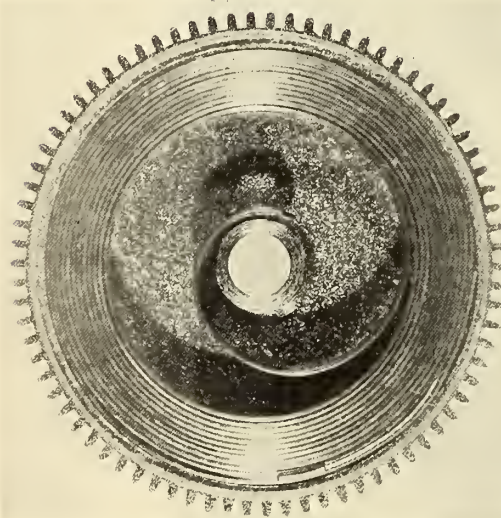
THE MACHINERY OF A WATCH

THE power to keep in motion the machinery of a watch is supplied by the mainspring. In winding a watch, this spring is coiled in the central part of its holder, known as a "barrel." The mainspring in its constant endeavor to uncoil turns this barrel in one direction, and its power is transmitted through the teeth on the outer rim of the barrel to the "train" of wheels.

the balance-wheel on its axle, and the other being the opposing force of a very small spring, known as the hair-spring, coiled loosely about the balance-wheel, and which thus tends to regulate the power of the mainspring.

The bearings for the ends of the tiny shafts of the wheels give better service if they are not made of metal but of some hard mineral or jewel, as, for example, garnet, chrysolite, ruby, etc. The lower-priced watches have these jewels in only some of the most important bearings. The better classes of watches have more jewels. If all the important wheel bearings have these minerals, the watch is said to be "full-jeweled." The jewels are held in place by screws so small as to be almost invisible without the aid of a microscope. Very small screws are also used in other parts of the watch.

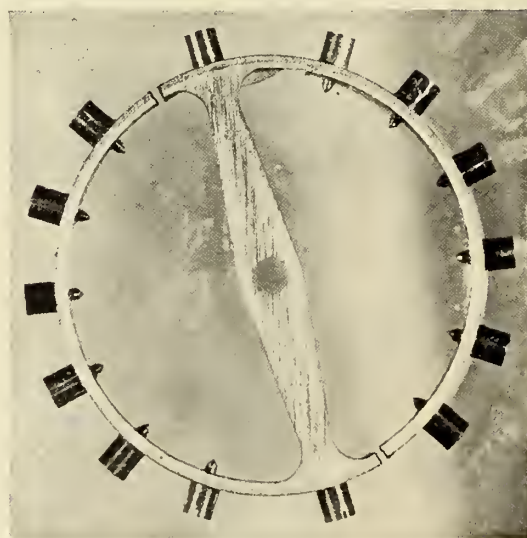
Ask some one you know to let you look at the works of his watch, or, better still, as watches nowadays are often made with a protecting plate that conceals all but a few parts of the mechanism, ask some friendly jeweler to let you see the



THE MAINSPRING, COILED IN THE "BARREL," IS THE POWER THAT DRIVES THE WATCH.
(Magnified about five times.)

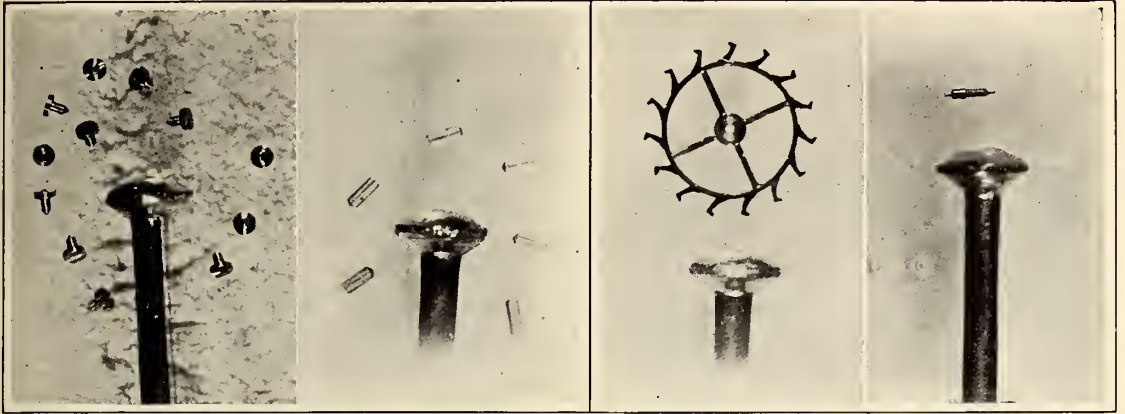
The motion is prevented from being too fast by what is known as an escape-wheel, the cogs of which work in connection with the "pallet and fork." This lets the motion "escape" in a series of short stoppings, well known as the ticking of the watch. In connection with the "pallet and fork" is the balance-wheel, whose vibrations regulate the speed at which all shall move. This balance-wheel serves the same purpose in a watch that the pendulum does in a clock.

The vibrations of the balance-wheel are the result of the action of two forces, one being the force of the mainspring acting through the "train" of wheels and the escapement, to turn



THE UNDER SIDE OF THE BALANCE-WHEEL.
This regulates the speed.
(Magnified about five times.)

machinery of a watch from which he has removed this outer plate, and to explain it to you.



TWELVE TINY SCREWS AND SIX JEWEL-PINS.

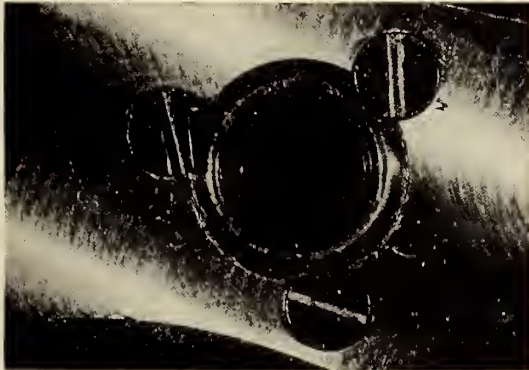
(Magnified and photographed with the head of a medium-sized pin to show relative size.)

AN ESCAPE-WHEEL.

AN ESCAPE-PINION.

THE WONDERS OF A WATCH

It is a matter of every-day occurrence for a person to say to his watchmaker, "Here is a



THREE TINY SCREWS HOLDING A SMALL JEWEL.

(Greatly magnified.)

1,577,664,000 vibrations, and any point on the outside of the rim has covered a distance of about 50,000 miles, and that is equal to twice the circumference of the earth."

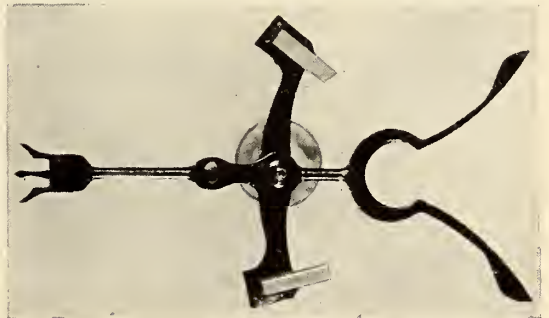
These amazing statements and figures have been submitted to the Elgin National Watch Company of Elgin, Illinois, and Mr. George E. Hunter, the superintendent, says that they are almost right for an Elgin watch, small changes being due to the size of the watch. In the Elgin No. 16 size, the end of the minute-hand in ten years travels 11,473 yards; in No. 18 size, 12,238 yards. The second-hand in No. 16 travels 130.38 miles; in No. 18, 143.42 miles. A point on the outside rim of the balance-wheel of 16 and of 18 respectively, travels 44,511 and 48,891 miles.

Interesting as these figures are, and surprising as are the distances traversed, one's interest is increased by a knowledge of the amount of force,

watch which you sold me ten years ago. It has gone well till lately, when it has taken to stopping without any apparent cause."

The people who speak in this way little think of the amount of work that a watch has performed in this space of time, and may be astonished at the following figures:

"In ten years," says London "Answers," "which include two leap-years, and consequently a total of 3652 days, the hour-hand has made 7306 and the minute-hand 87,648 revolutions. The end of an average minute-hand has traveled more than 10,280 yards—more than six miles. The second-hand has made 5,258,880 revolutions, and its extremity has traversed on the dial a distance of nearly 123 miles. The escape-wheel has made 52,588,880 revolutions, and as it has fifteen teeth, it has come 788,832,000 times in contact with each pallet. The balance-wheel has made



THE "PALLET AND FORK" WHICH WORKS IN CONNECTION WITH THE ESCAPE-WHEEL.

(Magnified about three times.)

in horse-power, required to drive an Elgin watch, size 18. Of this Mr. Hunter says: "All watches are built to run for at least thirty hours, and on that basis, the power required to drive an 18 size

watch is approximately 192-10,000,000,000 horse-power." One hundred and ninety-two ten-billionths of one-horse power! The distance traveled is enormously great, the power needed is enormously small, if I may be allowed to use such an expression, and one's astonishment is increased when he remembers that a single horse-power is the power to lift 33,000 pounds one foot in one minute.

A copy of the item from the London publication was also sent to the Waltham Watch Company of Waltham, Massachusetts. Mr. E. A. Marsh, of that company, adds the following even more astonishing facts as to the accurate work done by a watch:

"In addition to the above it ought to be said that, however astonishing the statements as to the enormous amount of work which is performed by the pocket watch, the truly remarkable feature concerning it is the marvelous accuracy with which that work is done. The following brief statements will help to show how wonderfully accurate the work of a running watch really is:

"In nearly all modern watches the mechanism is so designed that, in order to obtain accurate 'mean sun time,' the balance-wheel must vibrate *exactly* eighteen thousand times (18,000) every hour. We say '*exactly eighteen thousand*,' for if there should be one vibration in each hour less than the required number, the watch would *lose two and two fifths minutes in a month*. Such an error would be serious."

An interesting comparison may be made in this way: in a No. 16 watch (the ordinary size for men), the balance-wheel makes about one and one quarter turns for each vibration, and its rim, in each vibration, will travel two and three quarters inches. In a single day this will amount to rather more than sixteen and one half (16.61) miles, or farther than most persons care to walk in a day.

If you planned to walk exactly the 16.61 miles, and should fall short of that distance by only ten feet, or by only about five steps, it would be a trifling matter; but if the watch balance should make a similar failure, it might become serious in its results, for the watch would then lose nine and four fifths seconds a day, or four and nine tenths minutes a month. A watch that kept no better time than that would be exceedingly unsatisfactory.

Wonderful as are the achievements of a watch, it is still more wonderful that man has been able to invent machinery of such marvelous delicacy, that, when set in operation, it will automatically manufacture the microscopic parts required.

THE PYGMY HIPPOPOTAMUSES



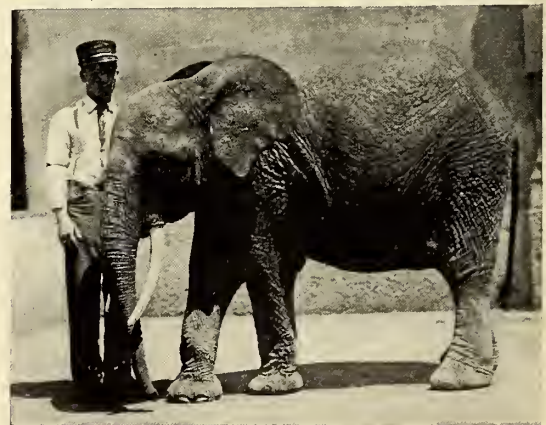
By permission of the New York Zoological Society.

THE New York Zoological Park has recently obtained a pair of the rare and strange pygmy hippopotamuses (*Charopsis liberiensis*) recently obtained in Africa. Director Hornaday thus describes them:

"This adult male is thirty inches high at the shoulders, seventy inches in-length from end of nose to base of tail, and the tail itself is twelve inches long. The weight of this animal is four hundred and nineteen pounds. All these figures are offered subject to correction.

"The female is believed to be only two years old. It stands eighteen inches high at the shoulders, and weighs one hundred and seventy-six pounds.

"The pygmy hippo is characterized first of all by its midget size, which, in the adult animal, is about equal to that of a twelve-months-old baby



By permission of the New York Zoological Society.

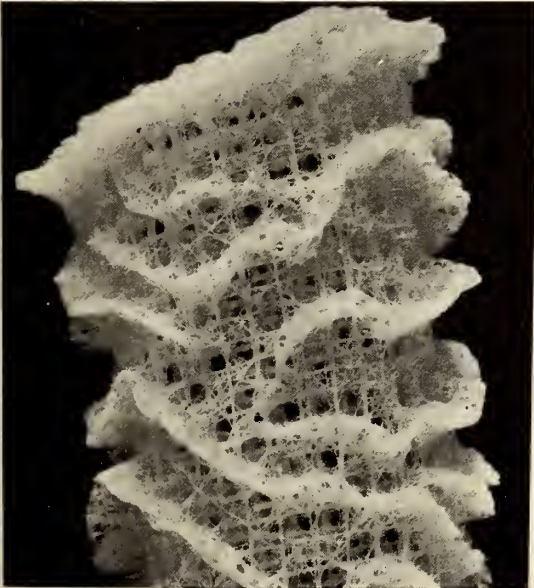
A PYGMY ELEPHANT.

hippo of the large species. Its skull is more convex, or rounded, on its upper surface, than that of *H. amphibius*; its legs are longer and more slender in proportion, and its eyes do not "pop" out of its head, like those of the giant species. Another striking character is the long tail, which, in proportion, is about twice as long as that of its only living relative, *H. amphibius*.

"The face of the pygmy is relatively smaller than that of the large species, which brings the eyes nearer to the median line of the skull. The lower jaw of the pygmy bears only two incisor teeth, while the large species has four; and while the eyeballs of *C. liberiensis* are large, they are proportionally less elevated than those of the large hippo. As the latter swims nearly submerged, the eyes seem to float on the surface of the water like two shiny glass marbles."

Pygmy elephants were discovered in 1905. The specimen at the New York Zoölogical Park is about fourteen years of age.

A SPONGE OF GLASSY MATERIAL

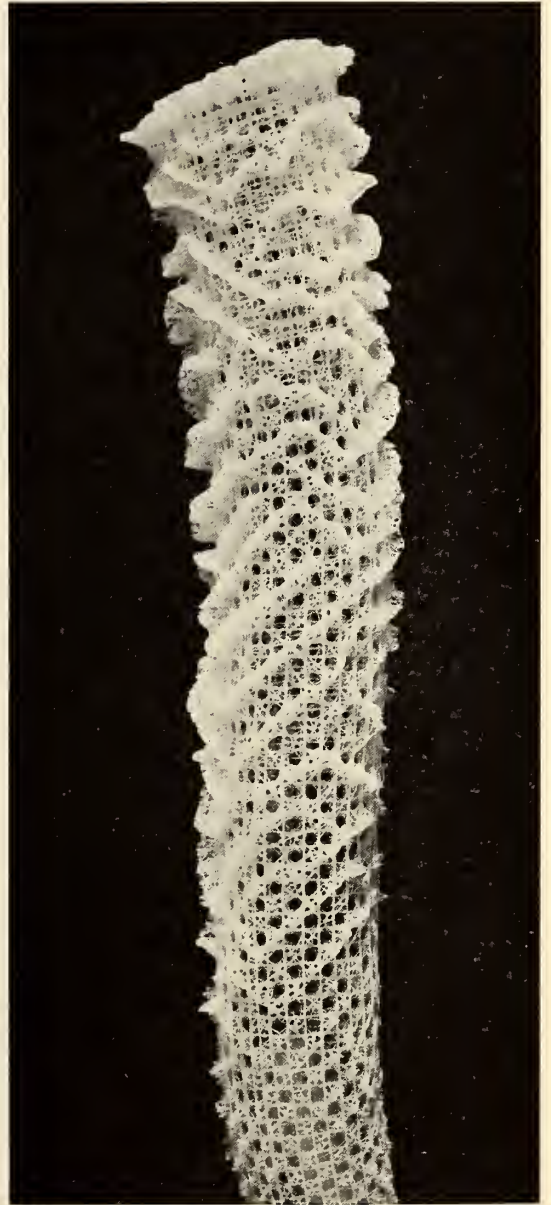


THE INTERLACING FIBERS OF ONE END OF THE VENUS FLOWER-BASKET.

Our young people are undoubtedly familiar with the fact that the sponge, as we ordinarily know it, is in reality the flexible skeleton of a colony of salt-water animals.

The Venus flower-basket, a favorite and beautiful object found in many natural history collections, is a similar growth, only its skeleton is composed of silica, which in appearance resembles colorless glass. For this reason the name

"glass-sponge" is often applied to the framework of this group of animals. The animal tissues of this sponge, as of others, cover the interlacing fibers of the framework which acts as a supporting structure. The skeleton itself is sometimes



NEARLY THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF A "GLASS-SPONGE," KNOWN AS VENUS FLOWER-BASKET.

(*Euplectella aspergillum*.)

formed, as in this example, of needle-like structures, which are called sponge-spicules. In other sponges, these spicules may take the form of

anchors; of hooks that may be single or double; of a long axle with a wheel-like body on one or both ends; of a long, tapering rod with a knob at one end roughened by projecting spikes, and various other graceful and beautiful shapes. In the Venus flower-basket these spicules are scattered throughout the sponge walls, and often are welded together or so interlaced as to form a very beautiful network. The specimen from which the accompanying illustrations were made, is about a foot in length; not quite all of one is shown in the illustration.

REINDEER IN ALASKA

THE herding and breeding of domesticated reindeer, introduced as an experiment a number of years ago from a small herd imported by the Government from Siberia, have now become the most prominent feature of the industrial education of many thousands of the natives of arctic Alaska. The means of living, formerly obtained by hunting and fishing, have been greatly lessened by the destruction of the fish by canneries, and of the fur-bearing animals and game by white trappers. The reindeer industry is therefore an important part of life in many Eskimo villages. The total number of reindeer in Alaska is now over thirty-three thousand; of these the natives themselves own sixty per cent., or more than twenty thousand, and are always anxious to obtain more, preferring deer rather than cash for their services. The Government does not sell

reindeer. This is done entirely by natives and the missions. It has been found necessary by the Government to put the young native Eskimo through a course of training, and those who get their deer directly from the Government have to serve as reindeer apprentices for four years. With careful training they make good herders. They are taught how to care for the reindeer, to harness and drive them, to throw the lasso, and



RIDING A REINDEER.

to protect the fawns from the attacks of wolves and dogs. At the end of their apprenticeship, the herders have about fifty deer, which, with the



SOMETIMES THE YOUNG PEOPLE IN ALASKA RIDE REINDEERS TO SCHOOL OR FOR AMUSEMENT.



A HERD OF REINDEER AT HOME.

yearly increase, provides a good income for the future. Well-trained sled-deer have been used to carry the United States mail from Barrow to Kotzebue, a distance of six hundred and fifty miles. This is the most northern mail-route in this country, and the most perilous and desolate mail-trip in the world. The average speed is from forty to fifty miles per day.

At Barrow, "the jumping-off place" of the American continent, there is a herd of more than seven hundred deer. Here about one hundred and twenty Eskimo boys and girls attend the Government school. They are the most northern school children in the world. Some of the boys get up at three or four o'clock in the morning and walk five miles to the open water to capture a seal for their mother, but they always get back in time for school at nine o'clock. Occasionally the young people ride reindeer for amusement, but it is not a customary method of travel in Alaska, as it is in Siberia.

LEGENDS ABOUT PLANTS

IN early times, certain trees were invested by human beings with a mystic or a sacred character, and many plants were associated with religious beliefs. One of the best examples of the last is the passion-flower. When the early Spanish settlers in South America saw this flower, they fancied that they had discovered a marvelous symbol of the crucifixion, and they devoutly believed that it was an assurance of the ultimate triumph of Christianity. One of their writers, Jacomo Bosio, according to "The Folk-Lore of Plants," obtained detailed knowledge of how the Mexicans regarded it, and gave a minute description of the blossom.

The ten colored petals and sepals represent the ten apostles present at the crucifixion (Peter and Judas being absent).

Inside the corolla is a showy crown of filaments, by some taken to represent the crown of thorns, by others the halo.

It is interesting, in the study of plant life, to note the extent to which various peoples have

assigned to plants qualities and meanings that existed only in their own ideas or beliefs. Some of these have been beneficial, as, for example, the idea that a tree has a soul, and for that reason should not be cut down, lest one should hear "the



THE PASSION-FLOWER.

wailing of the trees when they suffer in this way." It might be a good thing if certain people, nowadays, had such beliefs as would lead them to treat considerably not only trees and plants, but birds and four-footed animals as well.

“BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW”
 ?????????????????

St. Nicholas
 Union Square,
 New York

A CAT'S EYES OF TWO COLORS

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little two-months-old Persian kitten which has one light blue eye and one green gray eye. Could you please tell me why it is so?

Your very loving reader,

LOUISE MECKES (age 11).

Such differences in the color of the eyes often happen with white kittens, both long- and short-haired, but with a cat of no other color of which I have ever heard. Such cats are called by fanciers “odd-eyed,” but I have never heard any cause given, or, rather, explanation offered, for the phenomenon. I have several at the cattery now, and they are curious-looking “little beasties.” The mother, in both cases, is endowed with the most beautiful of blue eyes. The blue eye is the ideal color for a white cat. The orange eye makes it second best, all other points being equal. But the blue eyes in the white cat are frequently accompanied by deafness, while the orange- and odd-eyed cats never are deaf, except, of course, from local trouble, as sometimes happens to any animal or human.

J. R. CATHCART.

A RACCOON AS A PET

NASHVILLE, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My uncle has a pet 'coon which washes everything he eats; you give him a nut and he will wash it and wash it, and then he eats it. This 'coon is very mischievous, and has to be kept chained. He seems to know when they have ice-cream, for he hears them freezing the cream, and whines until they give him some. If you give him a pan of clear water and some soap, he will wash his face and hands with the soap. Then give him some more clear water, and he will wash the soap off and wipe his hands and face. He always likes to play with some one, but when there is no one to play with him, he goes to sleep.

If he is let loose, he climbs into a little hole in the roof, and stays in there all day and sleeps, and comes out at night. I don't think it would be better to let him roam in a cage, for he loves to play in the grass. We feed him anything, mostly nuts and bread, and he likes everything sweet.

He is kept chained in the garden in the shade in the summer, and under the house in the winter, and sometimes on the back porch.

Your friend,

EDWARD WESTON HAMILTON.

The loveliness of a 'coon depends upon the age at which it is taken from the wild woods. Ernest Thompson Seton truly says, “The old racoon is *sullen, dangerous, and untamable* if

kept captive, but the young, if taken at an early age—that is, before they have begun to hunt for themselves—make intelligent and interesting



A YOUNG RACCOON TAKING MILK FROM A BOTTLE.

pets, being easily tamed and evincing considerable affection for their master.”

The editor of “Nature and Science” recently found a very young racoon in the woods, and it is now attracting much attention by the eagerness with which it takes milk from a bottle.

A RAINBOW AT NIGHT

ELIZABETH, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me the cause of a rainbow in the night? Last fall, about nine o'clock in the evening, a rainbow appeared in the north, and no one knew the cause of this. I shall be very grateful if you will explain this for me.

Yours respectfully,

MARGUERITE BARNETT.

Nothing can make a true “rainbow” except a combination of sun or moon and rain or fog. At nine P.M. a rainbow should not be visible unless the sun or moon is shining. Possibly you have mistaken a bow of the aurora borealis, or “northern lights,” for a rainbow. We have some reports of aurora on October 10 in northern New York. We shall be glad to get particulars as to the date and appearance and location of the “rainbow” before we can speak more definitely. Could it have been a meteor?—CLEVELAND ABBE.

WHY METALS SEEM OF DIFFERENT TEMPERATURE FROM THAT OF SURROUNDING OBJECTS

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why any metal is always cooler (if not in the sun or a hot place) than anything else? I am very much interested in the Science Department.

Your constant reader,

HELEN KAY (age 12).

Practically all common objects, except metals, with which we come in contact are non-conductors of heat, that is, heat will not flow through them readily. Such objects are wood, paper, cloth, etc.; but metal objects, generally speaking, conduct heat readily. All objects, including the two classes just mentioned, are, as a rule, at a lower temperature, or colder, than our bodies; hence, when we touch an object, as wood, which will not conduct heat readily, no heat flows from the hand into the object, and it does not give us the impression of being cold; but when the warm hand comes in contact with an object which is a good conductor of heat, such as metal, heat flows from the hand into the object, tending to warm it to the same temperature as the body. This loss of heat on the part of the hand gives us a sensation of coldness. Of course, if the object has been placed in the sun or any hot place where it has acquired a temperature above that of the body, the phenomenon is reversed, in that the metal gives its heat rapidly to the hand, while the wood, being a poor conductor of heat, does not; consequently, the metal feels warmer than the wood under such conditions.—PROFESSOR F. R. GORTON, State Normal College, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

It is interesting to notice that the hand, which is exceedingly sensitive to differences of touch, is not as sensitive to heat and cold as the face, so that when you try the cold feeling of metals, it is best to apply them to your cheek or nose.

Some things besides metals feel cold, as you will find if you step with bare feet on a cold winter morning upon a piece of oil-cloth instead of upon the carpet. This also is caused by its power of conducting heat.

Different metals vary in their heat conductivity, silver and copper being the best conductors, and alloys, such as brass, German silver, and so on, being much poorer ones. If you put solid silver spoons and plated spoons into a cup of hot water together, you will find that the heat goes much faster up the handles of the solid spoons than up those of the plated ones.

An expert will distinguish between a ball of quartz crystal and a similar ball of glass by touching his tongue to both, because the tongue is very sensitive to cold, and the quartz, as it conducts heat more rapidly, feels much colder.—PROFESSOR H. L. WELLS, Yale University.

A CAT THAT WASHES ITS FACE WITH BOTH PAWS

DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In January's "Nature and Science" you said that you had never seen a cat use both paws at once to wash her face. You asked if any of the children had. I have. My kitten used to amuse us very much doing it. She would sit up on her hind legs and then "scrub" her "arms," one after the other, over her ears and head. She looked sometimes just as if she folded her arms when she was through.

Your very interested reader,

BETTY PENNY (age 12).

It is a very clever cat, indeed, that can sit on its hind feet and wash its face with both paws at once! I do not imagine it has any significance beyond that. A cat can be taught to sit up and beg, and from that point I suppose this other feat would be only a step. Possibly this cat bears the same relation to the rest of her tribe as the man who must do things in double-quick time bears to his fellow-men.—JANE R. CATHCART.

A TREE IN THE FORM OF A BASKET

(From one of our older readers)



A MULBERRY-TREE THAT HAS BEEN TRAINED INTO THE FORM OF A BASKET.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The inclosed photograph of a forty years' trained growth of a mulberry-tree in the Umbrian plains (Italy) may be of interest to your Nature and Science department.

M. F. H. LEDYARD.

His Birthdays



When Dickey Brown was two years old,
His cheeks were round as plums.
He liked to sit upon your lap,
And suck one of his thumbs.



But when four years had rolled around,
Among his greatest joys
Were riding on his rocking-horse,
And playing with his toys.



When six years old, he did not care
For toys and nursery play,
But wanted to stay out-of-doors
With other boys all day.



But that fine day when he was eight,
Was one of joy and pride:
With cart and donkey all his own,
He took his friends to ride!



THE SENTINEL

BY STANLEY BONNEAU REID (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge)

High o'er the pass, behold him stand,
Austere and silent, grim and cold;
Keeping his watch o'er all the land,
This mighty sentinel of old.

He lifts his rugged brow on high,
His granite chest is rough and torn,
As, piercing through the clouded sky,
He laughs the centuries to scorn.

What though the years beyond recall
Have come and gone and passed away;
Not e'en the color of his wall
Has changed beneath their endless sway.

He heeds them not, nor does he care,
But firm and sure his task fulfils;
His make is strong—he's born to bear,
Who stands—the Guardian of the Hills.

THE subject assigned for Verse this month, "The Sentinel," called forth a great number of really admirable contributions from League members. There were tributes to "sentinels" of many kinds, and in many forms; but perhaps the most sonorous and impressive was the four stanzas printed above, which are worthy to rank as a humble companion-piece to Oliver Goldsmith's famous lines:

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,—
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Not all of the verse was in this lofty strain, however; and many of our clever young poets found in the subject, we are glad to say, inspiration of an altogether different sort. Their little poems showed a touch of humor, or of freakish fancy, or of homy sentiment that were all equally deserving of praise. And as for the pictures, the League pages this month fairly bristle with fun and jollity—especially in the photographs. But do not let their gaiety tempt you to overlook the excellent prose essays sandwiched in between the pictures and the rhymes.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 153

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, **Margaret M. Caskey** (age 15), Morristown, N. J.; **Helen J. Barker** (age 13), Melrose, Mass.; **Eunice Eddy** (age 15), Auburn, N. Y.; **Jean E. Freeman** (age 14), New York City; **Marion Shedd** (age 12), Columbus, O.; **Mary Dixon-Welch** (age 13), Columbia, Conn.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Stanley Bonneau Reid** (age 14), Oakdale, Cal. Silver badges, **Elizabeth Morrison Duffield** (age 14), South Orange, N. J.; **Vernie Peacock** (age 14), Rockford, Ill.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Harry Sutton, Jr.** (age 15), Salem, Mass.; **Lucie C. Holt** (age 12), Oak Lane, Pa.; **Frances M. E. Patten** (age 12), Rockville Center, L. I.; **Jacob White** (age 16), Brooklyn, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Margaret M. Benney** (age 15), Sewickley, Pa. Silver badges, **Edmund Booth** (age 16), Omaha, Neb.; **Ruth Coggins** (age 13), Covington, Ind.; **Ellen Tooth Lacy** (age 9), St. Joseph, Mo.; **Alice Vernon** (age 14), Portland, Me.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badges, **Ernest S. Crosby** (age 14), Buffalo, N. Y.; **Isidore Helfand** (age 14), Cleveland, O. Silver badge, **Antoinette Mears** (age 15), Portland, Ore.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badge, **Albert Reynolds Eckel** (age 16), St. Joseph, Mo.



"A FROLIC." BY MARY BELL IRVING, AGE 16.



"A FROLIC." BY CAROLYN ARCHBOLD, AGE 16.

THE SENTINEL

BY MARION E. STARK (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

UPON a mighty mountain high
The chamois feed;
Their haughty leader stands near by
To guard in need.

In yonder tow'ring, tapering tree
Are crows at rest;
The feathered sentinel will see
That none molest.

A little child lies sound asleep
In whisp'ring grass;
Her faithful collie watch doth keep
On all who pass.



"A FROLIC." BY MARGARET M. BENNEY, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

A valiant host, at set of sun,
Have pitched their tents;
The lights gleam on the picket's gun
Who guards the regiments.

Where'er we turn, we find the brave.
On guard they stand,—
On guard against the wretch and knave,
With ready hand.

'T is thus with bird, or beast, or man;
They know the call
To help the weak, to guard their clan,
For the Father of them all.

MY FAVORITE HEROINE IN HISTORY—
AND WHY

BY MARGARET M. CASKEY (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

My favorite heroine! Shall I tell you what I see when I read those words? I see a peaceful French village; I see a peasant girl tending her flocks in the field; I hear her telling of a vision she has had, of voices she hears which bid her to deliver France from the yoke of the hated English. I see the villagers mocking and ridiculing, but the maiden stands firm.

The scene changes. I see the French court. In the midst stands the Dauphin, and at his feet kneels the peasant girl. Clad in man's armor, she leads him forth

to battle, and brings him home victorious; she walks with him in his coronation procession, and then, having completed her heaven-directed mission, she prepares to return to her native village. But the king begs her to stay, and she consents, although she longs for peace.

Then I see her in the power of the English, before a merciless tribunal. I see her trapped and snared into contradicting herself, and finally condemned to die by fire.

I see her standing on the scaffold, in the midst of a sea of hostile faces, alone, deserted by those for whom she is giving her life, yet firm and steadfast.

O "Maid of Orleans," deliverer of France in her darkest hour, to you we give all homage and honor, who left home and kindred for what you considered your divine mission; who were not disobedient unto the heavenly vision, even when death was sure to be the penalty; and who, in the end, did not hesitate to offer on the altar of France your own life, that your nation might live.

MY FAVORITE HERO IN HISTORY—AND WHY

BY HELEN J. BARKER (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

My favorite hero? There have been so many men who have been deemed heroes in the eyes of the public, that it is hard to decide; but I think that my favorite historical hero has always been Abraham Lincoln. And why?—But I will answer that later.

There is one picture of Lincoln that I have always loved. It hangs in the Chandler School, and is a beautiful photograph of the life-size statue of Lincoln which stands in Lincoln Park, Chicago. The background of the picture is made up of feathery bushes and trees, so close to the statue that they almost touch it, appearing to form a canopy over the chair of the great statesman. The sky just shows through the close shrubbery and above the shoulders of Lincoln, who stands with head slightly bent and foot advanced, in the act of delivering one of his famous speeches. It is a picture that would make any American proud. For when can the picture of Lincoln appear without causing Ameri-



"A FROLIC." BY EDMUND BOOTH, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

cans to admire it? Not for its beauty, certainly, for though his eyes are beautiful, because they are so kind and tender, his shoulders appear drooped, and his whole figure awkward and ungainly. Not because he ever was made a hero in the eyes of his country through military fame, nor yet through great learning or inheritance.

What Lincoln accomplished was done by himself and through himself. And no man ever faced a greater task.

But Lincoln was admired for his perfect manhood. He was beloved for his great kindness, and he was made great through his unselfish devotion to his country. And these things combined make Lincoln my favorite hero.

the war was over at last, when the people were beginning to appreciate him, and he was looking forward to a well-earned rest, he was suddenly taken away, dying a martyr's death. The American people, yes, and the whole world also, were plunged into grief at their loss.

There is but one man who answers to this description—Abraham Lincoln.



"A FROLIC." BY RUTH COGGINS, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

ON GUARD

BY ELSIE P. MURPHY (AGE 16)

He stands in the midst of traffic's full tide,
A tower of strength for the weak and the old;
His keen, watchful eye is ever alert,
And heedless he seems of sunshine or cold.

His uplifted hand brings all to a stop,
And great, puffing monsters of iron and steel
Respond to his call, as he pilots across
The timid who tremble at hoof and at wheel.

You may speak of the soldier who stands at his post,
And nobly he does his duty, and well.—
The policeman on guard for the law and the home,
Is a much greater blessing, as many can tell.

MY FAVORITE HERO IN HISTORY—AND WHY

BY EUNICE EDDY (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

THERE have been many heroes in the ranks of history, men who have fought and died for home and country, men who have had great intellect and high education, and who have done great deeds, but, to my mind, one stands out as the greatest of them all.

He is an American, a man who was born of a humble Kentucky family. When a boy, he had an insatiable desire for learning, and he also had, what was more, ideals which were high and noble. He became a lawyer and an ardent foe of the great evil which had become rooted in our land—slavery. He was elected to be President of the United States. His administration came at a time when our country was torn in conflict, when it needed a guiding hand, and that guidance was given by this man. Quiet and unobtrusive, he stood at the helm and led the nation to peace and justice. When

MY FAVORITE HERO IN HISTORY—AND WHY

BY MARY DIXON-WELCH (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

THERE are so many great men in history that it is very hard to choose a favorite, but the one I admire most is General "Stonewall" Jackson.

He had a heart as tender as it was stout, faith that never failed, and the unspoiled simplicity of a child.

He was a poor boy and an orphan, and began his career as a worker in Cummins Jackson's mill. While he worked steadily there, he was diligently trying to "get an education."

No officer in the army in Mexico was promoted so often for meritorious conduct, or made so great a stride in rank.

He carried into every detail of daily existence the military law of wisdom and fidelity, but he was aggressive in nothing. His reverence for women was deep and unfeigned, he was gentleness itself to little children, and all that he had and was, belonged first to God, and then to his wife.

From the first victory of Manassas, until he was mortally wounded by his own men, Stonewall Jackson was the flashing star that guided the Confederate army to glorious success.

When his brigade halted on the march to Manassas, long after dark, an aide asked Jackson if a guard should not be set. Jackson replied, "Let the men sleep. I will do guard duty." All through the long watches of the night he stood, a solitary sentinel. I do not think there could be a more heroic theme in history to write on than Stonewall



"A FROLIC." BY ELLEN TOOTH LACY, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

Jackson standing guard over the soldiers who were soon to make his name immortal. When told that he was dying, he received the news with perfect calmness, and said he preferred God's will to his own.

Jackson's courage, determination, and faith have made him my favorite hero in history.



BY MARGARET DART, AGE 16.



BY ALICE VERNON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY WILLIAM S. BIDDLE, AGE 11.



BY RALPH INGERSOLL, AGE 11



BY E. EDWIN WEIBEL, AGE 15.



BY EVERSLEY S. FERRIS, AGE 12.



BY LOUISE M. FULLER, AGE 17.

"A FROLIC."

SENTINELS

BY RACHEL LYMAN FIELD (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

WHEN darkness comes, and in the sky
 The moon glides calmly, like a shepherdess,
 Guiding the stars, her straying sheep,
 Across the quiet meadows of the sky;
 And far below, among the hills,
 The lights of a small village twinkle forth,
 The white church spire rises through the trees,
 In the pale light it gleams, a slender shaft;
 And far above, like ponderous giant forms,
 The dark, grim mountains stretch mysteriously—
 Majestic sentinels who guard the sleeping town.

MY FAVORITE HEROINE IN HISTORY—
AND WHY

BY JEAN E. FREEMAN (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

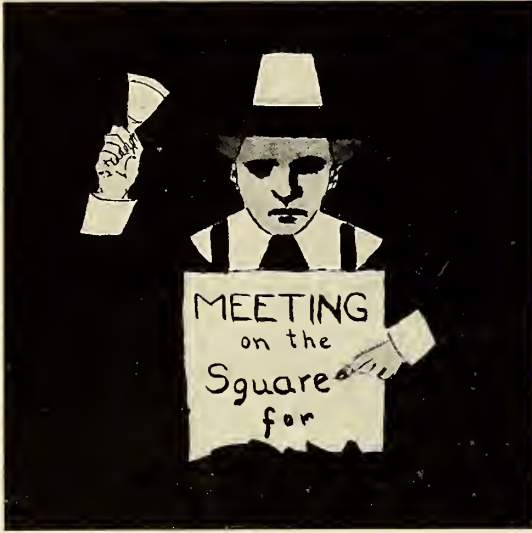
My favorite heroine in history is Joan of Arc, and it is not so difficult to tell why, for the dauntless spirit of the maid has inspired many to reverence her.

The theme of her bravery is an old one, but I admire her not only for her fearlessness, but for her absolute trust in God, for her perfect courage while facing the condemning judges, and for the spirit with which she even met death itself.

Hers was always a truth-loving and upright character, full of justice and strength, and under the mask

of meekness and patience lay concealed courage and a noble spirit which would have graced any man.

To me she is a very far-away mythological figure, this little maid of Domremy, and somehow I can never



"ON THE SQUARE." BY HARRY SUTTON, JR., AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

dream of her as the dauntless Joan whose name passes with awe from lip to lip, but always as the gray-eyed mistress of the flocks, dreaming and listening on the verdant hillsides of France.

MY FAVORITE HERO IN HISTORY—AND WHY

BY MARGARET E. BEAKES (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

No one would be quicker than he himself—tall, awkward, homely, unpolished in manner and speech—to object to having the name Abraham Lincoln classed as that of a hero. But since Lincoln's day, to Americans at least, the word hero does not always bring to the mind the picture of a man young, good to look upon, a leader of men; gallant, daring, the idol of his followers, a figure about which innumerable romances are woven. Many Americans have, as I have, taken for their favorite among heroes, Abraham Lincoln, the man from the poor, uneducated classes who, by strength of character and endurance, won for himself an education and pulled himself up, little by little, to the highest honor which the United States offers her sons.

From a long line of heroes, brave men and true, I have chosen him because, with such small opportunities, he lived his life so well—as rail-splitter, storekeeper, lawyer, debater, President.

We honor him the more because, saddened as he was by the war which threatened to divide the country, he always had a kind word, a smile, or a jest for those he met. Because no matter how busy, he never refused help where his help was needed. And though worn with the affairs of a nation which was torn with civil strife, he yet found time to see that his countrymen received whatever of justice and mercy he could give them.

The United States is honored in having had Abraham Lincoln for a President.

ON GUARD

BY ELIZABETH PRATT (AGE 11)

A MOTHER bird sat on her nest,
Guarding her babies, who were at rest;
Those baby birds will never fear,
Under the wings of their mother dear.
There she sat, as brave as could be,
While the wind shook the slender tree;
But the mother bird sat still, her wings outspread
To cover her babies in their warm bed.
She nestled closer in her nest,
And her babies drew nearer to her breast.
How the wind whistled, the storm was hard,
But there sat the mother bird—on guard!

MY FAVORITE HERO IN HISTORY—AND WHY

BY EVA PRENTICE JAMISON (AGE 15)

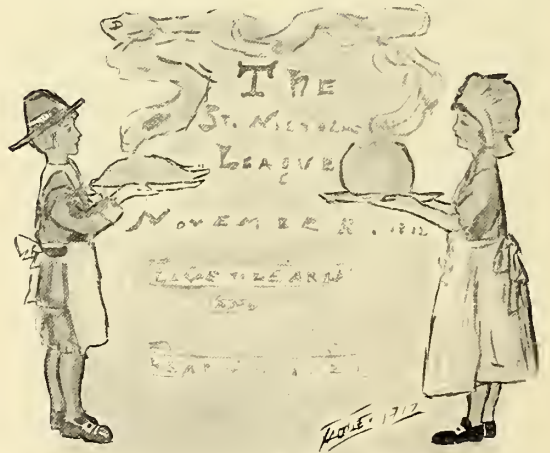
THERE are many heroes in history whom I greatly admire, but my favorite is Robert E. Lee.

I do not love and admire him for his military genius alone, but for his courage, his unselfishness, his modesty, and his gentle, generous nature.

He was always cheerful, and full of love, sympathy, and kindness. When a boy, he was the comfort of his mother, who was an invalid and a widow. An incident, small in itself but illustrative of his compassionate character, occurred during one of his fiercest battles. When shot and shell were falling all around, and he was in danger of being killed any moment, he stooped and picked up a young bird which had fallen to the ground, and, walking to a tree, put it on a limb in a place of safety.

He was not ambitious. He never thought of his own glory, but always did what he thought best for his country's welfare. He always did his duty.

After the war was over and Lee had sworn never again to bear arms against the United States, he did not



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER" BY LUCIE C. HOLT, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

cherish bitter feelings against the North, though he remained a prisoner on parole until his death. Nor did he try to draw himself away from the government. Instead, he did all he could to help reestablish the Union.

Lee was always fearless, hopeful, and persevering.

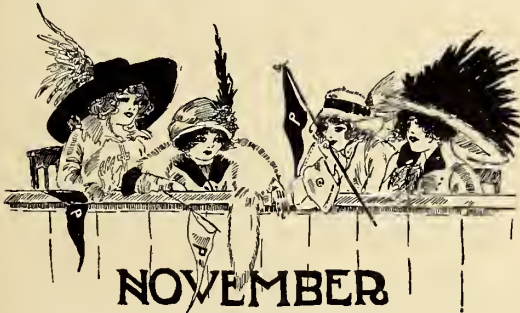
He was a man of high principles, and of devout religious faith, pure in thought and deed.

ON GUARD

BY ELIZABETH MORRISON DUFFIELD (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

EVER and always the sea gazes longingly at the shore ;
 It washes against the sandy beach and the stones, with
 a muffled roar ;
 It swishes and gurgles gleefully in the calm of a summer's
 night,
 But the wind springs up, the skies grow dark, then 't is
 a thing of might.
 It hurls its walls of water 'gainst the vanguard of the
 land,
 Those cruel green walls of water naught human can
 withstand ;
 It pounds its heavy cannonade against the fickle sands,
 Which change and shift and mingle, as the tide flows
 over the lands.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY MARGARET COUTY, AGE 16.
 (HONOR MEMBER.)

But we have an army mighty, to resist the sea's attack,
 A mighty army and sturdy, to force the wild sea back ;
 They never flinch nor waver, steady and strong are they,
 Their age-long vigil keeping from morn 'till break
 of day.

The waves may beat upon them, the spray may o'er
 them dash,
 But still they stand, as giants, awaiting a mighty crash.
 Ever and always the sea gazes longingly at the land,
 But forever on guard the great brown rocks, like silent
 sentinels, stand.

MY FAVORITE HERO IN HISTORY—AND WHY

BY MARION SHEDD (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

THERE are many heroes of war who are honored the
 world over. While many are famous because of their
 bravery in struggles against tyranny, many are great
 simply because of their wonderful military power, and
 not their motives.

My ideal is a hero of peace—Robert Louis Steven-
 son. He was a man who had to fight against poor
 health all his life, and yet he did not become sour and
 unlovable, but made the world better, not only through
 his books, but by his life and deeds. Stevenson the
 author is no greater than Stevenson the man.

He spent his boyhood in his native country, Scotland,
 and it is there that in childhood he beguiled the long
 hours by imagining himself in fairy-land, or hunting,
 sailing, and fighting, while in bed or by the fire.

But the climate did not agree with his health, and for
 many years he traveled through France, America, and
 the British Isles.

Finally, he went to the Samoan Islands. All the lat-
 ter part of his life was spent there, and there he wrote

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his best books. He gained wide knowledge of the
 people he saw by making notes in a book which he had
 with him constantly, and from memories of his child-
 hood.

In the Samoan Islands he acted as missionary and
 friend to the ignorant savages. So much did they love
 him that they dug a road which he had wanted.

This is the man who, with all his troubles, could say :

The world is so full of a number of things
 I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.

Who really did the most—Napoleon, forcing nations
 into subjection, or Stevenson, leaving something better
 than territory?

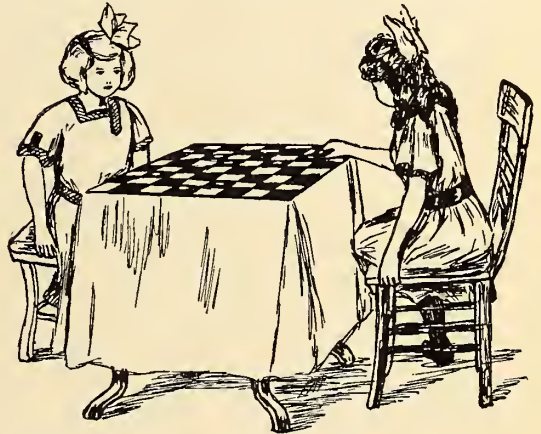
MY FAVORITE HEROINE IN HISTORY—
AND WHY

BY MURIEL AVERY (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

SHE was not a queen of ancient time, my favorite
 heroine in history. Her noble deeds are still fresh in
 the hearts of the whole world. The veteran, thinking
 of bloody battle-fields, sees again that quiet figure mov-
 ing from cot to cot in the field hospital, feels a soothing
 hand upon his heated brow, and murmurs, with uncov-
 ered head, her name, "Clara Barton." She was "the
 angel of the battle-field" to them. During sixteen of
 the fiercest battles in the Civil War, she stayed at the
 front, following fearlessly in the wake of smoke and
 powder, caring for the wounded, nursing the sick, and
 comforting the dying.

Then, having spent four years, at the close of the
 war, among prisons and unidentified graves in a search
 for missing soldiers, she went to Europe, completely
 broken down in health. But scarcely had she settled
 there, when the Red Cross Society sought her aid in the
 Franco-Prussian War. Here the greatness of her na-
 ture was shown, for she consented, and again entered



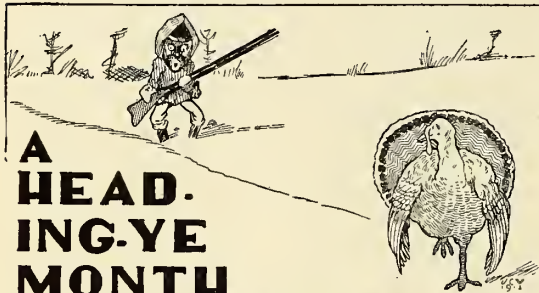
"ON THE SQUARE." BY FRANCES M. E. PATTEN, AGE 12.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

those scenes of horror—a strain which resulted in a
 long and severe illness.

It was here that she first became interested in the
 Red Cross work, and that she promised to give the re-
 mainder of her life, if necessary, in bringing America to
 signing the Red Cross treaty.

Hers was a life of unselfishness, spent in the service

of others. Wherever calamity fell upon a people, there she took her stand. Nor did her influence cease with the close of her life, for the American Red Cross Society now carries out the humane work to which she devoted her life, and will stand forever as a memorial to one of America's greatest women.



A HEAD- ING-YE MONTH NOVEMBER

"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER," BY JACOB WHITE, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)

ON GUARD

BY VERNIE PEACOCK (AGE 14)
(Silver Badge)

He stood there like a martyr, just inside the nurs'ry door,
And warned me not to make a bit of noise;
So I stood right where I was, never moving, not an inch,
Until, at last, I really found my voice.
"But why," I asked, "can't I come in? why do you keep me out?"
He grinned the biggest grin that he could do;
But though I asked the question 'bout a dozen times or more,
This little "guard" would not tell what he knew.

Just then I started in, yes, inside that nursery door,
When all at once, he grabbed me by the arm;
"I will not let you go in there!" he cried, in tragic voice,
"I will not let you do my princess harm!"
"What did you say just then?" I asked with eyes that twinkled bright,
And then he told me everything and all;
"Our princess lies inside," he said, in whispered tones so low,
"And must not be awakened, 'cause she 's small.

"And so my mama put me here to watch her till she wakes,
And she said not to let a person in;
And so I minded Mother dear, and watched our princess sweet;
And that is all," he ended, with a grin.
I grabbed this little mischief up, and kissed his dimpled face;
But just then something stirred, not very hard;
Then we both went in the room, and the little "princess sweet"
Held out her tiny arms to her small "guard."

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.

PROSE, 1

Constance Pritchett	Rhoma Phipps	Eleanor M. Bell
Lulie Westfeldt	William W. Ladd	Clifford Furnas
Richard Cooch	Vivian E. Hall	Edna Hauselt
Eliza A. Peterson	Mary V. Farmer	Nathan Willensky
Margaret Briggs	Lile E. Chew	Edward W. Dann, Jr.
John J. Hanighen	Susan Nevin	Estella Johnson
Virginia Gohn	Rebecca Marshall	Elizabeth W. Gates
Elizabeth Macdonald	Julia M. Herget	Margaret McCusker
Dorothy M. Rogers	Edgar Gibbs	Eleanore Maule
Winifred S. Stoner, Jr.	Dorothy Robathan	Margaret Burkett
Mary C. Williams	Dorothy M. Russell	Blanche Laub
Eleanor S. Cooper	James Sheean	Margaret C. Packer
Selma Brenner	Edith M. Levy	Cordelia Cox
Willard Purinton	Katharine B. Nesmith	Marion Ward
Rose Sigal	Katherine Bull	Gertrude H. Ressemeyer
Fredrika W. Hertel	Alice Lee Tully	Jeannette Felleheimer
Lydia S. Chapin	Miriam Goodspeed	Eldora Ellsworth
Mary Frost	Ruth B. Brewster	Helen A. Dority
Eugene W. De Kalb		Lillian Martin
Yvonne Tomes		Louise M. Bamberg
Margaret Pratt		Alison Laing
Marie H. Taylor		Margaret Long
Doris Rowell		Doris G. Tipton
Emily L. Talbert		Naomi Lauchheimer
Elmer H. Van Fleet		Lucy Somerville
Thyrza Weston		Hazel K. Sawyer
Lucile Luttrell		Dorothea Brammer
Jacob Feld		George F. Milliken
Maureen G. Husband		Katherine Read
Tilton Singer		Gjems Fraser
Annie F. Napier		Elizabeth C. Walton
Martha L. Clark		Elizabeth Finley
Thais Plaisted		Gertrude Rucker
Ione Cocke		Donald Wogaman
Mary E. Van Fossen		Drummond Jones
Eleanor Hussey		Esther Carpenter
Clara Holder		Frieda E. Haden
Ellen W. Warren		
Beatrice Brown		
Elsie Terhune		
James M. Israel		
Marjorie E. Logie		
Nathaniel Dorfman		
Henry W. Hardy		
Evelyn Frost		

PROSE, 2

Ruth Wineland	Pauline P. Whittlesey
Isabel Tovey	Eva Albanesi
Lillias Armour	Janet Hepburn
Fannye L. Rich	Lucile E. Fitch
Mary E. Taggart	Albert R. Eckel
Florence Patton	Marian Shaler
Jane Morgenthau	Rebecca K. Merrill
Julia Sherman	
Marion Twitchell	
Elizabeth B. Bratton	
Myrtle Doppmann	
Edyth Walker	
Alma Rosenzi	
Florence Gallagher	
Elsie Daubert	
Louise S. May	
Paulyne F. May	
Jack Jackson	
Sophie H. Duvall	
Helen Gould	
Mary Flaherty	
Mary Daboll	
Eleanor C. Bates	

VERSE, 1

Pauline P. Whittlesey
Eva Albanesi
Janet Hepburn
Lucile E. Fitch
Albert R. Eckel
Marian Shaler
Rebecca K. Merrill



"ON THE SQUARE." BY BEATRICE WINELAND, AGE 14.

Mary Porter	D. Grace Ziegler	John C. Farrar
Eleanore Leete	James F. Whelan	Helen P. Loudenslager
Sarah B. Randolph	Katharine Hall	Bertha E. Walker
Daniel B. Bencotter	Anita Delafield	Mildred Willard
Martha H. Comer	James E. Macklin, 2d	Hélène M. Roesch
Alexina Haring	Hilda Mabley	Josephine C. Wall
Louise Stuermer	Louise Northrup	Louise K. Paine
Vera Bloom	Margaret Pennewell	Miriam F. Carpenter
Helen G. Rankin	Lazare Chernoff	Carol Marsh
Eleanor King Newell	Anna Schein	Anita L. Grannis
Evelyn G. Pullen	Marjorie M. Carroll	Thelma Stillson
Francis C. Hanighen	Alfred Valentine	Josephine N. Felts
Margaret G.	Catalina Ferrer	B. H. W. Cresswell
Weatherup	Frances E. Price	Mattie Hibbert

Laurencia Vradenburg
Winifred Birkett
Eleanor Sewall
Eleanor Collins
Margaret Finck
Howard Bennett
Ben Sleeper
Bruce T. Simonds
Josephine L. Livingood
Eleanor Johnson
Naomi E. Butler
Claire H. Roesch
Leslie Eggar
Lee Stephens
Renée Geoffron
Hazel Roberts
Emanuel Farbstein
Vera B. Hall
Evelyn Dunham
Josephine Richards
Louise Craner
Caroline F. Ware
Helen Tolles
Arthur H. Nethercot
Suzanne Bringier
Jennie W. Burton
Laura Hadley

VERSE, 2

Heather F. Burbury
Lloyd Dinkelspiel
Dorothy Hurpinus
Ruby H. Keeney
Alice Trimble
Ambrose C. Duggar
Margaret C. Blood
Edith H. Walton
Elinor F. Hopkins
Byrona Larkelle
Grace Grimes
Julia Goetze
Edna Friedlander
Martha W. Stanford
Katherine Wogaman
Georgene Davis
Miriam Abrams
Evelyn Waterman
Ruth Hanchett
Evangeline Amzell
Eleanor Perkins
George Meistle
Margaret H. Benson
Katherine Pearse
Ruth Andrew
Frances S. Brown

DRAWINGS, 1

William Burkley
S. Dorothy Bell
Katharine Reynolds
Nellie L. Leach
Leurs Yeomans
Frederick Agnew
Margaret F. Foster
Ida E. Kahan
Margaret Ager
Francis W. Wright
Thompson Blackburn
Margaret L. Ayer
Madeline Zeisse
Pauline Hatfield
Evelyn B. Sloat
Copeland Hovey
Kenneth Davis
Bennie Farbstein
Ellen Johnson
Courtenay W. Halsey
Katharine H. Seligman
Isabella B. Howland
Catharine M. Clarke
Marian Hoyt
Margaret P. Metcalfe
Horatio Rogers
Jean Davis
Jean E. Peacock
William Keever
Stella Bloch
Raymond Gleeson
Gladys E. Mead
Margaret Jewell
Kelly S. Vaughan
Marjorie Flack
Howard R. Sherman

Jean Dorchester
A. Gordon Grove
Josephine Fisher
Chester W. Slack
Sarah F. Marimon
Rose G. Martin
Ruth S. Thorp

DRAWINGS, 2

Lucy Hunt
Lois C. Myers
Albin Y. Thorp
Mary McPheeters
Violet Roberts
Jennie E. Everden
Caryl Peabody
Hester B. Curtis
Elizabeth M. Brand
Margaret M. McGregor
John Argens
Edward Lascher
Mildred Greenfield
Elizabeth Harter
Meredith Brown
Nellie Melrose
Malcolm E. Anderson
Caroline L. Ingham
Marguerite Vandervoort
Lily Madan
Antoinette Van Liew
Wilford E. Yost
Caroline Lyder
Ellen B. Hindes
Esther Hopper
Bertha M. Tilton
Alice J. Longhran
Elsie Gouldberg
Isabella Cargill
Douglas Sprunt
Walter K. Frame
Adaline Kent
William H. Fry
Ruth E. Thompson
Esther Rosenthal
Janice Dunker
Marion B. Cook
Helen T. Stevenson
Aroline A. Beecher
Venette M. Willard
Elizabeth W. Clark, Jr.
Charles F. Patterson
Henrietta H. Henning
Oscar Banban
Henrietta M. Archer
Lucile Means
Jessie E. Alison
Gladys Meldrum
Dorothy Curtis
Hayworth Michener
Helen D. Robnett
Clara Leitman
Marie J. Cooke
Ruth Putnam
Helen Brown
Catherine Trask
Illa Williams
Mary Younglove
Frances Wait
Madeleine Marshall
Marcia E. Stewart
Norman A. Kelly
Cornelia Felix
Rebecca Johnson
Reba Goldstein
Edith Maurer

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Edward De W. Wines
Willard Vander Veer
William P. Jacob
Lois Whitney
Ellen K. Hone
Clyde N. Kemery
W. Robert Reud
Esther R. Harrington
Princess Fanny Hohenloke
Margaret G. Thomson
Miriam Hizar
Truin Eppstein
Gladys Smith

Elizabeth Phillips
Catherine Norris
Betty Humphreys
Genevieve Blanchard
Mary Everett
Katherine L. Guy
Hester M. Dickey
Gordon Snow

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Frances Pogue
Gertrude McInnes
Jessica B. Noble
Nancy Eggers
Louis Clark
Elizabeth K. Brown
Marion C. Holmes
Esther Detmer
Elizabeth Cains
Philbrick McCoy
Dorothy G. Schwarz
Catharine Tarr
Alice D. Shaw
Benjamin Alford, Jr.
Betty M. Weaver
A. S. Weeks
Dorothy Hall
Alice Moore
Eleanor O. Doremus
Betty Comstock
Alice G. McKernon
Alice B. Eggleston
Elverton Morrison
Dorenda Maltby
John Rosenfield
Junior Scruton
Louis Joseph
Florence M. Seward
Ruth M. Simonds
Elriot J. Ward
Justus Wakelee
Helen M. MacDonald
Jean W. Wagner
Margaret Anderson
Allen Gray
Katherine Abbott
Leslie Gray
Judith V. Hanna
Elsie Apel
Eric H. Marks
Alpheus B. Stickney
Valerie Underwood
Sarah D. Roubush
Priscilla D. Howard
Alexander M. Greene
Marian G. Peck
Margaret Powers
Julia F. Brice
Dorothy Deming
Ruby Britts
Elizabeth C. Carter
Mary Barnett
Virginia P. Bradford
Addie E. Smith
W. Coburn Seward
Frances M. Sweet
Elizabeth La Boyteaux

PUZZLES, 1

Deborah Iddings
Edith Armstrong
Gustav Deichmann
Katharine K. Spencer
Margaret P. Spaulding
Gertrude Bendheim
Duncan Scarborough
Henry D. Knower
Isabel Conklin
Constance Griffith
Henrietta Archer
Elizabeth M. Brand
Margaret D. Kittinger
Rachel Souhami
Elizabeth P. Robinson
Fannie Ruley
Pearl Miller
Margaret P. Cooke
Edith Lucie Weart
Mary Fraim
Margaret Waddell
James Stanisewsky
Mary Bancroft
Margaret M. Horton

William Waller
Ruth Browne
Norah Heney
Robert Crawford
Louise D. Patterson
Helena A. Irvine

PUZZLES, 2

Warren W. Pierson
Marg't W. Billingham
Charles Pearson, Jr.

Margaret E. Herbert
Estella V. Johnson
Lucy E. Cooke
Alice Heyl
Horace Yeomans
May H. Doolittle
Mary H. West
Ruth Dorchester
Katharine Skinner
H. A. Moffat
Eva Garson
William Ehrich, Jr.

Alice Bell
Bessie Burch
Blanche W. Billstein
John D. Cooper
Helen Westfall
Adele Chapin
Hannah Ruley
Sarah Y. Macklin
Mary L. Sperry
Rosetta Gilmore
Francis Westcott
Jamison D. Roberts

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 157

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 157 will close **November 10** (for foreign members **November 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **March**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "A Song of Home."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "Luck and Work."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Caught."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Ready for Winter," or a Heading for **March**.

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. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

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 who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

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 notes 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.

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



A PIONEER PALACE CAR.

THE STORY OF THE PATH-MAKERS

THE Hunters' Moon will still be hanging yellow in the sky when you are reading this number of *ST. NICHOLAS*, so it is not yet quite time to turn away from the adventurous life of the great outdoor spaces to rooms and streets and trolley-cars, and all the confinements of civilization. Or, at least, if turn we must, since school and office call back hunter and camper and sailor to desk and bench, we may yet keep a hand stretched out to the rough grip of nature, and a backward eye on her nights of stars and days of lusty winds, ripening orchards and reaped grain, yellow woods and white-laced brown brooks running under the dark pines.

Wherever in this broad land you may have spent the summer and autumn, you have got there with comparative ease. Trains have rolled you over the vast plains or through the mountains, have brought you to the open door of the forest or the shores of lake or sea. If you went into the wilderness, you passed through sweet and flourishing farm districts and lively villages, and even though you crossed the prairies that roll up to the foot of the Rockies, you have seen the irrigated land turned green and gold with growing corn and hay.

But a little time ago, even as we human beings count time, none of this was so. There were the mountains and the plains, the forest and the wilderness, and no way of getting across them except by foot or on horseback, a perilous way, fit only for the strongest and the most daring.

Thinking of these things as my train whirled on its eastward journey, I remembered two books that tell in graphic style the story of the change

—the wonderful change from the wild times of the path-finders and path-makers to the present day, with its Pullman cars flashing over the iron roads, going farther in a day than it was possible to go in a month when the wilderness was at home all over the continent.

These two books are written by men who were among the pioneers and adventurers who rode the long and dangerous trails from East to West, and who saw the whole great drama played out, helping a deal in the playing—or, rather, the fighting, for there was a considerable amount of the latter and precious little of the former in the whole big business from beginning to end.

These men are Colonel Henry Inman, U. S. A., and Colonel Cody, or "Buffalo Bill," whom you have probably heard of before; and the books are "The Old Santa Fé Trail" and "The Old Salt Lake Trail." The Salt Lake book has been written by the two in collaboration, while the other book is by Inman alone, with an introduction by Buffalo Bill. They are big, fat books with many illustrations, and they tell a tale as amazing and exciting as it is true. Now, as you know well that truth is stranger than fiction, you can form some notion of just how stirring these volumes are.

Here are told the great hardships, the high endeavor, the noble endurance, and the wild enchantment of that western life, a life so recently passed away that its memory is distinct in the minds of living men, and yet so utterly vanished that it seems to have belonged to another age than ours, or to be a romantic story told at twilight when the fancy plays.

Yet here are the pages written by the very men who tramped and rode the desperate miles

across the continent, back and forth, meeting all the perils of the trail, and escaping hardly with more than their lives; men who saw the vast hordes of the buffalo and the tepees of the Indians disappear before the trapper, the hunter, and the grazer, and these again vanish before the farmer and the homesteader. Surely, in all the story of this world's adventures, so much history was never before packed into so short a space of time.

It was in 1861 that the telegraph was finally stretched from ocean to ocean, putting an end to the famous Pony Express. And in 1880, that the first train of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad ran over the new rails and killed the old trails. This was the beginning of the end, the beginning of To-day, and our easy hurrying over the routes mapped out by the pioneers.

In "The Old Santa Fé Trail" we follow the tracks of Kit Carson, and many a story is told of him, and of Dick Wootin and other famous scouts and Indian fighters. There is a lot of fighting in these pages, for Indian and white disputed every step with the rifle and the scalping-knife—it was, first of all, a war-path, this way across the country.

There seems to be no end to the number of stories told in the two books. There is the Mexican War, as it affected the scouts and trappers and cavalry of the army; there is the great tale of the first wagon expedition across the Divide and the Plains, a record of amazing hardship and grim endurance, in which the few who won out were compelled to finish on foot, wagons and baggage abandoned.

And oh, the hundreds of anecdotes of bear- and beaver-trapping, deer- and buffalo-shooting! It was the ruthless slaughter of the buffalo that first aroused the hatred of the Sioux, or Dakotas, which was the real name of the nation. These Sioux, with the Comanches, became the terror of the whites, and left a trail of blood behind them as they were slowly driven back. The Pawnees were troublesome too, but, on the whole, more friendly. There is one story Buffalo Bill tells of a Pawnee baby who was adopted by a Pony Express rider, known by the name of Whipsaw, which reveals the devotion of an Indian to his friend. Whipsaw had rescued the three-year-old child from a wicked-looking old Sioux warrior who had stolen him from his own people, and after that the boy would have nothing to do with the redskins; in fact, he hated them, and never lost a chance to do them harm.

In the end, the little boy, who was called Little Cayuse, saved not only Whipsaw, but several other Express riders from murder by the Sioux. It is a good yarn, as you'll find out in reading it.

The picture Buffalo Bill gives of these riders is a wonderful one. The service was so dangerous that few men were willing to undertake it, and of these scarcely one escaped quite unhurt. The lightning speed at which they rode, the loneliness, the heat, cold, and drought they suffered, are thrilling to read of. At any moment, as they fled along, an enemy might rise up, a shot whistle past—not always past! Then, after the mail-bags were tossed to the waiting rider at the next post, who immediately started at full gallop, the drop into a sleep of utter exhaustion, rolled in a blanket on the floor of the cabin.

There are, especially in "The Old Salt Lake



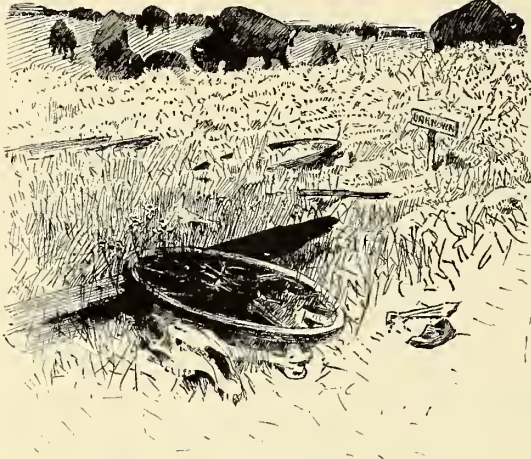
A MOUNTAIN HUNTER.

Trail," a number of Indian legends and beliefs, and much concerning their customs, both in their tribal life, and when they came into contact with the intruding white men. Tales, too, that were told at night by the old scouts and trappers as they sat smoking round the fire. One of the most famous of these men was known as "Old Hatcher," and we hear one of his stories as he sits "under the silvery pines, with the troops of stars overhead," one of a group of buckskin-clad men, speaking in his western dialect, with telling gestures, his pipe always in his mouth, and his eyes fixed, with a far-away look, on some glowing spot in the fire as though he were seeing the scenes and adventures he described.

There is a good deal told of General Sherman, and of the great task of building the Union Pa-

cific. With the last spike driven in that road, the Salt Lake Trail followed the Santa Fé out of existence.

Buffalo Bill tells many of his own adventures as a scout for the United States Army, and anecdotes of the many officers he met in that capacity.



WHERE AN EMIGRANT TRAIN HAD PASSED.

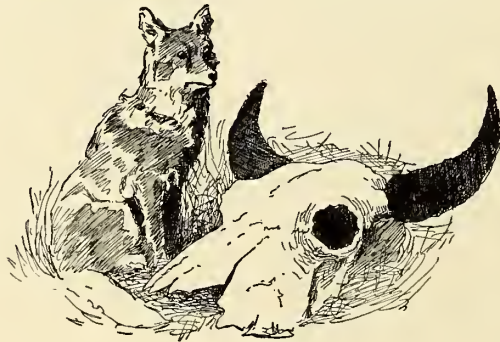
Another wonderful story is that of the creation of the Overland Stage Route. The coaches were huge, swinging affairs, drawn by six horses or mules, the finest to be had, and these were usually driven at a gallop over the rough trails and breakneck descents. They went as fast as a hundred miles a day, the horses being changed every ten miles at the roadside houses. The drivers of these stages were men of character and of a dare-devil bravery. Adventure was the order of the day, and not a driver among them but had his score and more to relate. Hold-ups were common, for the stages went almost as heavily loaded with gold as with passengers, on many of their trips. What rides they must have been! The towering mountains, the wild cañon road between the pine-covered slopes, the beautiful horses go-

ing at full tilt, with the heavy coach swaying behind them, its little group of travelers on top, the driver swinging his long whip, the conductor, who was responsible for the mail, looking out, gun in hand—then, suddenly, two or three mounted desperadoes barring the route!

Many a rough joke these wild men played, and many a harrowing deed is recorded of them and of their enemies. Many a foolhardy risk they took, and many an act of gentleness and kindness is "chalked up" to them. They were much like children, simple and natural, taking things as they came, and loving adventure like boys. The life they lived has no place in our civilization, but it was fine and manly for all its faults. Without men of their caliber we should scarcely have subdued the West, turning the wilderness into the granary of the world, and opening the golden mountains for their wealth. Thanks to them, peace has come now, and the wild miles are sweet and smiling.

If you want a true notion of how America grew to be what she is, and desire to see at first-hand the men, or some of them, who had a hand in this growth, you cannot do better than read these two books. As for interest and excitement, you won't fail to find plenty. But the fact that the stories are thrilling does not make them the less true, which is one of the comforts of life. It is history—but it is adventure too! It is as valuable as it is thrilling. The settling of the West had many phases, but here we get the beginning of them all, "that first fine, careless rapture" we never can recapture, and which belongs to youth, to first times, and the beginnings of things, and is usually lost in what follows.

Perhaps, while you read in the dark November evenings, the wind will shriek in the windows, rattling the blinds, until it seems to you that you hear the war-cry of the Sioux and the clatter of horses' feet. Snuggle down more closely by the fire, and turn the pages. It is only fancy now—but fifty years ago . . . !





ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL

If the pictured words are written one below another, the diagonal, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, spells the name of a famous explorer. E. R. B.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

My whole consists of seventy-nine letters and forms a quotation from Walter Scott.

My 29-50-12-51-42 is ground. My 5-59-70-11 is part of a fork. My 21-23-24-45-13 is a dwelling. My 17-65-14-6 is a Biblical character. My 43-37-34-2-64 is obtained from Africa. My 15-36-40-4-76 is what gold is. My 48-19-67-7-31 is subjected to a pecuniary penalty. My 63-54-61-78-25-69 is chiefly. My 1-46-22-72 is of the highest excellence. My 8-16-35-28 is by the sea. My 58-75-30-39-20-10 is the fireside. My 74-71-26-57 is immense. My 66-73-56-9-49 is a dimension. My 33-41-32 is in what condition. My 62-18-55-53-60 is pertaining to a country in Europe. My 52-27-63-3 is a place we love. My 44-38-79-77-47 is often given as a prize.

WINTHROP SLADE, JR. (age 11), *League Member*.

CONCEALED SQUARE WORD

(One word is concealed in each couplet)

If you can't settle where to buy,
For umpire Stephen we will try.

A shop in every street you'll find
With bargain sales just to your mind.

A suit like yours so warm and light
So nice and trig I'd buy at sight.

There goes the sun; I tell you, friends,
That heavy cloud a shower portends.

For shopping I'm no more inclined,
Some destination we must find.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

QUINTUPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Quintuple behead and curtail prescience, and leave the present time. Answer, forek-now-ledge.

In the same way behead and curtail: 1. Causing uneasiness, and leave a conjunction. 2. Support, and leave a fragment of cloth. 3. Pertaining to a crystalloid, and leave every one. 4. Improper administration, and leave a horse. 5. One of the United States, and leave a vehicle. 6. The act of sparkling, and leave sick. 7. The art of the actor, and leave a male child. 8. One skilled in

arithmetic, and leave joined. 9. Belonging to Lent, and leave era. 10. Pertaining to type, and leave to strike. 11. Impairments through neglect, and leave a feminine name. 12. That which is brought back into a country from which it was taken, and leave a fragment. 13. Concerning different nations, and leave a masculine nickname.

When correctly guessed, and written one below another, the primals of the remaining three-letter words will spell the name of a famous American general.

ISIDORE HELFAND (age 14).

ADDITIONS

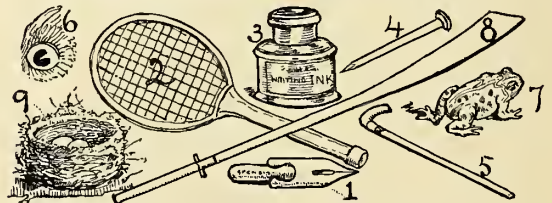
EXAMPLE: To a beast of burden add to be the matter with, and make to attack. Answer: ass-ail.

1. To an animal add to bite, and make an aromatic plant. 2. To strike add a pronoun, and make to this place. 3. To an insect add an edge, and make a song of praise. 4. To decay add a number, and make un-sound. 5. To a ballad add human beings, and make the laity. 6. To part of the head add a pronoun, and make terrestrial. 7. To the ocean add a male child, and make a division of the year. 8. To confine water add a period, and make injury. 9. To a tavern add devoured, and make natural. 10. To a vehicle add to caress, and make a floor covering. 11. To a young goat add a doze, and make to steal a human being. 12. To the termination add part of the head, and make to make beloved. 13. To a negative word add to freeze, and make to observe. 14. To a luminary add to place, and make a time of day.

When correctly guessed and written one below another, the primals of the resulting six-letter words made will spell the name of a famous novelist.

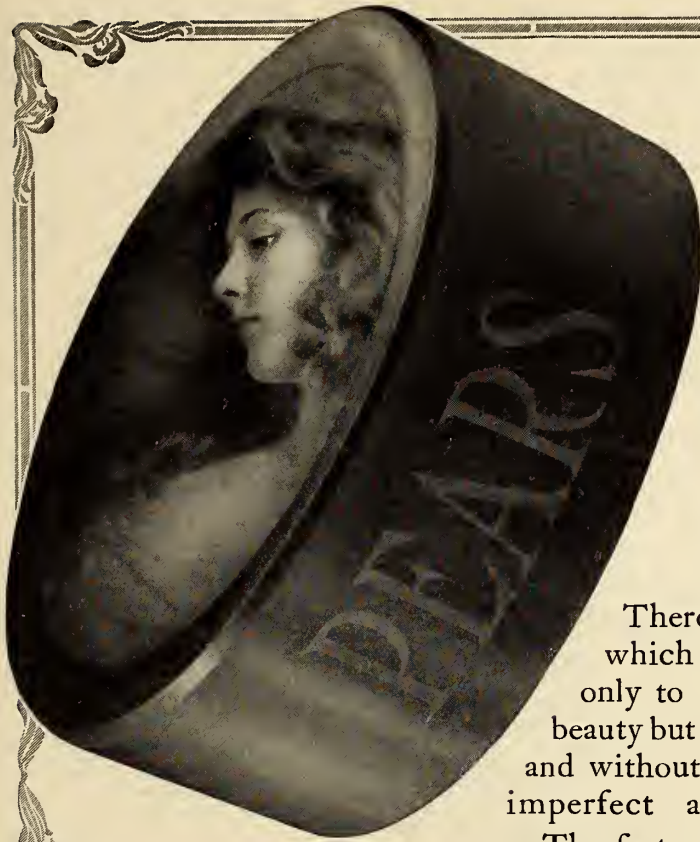
EDITH PIERPONT STICKNEY (age 13), *Honor Member*.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC



In this puzzle the words (of unequal length) are pictured instead of described. When rightly guessed, and written one below another, the primals spell the name of a famous institution.

CHARLES M. ALFORD (age 9), *League Member*.



**“The
Beautiful
Rests
on the
Foundations
of the
Necessary”**

There are certain things which are necessary not only to the foundation of beauty but to its preservation, and without which beauty is imperfect and unending.

The first of these necessities is a soap that will protect the skin from the impairing influences of climate and atmosphere, and keep the complexion of a velvety softness and a sweet, peach-like bloom. The only soap that fully and completely answers these requirements is

Pears' Soap

which is both a skin soap and a beauty soap.

It penetrates to the foundations of beauty, and gives that natural stimulative force that keeps the skin in healthy action, without which the color fades and the cheeks become sallow.

The Great English Complexion Soap

“All rights secured”

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST



Write today—
it's worth your while

You may be one of those who are looking for a dentifrice that is pleasant to use as well as efficient. If you are, send us 2 cents in stamps and we will mail you a generous trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—the dentifrice without a “druggy” taste.

You will be as pleased with the delicious flavor as with the sense of wholesome cleanliness it gives your mouth.

Ribbon Dental Cream checks decay-germs, corrects excessive acidity and cleans the teeth thoroughly and safely.

Ask mother to get you a tube—or send us 2c. in stamps for a generous trial tube. Ask for “The Jungle Pow-Wow” too, for your little brother or sister—a funny animal rhyme book with colored pictures. It's free.

COLGATE & CO. Dept. 60 199 Fulton Street, New York



What Cora Manning Says.

"And, oh, Jack! we're out of Jell-O again. Order a dozen and bring a package of Strawberry Jell-O with you. The Mannings are coming for dinner and Cora Manning says there's nothing so lovely as my

JELL-O

desserts."

The Mannings and their friends, like other sensible people who can afford expensive luxuries, do not deprive themselves of good things because they are cheap.

The charm of the Jell-O dessert is felt in every home, and it only costs ten cents!

Plain but delicious desserts and elaborate and delicious desserts are made of Jell-O—and most of them can be made in a minute.

There are seven delightful Jell-O flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

10 cents each at any grocer's.

If you will write and ask us for it we will send you the splendid recipe book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," illustrated in ten colors and gold.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,

Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.



The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it is n't there, it is n't JELL-O.

Franklin Simon & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE, 37th and 38th Streets, NEW YORK

Misses' and Girls' House Robes



No. 23—Hand embroidered, imported Japanese Quilted Silk Gown, in navy, light blue, red, old rose, or pink, lined with silk in contrasting color, fastened with silk frogs, cord, and tassel; 4, 6, and 8 years..... **6.95**
 10 and 12 years..... **7.95**
 14, 16, and 18 years..... **9.75**

No. 25—Crêpon Eiderdown Wrapper in red, light blue, or pink, trimmed with satin to match; 2 to 4 years..... **1.85**
 6 to 10 years..... **2.50**
 12 to 20 years..... **3.25**

No. 25A—Hand-made Slippers of pink or blue silk Dresden ribbon, lined with silk... **1.95**

No. 27—Imported Japanese Silk Quilted Gown, in navy, light blue, pink, red, or old rose, lined with silk in contrasting color, fastened with silk frogs, cord, and tassel;

4 to 8 years..... **4.95**
 10 to 12 years..... **6.95**
 14 to 18 years..... **7.95**

Every Stitch Guaranteed in This Hosiery for Six Months!

Buy HOLEPROOF Hose. Every stitch is guaranteed, not just the heels and toes. Every six pairs must wear SIX MONTHS or you get new hose FREE. Why put up with hose that wear out in two weeks when there are hose like these? They cost just as much as you pay for "Holeproof." Thus "Holeproof" are *cheaper* because they last longer.

We pay an average of 70 cents a pound for the cotton yarn in "Holeproof." Common yarn could be purchased for 30 cents. But "Holeproof" are soft and are made in the lightest weights, if you want them. Even these sheerest weights are guaranteed six months. We must make the *best* hose to *guarantee* them.

The genuine "Holeproof" bearing the signature *Carl Frischl* that of the originator of guaranteed hose, can be had in your town.

We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or we'll ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

We even guarantee silk hose for men and women. Three pairs, guaranteed three months, for men cost \$2, for women \$3. Anyone, therefore, can now wear silk hose with economy for "Holeproof" of silk wear longer than common cotton kinds.

Write today for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

Cotton "Holeproof" for men, women, children and infants cost 25 cents to 50 cents a pair in boxes of six pairs guaranteed six months.

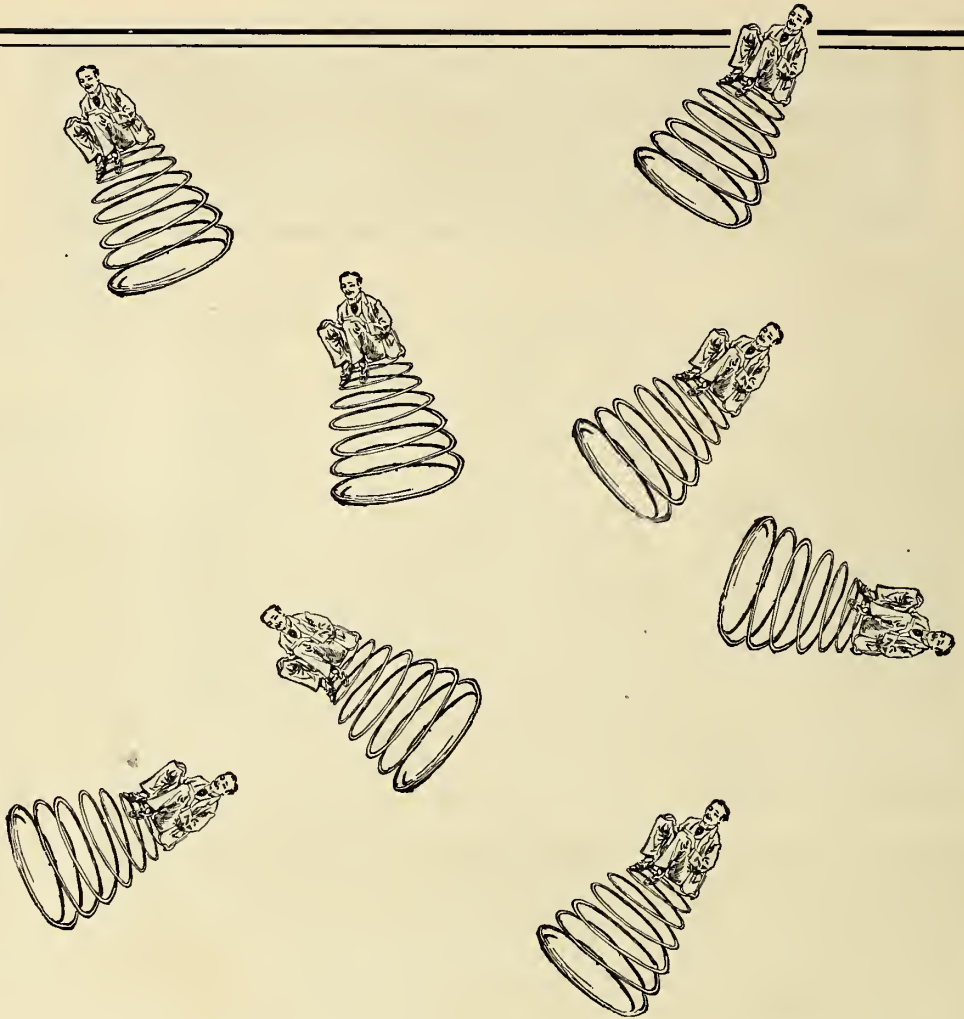
It is easy to make hose last if you make them heavy enough. But to make hose light and make them wear you must use the highest-priced yarn that's sold.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

Are Your Hose Insured?

(372)





Springtime All the Time for Every
One Who Wears Heels Like This

O'Sullivan's
Heels
OF NEW
LIVE RUBBER



You ought to have
them on your new
shoes. They make
you step quietly.



KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

Standard since 1848

**Your well-planned dinner calls for a
delicious and dainty dessert.**

A Kingsford's Blanc Mange, Custard, Charlotte or Pudding is sure to meet with hearty approval. What other dessert could you serve that looks so palatable and tastes so good? The perfect purity and extreme delicacy of Kingsford's gives you results you can't get with inferior substitutes. Don't risk failure with

them—insist on the reliable Kingsford's.

Send your name on a post card for Cook Book "D"—168 of the best recipes free.

T. KINGSFORD & SON

National Starch Co., Suc'rs

Oswego, N. Y.



On Monday tell the laundress *good starching* is as necessary as *good washing* to have clothes a snowy white. See that

KINGSFORD'S SILVER GLOSS STARCH

is used. Cheap starch spots and stains the most carefully washed garment. Kingsford's may cost a little more—but it gives such a dainty finish to lingerie and fine undergarments you would not think of using any other starch once you try it. Kingsford's is the *pure natural* lump starch—the reliable starch with American housewives for three generations—for hot or cold starching.

Insist that the dealer send it. Direct the laundress to use it.

Sold in 1 lb., 3 lb., and 6 lb. boxes.

T. KINGSFORD & SON

National Starch Co., Suc'rs

Oswego, N. Y.



St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 131.

Time to hand in answers is up November 10. Prize-winners announced in January number.

For this competition the Judges ask you to write a letter to the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, telling in 300 words or less of some advertisement in a magazine (*any* magazine) that has caused you or some member of your family to write a letter to the advertiser in regard to the thing advertised, and the result of the correspondence, whether you bought the article or not.

The prizes will be awarded according to the merits of your letter—its form, clearness, and correct style.

The object is to find out how well you can tell the story of the experience, and also what made you or your family write to the advertiser.

Try to make your letter simple, and yet let it tell the facts clearly, so that it will show what caused the letter to the advertiser to be written, and what came of it.

This is not a puzzle, but a competition in the writing of a good business letter telling certain facts in the right way.

Here follow the list of prizes and the rules:

One First Prize, \$5.00 to the one who submits the best letter—that is, the most creditable in its style, form, and correctness.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each to those who submit the two next best letters.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each to those who submit the three next best letters.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each to those who submit the ten next best letters.

Here are the rules and regulations:

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 (131).

3. Submit answers by November 10, 1912. 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. 131, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.

(See also page 30.)

This is addressed to those mothers of girls and boys who are beginning to be afraid that "music simply isn't in" their children, it's so hard to keep them interested in it

She practiced and she practiced —but she never learned to play



Surely, you never heard of a child who didn't love music. But practicing—that's another matter. Nothing is harder or more tiresome work—especially when there are other things going on—doll parties or ball games.

There's only one way to make practicing less hard and less tiresome—that is to keep in the front of your boys' or girls' minds, the fact that *some* day they are going to be good players, musicians.

But how?

Incentive! They should know what good music is and what good playing is. If you could play and *would* play for them, they couldn't ask for a better incentive. They'd practice till their fingers ached to learn to play as well.

But you don't play. And that is why you need the PIANOLA Player-piano to give your children the incentive you yourself can't give them. Keeping up their interest will be the *least* of your worries when a PIANOLA Player-piano comes into your home.

Do you think, because anyone can play the PIANOLA Player-piano, that they will lose interest or become discouraged with their own efforts?

No! They will practice as never before—to be able to do with *their own two hands* what the PIANOLA Player-piano does so perfectly. It is the greatest incentive in the world to make girls and boys *want* to be good players and *try* to be.

And then think of your world of beautiful music, of finished masterly playing, to offset the finger exercises and scales you listen to while your children are still beginners.

When you go to hear the Pianola Player-piano be sure you hear the genuine PIANOLA—not just a player-piano. Pianola does not mean *any* player-piano. It is our trade-mark *name*. There is a vast difference, as you will understand when you have heard the effects of the Metrostyle and Themodist, two *exclusive* Pianola Player-piano features. The least expensive Pianola Player-piano at \$350, gives you these and other *exclusive* Pianola features that even the highest priced of other players cannot give you. We suggest that you read "The Pianolist," a book by Gustave Kobbé, for sale at all book stores. We should be pleased to send you a copy with our compliments if you will address Department "D."

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY
Aeolian Hall New York

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 129

A great pile of papers awaited the Judges' attention this month. Competition No. 129 goes down on the records as one of the most successful and amusing we have had in many a day. Of course, many of the papers were placed in the rejected pile because of some omission or violation of the rules. Some of you, too, I surmise, failed to win prizes because your work was careless, or the picture you submitted was silly. On the whole, however, the Judges were much pleased. The first prize is a picture of Mennen's Talcum Powder baby reaching from a Pears' Soap bathtub for an Auto-Strop Razor. The title reads "Eventually—Why Not Now?" The work is so well done, and the idea is so clever, that we should probably all agree with the Judges' decision. And there is a picture marked fourth prize—"Fifty-seven Varieties" of children carefully grouped, and presumably all ST. NICHOLAS readers. And then there is a most attractive piece of work—a clever combination of fourteen different advertisements to form a title plate for the St. Nicholas League. Another paper, marked "Second Prize," is a picture of the Peter's Chocolate man with his staff, on which a Borden's Eagle has alighted, and in his other arm a Northern Pacific baby bear. He is leading a donkey loaded with a box of Grape-Nuts, and a group of happy Ivory Soap children are running eagerly after the wonderful traveler. We can imagine them remembering the scene long afterward, which makes the title "The Memory Lingers" very appropriate.

There are many others—so many good ones, in fact, that we have quite

a long list of those receiving Honorable Mention this month. It is rather difficult to go over more than two thousand pictures, as there were this month, and look at each one carefully, and judge fairly. But it is pleasant work because the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls—and you are one of them, of course—are the brightest in the world. After you have sent in two or three contributions the Judges get to know your work and look upon you, more or less, as a friend every time they see your name. Don't be discouraged because you have not won a prize; just keep on trying to do better and better, and follow the rules carefully, and you will stand a good chance of being a prize-winner.

We are very proud of the names given below. They stand for excellent work.

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Louise Laurens, age 13, New York.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

DeWitt B. B. Stucke, age 12, New York.

Anna A. Fuller, age 16, Rhode Island.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Mildred Stokes, age 14, California.

Jessie Anna Lawton, age 9, Washington.

Marion B. Cook, age 14, New York.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Dorothy M. Ewing, age 14, Canada.

Ruth Carter Grant, age 16, Massachusetts.

Joseph C. Honiz, Jr., age 10, Louisiana.

Laura Hill, age 18, Pennsylvania.

Alison Hastings, age 15, Connecticut.

Vinton Liddell, age 12, North Carolina.

Elizabeth Brownell, age 11, New York.

Lucille Singer, age 14, Illinois.

William Provoost, age 15, New York.

Edith A. Laughlin, age 12, New York.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Dorothy C. Mason, age 14, Massachusetts.

Elizabeth Riggs, age 10, Maryland.

Phebe Ann Richmond, age 12, Rhode Island.

Gertrude Harder, age 16, New York.

Florence L. Dimm, age 9, Colorado.

Anna E. Greenleaf, age 17, New York.

Ruth E. Rieboldt, age 16, Wisconsin.

Kenneth G. Loud, age —, Michigan.

Roland Swift, age 10, Connecticut.

Walter R. Bedell, age 12, New York.

Mary Louisa Cobb, age 13, North Carolina.

Constance Grenelle Wilcox, age 17, Connecticut.

(See also page 28.)

"Say, but these are corking tires!
Watch the fellows sit up and take notice!"



Boys, if you 're expecting to get a wheel this coming Christmas, be sure it has

PENNSYLVANIA *Oilproof* VACUUM CUP TIRES

They 're the kind that don't skid, that last through plenty of rough use, and that cannot be affected by oil. The best roads and pavements are now oiled

for motor traffic, *and oil rots rubber.* Ordinary tires don't last.

weakest links in the
structure are the
Strengthen these, a
steadied, the step b
the walk confident.
the Coward Good Sense
Coward Extension He
ly corrects each we

But Pennsylvania Tires have specially pre- in the tread. Oil makes no difference to them, is tough enough to resist puncturing.

Pennsylvania Tires half a mile off. The tread is red. ly corrects each we tires on your wheel make it look different.

We guarantee these tires for one whole season. They 'll last far longer. No others are so good. They cost \$8.50 a pair, and are worth it.

Ask to have them put on your wheel. If the tire dealer in your home town has n't got Pennsylvania Tires, write us direct. We 'll see that you get them.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY, Jeannette, Pa.

(Reorganized February 1st, 1910)



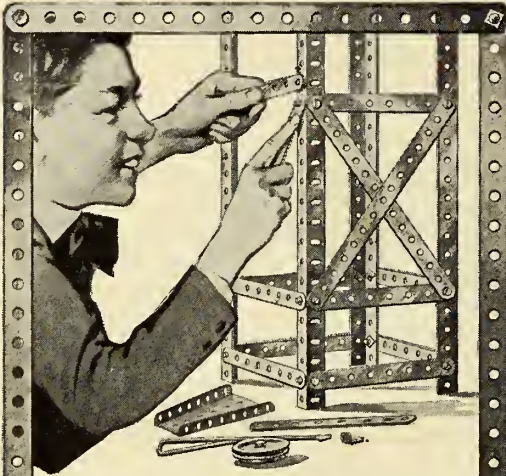
Pittsburg, 505 Liberty Ave.
Cleveland, 1837 Euclid Ave.
Chicago, 1004 Michigan Ave.

Detroit, 254 Jefferson Ave.
Kansas City, 514 E. 15th St.
Minneapolis, 34 S. Eighth St.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. OF NEW YORK
New York City, 1700 Broadway

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. OF CALIFORNIA
San Francisco, 512-14 Mission St. Los Angeles, 930 S. Main St.

An independent company with an independent selling policy



GREAT MEN today are great builders—of railroads, bridges, huge buildings, giant machines—and they build with steel. With

MECCANO

you can build *working models* of drawbridges, cranes, derricks, signal towers and many other structures with working parts.

Meccano outfits contain everything you need—beams, girders, channel irons, pulleys, bolts—made mostly of plated steel and brass.

Write for Illustrated Catalog and list of principal dealers in your section. This catalog describes not merely the outfit, but shows the things you can build.

Meccano is sold by leading toy and sporting goods stores. See a set.

Look for name Meccano.

THE EMBOSING CO.
23 Church St. Albany, N. Y.
Manufacturers of

“Toys that Teach”

You Can't Shoot

straight if your gun is dirty. Clean out the barrel, polish the stock, lubricate the trigger with “3-in-One.” Use “3-in-One” on your skates, bicycle, tools—prevents rust.

Can You Hunt

rabbits, birds? Oil your gun with “3-in-One” and every shot goes straight to the mark. Makes trigger work right—keeps barrel bright inside and out.

Boys, Don't Drown

your tools in cheap oil. A few drops of “3-in-One” makes brace and bit, plane, saws, all tools work perfectly—keeps them bright and clean, free from rust.

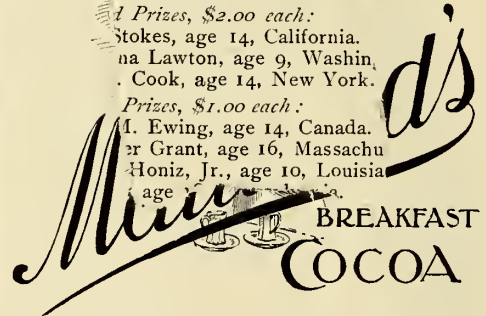
Write for generous sample bottle—FREE
3-IN-ONE OIL CO.,
42 Q. B. Broadway, New York



Prizes, \$3.00 each:
B. Stucke, age 12, New
Fuller, age 16, Rhode Isl.

Prizes, \$2.00 each:
Stokes, age 14, California.
Lawton, age 9, Washin.
Cook, age 14, New York.

Prizes, \$1.00 each:
Ewing, age 14, Canada.
Grant, age 16, Massachu
Honiz, Jr., age 10, Louisia
age



gives just the rejuvenating aid and assistance you need to carry on social and business life. Delicately blended—deliciously flavored.

At All Leading Grocers

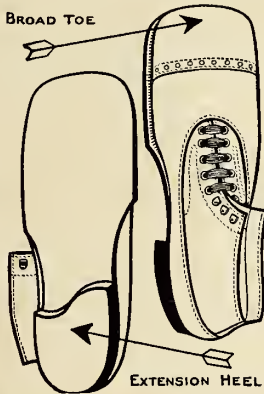
Maillard's
NEW YORK

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street

CHOCOLATES, BONBONS, FRENCH BONBONNIÈRES
Afternoon tea served in the Luncheon Restaurant,
three to six

The Coward Shoe

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."



The Right Support for Children's Ankles

The weakest links in the growing foot structure are the *arch* muscles. Strengthen these, and the ankle is steadied, the step becomes buoyant, the walk confident.

The Coward Good Sense Shoe, with Coward Extension Heel, *comfortably* corrects arch weakness, strengthens weak ankles, and prevents "flat-foot." This is the shoe that should be worn by every child whose ankles "turn in," or who shows any inclination to walk on his heels.

Coward Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel have been made by James S. Coward, in his Custom Department, for over thirty years.

Mail Orders Filled—Send for Catalogue

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE

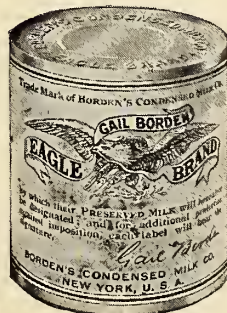
JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 Greenwich St., New York City
(NEAR WARREN STREET)



Since 1857 BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

Has been the
Leading Brand
for Household Use
and Nursery



**BORDEN'S
Condensed
Milk Co.**

New York

Send for Recipe Book
Send for Baby Book

"LEADERS OF QUALITY"



Hockey Skates that are World Beaters

American skates that have the proper balance, the "spring," the classy lines, and the flint-hard runners. Designed to meet the standard—and built in the world's largest skate factory.

WINSLOW'S Skates

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Over half a century's experience and skill are behind them. They are safe, strong, fast and handsome. Write for new catalogue No. 6, containing rules of leading Hockey Associations.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.

Factory and Main Offices:
Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

Sales Rooms: New York, 84 Chambers St.
Pacific Coast Sales Agency:

Phil. B. Bekeart Co., San Francisco.

Stocks to be found at LONDON, 8 Long Lane,
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The only sled with grooved runners!



The ideal Christmas gift for boys and girls

Gives an added zest to coasting because it can be steered *at full speed* around all obstacles. Light enough to easily pull up hill—yet so strong it

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Velvet Grip

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Will stand hard wear



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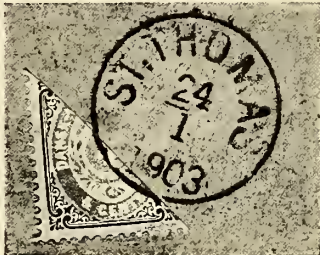
Also makers of the famous Boston Garter for men.



ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

SPLIT PROVISIONALS

A PROVISIONAL issue of stamps, or a provisional stamp, is one made to supply some temporary need—to fill the requirements of the moment. Such occasions are usually created by the shortage of some one value in a series, and use is made of some other value in the series. At the present time, such shortages are filled by the use of surcharged stamps, but earlier in the history of stamps, the surcharge was not so prevalent. It usually happens that the shortage is in a stamp of low value. If a postmaster runs out of one-cent stamps temporarily, what is



simpler than to cut a two-cent into halves, either vertically or diagonally, and use each half as a one-cent stamp? Stamps so cut in two are called "split provisionals." They are usually very rare, and as any one could cut a canceled stamp in two and call it a "split provisional," they, of course, have no philatelic value unless they are on the original cover with a postmark that covers the split side. So the value and interest of the stamp lies in having it on the entire envelop, guaranteed further by a postmark properly placed. These splits are usually cut vertically or diagonally, seldom horizontally.

In the United States we find half of the ten-cent of 1847 used as a five-cent stamp, cut both ways. The twelve-cent of 1851 cut diagonally takes the place of a six-cent stamp. The two-cent black of 1862 and the brown of 1869 are also found cut both ways. The three-cent of 1869 is known cut vertically, so that two thirds of a stamp could be used to do duty as a two-cent. These are the principal split provisionals of our own country. While they did actual postal service, they were never really authorized.

The various British possessions to the north of us, however, actually authorized the splitting up of stamps. Therefore, their use was more common, especially in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland—less frequently in Canada. In the first two countries mentioned, not only do we find stamps cut in half—vertically, horizontally, and diagonally, but we find the shilling stamp cut into four parts for use as a three-penny stamp. These last are exceedingly rare.

Early Mexico was even more addicted to the use of the split provisional. This country not only divided its stamps into four parts, but went further and gave us eighths of stamps, the eight-real being so divided to give a value of one-real. Although other countries, like Colombian Republic and Cuba, have given some provisionals, none have equaled the record of the ones previously mentioned. Not only have stamps been cut into parts for provisional use, but a few stamps have actually been made, by certain governments, that they might be so used. Some have been perforated through the stamp to facilitate separation, while others were imperforate—like cer-

tain of the early German states, and more especially the Geneva stamp of Switzerland. This latter is popularly called the "double Geneva," to call attention to its two parts. These latter stamps are not provisionals, but regularly authorized issues.

We illustrate the provisional Danish West Indies. The cut represents one half of the four cents, used as a two-cent stamp. Note how the cancellation falls upon the cut side of the stamp, insuring the genuineness of the provisional.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

QA CORRESPONDENT writes that in an old collection that was given to him there are some things which look like stamps, printed in color and perforated, but with no wording or value—only a white X upon colored ground. What are they? From the description given, I think that they are Austrian blanks. For some reason, probably to make the sheet total even money, some of the spaces on sheets of certain values were filled—not with regular stamps, but with the requisite number of blanks such as our correspondent describes. Sometimes these are found still attached to the stamp adjoining. They are very desirable in such pairs. By themselves, although they are not stamps, they have a certain philatelic interest, and it would be well for our correspondent to save them. ¶ For the difference between the eight annas rose of 1865 (India) and the same value of 1868 study the crown and diadem. In the earlier type, you will observe that the upper part of the crown is irregular, consisting of a series of alternately broad and narrow projections. In the later type, the top part is regular and consists of a row of diamond-shaped jewels. Also the upper and lower inscriptions are separated in the one by a group of five dots; in the other by a single dot. ¶ A correspondent writes asking which nation was guilty of foisting the surcharge upon helpless stamp-collectors. Alas! the surcharge has been with us these many years, and we are sorry to say it originated in these United States, and in the City of New York. If you own a copy of Scott's Catalogue (and every collector should own one), you will find a list of what are called "Semi-official Issues." These were in use in the various cities mainly as "carrier" stamps. As such they had some official standing and recognition, and received the regular governmental cancellation. The stamps issued in New York bore the head of Washington, and were of a value of three cents. In 1846, these were altered in value by a surcharge consisting of a large figure 2 across the face of Washington, and a bar through the word three. This we believe to be the earliest surcharge. In April, 1854, the Island of Mauritius surcharged a green stamp with the words "four pence" in a curved line. Because this surcharge was on a regular governmental issue, it is usually regarded as the first surcharged stamp. ¶ A tear detracts materially from the value of any stamp. It renders a common stamp valueless and affects a rare one in proportion to the value of the stamp and the extent of the tear. A small tear which removes a portion of the design of a stamp is regarded as a more serious injury than one, more extensive, which leaves the design intact.

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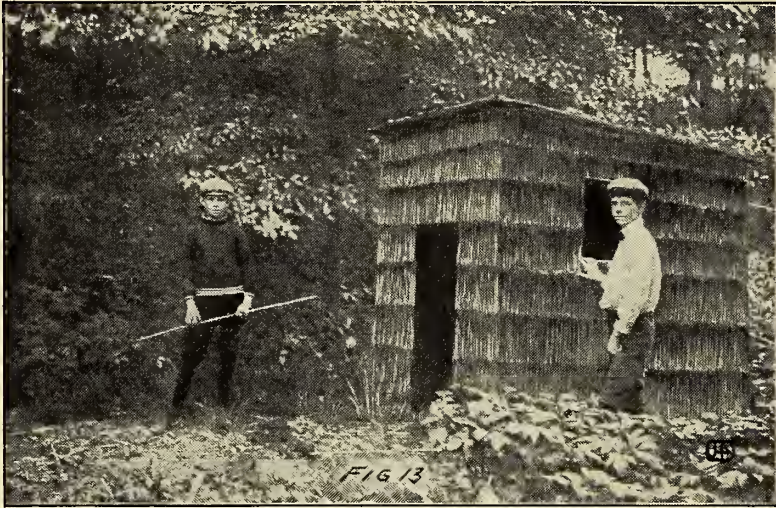
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is Absolutely Pure.
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as much as of other
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DOUBLE STRENGTH

Always in Yellow Wrapper.

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Girls and boys find endless pleasure in modelling with Plasticine, because they can do anything they want with it—make houses, or animals, trees or flowers—anything their ingenuity suggests.

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Things modelled from Plasticine keep their shapes as long as you want them. They can be remodelled into something else at any time.

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Sold by Toy, Stationery and Art Dealers everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for free booklet and list of dealers near you.

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58 Liberty Street, Albany, N. Y.

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Toys that Teach

AN ADVERTISEMENT

Joseph Jefferson

who played

Rip Van Winkle

for thirty-seven years
said to a rising star

AND

A REPLY

Philadelphia, Pa.

“My dear, you are like all young actresses and actors—you play to the orchestra. Sometimes you include the first balcony But there is something you must never forget there is a second balcony. It is true they have paid only a quarter to get in, but the boys and girls up there will in ten years be the men and women in the first balcony—many of them in the orchestra.”

The Century Magazine

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE gives its advertisers not only the second balcony audience—but the first balcony and the orchestra audience.

Don't overlook the young folks.

DON M PARKER
Advertising Manager
Union Square, New York

MY DEAR MR. PARKER:

Taking you at your word, and obeying an impulse, perhaps a foolish one, I am writing to tell you how much I am interested in your Advertising Campaign in ST. NICHOLAS.

It seems to me that you have grasped the key-note of the whole situation, in considering the children. After all it is they who are non-prejudiced—and progressive. They get out more; they see more than the grown folks. Then, too, they do most of the errands, and it is the inquisitive little girl and boy

who are constantly suggesting innovations in the way of breakfast foods, brands of molasses, etc. They are naturally alert and impressionable, ready for something new, yet I believe that yours is the only magazine which recognizes in any way the “second balcony,” while advertisers do not realize the golden opportunity they pass so rudely by.

I was commissioned to-day to purchase a pair of garters for my younger brother, and being somewhat at a loss, I asked him what kind to buy, to which query he promptly replied, “Velvet Grip.”

The wide-awake advertiser will captivate the children—they will do the rest, *if* the articles advertised make good.

Page twenty-eight in April's ST. NICHOLAS was just splendid!!

And now, having stolen quite enough of your precious time, and with best wishes and congratulations to ST. NICHOLAS, I am,

Very truly yours,

(Signed) RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON.

1847 ROGERS BROS.



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PATTERN

Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., of the highest grade carry the above trade mark.



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Guaranteed by the largest makers of silverware.

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Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.

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CHICAGO

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Send for
catalogue "Y-5."

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SAY, BOYS,

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For each of the five most thoughtful and well expressed answers to these questions we will give a year's subscription to THE CENTURY or ST. NICHOLAS, beginning with the November number, the first of the new volume. If the writer of a prize letter is already a subscriber to the magazines, he may have his subscription extended a year, or send his prize subscription to a friend or to some charity. Let the letters come in promptly. Address:

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A food and candy combined, for old and young.

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College sister always chooses Peter's Chocolate.



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Every minute of the day and night, Ivory Soap is being used somewhere, some way, to keep our nation clean.

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The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss, or injury thereto, while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors.

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, postpaid; 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. (Carriage extra.) In sending the numbers to us, they should be *distinctly* marked with owner's name. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

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FRANK H. SCOTT, President.
WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, Vice-President and Secretary. **THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York, N. Y.**
DONALD SCOTT, Treasurer.

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ST. NICHOLAS

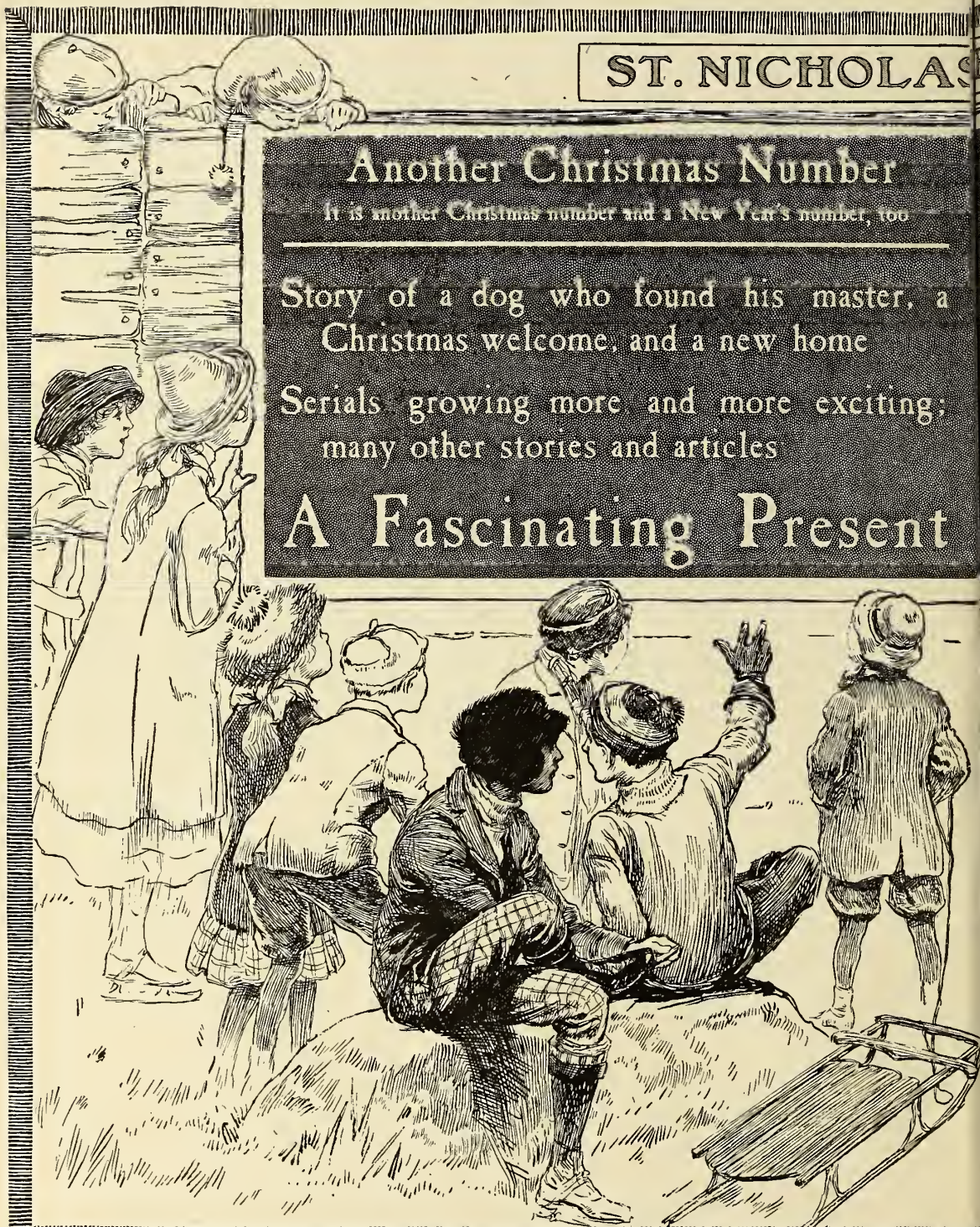
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It is another Christmas number and a New Year's number, too

Story of a dog who found his master, a Christmas welcome, and a new home

Serials growing more and more exciting; many other stories and articles

A Fascinating Present



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¶ Do you tell your friends how much you like St. NICHOLAS?

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and saved by a girl's clever idea

An excellent new feature for boys. Fun and
new ideas for every one

For All Boys and Girls



† Remember that our Bulletin tells only a little of what you can count on getting in future numbers. Hosts of clever, valuable things that you can't afford to miss will appear every month.
† Three dollars a year. The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

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Fort Harrison, Montana.

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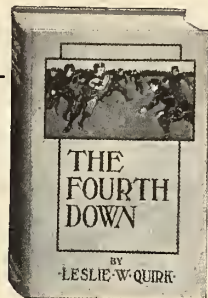
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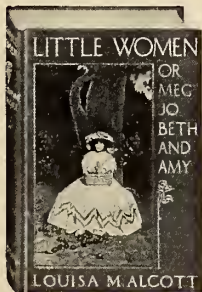
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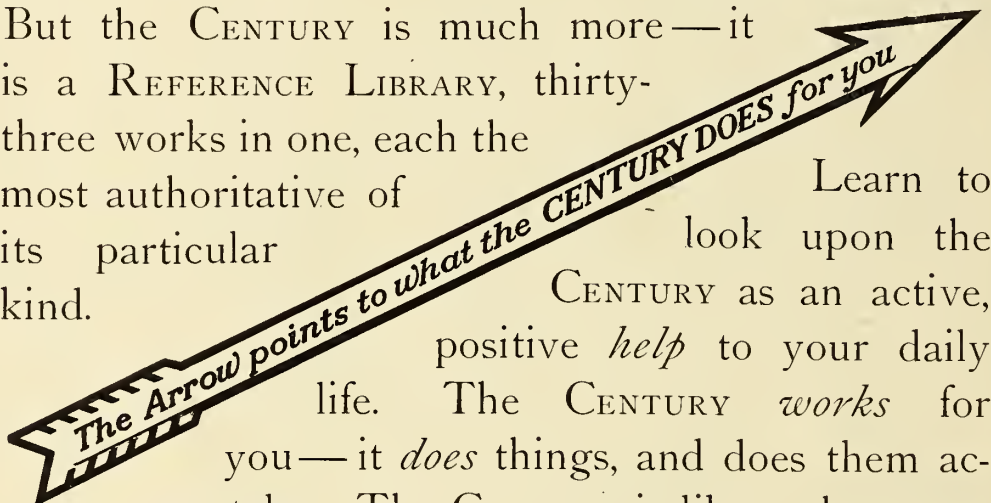
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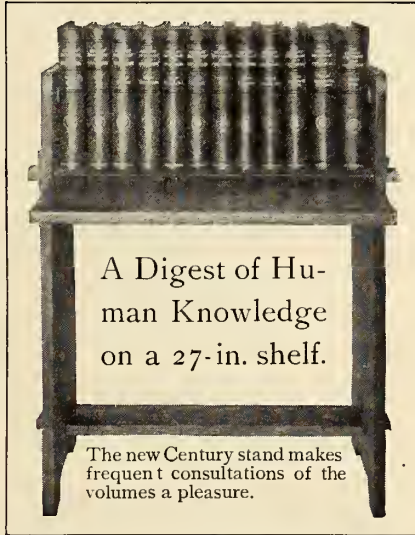
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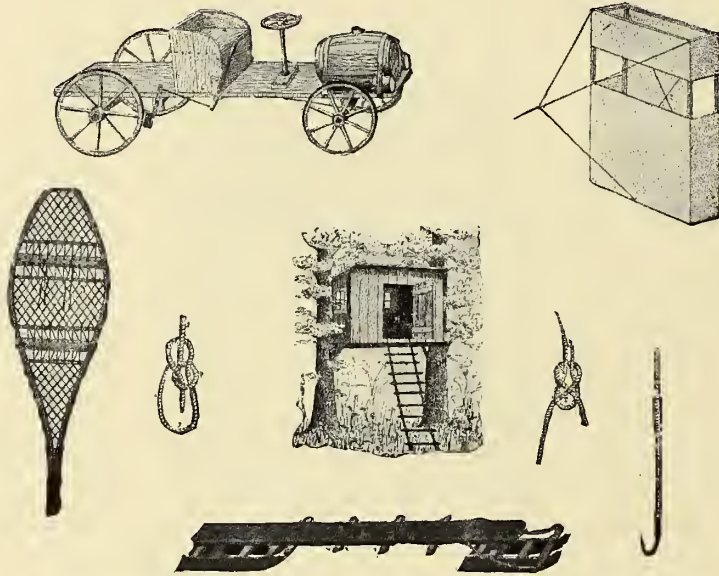
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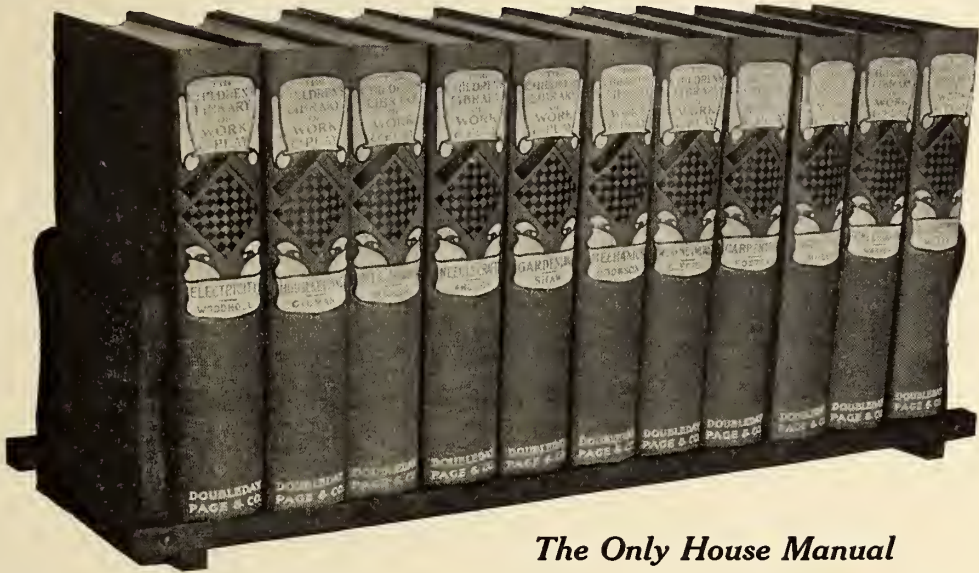
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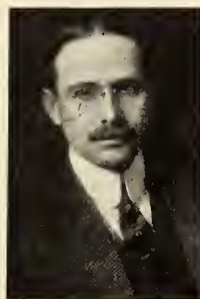
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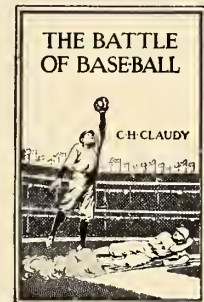
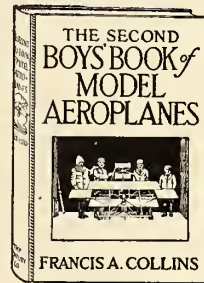
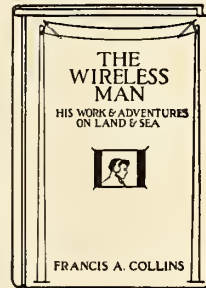
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I could n't get along without you. I count the days for you to come.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I have taken you for three years, and think you the best magazine in the world.

St. Nicholas

The Ideal Christmas Gift For Boys and Girls

A year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS means twelve specially happy days when each new number comes, and twelve months of helpful, happy, inspiring companionship. Make it your Christmas gift to the boys and girls you love.

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THE CENTURY CO.
Union Square, New York

*Send for the
St. Nicholas Calendar*



From a real letter to
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DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

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Just a Few of the Good Things
in the New Volume of

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pictures in color by the great artist Arthur Rackham.

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**Pictures and rhymes
for the very little folk**

by some of the cleverest entertainers of the wee ones,
including new Brownie jingles and drawings by Palmer
Cox.

See following pages also



From a real
letter to
St. Nicholas:

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

You are a splendid inheritance in our family. First you belonged to my sister, sixteen years of age, then to myself. I am twelve; and the twins are seven, a boy and girl; and they are deeply interested in every page. I sit and read to them untiringly, for we all love you dearly.

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"There was once in old Virginia a family of children who had a dear, gentle little aunt, who always did just the right thing; and so she began sending ST. NICHOLAS to the eldest child as soon as she could read. Then a lot more children came, and as each outgrew the dear magazine it was sent to the next youngster, so for twenty-five years ST. NICHOLAS was a family delight; and there is in the library no more perfect treasure than the bound volumes of the years that are complete. And all through their lives, each one of those grown-up children will believe

that the greatest catastrophe which can befall a house full of children is to try to get along without ST. NICHOLAS."




From a real letter to
St. Nicholas:

I know one little boy who, after reading the Bulletin in my ST. NICHOLAS, ran and got his bank to count his money.

"Oh, I'll soon have three dollars," he said, "and I'll subscribe. I want to hear about the clever dogs and aeroplanes."

Then I told him all about the lovely stories, funny pictures, and all the things that make every one who reads it want to keep on reading ST. NICHOLAS.



Just a Few of the Good Things
Coming in

St. Nicholas

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A splendid series of articles, helping to intimate acquaintance with great men and showing how they have built on their handicaps and obstacles. "The Modern Great-heart" (do you know who he is?), in the January ST. NICHOLAS, will be full of inspiration.

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The inside story of some of the wonderful constructive engineering enterprises now under way in and about New York. Thrilling illustrations of much interest.

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Books and Reading, Nature and Science, and the splendid ST. NICHOLAS League will be more inspiring and delightful than ever during 1913.

AND THIS IS ONLY A HINT OF THE FEAST IN STORE FOR ST. NICHOLAS READERS DURING THE NEW YEAR.



From a real
letter to
St. Nicholas:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

My cousin received the darling-est, sweet-est, most adorable silver badge from you about a week ago I ever dreamed of. Her mother happened to be away at the time, and the poor child was just about wild because she could not describe it in words which could possibly give her mother any conception of how perfectly beautiful it was.

(The badge was a St. Nicholas League badge.)

The new year of that splendid department
The St. Nicholas League

will add a new element to its competitions that will make every boy and girl want to try harder than ever.

The St. Nicholas League silver and gold badges will be given as usual, but, in addition, the Editor of ST. NICHOLAS will send to every prize-winner four complimentary copies of the magazine containing his or her prize effort and a handsome little card of personal greeting. Think of the pleasure of sending these to friends!

Are you a member of the
St. Nicholas League?

The St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers, and to many readers the pages containing the work of the League are the most interesting in ST. NICHOLAS—grown-ups read them too.


Any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership.



From a mother's letter to
St. Nicholas :

My youngest son, who is given the St. NICHOLAS every month by a friend, seeing your offer in the November number, would like to make a birthday present of the magazine to his brother who lives with his grandmother and whose name is mentioned in the drawing contest of the present number.

It is a great thing for you to make it so easy for children to have this splendid magazine in their homes.



To Every St. Nicholas Reader:
Why don't you give

St. Nicholas

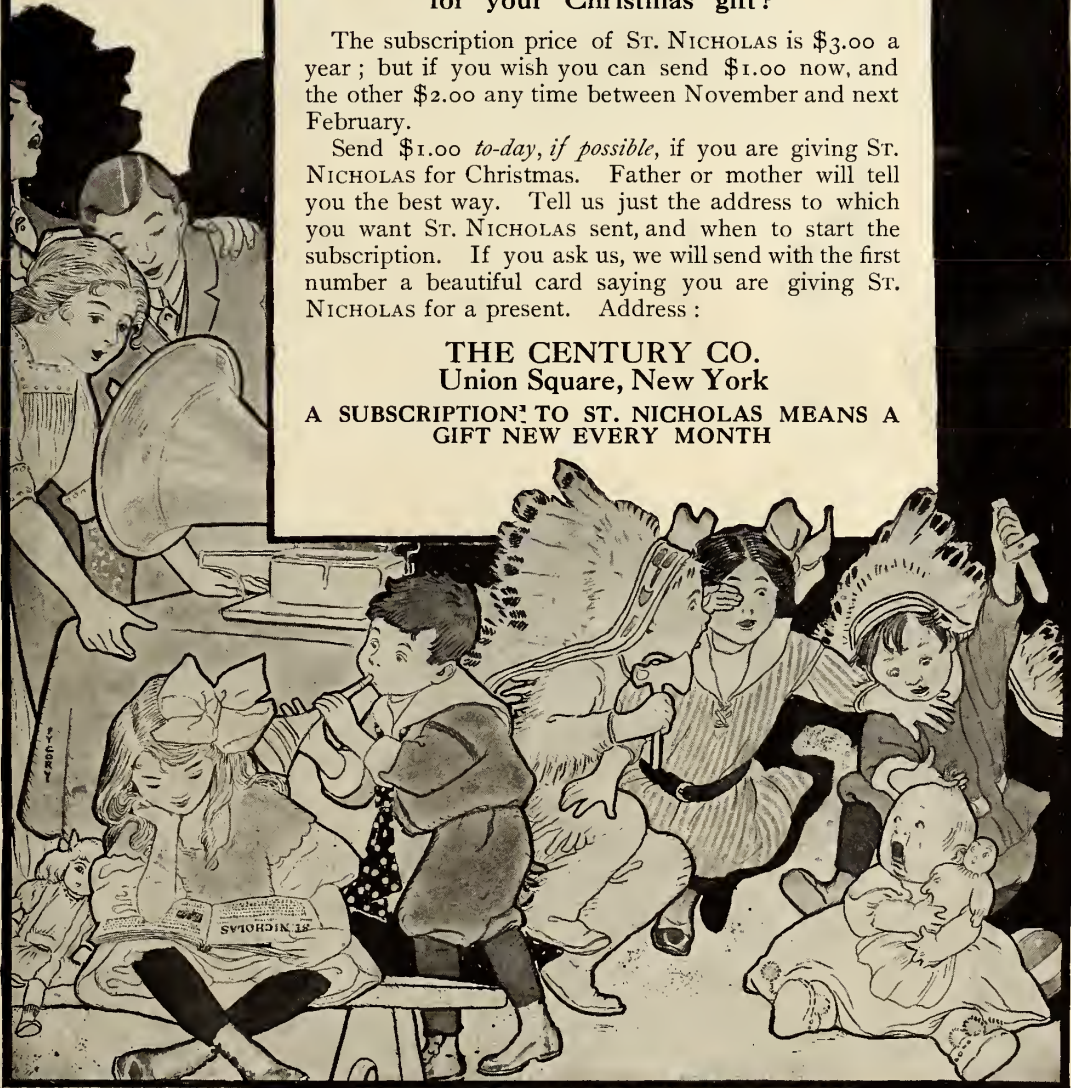
to brother or sister or friend
for your Christmas gift?

The subscription price of St. NICHOLAS is \$3.00 a year; but if you wish you can send \$1.00 now, and the other \$2.00 any time between November and next February.

Send \$1.00 *to-day, if possible*, if you are giving St. NICHOLAS for Christmas. Father or mother will tell you the best way. Tell us just the address to which you want St. NICHOLAS sent, and when to start the subscription. If you ask us, we will send with the first number a beautiful card saying you are giving St. NICHOLAS for a present. Address :

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“RING A RING O’ ROSES.”

PAINTED FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.

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ST. NICHOLAS

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No. 2



The Nursery Rhymes of Mother Goose illustrated by Arthur Rackham

© A. R.



I

Ring a ring o' roses
A pocket full of posies!
Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!
We all fall down together!

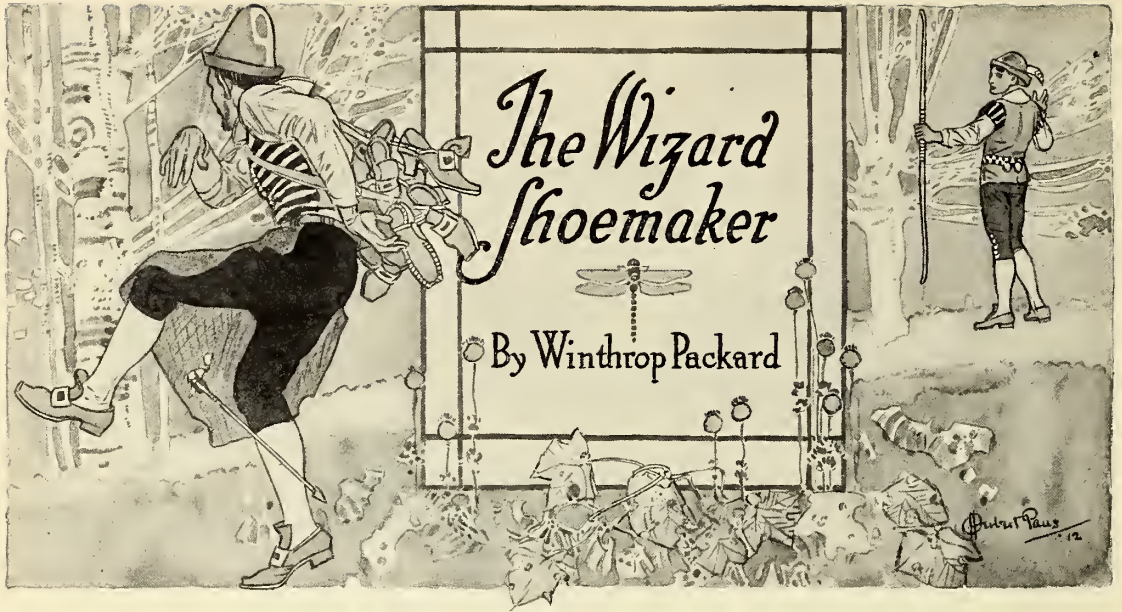


II

Little Tommy Tucker
Sings for his supper.
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.

How can he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How can he marry
Without e'er a wife?

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THERE was a boy who shot an arrow at a tree. It flew swift and straight, but glanced from the tree and tore a big hole in the leather apron of a shoemaker who was standing near. Soon the boy came running up, saying, "Please excuse me for thus tearing your apron. I shot at a tree, but the arrow glanced."

But the shoemaker was very angry, and said: "I am a wizard shoemaker, and unless you mend my apron so that it is as whole as it was before, I do not know what I shall do to you, but it will be something dreadful. There is but one kind of needle that will mend a wizard shoemaker's leather apron, and neither man can give it to you, nor woman can give it to you. There is but one kind of thread that will do it, and neither man can give it to you, nor woman can give it to you; and there is but one kind of leather that will suffice, and neither man nor woman can give that to you. So, however hard you try, you will fail, and I shall have my revenge."

"These things," said the boy, "I shall try to find, and, by good fortune, I may do it."

So he set forth in the world, going up and down in it, by wood and field, seeking for needle, thread, and leather. He had passed many a pleasant field and many a tall forest, when, at an open space in the wood, he suddenly heard a cry for help.

"Help!" it said, "I am drowning!" Nor could he see water in which any one could drown. But he followed the direction whence the call came, and presently he found a deep well, and heard a splash and the cry from the water below.

"Be of good cheer," he called down, "I am coming to help you." Then he began to descend, putting his fingers and toes firmly in the chinks between the stones, and taking care lest he fall. In the dark water at the bottom, he found something splashing. This he lifted carefully to his shoulder, and climbed out again. When he had set it upon the ground, he saw that it was a porcupine, that shook the water from its quills, and said:

"Thank you, kind boy, for taking me from the well. I should surely have drowned had you not come to my rescue. Because you helped me, what can I do to help you?"

"I am glad to have aided you, but I fear there is nothing you can do to help me," replied the boy; "I am journeying far to find a certain kind of needle. This morning I shot my arrow at a tree, but it glanced, and tore a big hole in the wizard shoemaker's leather apron. I must mend this, or he will do me harm, and to do it I must have a certain kind of needle which neither man can give me, nor woman can give me; so I do not see how I am to get it."



Then the porcupine smiled. "Perhaps I can help you in that, little brother," he said. "Take hold of one of those long quills in my back, and shut your eyes, and do just as I bid you."

This the boy did, and the porcupine then said: "Pull, little brother; pull as hard as you can!" The boy pulled, and felt the quill coming out of the porcupine's back as he pulled. So he stopped pulling, not wishing to injure his

friend. But the porcupine said again: "Pull as hard as you can, I tell you; never mind me!"

So again the boy pulled, and he felt the quill come out in his hands. Then the porcupine said: "Open your eyes, little brother, and let us see what we have here."

So the boy opened his eyes, but, to his astonishment, instead of a porcupine's quill in his hands he found a long, keen, steel needle that he, somehow, knew was just the thing to mend the wizard shoemaker's leather apron.

So he said to the porcupine: "Thank you, good porcupine, for giving me this splendid needle."

But the porcupine replied: "Thanks should be from me, for I surely should have drowned if you had not come to my aid. Besides, I go up and down in the world quite a bit, and I have always seen you helping some one; and I am sure that a boy who helps others will find help himself."

So the boy stuck the needle carefully under the lapel of his coat, and went on his way. He had passed many a sunny hollow and many a shady wood, when he heard a deep "Moo-oo" of distress, and ran in the direction whence the sound came. Soon, in a sunny glade, he found a big mother-cow, calling loudly and looking this way and that, while tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Why, good mother-cow!" the boy cried, "what is the matter?"

"Alas!" said the cow, "I have lost my little calf. Always he waits for me in this sunny glade, but to-day I came back, and he is not here. I do not dare go to hunt for him lest he come while I am gone, so I can only stand here and call."

"Be of good cheer," said the boy, "I will help you find your little calf. Wait here, and I will bring him back to you"; and off he ran as fast as he could.

He had passed many a flowering shrub and many an ancient tree, when he came to a dark space in a tall wood whence came a faint cry of "Ma-a! Ma-a!" and he knew that he heard the voice of the little calf. Out of a big box-trap it came, one that men had set to catch a bear alive. Into this the little calf had wandered, and had sprung it.

"Be of good cheer," called the boy, "I will soon let you out." And he pulled with all his might at the door of the trap. But it had been made strong enough to hold a bear, and he could not move it. So he said again: "Be of good cheer, I will find some one stronger than I am to help me pull, and we will let you out." And on he ran as fast as he could.

As he ran, he heard a sound of laughter com-

ing from a sunny glade, and there he saw a big donkey, sitting down in the grass, his hind legs sticking straight out in front of him, his front hoofs planted between them, and his head wagging up and down, and his ears flopping. Every time he wagged his head he laughed, "Hee ha-aw! Hee ha-aw!" and, seeing him, the boy looked about in astonishment.

"Why, good donkey," he said, "what is the joke?"

"I am," replied the donkey, "and I am laughing at myself. Every day I draw big loads and love to do it, for I am quite the strongest donkey anywhere about. But to-day I thought I would have a vacation and rest here in the sun, and, do you know, I am so homesick for a good load to pull, that I do not know what to do."

"Good!" said the boy, "come with me, and I will find for you the hardest pull you ever had." Whereupon the donkey leaped to his feet, and ran with the boy toward the bear trap, laughing, "Hee ha-aw! Hee ha-aw!" as he went, so glad was he that he was to find hard work once more.

At the bear trap, the boy fastened the donkey securely to the door, took hold himself, and both pulled as hard as they could. It was a strong door, but nothing could withstand the joyous pull of that donkey, and with a crash they ripped it off the trap. The calf trotted out immediately, but neither he nor the boy had time to properly thank the donkey, who went right on, up the hill and through the wood, dragging the door after him, and laughing all the way in his joy at finding such hard work to do.

But the boy and calf ran as fast as they could to the sunny glade where the big mother-cow was waiting for them. Very glad, indeed, she was to see the calf, and soon he was eating his dinner while the mother-cow cried a little still, but now for joy, and smoothed his ruffled fur with her big red tongue.

"Thank you, kind boy," she said, "for finding my little calf. I do not know what I should have done without your help. Now tell me, what can I do to help you?"

"I am glad to have aided you," replied the boy, "but I fear there is nothing you can do to help me. I am journeying far to find a certain kind of thread. This morning I shot my arrow at a tree, but it glanced, and tore a big hole in the wizard shoemaker's leather apron. I must mend this, or he will do me harm, and to do it I must have a certain kind of thread which neither man can give me, nor woman can give me; so I do not see how I am to get it."

Then the cow smiled. "Perhaps I can help you in that, little brother," she said. "Take hold

of those long hairs in my tail, shut your eyes, and do just what I tell you."

This the boy did, and the cow then said: "Pull, little brother; pull as hard as you can." The boy pulled, and soon he felt the hairs coming out in his hands.

Then the cow said: "Open your eyes, little brother, and let us see what we have here."

So the boy opened his eyes, but, to his astonishment, instead of hairs his hands were full of just the finest kind of brown threads, just the thing, he was sure, to mend the wizard shoemaker's leather apron.

"Thank you, kind cow," said he, "for giving me this splendid thread."

But the cow replied: "Thanks should be from me. I should never have seen my calf again without your help. Besides, I go up and down in the world quite a bit, and always I have seen you helping some one, and I am quite sure that a boy who helps others deserves help himself."

So the boy put the thread carefully in his pocket, and went on his way. He had passed many a sandy hillside and many a rocky cliff, when he again heard a cry for help. This seemed to come from a cave among big rocks, and when he ran into it, he saw there a bat that had been caught by a big snake.

"Help!" cried the bat, and the boy replied by snatching up a big stone and throwing it at the snake. It hit him—tunk—and the snake turned an inquiring eye upon the boy, who immediately caught up another, larger stone, and hit the snake with a louder tunk. Thereupon the snake turned both eyes inquiringly on the boy, and, seeing him pick up a third even larger



stone, he dropped the bat, and glided with much haste far down into holes among the stones at the bottom of the cave.

"Thank you, kind boy," said the bat, "for saving me from that dreadful snake; but I am bitten so deep that I fear now I shall die unless I can anoint my wound with some of the honey-dew bee-balm that is made at the hive of the fairy bees."

"Be of good cheer," said the boy, "I will bring this balm. Wait for me here, and I will soon be back." And away he ran as fast as he could to the hive of the fairy bees. There he saw a big working bee, pausing a moment on the door-step with a load of wax.

He was about to speak, when the busy bee said: "I know what you are after. I go everywhere for miles, and I see everything. You want balm for the injured bat up in the cave. Wait here for me a moment, and I will bring it out for you. But please keep very quiet, for within they are putting some of the baby bees to sleep."

"I will keep very quiet," said the boy, and soon he saw the busy bee coming out.

"Well!" said the bee, "I'm glad to see you again. Here is an acorn-cup full of honey-dew bee-balm for your friend up in the cave."

The boy took the balm, thanked the bee, and ran as fast as he could to the cave, where he found the bat still alive, though feeling quite weak. No sooner had they rubbed the balm on his wound, however, than he revived, and the wound healed immediately.

"Thank you, kind boy," said the bat, "for bringing me this balm, without which I should surely have died. You have been





of great help to me; what can I do to help you?"

"I am glad to have aided you," said the boy, "but I fear there is nothing you can do to help me. I am journeying far

to find a certain kind of leather. This morning I shot my arrow at a tree, but it glanced, and tore a big hole in the wizard shoemaker's leather apron. I must mend this, or he will do me harm, and to do it I must have a certain kind of leather which neither man can give me, nor woman can give me; so I do not see how I am to get it."

Then the bat smiled and said: "Perhaps I can help you in that, little brother. Take hold of my wing, shut your eyes, and do just what I tell you."

This the boy did, and the bat then said: "Pull, little brother; pull as hard as you can!" The boy

said: "Open your eyes, little brother, and let us see what we have here."

To the boy's astonishment, the bat still had two wings, and in his hand, instead of one of them, was the softest and finest leather he had ever seen, just the kind, he was sure, to mend the wizard shoemaker's leather apron.

"Thank you, good bat," he said, "for giving me this splendid leather."

But the bat replied: "Thanks should be from me. I should have died without your help, and besides, I go up and down in the world quite a bit, and I have always seen you helping some one; and I am very sure that a boy who helps others deserves help himself."

So the boy put the leather carefully in his other pocket, and started for the village where



"THE WIZARD SHOEMAKER WAS SO ENRAGED THAT HE SPRANG CLEAR TO THE CEILING." (SEE PAGE 103.)

did, but when he felt the bat's wing coming off in his hands, he stopped, for he did not wish to injure his friend. But the bat said again: "Pull as hard as you can, I tell you; do not mind me!"

So again the boy pulled, and soon he felt the bat's wing come off in his hands. Then the bat

he knew the wizard shoemaker was waiting to see him come back unsuccessful. But, running as fast as he could, he paused at a pond where he saw three dragon-flies, one silver, one gold, and one blue in color. Driven by a sudden gust of wind into the water, they were about to drown.



"Great as is my haste," said the boy, "I cannot leave these gentle creatures to drown." So he ran to a boat that was near by, paddled to the dragon-flies, lifted them to the gunwale of the boat with his paddle, then paddled ashore and started again, leaving the dragon-flies drying their wings in the sun. But before he was gone, they called to him.

"Thank you, kind boy," they said. "We fly everywhere, and we shall surely know when you are in trouble, and come to your aid."

"So!" said the wizard shoemaker when he saw the boy, "you have come back unsuccessful. Neither man nor woman could give you that needle, so how could you expect to get it, I should like to know!"

"But I *have* the needle!" said the boy. "My friend the porcupine gave it to me."

The wizard was so enraged at this that he sprang high in air and came down on the floor with a bang that made the windows rattle. "The thread!" he said, "you never could get the thread! Neither man nor woman could give it to you, so how could you expect to get it?"

"But I *have* the thread!" said the boy. "My good friend the mother-cow gave it to me."

Thereupon the wizard sprang again in air, coming down with two bangs on the floor, making the windows rattle twice. "But the leather!" he cried, "you never could get the leather! Of that I am sure!"

"I have the leather," replied the boy. "My good friend the bat gave it to me."

This time the wizard jumped higher yet, and the bang with which he came down made the windows rattle three times. Then he smiled a cunning smile. "Oh, well!" he said, "you never can mend it, for all that."

But the boy took the apron and tried, for all that. Strange to say, he could do little. The needle unthreaded itself as fast as threaded, and the leather persistently curled out of place. He was almost in despair, and the wizard shoemaker

was fairly dancing for joy at his ill success, when the three dragon-flies came sailing up. The silver one and the gold one took the wizard shoemaker by each ear and held his head back against the wall. He was in great fear of them, and was trembling like a leaf.

Then the blue one said gently: "Let me show you, little brother. See," he said, "the needle has two ends; let us try the other end. The thread has two ends as well; let us try the other end of that."

The boy did so, and the thread fairly leaped into the eye of the needle and remained there.

"Now," said the dragon-fly, "observe that a piece of leather has two sides; let us try the other side."

The boy did so, whereupon the leather fairly cuddled into place, and the needle seemed to fly back and forth through it of itself, the thread making so fine a stitch that, when the work was done, which it soon was, the apron showed no patch, nor any sign of one, but was as whole as it had ever been.

When the dragon-flies released the wizard shoemaker, and he saw this, he was so enraged that he sprang clear to the ceiling, banging his head against it, and had no sooner alighted on the floor than he rushed with bowed head through the door, butting it open in his haste; rushed through his front fence in the same way, and went on across a field and through the neighboring wood, where he soon was out of sight; but he could be heard for long after, bang-butting his way along among the trees.

No one has ever seen him come back, but the people of that town, to this day, when they hear a sudden wind crashing through the forest, smile and say, "There goes the wizard shoemaker!"

As for the boy, he did not wait even a minute to see whether the wizard shoemaker came back or not, but ran home to tell his mother all about it; and I think that he ran faster then than at any other time during the day.



AUNT 'PHRONEY'S BOY

by

L. FRANK BAUM

AUTHOR OF
THE "OZ" BOOKS,
"QUEEN ZIXI OF IX," ETC.



Illustrations

By George Avison

THE boy realized he had made a mistake before he had driven the big touring car a half-mile along this dreadful lane. The map had shown the road to Fennport clearly enough, but it was such a roundabout way that, when the boy came to this crossing, he decided to chance it, hoping it would get him to Fennport much quicker. The landscape was barren of interest, the farm-houses few and far between, and the cross-road seemed as promising as the main way. Meanwhile, at Fennport, the county fair was progressing, and there was no use wasting time on the road.

The promise faded after a short stretch; ruts and ditches appeared; rotten culverts and sandy hollows threatened the safety of the car. The boy frowned, but doggedly kept going. He must be fully half-way to another road by this time, and, if he could manage to keep on without breaking a spring or ripping a tire, it would be as well to continue as to turn back.

Suddenly the engines began muttering and hesitated in doing their duty. The boy caught the warning sound, and instantly divined the reason: he had forgotten to replenish the gasoline before starting, and the tank was about empty. Casting a quick, inquiring glance around, he saw the roof of a farm-house showing through the trees just ahead. That was a joyful sight, for he had scarcely dared hope to find a building upon this unused, seemingly abandoned lane. He adjusted the carbureter, and urged the engines to feed upon the last drops of the precious

fluid they could absorb. Slowly, with staggering gait, the automobile pushed forward until just opposite the farm-house, when, with a final moan, the engines gave up the struggle, and the car stopped dead.

Then the boy turned and looked at the lonely dwelling. It was a small, primitive sort of building, ancient and weather-stained. There was a simple garden at the front, which faced the grove and not the lane, and farther along, stood a rickety, rambling barn that was considerably larger than the house.

Upon a tiny side porch of the dwelling, directly facing the road, sat an old woman with a battered tin pan full of rosy-cheeked apples in her lap. She was holding a knife in one hand and a half-paraded apple in the other. Her mouth was wide open in amazement, her spectacled eyes staring fixedly at the automobile—as if it had been a magical apparition and the boy a weird necromancer who had conjured it up.

He laughed a little at the amusing expression of the old woman, for he was a good-humored boy in spite of his present vexations. Then, springing to the ground, he walked toward the porch and removed his cap, to make a graceful bow. She did not alter her pose, and, with eyes still fixed upon the car, she gasped:

"Laws-a-me! ef it ain't one o' them no-hoss keeridges."

"Nothing wonderful about that, is there?" asked the boy, smiling, as he reached the porch.

"Why not?" said she; "ain't they the mos' wunnerful things in all the world? Mart'n Luther 's seen 'em in town, an' told me about 'em, but I never thought as I 'd see one with my own eyes."

Her awe and interest were so intense that, as yet, she had not glanced once at the boy's face. He laughed, in his quiet way, as he leaned over the porch rail, but it occurred to him that there was something pathetic in the fact that the lonely old woman had never seen an automobile before.

"Don't you ever go to town yourself?" he asked curiously.

She shook her head. "Not often, though sometimes I do," she replied. "Went to Fennport a year ago las' June, an' put in a whole day there. But it tired me, the waggin jolts so. I 'm too old now fer sech doin's, an' Mart'n Luther 'lows it ain't wuth payin' toll-gate both ways for. He has to go sometimes, you know, to sell truck an' buy groceries; he 's there to-day, 'tendin' the county fair; but I 've stayed home an' minded my own business 'til I hain't got much hankerin' fer travel any more."

During this speech, she reluctantly withdrew her eyes from the automobile and turned them upon the boy's face. He was regarding her placid features with a wonder almost equal to her own. It seemed so strange to find one so isolated and secluded from the world, and so resigned to such a fate.

"No near neighbors?" he said.

"The Bascomes live two miles north, but Mis' Bascome an' I don't git on well. She ain't never had religion."

"But you go to church?"

"Certain sure, boy! But our church ain't town way, you know; it 's over to Hobbs' Corners. Ev'ry Sunday fer the las' year, I 've been lookin' out fer them no-hoss waggins, thinkin' one might pass the Corners. But none ever did."

"This is a queer, forsaken corner of the world," the boy said reflectively, "and yet it 's in the heart of one of the most populous and progressive States in the Union."

"You 're right 'bout that," she agreed. "Silas Herrin 's bought the lates' style thrash'n'-machine—all painted red—an' I guess the county fair at Fennport makes the rest o' the world open its eyes some. We 're ahead of 'em all on progressin', as Mart'n Luther 's said more 'n once."

"Who is Martin Luther?" asked the boy.

"He 's my man. His name 's Mart'n Luther Sager, an' I 'm Aunt 'Phroney Sager—the which my baptism name is Sophroney. Mart'n Luther were named fer the great Meth'dis' leader. He

had a hankerin' to be a Baptis' in his young days, but he das n't with such a name. So he j'ined the Meth'dists to make things harmoni'us, an' he 's never regretted it."

The boy smiled in an amused way, but he did not laugh at her. There was something in her simple, homely speech, as well as in the expression of her face, that commanded respect. Her eyes were keen, yet gentle; her lips firm, yet smiling; her aged, wrinkled features complacent and confident, yet radiating a childlike innocence.

"Ain't ye 'fraid to run the thing?" she asked, reverting to the automobile.

"No, indeed. It 's as simple as a sewing-machine—when you know how."

"I 'd like to see it go. It come so sudden-like past the grove that when I looked up, you 'd stopped short."

"I 'd like to see it go myself, Aunt 'Phroney," the boy answered; "but it won't move a step unless you help it. Just think, ma'am, you 've never seen a motor-car before, and yet the big machine can't move without your assistance!"

She knew he was joking, and returned his merry smile; but the speech puzzled her.

"As how, boy?" she inquired.

"The 'no-hoss keeridge' is a hungry monster, and has to be fed before he 'll work. I hope you will feed him, Aunt 'Phroney."

"On what?"

"Gasolene. I forgot to fill up the tank before I started, and now the last drop is gone."

"Gasolene!" she exclaimed, with a startled look; "why, we don't keep gasolene, child. How on earth did you expect' to find sech a thing in a farm-house?"

"Don't you cook with gasolene?" he asked.

"My, no! We use good chopped wood—splinters an' knots. Mis' Bascome had a gas'lene stove once, but it bu'sted an' set fire to the baby; so they buried it in the back yard."

"The baby?"

"No, boy; the stove. They managed to put the baby out."

The statement puzzled him, but his mind was more on the gasolene.

"Does n't your husband use gasolene around the farm?" he inquired.

"No, 'ndeed."

"And you have n't any naphtha or benzine—just a little?"

"Not a drop."

"Nor alcohol?"

"Mercy, no!"

The boy's face fell. "Where is the nearest place I might get some gasolene?" he asked.

"Lemme see. Harpers' might have it—that 's

six mile' west—or Clark's store might have some, at Everdale. That 's seven mile' off, but I ain't sure they keep it. The only place they 're sure to have it is over to Fennport, which is 'leven mile' from here by the turnpike."

The boy considered all this seriously. "Can I borrow a horse from you—and a buggy?" he asked.

"Mart'n Luther 's gone to town with the only team we own. We ain't had a buggy fer twenty-two years."

He sighed, and sat down on the steps, looking disconsolately toward the big touring car that was now so helpless. Aunt 'Phrone resumed her task of paring the apples, but now and then she also would glance admiringly at the automobile.

"Come far?" she presently inquired.

"From Durham."

"To-day? Why, Durham 's thirty mile' from here."

"I know; that 's only an hour's run, with good roads."

"Mercy me!"

"But the roads are not good in this neighborhood. I wanted to run over to Fennport to see the fair. I thought there might be some fun there, and I 'd jog over this morning and run back home to-night. That would n't have been any trick at all, if I had n't forgotten the gasolene."

"Live in Durham?" she asked.

"Yes; Father has the bank there."

"Pretty big town, I 've heard."

"Why, it 's only a village. And a stupid, tire-some village at that. Lonely, too. That 's why Father got this touring car; he said it would help to amuse me. May I have an apple?"

Aunt 'Phrone smiled indulgently, and handed him an apple from the pan. The idea of one who lived in the thriving, busy town of Durham becoming lonely filled her with amusement. For her part, she had n't left the old farm-house, except to go to church, for nearly two years, and days at a time she never saw a human being other than her silent, morose husband. Yet she was not lonely—not really lonely—only at times did her isolation weigh upon her spirits.

"Got a mother, child?" she softly inquired.

He nodded, biting the apple.

"Mother 's an invalid. She does n't leave her own rooms, and keeps two trained nurses and a special cook, and she studies social science—and such things."

"What does that mean?"

"I don't know; it 's only a name to Father and me. But Father has the bank to interest him,

and as I 'm not ready for the bank yet, he lets me run the automobile."

Aunt 'Phrone gave him a pitying look.

"Guess I un'erstan' your hist'ry now," she said gently. "You need n't say no more 'bout it. Hev another apple?"

"I will, thank you. They 're fine. Grow 'em here?"

"Yes. Mart'n Luther 's entered a peck at the county fair, an' hopes to git the premium. It 's two dollars, in cash. He 's put up our Plymouth Rock rooster an' some pertaters fer prizes, too, an' seein' he 's entered 'em, it don't cost him anything to get into the fair grounds—only the ten cents fer toll-gate."

"Why did n't you go with him?" asked the boy.

Aunt 'Phrone flushed a little. "That 's some more hist'ry—the kind that 's better not studied," she remarked quietly. "Mart'n Luther took it from his pa, I guess. His pa once cried like a baby when he lost four cents through a hole in his pocket. After that, ev'ry penny was kep' strapped up in his leather pocket-book, which were never unstrapped without a groan. Yes, Mart'n Luther 's a' honest man, an' God-fearin'; but I guess he takes after his pa."

The boy finished his apple.

"Come out and see our touring car," he said. "I 'd like to show it to you, although I can't take you to ride in it."

"Thank you," she eagerly replied. "I 'll come in a minute. Let me git this apple-sass started cookin' first."

She went into the kitchen with the apples, but soon came back, and with a brisk air followed the boy across the patch of rank grass to the road.

"I can't walk six miles or more, you know," he remarked, "and lug a can of gasolene back with me; so I 'll have to wait until your husband comes back to-night with the team. You don't mind my staying with you, do you?"

"Of course not," she answered. "I like boys—boys like you, that is. We—we never had no children of our own."

He showed her all the parts of the automobile, and explained how they worked and what they were for, all in a simple way that enabled her readily to understand. She was in a flutter of excitement at her close proximity to the wonderful invention, and the luxury of the seats and interior fittings filled her with awe. At first, he could not induce Aunt 'Phrone to enter the car and sit down upon the soft cushions, but, after much urging, she finally yielded, and was frankly delighted at the experience.

"It must 'a' cost a lot o' money," she observed.

"I guess your pa is pretty good to you. Like enough *he* did n't take after any one with a strapped pocket-book."

"No," laughed the boy; "Father is always kind to me. But I wish—I wish—"

"What, child?"

"I wish we lived together on a farm like this,

good deal more here than we shall need in heaven. Does any one get what he needs, I wonder?"

"Some may, but not many," she rejoined cheerfully. "Some of us don't get even gasolene, you know. Funny, ain't it, how such a little thing 'll spoil a great big creation like this? Why, in



"IT WAS NEARLY ELEVEN O'CLOCK WHEN THEY ENTERED THE FAIR GROUNDS." (SEE PAGE 109.)

where we could enjoy each other. All day he 's at the bank, you know."

"If he worked the farm," said the woman, "you would n't see much of him then, either, 'cept at meal-time. Mart'n Luther gits up at daylight, works in the fields all day, an' goes to bed after supper. In heaven we may find time to enjoy the sassiety of our friends, but p'r'aps there 'll be so much company there, it won't matter."

"I think," said the boy, solemnly, "we need a

some ways, it beats Silas Herrin's new thrash'n'-machine; but it ain't so useful, 'cause the thrash'n'-machine runs along the road without horses to where it wants to go, an' then its in-jynes do the thrashin' better 'n hands can do it."

"I 've never really examined one," he replied thoughtfully; "it must be very interesting."

"Come into the barn," she said, "an' I 'll show you Silas Herrin's new one. He brought it here yest'day, but he an' all his crew are at the fair

to-day, an' they won't begin thrashin' our crop till nex' Monday."

He followed her to the barn, willing to while away the time examining the big thresher. It filled nearly all the clear space on the barn floor, and towered half as high as the haymow. With its bright red body and diverse mechanical parts, the machine certainly presented an imposing appearance. The boy examined it with much curiosity.

"There are two distinct engines," he said musingly; "one a motor, I suppose, and one to do the work. The big one runs by steam, but this smaller one seems a gasolene engine."

"Perhaps it is," said the woman; "I never had it explained to me like you did your own machine."

"If it is," he suddenly exclaimed, "there must be some gasolene among Mr. Herrin's traps to run it with! If I can only find it, I'll borrow enough to get me to Fennport."

Eagerly, now, he began the search, the woman looking on with interest. In a short time, he drew out from the interior of the thresher a ten-gallon can, which proved to be filled with the fluid he sought.

"Hooray!" he cried joyfully. "We'll have our ride, after all, Aunt 'Phroney."

"It—it ain't stealin', is it?" she asked doubtfully. "This all b'longs to Silas Herrin, you know."

"It's a law of the road, ma'am, that any one needing gasolene has the right to help himself—if he pays for what he takes. I'll pay Silas Herrin a good price, and he'll have plenty left to run his engine with."

He got a bucket, measured out about three gallons, and placed a silver dollar on top of the can for payment. Then, when he had "fed" his automobile, an operation watched carefully by the old woman, the boy turned and said:

"Aunt 'Phroney, I've a proposition to make. Get on your things, and I'll take you to the fair at Fennport and give you a good time."

"Land sakes, boy!" she cried, holding up both hands; "I could n't think of it."

"Why not?"

"There's the work to do."

"Cut it out for to-day. Martin Luther's having a holiday, and I'm sure you're entitled to one, too."

"He—he might be mad."

"I don't see why. It won't cost him a cent, you know, and perhaps we won't see him at all. We'll have a good dinner somewhere, see all the sights, have a fine auto ride, and I'll fetch you home in plenty of time to get supper for your husband."

The temptation was too strong to be resisted. Aunt 'Phroney's face broke into a beaming smile, and she hurried into the house to get on her "bes' bib an' tucker."

Her reappearance caused the boy's eyes to twinkle. She wore a plain, black gown, baggy and ill made, an old-fashioned "Peasley" shawl wrapped around her shoulders, and a wonderful hat that no milliner would have recognized as modern head-gear. But the boy did not mind. He helped her to the seat beside him, saw that she was comfortable, and started the engines slowly, so as not to alarm her.

The lane from the farm-house to the Fennport turnpike was in much better condition than the other end, which Aunt 'Phroney said was seldom used by any one. They traversed it with merely a few bumps, and on reaching the turnpike glided along so smoothly, that the old woman was in an ecstasy of delight.

"I almos' hope Mart'n Luther will see us," she remarked. "Would n't he be s'prised, though, to see me in this stylish no-hoss keeridge?"

"I think he would," said the boy.

"An' jealous, too. Mart'n Luther says I take life easier ner he does, 'though my work 's jus' as hard fer me as his is fer him. Only diff'rence is, I don't complain."

"Is—is your husband a poor man?" the boy hazarded.

"Goodness, no! Mart'n Luther's pretty well off, I'm told. Not by him, mind you. He only tells me what he *can't* afford. But our minister once said he would n't be s'prised if Mart'n Luther had a thousan' dollars laid up! It's a pretty good farm, an' he works it himself. An' he's so keerful o' spendin'."

"Does n't he give you money for—for clothes and—and things?"

"Oh, yes; he's good 'bout that. We made an agreement, once, an' he's stuck to it like a man. Ev'ry New-Year's, he gives me five dollars for dresses an' hats, an' ev'ry Fourth o' July I git fifty cents an' no questions asked."

The boy's eyes grew big at this.

"Does n't he spend anything on himself, either?" he inquired.

"A little, of course. He gits his clo's second-hand from the drug-store keeper, who's about the same size as Mart'n Luther, but some fatter, an' he puts five cents in the contribution box ev'ry Sunday, an'—an'—well, there's the toll-gate he has to pay for ev'ry time he goes to town. That toll-gate makes him orful mad. We're comin' to it pretty soon. *You* don't mind, do you?"

"Not at all," he cried, laughing merrily.

"Mart'n Luther 's savin', an' no mistake," she continued musingly. "He would n't let me put him up no lunch to-day, 'cause he said Tom Dwyer would be sure to ask him to eat with him, an' if he did n't, he could easy get hold o' some

She heaved a little sigh.

"He says he can't afford any more," she replied, "an' I 'm satisfied, as things be. I used to long to buy pretty things an' go 'round, once in a while, but I 've got all over that now. I 'm happy, an' the Lord takes keer o' me. Did n't He send you here to-day with the—this—orto—orto—machine o' yours?"

"I wonder if He did?" returned the boy, gravely. "Oh, here 's the dreadful toll-gate, Aunt 'Phroney."

It was nearly eleven o'clock when they entered the big gate of the fair grounds. The automobile attracted considerable attention, although there were two or three others in Fennport. As the boy assisted Aunt 'Phroney from the car, she was recognized by several acquaintances who frequented her church, and it was good to witness the old woman's pride and satisfaction at the looks of bewilderment that greeted her. She took the boy's arm and passed through the crowd with her chin well up, and presently they were in the main pavilion, where the largest part of the display was centered.

"Let 's look at the fruits an' veg'tibles," she eagerly exclaimed. "I want to see if Mart'n Luther 's won any prizes. Do you know, boy, he promised me all the money he won that come to over four dollars?"

"Did he really?"

"Yes, he were feelin' quite chirky this mornin',

'fore he left, so he promised it. But if he won first prize on ev'rything, it 'd be only five dollars altogether, so I guess he did n't risk much."

They found the fruits, but Martin Luther's red apples had no ribbon on them, either blue or red.

"They don't look as good here, 'longside the others, as they did to home," sighed Aunt 'Phroney; "so I guess the judge was correc' in



"'COME! LET 'S GO AFORE I FAINT DEAD AWAY!'" (SEE PAGE 110.)

fruit on exhibition. He said to save the food for his supper to-night, an' he 'd git along somehow."

"He ought to be worth several thousand dollars, at that rate," observed the boy, not without indignation. "But what good is his money to him, or to you, if he does n't enjoy it? You ought to have a better allowance than you do, for you 've certainly helped him to accumulate the money."

lett'n' 'em pass by. Let 's see how the pertaters turned out."

Martin Luther's potatoes had failed to win. They lay just between the lots which had drawn the first and second prizes, and even the boy's inexperienced eyes could see they were inferior to the others.

"They bake well," murmured Aunt 'Phroney, "an' they bile jus' fine; but they ain't so pretty as them others, thet 's a fact. I guess Mart'n Luther won't hev to give me any of his prize-money this year—specially as he don't git any."

"Did n't you say you had a chicken in the show?" asked the boy.

"Yes, an' a mighty fine rooster he is, if I do say it. I 've looked after him myself, ever since he were an egg, an' he 's that high an' mighty, I named him 'The Bishop.' Seems to me he 'll be hard to beat, but p'r'aps when he 's compared to others, the Bishop 'll be like the apples an' 'taters."

"Where is he?"

"The poultry show 'll be in a tent somewheres."

"Let 's find him," said the boy, almost as interested as his companion.

They inquired the way, and, in passing through the grounds to the poultry tent, they passed a crowd surrounding one of those fakers so prominent at every country fair. Aunt 'Phroney wanted to see what was going on, so the boy drew her dexterously through the circle of spectators. As soon as they reached a place of observation, the old woman gave a violent start and grabbed her escort's arm. A lean, round-shouldered man with chin whiskers was tossing rings at a board filled with jack-knives of all sizes and shapes, in a vain endeavor to "ring" one of them. He failed, and the crowd jeered. Then he drew a leather wallet from his pocket, unstrapped it, and withdrew a coin with which he purchased more delusive rings. The boy felt Aunt 'Phroney trembling beside him.

"See that ol' feller yonder?" she asked.

"Yes," said he.

"That 's Mart'n Luther!"

They watched him with breathless interest, but not one of the rings he threw managed to capture a knife. Others tried them, undeterred by the failure of the old farmer, and, after watching them a short time, out came Martin Luther's leather pocket-book again.

"Come!" whispered the woman, in deep distress; "let 's go afore I faint dead away! Who 'd believe Mart'n Luther could be sech a spen'thrift an' prodigal? I did n't b'lieve 't was in him."

The boy said nothing, but led her out of the crowd. To solace his companion's grief, he

"treated" Aunt 'Phroney to pink lemonade, which had the effect of decidedly cheering her up. They found the poultry tent almost deserted, and, after a brief search, the woman recognized the Bishop. A man down the row of cages was even now judging the fowls and attaching ribbons to the winning birds as he went along.

"He 'll come to the Plymouth Rocks in a minute," whispered Aunt 'Phroney; "let 's wait an' see what happens."

It did n't take the judge very long to decide. Quite promptly he pinned a blue ribbon to the Bishop's cage, and Aunt 'Phroney exclaimed: "There! we 've got a prize at last, boy!"

The judge looked up, saw the boy, and held out his hand with a smile of recognition.

"Why, how are you, Mr. Carroll?" he exclaimed cordially; "I thought I was the only Durham man on the grounds. Did you drive your new car over?"

The boy nodded.

"They sent for me to judge this poultry show," continued the man, "but it 's the poorest lot of alleged thoroughbreds I ever saw together. Not a really good bird in the show."

"That ought to make your task easier," said the boy.

"No, it makes it harder. For instance, there 's the Sweepstakes Prize for the best bird of any sort on exhibition. Tell me, how am I to make such an award, where all are undeserving?"

"Very well, I 'll tell you," returned the boy, audaciously. "If I were judging, I 'd give this fellow"—pointing to the Bishop—"the Sweepstakes."

"Eh? This fellow?" muttered the judge, eying Aunt 'Phroney's pet critically. "Why, I don't know but you 're right, Mr. Carroll. I had it in mind to give the Sweepstakes to that White Leghorn yonder, but this Plymouth Rock seems well set up and has good style."

The Bishop had recognized his mistress, and was strutting proudly and showing to excellent advantage. While the judge considered him, he flapped his wings and gave a lusty crow.

"I 'll take back my statement," said the man. "Here is a really good bird. Guess I 'll follow your advice, Mr. Carroll"; and he pinned a bright yellow ribbon marked "Sweepstakes" next to the blue one on the Bishop's cage.

Aunt 'Phroney drew a long breath. Her eyes were sparkling.

"How much is the Sweepstakes, jedge?" she inquired.

"It 's the largest money prize offered—twenty-five dollars—and there 's a silver water-pitcher besides. I 'm sorry such a liberal premium did



"TRY THIS ONE ON, AUNT 'PHRONEY,' URGED THE BOY." (SEE PAGE 112.)

not bring out a better display. But I must hurry and make my report, for I want to catch the two o'clock train home. Good day, Mr. Carroll."

As he bowed and left the tent, Aunt 'Phroney was staring proudly at the Bishop.

"Twenty-five dollars!" she gasped, "an' two dollars first prize for Plymouth Rocks! Twenty-seven dollars an' a silver pitcher! Boy, do you know what this means? It means I 'll git twenty-three dollars—an' Mart'n Luther 'll git jus' four."

"Will he keep his promise?" the boy asked.

"Yes. Mart'n Luther 's a' honest man, an' God-fearin'—but he ain't got much judgment 'bout ringin' jack-knives. Dear me, who 'd ever think he 'd turn out a squanderer?"

The boy took her away to the big dining-hall. It was divided into two sections by a rail. On one side was a sign reading: "Square Meal, 25c." On the other side was the legend: "Regular Dinner, with Oysters and Ice-Cream, 50c."

Disregarding his companion's protests, the boy led her into the latter section, which had few

patrons compared with the cheaper one. No sooner had Aunt 'Phroney tucked her napkin under her chin than she grew pale and stared amazed across the rail. The boy's eyes followed hers and recognized Martin Luther seated at a table facing them, and eating with ravenous industry.

"Twenty-five cents gone—an' he might 'a' took the lunch I offered him!" wailed the old woman. Perhaps the magnetism of their combined gaze affected Martin Luther, for he raised his eyes and encountered his wife's horrified stare. The man was justified in being equally astonished. Motionless, with a piece of beef poised half-way to his mouth, he glared alternately at the strange boy and at Aunt 'Phroney. His face betokened bewilderment, shame at being discovered, and, at the last, an unreasoning panic. He slowly rose to his feet, turned his back, and ignominiously fled from the hall.

"Never mind," said the woman, her lips firmly set, "he 'll know he 's got somethin' to explain

when he gits home; an' if Mart'n Luther ever hears the last o' them jack-knives an' his prodigal 'square meal,' my name ain't Sophrony Sager!"

After the dinner, with its accompanying luxuries of oysters and ice-cream, was over, they saw the balloon ascension and the races; and then, early in the afternoon, the boy put Aunt 'Phrony into the touring car and they drove to Fennport, where the tank was filled with gasolene. During this operation, the boy noticed that the old woman shivered slightly in the cool autumn weather, and drew her thin shawl more closely around her as she sat waiting in the car.

"You ought to have brought a heavy coat," he said.

"Why I have n't got any," she returned, smiling at him cheerfully.

"No coat! What do you wear in winter, when you go to church?" the boy asked.

"When it 's real cold, I wrap a comforter 'round me on the way, an' then wear this shawl into church. Aunt Sally left it to me when she died. It 's real Peasley."

"Get out of the car, please, Aunt 'Phrony," the boy said quietly.

"Why cert'nly, if you say so; but what for?"

"I had a birthday last week, and Father gave me a check. I want to buy a present for my best girl at this store, and I wish you to help me pick it out."

She went in, then, full of interest, and the boy whispered to the clerk, who began to display a collection of thick, warm coats in sober colors.

"Try this one on, Aunt 'Phrony," urged the boy. Suddenly she became suspicious, and flushed like a school-girl.

"Boy," she began, "if you dare—"

"Hush, please!" he pleaded. "Do you want to shame me before all these strangers? And spoil my birthday? And prove that I have n't any best girl?"

The appeal was effective. The old woman meekly submitted to the "try-on," and presently he said to the clerk: "This one will do. Mrs. Sager will take it with her and wear it home, as the air is a bit chilly."

Before she could recover from her dazed condition, they were once more in the automobile and speeding down the turnpike toward the farm.

"Feel warm enough, Aunt 'Phrony?" asked the boy, turning a merry face toward her. Then he saw that her eyes were full of tears. She nestled closer to him and murmured softly: "You know, boy, we—we never had a chick or a child of our own!"

THAT evening father and son were seated in the banker's library.

"I spent twenty dollars of my birthday money, to-day," said the boy.

"Indeed. In what way?"

"Trying to make an old country woman happy."

"Really, my son?"

"Really, Father; and I think—I 'm quite sure—that I succeeded."

And then he told him the whole story.



JUST BE GOOD

BY JAMES ROWE

If you need a lot of things
Such as dear old Santa brings—
Trumpets, bats, and things with springs—
Just be good.

He won't come within a mile
Of the boy who has no smile
And is grumbling all the while.—
Just be good.

If you need some whips or drums,
Or a top that "sleeps" and hums,
Every day, till Santa comes,
Just be good.

Santa never tries to see
Any bad boy's Christmas tree.
"I 've no use for him," says he.
Just be good.

He would never wish a boy
To be missing fun and joy
Just to get some little toy.
No. He 's fair.

Keep a manly, smiling chap
Underneath your little cap!
Then you need not care a rap.—
He 'll be there!



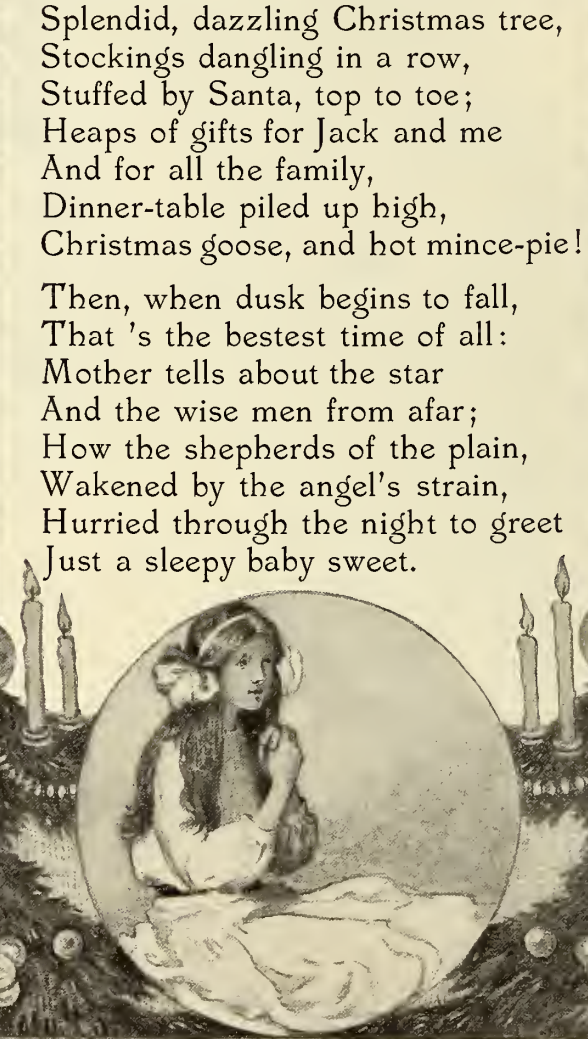
"I'VE SOMETHING FOR YOU!"



OUR CHRISTMAS

WHAT does Christmas mean to me?
 Splendid, dazzling Christmas tree,
 Stockings dangling in a row,
 Stuffed by Santa, top to toe;
 Heaps of gifts for Jack and me
 And for all the family,
 Dinner-table piled up high,
 Christmas goose, and hot mince-pie!

Then, when dusk begins to fall,
 That 's the bestest time of all:
 Mother tells about the star
 And the wise men from afar;
 How the shepherds of the plain,
 Wakened by the angel's strain,
 Hurried through the night to greet
 Just a sleepy baby sweet.

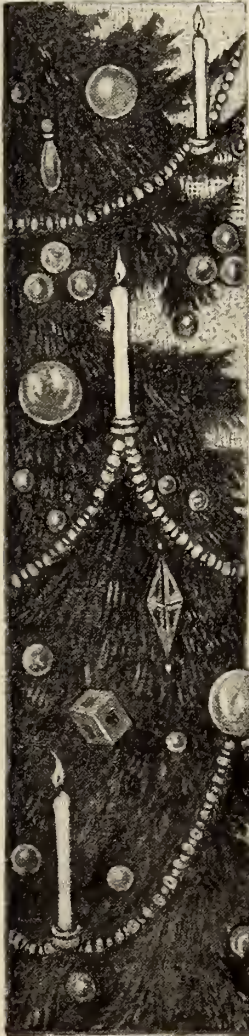




Though we know the story old,
 Yet we love to hear it told.
 And I shut my eyes tight—so,
 Till I see the star aglow;
 Hold my breath, and, listening,
 Hear the angel chorus sing,
 And the mother, crooning deep
 O'er the baby fast asleep.

While we sit so quiet there,
 Daddy tiptoes from his chair,
 Lifts the curtain, and we spy
 One bright star shine in the sky,
 Just as if it came to say,
 "This is happy Christmas Day;
 And to every girl and boy,
 Love and peace and Christmas joy!"

Alice Lovett Carson.



CECILIA A. KAY '12

BEATRICE OF DENEWOOD

(A sequel to "The Lucky Sixpence")

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

CHAPTER III

A MYSTERIOUS MAGUS

A WEEK passed before Bart's plan for the treasure hunt was matured, and in the meantime, Brother John was detailed for special duty under General Arnold in Philadelphia. And although I was disappointed, because I had hoped he would be home for good, it was a comfort to know that he would be stationed so near to us and in no danger. His own company, under Captain McLane, was with Washington, and had John been there, I should have been constantly anxious, for that troop was ever on the outlook for danger, waiting not for it to come to them, but rather going forth to find it with a right good-will.

Brother John and I had long talks about Dene-wood and how we were to manage; for although under ordinary circumstances there was more than enough money, and John was a rich man, owning many ships, trade was at a standstill, and what hard money he could find was given to Washington and the cause, which came before all in his heart. So we were forced to plan and contrive in many ways to feed the household and the slaves on the place. While, of course, Mrs. Mummer was first in these matters, certain responsibilities were given to me, and, in John's absence, mine was the final word, though I took no advantage of that, and looked to Mrs. Mummer to guide me in all things.

Therefore I had, in a measure, lost sight of Bart's treasure hunt, and one morning, when he tapped me on the shoulder and whispered, "'T is to-night," I did not take his meaning.

"I've arranged it all with old Schmuck, the Magus," he added, and then I knew what he was talking about.

"What did he say?" I asked eagerly.

"He was n't much for it at first," Bart replied; "said he was engaged, but he soon came round. All he wanted was a larger fee."

"You did n't tell him of the blazed tree?" I questioned.

"Nay, not a word," Bart answered. "We leave the house at eleven o'clock. That will give us time to reach the creek before midnight, for I will have the horses ready in the lane back of the spring-house."

I thought a good deal of our adventure

throughout the rest of the day, and questioned more than once whether it had been wise for me to agree to Bart's schemes; but I could not have played the informer and gone to Brother John with it, and I knew Bart well enough to be sure he would go alone, as he said he might, unless I accompanied him. In this way I salved my conscience, and looked forward eagerly to the quest.

Since the British had left Philadelphia and we had no one quartered upon us, we had rearranged our sleeping quarters, and I was back alone in my own chamber, while little Peg slept in a small room beside mine. We had n't breathed a word to her of our plans, and I was somewhat worried for fear she would insist, as she often did, on sharing my bed. But this night she brought a kitten up with her from the kitchen, and said naught of sleeping with me.

"Why have you brought the kitten?" I asked her, as she prepared for bed.

"To w-w-watch the m-m-mouse's h-h-hole," she answered readily. "Mrs. M-M-Mummer says 't is good to begin training them y-y-young," she went on gravely; "and b-b-besides I g-grow tired of d-d-doing all the w-w-work myself."

"Go to bed, goosie," I said; "some day you'll really see a mouse in that hole of yours, and you'll be frightened out of your wits."

"Not if it's a m-m-mouse with t-t-two legs," she laughed back at me, and a few minutes later was in bed, and I had blown out the candle.

In my own room I saw to it that my preparations for the adventure were complete, and put out riding-hat and boots, a cloak that came well down below my knees, and, most important of all, a pistol, which Bart had given me. Then I tied up my hair in a queue and I was ready.

But when these arrangements were completed, there was still a good two hours of waiting, and I dared not lie down for fear of dropping off to sleep and so missing my engagement. I had not thought to bring a novel with me, so I had recourse to my little book of Maxims, in which had been set down all my doings and sayings since I was a small maid of six years. This book was one of my most cherished possessions, and a close link between me and my old home in England. The covers were of silk, embroidered by dear old Granny herself, and many of the writings put down in it were in her neat hand.

As I turned the pages idly, I could n't help wondering how she liked living with her daughter, Madam Van der Helst, in Amsterdam, a town which she despised. Poor old Granny! I loved her truly, and wished she were in America with me, but she would have been quite as out

Dower-House together. 'T was not her fault that we were forced to leave the only home we had known, and seek shelter among strangers till Horrie should come into his inheritance, upon the death of our cousin, Sir Horace Travers, of Frobisham in Kent. 'T was not her fault that

Mr. Van der Helst, her son-in-law, insisted that I be sent to the Americas, though it did seem as though my fate was to be a sad one. But, oh! how different it had turned out from my expectations, and how truly welcome Cousin John had made me! I had indeed found my fortune across great waters, as a Gipsy woman had foretold when I was but a babe, and—and—

I came to my senses with a guilty start, for I had been napping, and, jumping to my feet, turned to the clock, fearing I had missed my meeting with Bart, at eleven; but 't was only ten.

I closed my book of Maxims with a snap. Clearly this thinking back over the past was no good way to keep awake. I must find another means to prop my eyes open.

I picked up a copy of the Pennsylvania "Evening Post" and glanced at the news it contained.

A party of the American Light-Horse pursued them very close [which meant the British], and took a great number of prisoners, some of whom were refugees. Soon after the evacuation, Honorable Major-General Arnold took possession of Philadelphia with Colonel Jackson's Massachusetts regiment.



"A DARK, WEIRD FIGURE SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY." (SEE PAGE 120.)

of place with the "barbarians," as she styled those who dwelt in the colonies, as in Amsterdam.

But though Granny loved her dish of gossip as well as another, she loved her orphaned grandchildren more, and my brothers, Hal and Horrie, had shared with me all the luxuries her small means could afford so long as we lived in the old

A few weeks before, that news had been most exciting, because Brother John was with the light-horse, but now it was stale, though I clipped it out, and have kept it because it was about John.

Then, for want of better employment, I started to read the advertisements, in the hope of finding sufficient entertainment to keep me from dozing again.

John Fisher, Brush-maker near the Gaol in Lancaster, has powder, shot, and raisins for sale.


"'T would be a heavy cake if he should mistake and sell shot for raisins," I said to myself, smiling at such a funny combination of commodities. Then I read:

Francis Gurney and Company offer green and Bohea tea, shalloons, lanthorn-horns, ruffled shirts, and best snuff and tobacco in hogsheads.

Shalloons and ruffled shirts in hogsheads seemed monstrous comical things, and I laughed aloud, but 't was a sleepy laugh, and had I been broader awake, I think I should not have been so amused.

A little way down the page, I found another advertisement that interested me, which read as follows:

Run away, on the night of August third last, from the subscriber, living in Coombes's alley, a servant-lad named Mark Powell, about fourteen years of age, of American birth, who has between four and five years to serve. Had on, when last seen, a whole suit of homespun, yarn stockings, and heeled leathern shoes with large brass buckles. He is marked by a great scar over his left eye, is very active, can run almost as fast as a horse, and is a good hand with narrow or broad ax, whipsaw, and most carpenter tools. Whosoever takes him up and secures him in the Philadelphia jail shall have TWO POUNDS reward and reasonable charges. Jonathan Willis.

 His wrist is so large that he cannot be secured with common handcuffs.

I know not quite why it was so, but I felt a great sympathy, not for Mr. Jonathan Willis, who had lost a bond-servant, but for the run-away boy, who was just about my age. Surely his lot must have been a hard one for him to have risked a public whipping at the Town Hall if he was captured. While the British and Hessians were about, many slaves and servants had run away from fright, who were glad enough to return to good homes when their fears were allayed. But this boy evidently meant to stay away, and I doubted not he had been badly treated. Then, too, I was impressed by the item about the unusual size of his wrists and his fleetness—that he could run nearly as fast as a horse seemed to me wonderful, if it were true. Altogether I thought no little of this poor boy, Mark Powell, and read the advertisement through several times.

But by this time, the hands of the clock showed that the moment for meeting Bart had arrived, and all other thoughts flew out of my head as I prepared to go down to him.

Now that the hour had come, I had misgivings, but it was too late to back out. My fingers trembled from excitement as I drew on my boots, threw the long cape over my shoulder, and ad-

justed my hat. I took a last look at myself, and, putting out the light, tiptoed to the door.

The house was still as I moved along the hall toward the nursery, and in another moment, I was groping in the fireplace for the entrance to the secret passage that little Peg called the "mouse's hole." I found it without trouble, for I had been that way before, and breathed easier as I took my first step down.

But it was exceeding dark, and I wished I had had the forethought to fetch a lanthorn with me. However, it was out of the question to go back, and I groped my way as well as I could in the blackness that was but ill-relieved by the faint, gray light that showed through the pigskin covering the chinks in the masonry.

At the bottom, the passage turned toward the spring-house, and I was startled by the sound of splashing water. I halted, my heart doubling its beat, but there was no further sound, and, thinking I had been mistaken, I went on, until, at length, I was at the end of the passage beside the spring-house door.

As I stepped out I met Bart.

"Is it you, Bee?" he asked in a whisper, which, though low in tone, showed his excitement.

"Who else could it be?" I questioned back, with a little shiver of nervousness.

"It could be no one else, I suppose," he answered, "but I just came up, and, before I reached here, I fancied I saw something move out of the house, and was afraid I 'd missed you. Come along. Charley is with the horses, and we must not delay, or we will be too late."

In the darkness we stumbled badly as we picked our way toward the road.

"We 'll need a light, Bart," I said; "I should have thought of it."

"Charley has one and a spade, too," he answered. "You can trust me to be prepared, no matter what may come," and, though I could n't see him, I was sure he had thrown back his head confidently, which was a trick he had acquired since he had become a soldier.

He led me by a short cut through the orchard, and so out into the road a few hundred yards from the house; and here we came upon the horses.

"Hurry now!" said Bart, stepping up to set me upon my beast, "we have n't any time to lose"; and he reached out his hand.

Then, to our surprise and consternation, a little figure sidled up beside us.

"You may h-h-help me too, an it p-p-please you," said Peggy, for it was she, looking, in the darkness, with her peaked hood and brown cloak, like a gnome sprung from the underworld.

"SLOWLY HE BEGAN TO MOVE ACROSS THE OPEN SPACE, SEEMINGLY LED BY THE ROD HE CARRIED." (SEE PAGE 122.)



For a moment neither Bart nor I could say a word, so chagrined were we; but at last he found his tongue.

"What 's the meaning of this?" he burst out angrily; "you have no business here, and now you 've spoiled it all!"

"How could you, Peggy!" I almost sobbed with vexation. "You should n't have come."

"Nay," she answered, "I was in the s-s-secret too, and I meant to c-c-come all the time, only I did n't say so, knowing it might d-d-delay you."

"But how did you know we were going?" demanded Bart. "Did you tell her, Bee?"

"Not a word!" I answered. "I thought she was sound asleep."

"I was n't," she chuckled. "But you w-were once, 'c-c-cause I p-peeped in. You had y-y-your eyes sh-sh-shut. I thought I sh-sh-should have to w-w-wake you."

"What are we to do with her?" Bart asked helplessly.

"T-t-to t-t-take me w-with you," said Peg. "'A w-w-wilful w-w-woman w-w-will have her w-w-way,' as M-M-Mummer says."

"You can't ride bareback!" I snapped, a little crossly, for there might be danger to be met, and I liked not that Peggy should run risks.

"There 'll be a p-p-pillion on one of the s-s-saddles," she answered calmly. "I told Ch-Ch-Charley to p-p-put one on, and he s-s-said he would, b-b-but he looked queer about it."

I was inclined to laugh, but Bart was angry and perplexed, for we had scant time to argue if we were to meet the Magus at the appointed hour.

"You must go back at once!" he ordered; but Peg shook her head with equal positiveness.

"Please, Peg," I began, but she cut me short.

"'T is no use to s-s-say p-p-please, B-B-Bee, so let 's be going or we shall be late."

It was plain that if we were to go at all, she must make one of the party. Though I called her a naughty child, and Bart threatened her with all sorts of violence, she never budged, and all the while the minutes were flying.

"Then I suppose you must go!" he flung out at last. "'A wilful woman must e'en have her way,' so up with you; but I like it not, and if you come to harm, you have none to blame but yourself."

A moment later we were off, Bart leading the way with the lantern, little Peg mounted on the pillion behind me, while Charley brought up the rear with the spade. "We meet the Magus at the Rittenhouse Mill Road," Bart said, still angry, and for a while we rode on in silence, though the impish little maid behind me chuckled slyly.

It was a black and cloudy night, for the moon that we had counted on was overcast; but when our eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness, we could see well enough, and the horses seemed to have no difficulty in picking their way.

As we neared the Rittenhouse Mill Road, I, for one, had a fast beating heart, for the real beginning of our adventures was at hand.

We first saw the Magus atop the rise, a dark, weird figure silhouetted against the sky, sitting motionless upon a small mule which our horses liked not at all to go in company with.

He was dressed entirely in a tight-fitting suit of black satin, which served to enhance the thinness of him, and on his head he wore a wide, flapping hat, also black, but relieved by one blood-red plume, which, standing straight up, seemed to add a foot to his already extravagant height. He was indeed monstrous tall, though no thicker than a sapling, and his legs hung down on each side of his steed till I thought they must touch the ground.

He greeted us civilly enough, but with many long and uncouth words, and I was surprised when he made it plain that he thought me a boy. At first he did n't see Peggy, but when at last he discovered her, he remarked that he had not counted upon a female child being one of the party, and he misdoubted how the spirits would like it.

"'T is not likely I will fright them," Peg answered for herself, for she feared the Magus no more than she feared anything else on earth; after which Schmuck said naught further on that subject.

We turned our horses toward the Wissahickon Creek, and it was evident from the very beginning that old Schmuck was bent upon frightening us.

Such tales of ghosts and flibbertigibbets as he related were enough to chill the blood, and one in particular, of a spectral coach driven through the streets of Philadelphia by a fiendish spirit, was most uncanny. But whether he overdrew his tales, or whether we were too well instructed to be befooled, I know not; 't is certain that we maids were not unduly terrified, though I was soon to learn that one of our party had been affected.

"Touching the driver of that ghostly coach," said Bart, coolly, "his beasts must have been spirits too, seeing that he could guide them. Faith, I knew not before that horses had souls. But 't is not the ghosts I so much depend on as good Hans Kalbfleisch," he added carelessly.

"Hans Kalbfleisch!" exclaimed the Magus, the tone of his voice showing extreme astonishment.

At the same time, he spurred his beast so that it jumped about the road, disturbing our cavalcade greatly. 'T was some time before we could bring our horses down to order again, and then Bart questioned the man pointedly.

"You repeated Hans Kalbfleisch as if the name was not unfamiliar to you. Tell me, do you know him?"

"I said the name!" retorted the Magus, and his manner was almost rough. "Nay, you must have misunderstood. I am but a poor horseman, and the shying of my animal nigh unseated me."

"Yet I, too, heard you say the name," I put in.

"Then it must have been that I repeated it because it struck my ear with a certain quaintness," the Magus answered, "but come, we must hurry on"; and as an example to us, he spurred his little donkey forward.

From the moment Bart unwittingly mentioned the name of Hans Kalbfleisch, the manner of the Magus underwent a complete change. Heretofore he acted as one who played a rôle, with his stories of ghosts and spirits intended to fright the ignorant, intent only upon earning his fees and maintaining his reputation as a wizard. Now, however, he became eager and rather silent, answering shortly what questions were put to him. I noted that he muttered to himself, yet seemed to be making an effort to control some strong excitement he felt.

Thus, for a time, there was silence, until, a half-mile farther on, we stopped and dismounted. We took the horses along a narrow path to a small clearing, where we tethered them, and were about to proceed, when a queer, rattling noise attracted my attention. I turned to see Charley trembling beside me.

"Please, Miss Bee," he mumbled between his chattering teeth, "you all don't want these here horses stayin' alone in the dark like this, does you?"

It was plain that our black boy was in abject fear and ready to run off at any moment, if we insisted upon his accompanying us, so I called to Bart, who was a little ahead with the Magus, and he came back to where I stood.

I explained the situation, whereupon he scolded Charley roundly in an undertone, for we had no wish to inform the Magus that his stories had been taken seriously by one of our party.

Bart pondered the matter for a moment.

"We 'll have to do our own digging, Bee," he whispered, then, raising his voice, "Charley, you stay here with the horses, but come at once when I call. We 'll be within hail."

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, immensely relieved, and we turned to rejoin the Magus.

I had felt a little uneasy at Schmuck's manner, and as we came up with him, I was far from reassured.

"Come! lead on!" he ordered gruffly. "Think you I can wait all night while you pick your way so daintily? Come on, come on!"

"Nay, there 's no hurry," I said. "Light the lanthorn, Bart, and we 'll look to the priming of our pistols."

I spoke in as deep a voice as I could muster, but I was far from feeling courageous, nor was I reassured when the light Bart kindled showed me the face of the Magus, for he was an evil-appearing man, and in that dim glow his eyes glittered ominously and had a look of avarice, as if something for which he had long sought was about to come within his grasp.

He scowled at the sight of the pistols, but at the same time, his manner changed again, and he became once more the servile, cringing charlatan we had first known.

"Which way, young master?" he asked, and his tones were very humble.

"Lead on, Bart," I said. "I 'll follow Schmuck"; and I balanced the pistol in my hand carelessly.

CHAPTER IV

I DIG FOR TREASURE

As we picked our way in single file through the dark woods bordering the stream, the Magus tried again to terrify us with tales of ghosts and such-like supernatural creatures. How they impressed Bart I could not tell, but I found myself glancing about nervously, and beginning to be afraid of—I knew not what.

On the road with a sturdy horse under me, this talk of evil spirits scarce had any effect, but in the damp forest with croaking frogs and the plaintive call of a whippoorwill to accent the silence, I confess I was ill at ease. Before me the Magus strode along, the blood-red plume touching the lower branches of the trees, a queer, gaunt figure against the swaying light of the lanthorn.

Little Peg was the least concerned of any of us, I think. She was close beside me, and at each stumble over root or stone, she would chuckle or give vent to some stuttering utterance that on another occasion would have made us all laugh; but I never felt less like laughing, and wished with all my heart that we had never come upon this quest, and, most of all, that Peg was safe in bed. But such wishes were vain. I picked my way behind old Schmuck, holding my pistol in a trembling hand, and fearful lest I might have to use it before the night was over.

Presently Bart turned sharply to the right, and after a few paces stopped.

"'T is here," he said, in an undertone, as we all drew up beside him; "take your wand, Magus, and begin the search."

Schmuck drew forth a long, lithe wand which seemed to wave of itself in the uncertain light of the lanthorn. His excitement was apparent, though he strove to appear indifferent, or, at least, to preserve his character of seer or diviner. But, although I was near beside myself with anxiety and eagerness to have done with the matter, I could not help seeing the intentness with which the man peered about him in the darkness, as if in search of something.

Evidently he found it not, for, after a moment, he asked Bart to let him have the lanthorn.

"Nay, your wand needs no light nor your spirits neither," answered Bart. "I 'll keep the lanthorn."

"But where shall I begin?" whined the Magus, taking on again his most humble mien. "'T is needful that I find a suitable place. You have n't told me all you know, young master," he ended.

"If I knew the exact spot," answered Bart, "there would be small use in taking a Magus at some expense."

'T was plain that Schmuck was perplexed, for he hesitated a moment, as if undecided how to proceed.

"How near to the white stone is the place?" he demanded, so suddenly that I was taken by surprise.

"The white stone!" cried Bart, suspiciously. "What know you of a white stone?"

"Naught, naught," answered the Magus, evasively; "I saw such in a vision, perhaps."

"Humph! more dreams!" muttered Bart to himself; and I was sure that he realized, as I did, that old Schmuck knew more of the matter than he was willing to divulge. To me, indeed, it seemed that each had some special knowledge that he neither dared nor cared to trust to the other, so that there was like to be a deadlock.

'T was now Bart's turn to hesitate, but, after a moment, he evidently reached a decision.

"Come on," he ordered, and led us to a spot a few paces nearer the creek, where he took his stand with his back against a big tree.

"'T is here or hereabouts. Now let us see what good your magic is."

With a curious, sidelong glance at us, the Magus took his peeled wand and set it between the palms of his hands. The clouds had parted a little, and a pale light seemed to come from both the water and the sky, so that the diviner in his black suit was plainly visible.

Slowly he began to move across the open space, then back and forth in circles, seemingly led by the rod he carried extended in front of him, so slight and willowy was his form. At length he stopped.

"There is naught here," he said despondently; but, even as he spoke, the clouds parted still further, and a pale trickle of light spilled upon a great white stone that had previously been shadowed.

"The white stone!" we all gasped together, and for a full minute, we stood staring at it in silence.

Bart was the first to recover himself.

"Try over this way!" he cried, leaping away from the tree against which he had been standing, and running toward the stone. But, for an instant, a flash from the lanthorn had lighted up the trunk of the tree, and there, rudely carved in the bark, I caught a glimpse of a skull and cross-bones. 'T was the blazed tree of which Hans Kalbfleisch had spoken, and I knew we must be near the pirates' hoard!

I followed Bart, and so did the Magus, and, as he ran, I saw the wand in his hand drawn downward to the earth till it bent like a fishing-rod when one has hooked too heavy a fish.

"'T is here!" he gasped, like one in heavy pain. "'T is here. I feel it!"

"Then let 's begin to dig," said Bart, quite valiantly, I thought, for his voice sounded indifferent enough, and he made a movement toward the spade.

"Not yet," cried the Magus, with a gesture of horror. "Wouldst have the spirits that guard the spot destroy us?"

"Nay," answered Bart, a little anxiously, "'t is to guard against those gentry I brought you along."

"Then come nigh while I draw the magic circle," the Magus commanded.

For a moment, Bart hesitated, then stepped toward him.

"Come," he said to me, "we 'll get out of reach of the spirits," and he tried to laugh as if he cared not, but made a failure of his attempt.

"I 'll s-s-stay h-h-here," said little Peg, seating herself on a boulder; "I think it 's s-s-s-safer."

I confess I would like to have remained with Peggy, but that would be to desert Bart, so I went forward with him.

When we had taken our places, Schmuck leaned down as if he meant to draw the magic circle of which he had spoken, but, ere he began, he straightened up again.

"Lay aside all cold metal, for if you have aught of that upon your persons, we are lost," he said.

"I have naught but a lucky sixpence about my throat," I hastened to tell him, for his tone was most ominous.

"Nay, good silver will not matter. 'T is cold iron that is fatal," he answered in a hard voice. And then I saw that he meant our pistols, and I became doubly suspicious.

"Come," I said to Bart, and he walked with me to where little Peg was seated.

"'T is the pistols," I murmured, so that none save he could hear me.

"Aye, I guessed that," he returned; "but I mean we shall keep them all the same."

"How will you manage it?" I asked.

"Do as I do," he whispered, "but first hide the pistol under your cape."

When we reached Peg, Bart stooped as if to lay his pistol down.

"We 'll put them here on the ground," he said aloud, so that the Magus could n't fail to hear him, and then, as I bent to do the same, he whispered in my ear, "Find a billet of wood about the size of a pistol, if you can."

I searched the ground with my hand, and found a dead branch of about the right length.

"I have it," I answered.

"Good," muttered Bart, under his breath. Then aloud he went on: "No, we had better lay them on the rock; the grass is damp"; and with that we rose, and Bart placed a piece of wood beside Peg. I did the same with my stick, and, at a little distance, in that dim light, they looked enough like pistols, and I thought Bart's trick was rather clever.

Back we walked to the Magus, who began again to make his circle.

He chanted some strange words, and we watched him slowly move his wand in a wide ring about us. As he neared the end, he stopped his chant and spoke again to us.

"Spirits dire and dread are all around. We stand above a pirate treasure. The treasure is here," the Magus went on, "but the evil spirit that watches over it is strong. Utter no word nor step without the magic circle, or all is lost. It boots not what you hear or see, utter no sound. Dost understand?"

"Aye," answered Bart.

With that the man, chanting as before, drew the last line, and the circle was complete. Then he raised himself up and, holding aloft his hands, stood for a while as if offering a silent invocation. He made a weird and curious figure stretched to his full height, his long, bony arms seeming to tower above his head, and between them the waving plume. I shuddered a little,

wishing with all my heart that the matter was finished, but I caught a half-smile on Bart's face which showed me that he, at least, still had his wits about him.

I had supposed that the end of the ceremony had come, when the Magus dropped his long arms, but in this I was mistaken. First he bowed three times to the north, to the east, to the south, and to the west. Then, again taking the wand, he held it out before him, and the stick seemed like a thing alive. Lithe and agile as the man was, the writhing thing in his hands was quicker, for suddenly it leaped from between his palms and stood bolt upright, as if rooted in the ground. Of all that happened that night, this was to me the strangest, for in truth the rod seemed a quickened thing, shaking and shivering at our feet.

The Magus, with a nod to Bart, pointed to the spade. Without a word he took it up, and in a moment was hard at work.

He had made a fair-sized hole before he tired of his task, but found nothing; and, at length, stepping out of the space he had digged, he handed the spade to the Magus.

That individual took it and went to work for ten minutes or so without result, though we looked eagerly into the rapidly widening hole. At length he passed the spade to me, and, seeing that Bart was about to interpose, I forestalled him, sticking my pistol into my belt so that I might have both hands free, and took up the task, meaning to do as much as, or more than, any boy.

I was surprised to find how light the soil was, and, proud of the ease with which I increased the depth of the excavation, labored with a right good-will.

Suddenly the spade ceased to cut through the sand, and, thinking I had struck a root, I pressed with all my force. But though the object yielded somewhat, I could not dig it up, and when I attempted to withdraw the spade, it seemed as if something grasped and held it. For a moment, I knew not what to think, and then, with a lively shriek, I was out of the hole.

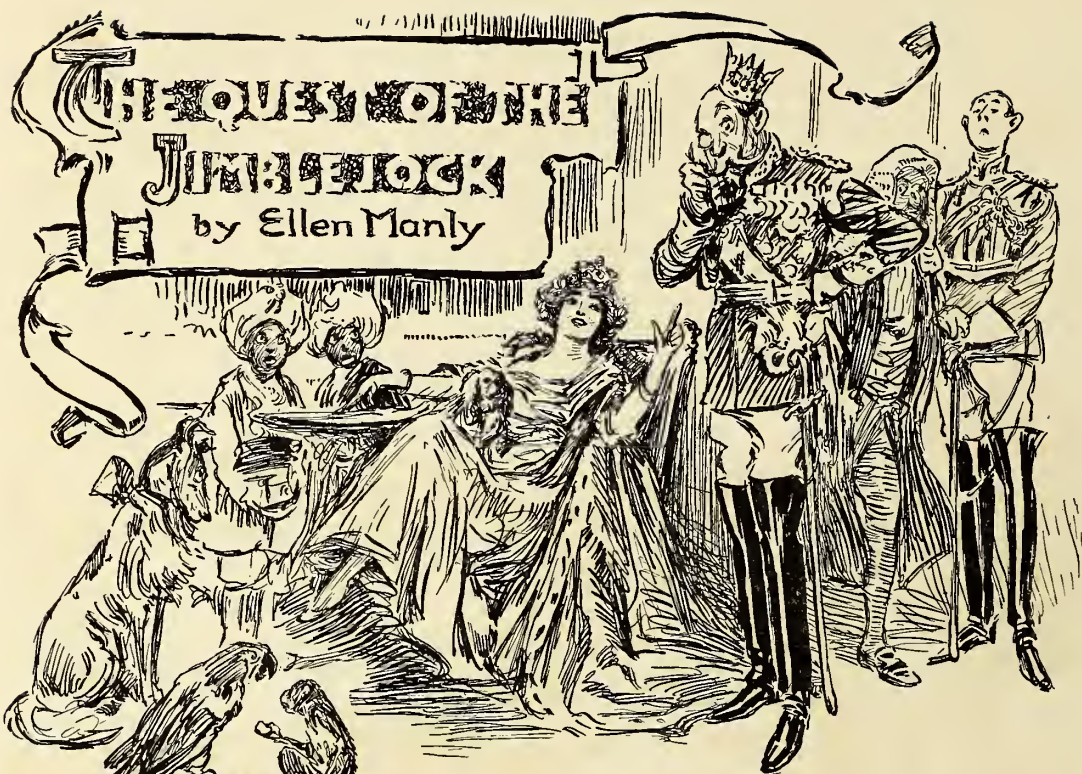
"Bart! Bart!" I screamed.

"Run! Run!" shouted the Magus, as he jumped toward the spot where he supposed our pistols to be lying. "'T is the pirate's ghost. Naught can save you now. The spell is broken!"

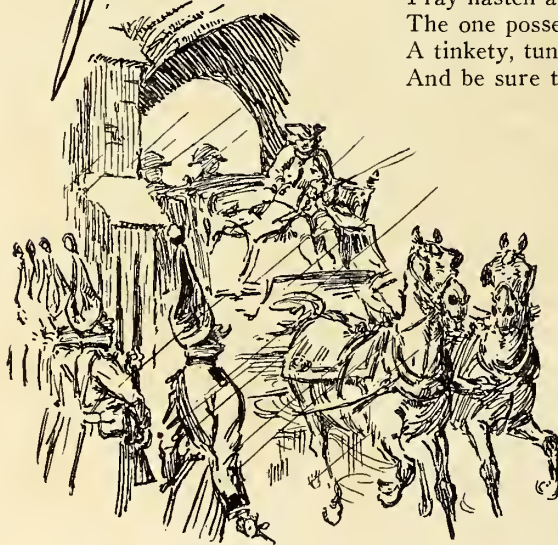
The terror the Magus managed to put into his tones was very infectious, and I seized Bart by the wrist, intent upon dragging him away.

"Come, Bart!" I cried in desperation; but he would not move.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed, "I don't see any ghost, and I won't run until I do."



"My dear," Her Majesty said to the King,
 The redoubtable ruler of Chingoling,
 "I have many a beautiful thing, 't is true,
 But the Christmas gift that I crave is new,
 And never a queen hath yet been known
 This rare and elegant prize to own.
 Pray hasten at once to the town to buy
 The one possession for which I sigh—
 A tinkety, tinkety Jimblejock,
 And be sure to be back by seven o'clock!"



"Whoever hath heard of so strange a thing!"
 Quoth the mystified monarch of Chingoling.
 "She hath silver, and gold, and jewels rare;
 More gowns than ever a queen could wear,
 With furbelows, feathers, and frills to spare;
 And now, instead of some fine new frock,
 She insists on this tinkety Jimblejock!
 Pray what in the world is a Jimblejock?
 And how can I find it by seven o'clock!"

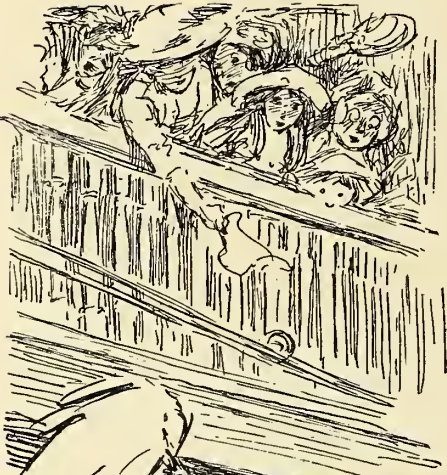
"Is it little or big? is it wood, or glass,
 Cotton, or silk, or gold, or brass?
 Something to eat, or something to wear—
 I only know it is painfully rare!
 I have n't the least idea," quoth he,
 "Whatever a Jimblejock may be!"

Now, Christmas eve, as we know too well,
Is never the easiest time to shop;
And His Worthy Majesty, sad to tell,
Was soon so tired, he was like to drop.
But when came seven, then eight o'clock,
He 'd found no trace of the Jimblejock!

He hurried in vain from place to place
As he searched the town in a fruitless chase:
Butcher, and baker, ten-cent store,
Florist, jeweler—twenty more,
Milliner, druggist, china shop—
There was n't a spot where he failed to stop.
From the dry-goods house to the grocer's stall,
His Majesty, breathless, searched them all.



"HE HURRIED IN VAIN FROM PLACE TO PLACE
AS HE SEARCHED THE TOWN IN A FRUITLESS CHASE."



"Pray what may it be?" they each inquired;
 "Did we know the article so desired
 To please Your Grace, you may well depend,
 We would search our shelves from end to end.
 But we doubt if we ever have had in stock
 Any such thing as a Jimblejock;
 And, should we find it, it might not be
 The tinkety one you wish to see!"

Then the King was ready to tear his hair,
 (Had he just a bit on his head to spare,
 For the hours flew by at a shocking rate,
 And he knew full well it was growing late.

'T was nine, then ten, then eleven o'clock,
 And he had n't discovered the Jimblejock!



"AND, SHOULD WE FIND IT, IT MIGHT NOT BE
 THE TINKETY ONE YOU WISH TO SEE!"



So the Queen she waited, much at a loss,
Till at length to the palace, tired and cross,
His Majesty came, at *twelve* o'clock,
With never a sign of a Jimblejock!

And so, when the Christmas bells rang out,
And all was merriment round about,
Though the palace shone with many a light,
And the Yule log burned on the hearthstone
bright;

Though wreathed with holly, and twined
with bay,

The halls were gay in their green array,
And the tables groaned with holiday cheer
For the jolliest time of all the year;
Yet Her Majesty sate dissolved in tears,
And the King was worried as not in years,
And all of the court, 't is sad to say,
Had a dismal, dolorous Christmas Day.

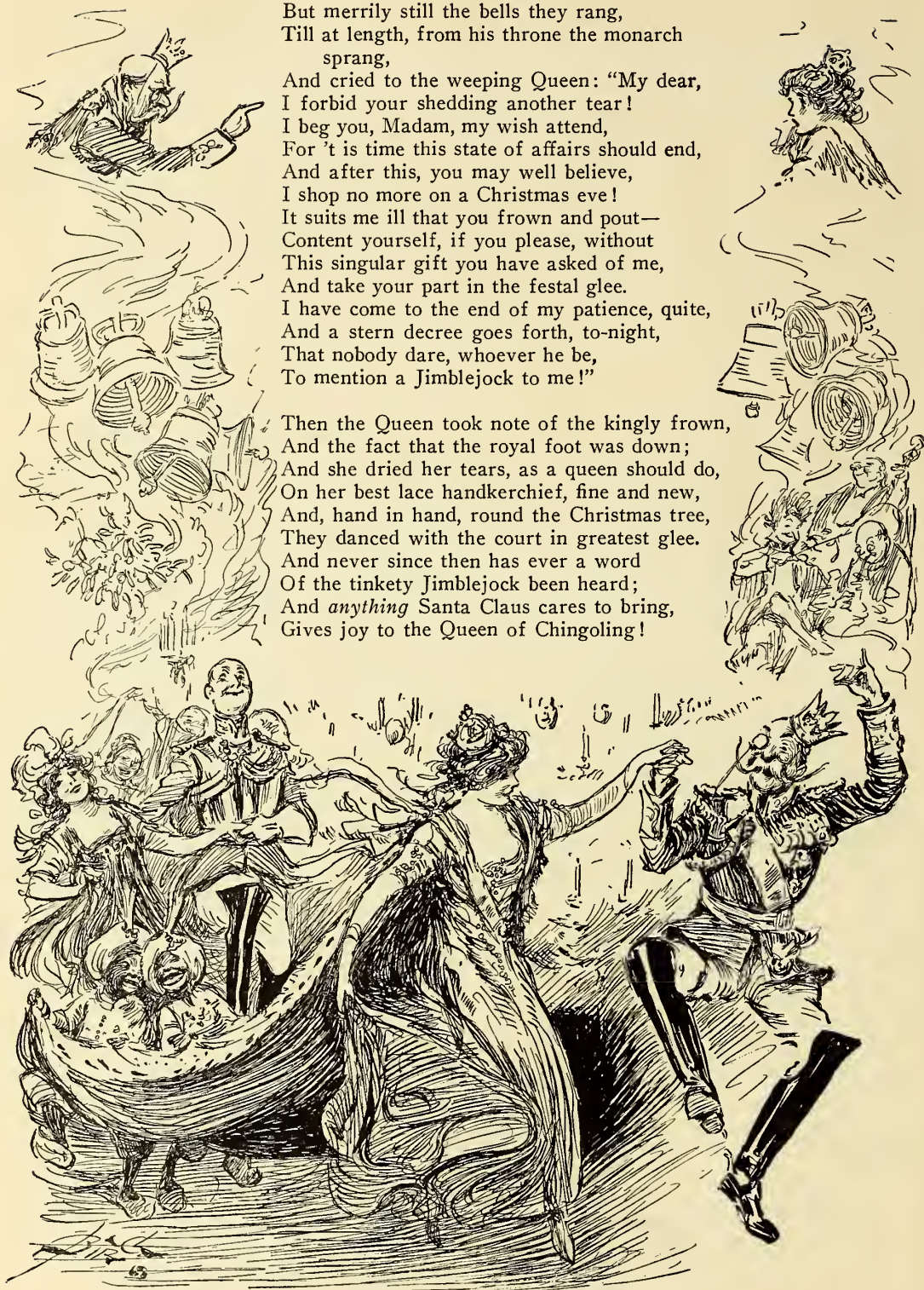


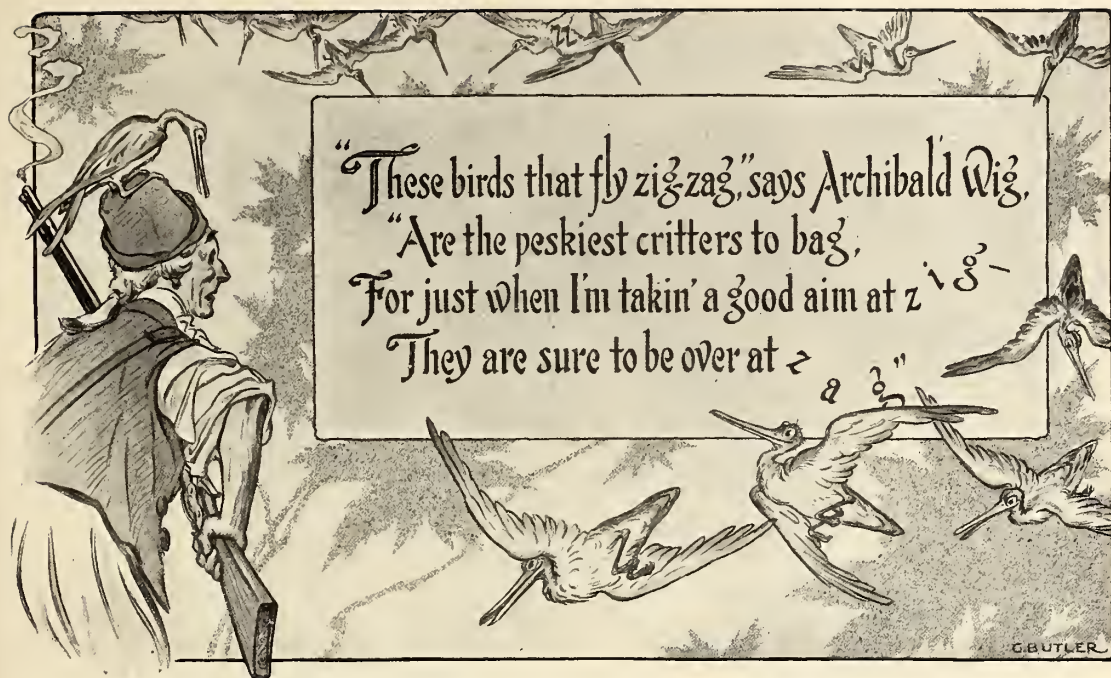
THE QUEST OF THE JIMBLE JOCK

But merrily still the bells they rang,
Till at length, from his throne the monarch
sprang,

And cried to the weeping Queen: "My dear,
I forbid your shedding another tear!
I beg you, Madam, my wish attend,
For 't is time this state of affairs should end,
And after this, you may well believe,
I shop no more on a Christmas eve!
It suits me ill that you frown and pout—
Content yourself, if you please, without
This singular gift you have asked of me,
And take your part in the festal glee.
I have come to the end of my patience, quite,
And a stern decree goes forth, to-night,
That nobody dare, whoever he be,
To mention a Jimblejock to me!"

Then the Queen took note of the kingly frown,
And the fact that the royal foot was down;
And she dried her tears, as a queen should do,
On her best lace handkerchief, fine and new,
And, hand in hand, round the Christmas tree,
They danced with the court in greatest glee.
And never since then has ever a word
Of the tinkety Jimblejock been heard;
And *anything* Santa Claus cares to bring,
Gives joy to the Queen of Chingoling!

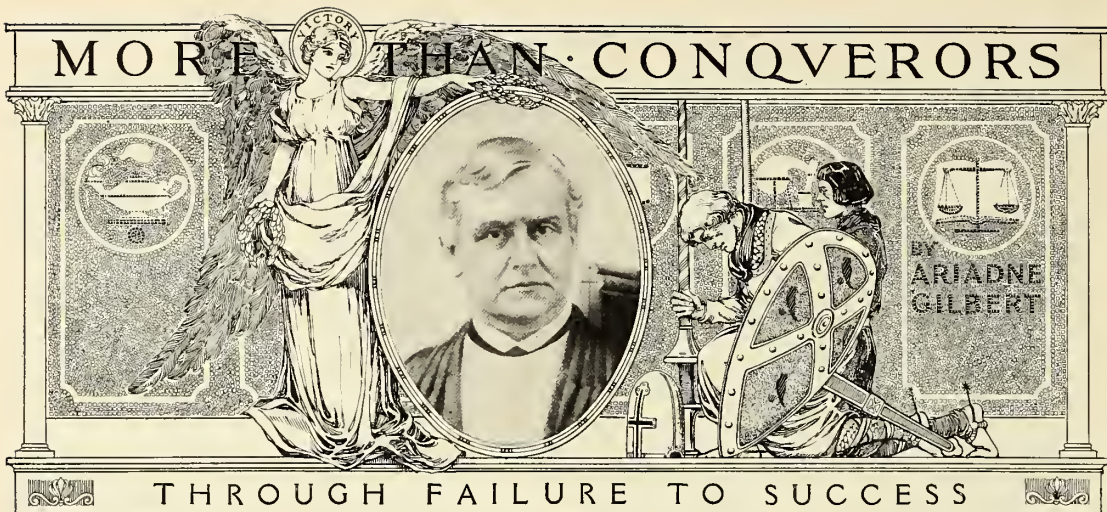




A SMALL ORDER

THIS is all that I expect
 Santa Claus to bring to me:
 One large boat—my old one 's wrecked;
 One large, lovely Christmas tree;
 Then I need a larger drum,
 That says "boom" instead of "tum";
 And I want a nice long whip
 That will make our tom-cat skip;
 Then I hope to get a ball
 That will dent the hardest wall,
 And a bat that will not split
 Ev'ry time that it is hit;
 Next I 'd choose a pair of skates
 Just as nice as Sister Kate's,
 And a bright large monoplane
 That will carry rag-doll Jane;
 Then I 'd like a lot of things
 That are run by hidden springs—
 Rats and spiders, and the like;
 And I need a brand-new "bike"
 With a coaster-brake that will
 Make work easy down a hill.

There! that 's all I asked him for.
 Still, I 'm hoping (since he 's Dutch)
 That he 'll bring a few things more,—
 As I have not asked for *much!*



Two compositions lay on the dark-haired boy's desk. They were his last and hardest school efforts; they had both been written for prizes; and they had both failed. One was on "Mathematical Pursuits,"—a prose composition of 5000 words; the other was a poem on "The Shipwreck." On the back of the long envelop the boy had written in his half-formed handwriting, "Given in for prize at the Public Latin School. Both unfortunately failed. *Ah me miserum!*"

He was only fifteen, this boy, and yet his school-days were behind him and he was a Harvard freshman. Though so young, he was already six feet three inches tall. Perhaps his rapid growth had robbed him of his strength for a time, for he did not care for athletics or even long walks; and though he entered naturally into all the college interests, this sudden manhood made him feel awkward and shy.

Longfellow was teaching modern languages at Harvard; Louis Agassiz, biology; Asa Gray, botany; Professor Child, Early English; and many other great teachers and great men stood ready to pour their glad wisdom into every open mind. And the dark-haired fellow, Phillips Brooks, knew there was a wealth better than gold in these men's brains, and he did not scorn it. Poetry he read for mere pleasure, wandering, as in all his reading, with no guide but his fancy. He loved literature and the languages; he loved history for the sake of the men who made it. But he hated mathematics because he could not work the problems; and he hated elocution because it seemed a sham. Long years after, however, his training in elocution proved very useful, though it never made him conquer his rapid speech.

More than any lessons, however, Brooks loved the college life. Jolly, cordial, true, he won his

place naturally in all hearts. During his four years, he was made a member of six different societies, and he was one of the commencement



"THEY HAD BOTH FAILED."

speakers. Without knowing why, some of his friends almost worshiped him. There was an in-

tangible charm about him,—a winning playfulness,—that made them want him with them; and yet a reserve that kept them from drawing him out. In college, by gaining prizes for English essays, he half canceled the memory of the Latin School disappointment. No success or popularity could spoil him, though, for he was too unconscious of self to know that he was either brilliant or lovable. When he was a senior, he had a way of encouraging timid freshmen, who might even have gone hungry through shyness. Looking at them with his great, kind eyes, he would push

each founded a Phillips Academy, one at Andover, the other at Exeter. Ever since he was a child, he had heard of these great schools. And during his college life, the idea had dimly grown that he, too, might be a teacher. For the sake of experience, he thought, he might take almost any position, later study abroad, and, finally, be a professor. Accordingly, when the chance came to teach in the Boston Latin School, he seized it eagerly.

No chapter in Phillips Brooks's life is so sad as this teacher chapter. None is so hopeless. And



PHILLIPS BROOKS WRITING A HOME LETTER FOR A WOUNDED SOLDIER. (SEE PAGE 134.)

things their way at the table. Sometimes, when he met them alone, he would say, "The college is more for freshmen like you than seniors like me."

When Phillips Brooks graduated, he was only nineteen, and, like many other young fellows, he had not decided on a profession. Alive in him, however, was the strong desire of most graduates—to do something at once; and this desire was strengthened by the fact that he was one of six boys, four of whom, younger than himself, were still to be educated. From his mother's side of the family Phillips inherited a love of teaching,—his grandfather and his great-uncle having

yet he began his work with hearty enthusiasm, and the first few months were happy ones. He had "splendid little boys," as he said, and he worked with interest. Late in the fall, however, he was given an older class, fellows only three or four years younger than himself. In letters to his friend "Top Sawyer" he wrote: "They are the most disagreeable set of creatures, without exception, that I ever met with." . . . "I am teaching them French which they don't, Greek which they won't, and Vergil which they can't, understand or appreciate." In his own belief, he was not only unpopular at school, but was even hated,

and he said that if he met any one of his pupils socially, he would need a suit of chain armor for protection. "I feel a little blue to-night, . . . and I come now to you and wish you with all my heart a very Happy New Year."

The truth is, his discipline was weak. Loving the subjects he taught, he took it for granted that his pupils loved them. These boys were mischievous and rowdyish. They had already vanquished three teachers, and, like Indians, were eager for another scalp. Besides, their boyish teacher wore glasses,—much less common then than now,—and they were not at all sure how much he could see. After plugging the thermometer with snow, they shivered and chattered, and then built an "insufferable fire." One boy threw a handful of shot in Brooks's face, and then, when the teacher looked, was sitting most innocently, perfectly still, his hand meekly raised to ask a question. Another scattered the heads of snapping matches all over the room, and there was no way to trace the explosions. Brooks could not manage the boys himself, and he had no help from Principal Gardner, a fine athlete, who ruled by his strong right arm. According to Gardner, discipline was the first mark of a good teacher, and any one who failed in that was hopeless.

When at last, weak in heart and worn in courage, the boy-teacher resigned, the unseeing principal met his resignation with, "The man who fails at teaching will fail at everything." It was a sharp and cruel shot. Brooks long remembered those words. It is beautiful to know, however, that the boy never harbored a grudge against the man who hurt him most, and, years later, he even praised him in a public speech. It is still more beautiful to remember that this very defeat was the highroad to victory. Principal Gardner lived long enough to find his own quick judgment false and the boy-failure a mighty success.

And yet, from the day of his resignation, there

were hours, days, and months that spelled utter failure to Phillips Brooks. Inactive, empty-handed, the poor fellow went back home,—the only one in his big family with nothing to do. Though he secured a little private teaching to fill a few hours, the rest of the time he had to think,



"WHEN THE HAND OF PHILLIPS BROOKS GRASPED THE HAND OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN." (SEE PAGE 134.)

to know he was a disappointment to his parents, to his five brothers, to every one who loved him best. Bitterest of all, he was a cruel disappointment to himself. Could it be that the life which lay before him, full of ambition, and once full of hope, was to be a failure? On his long walks he met different classmates; but they all seemed to be doing something, and knew what they meant to do. When the summer came, bringing vacation, their holidays were earned; his were the continued indolence of an idle man.

And yet, through all this despondency, something told Phillips Brooks to hope. He seemed to realize that no one really knew him, that he

even did not know himself,—boyish and commonplace conclusions enough, but alive with a sense of discovery. Loving biography as he did, every “life” he read brought him to the same conclusion: millions of hearts were lonely; millions of others would love to sympathize; but it seemed impossible. Then from the young man’s soul went up a kind of prayer that he might “know the strange language in which his neighbors’ lives were written”; and, finally, with this self-forgetfulness, there was given, slowly, strangely, a wonderful gift—the conviction that God could understand him fully, and that God knew he need not be a failure.

Up to this time, Phillips Brooks had shown no interest in religion. Sunday after Sunday, he had sat, half-bowed, at the end of the family pew, but neither preacher nor parents nor his best friends knew anything of his inmost thoughts. They were closed to all the world. But we know that he passed through a troubled time of doubt.

Dr. Walker, the president of Harvard, must have had some influence over him. Phillips had heard him preach in Chapel Sunday evenings, and, like other college boys, had been won by his character and power. He was a man in whom it was easy to confide, and to whom many students had bared their souls. And now one day, late in the summer, Phillips Brooks entered his study for advice. What was said behind that closed door no one knows; but the young man who came away was white and trembling—Dr. Walker had advised him to preach.

We can no more guess the throbbings in a soul with this solemn thought of life before it than we can guess the mysteries of the ocean. Let these things be as they are made—deep, silent, and hidden. After much thinking, Phillips Brooks went to his rector, Dr. Vinton, to ask what steps he should take to enter the ministry.

Phillips Brooks did not veil from Dr. Vinton, or his family, or himself that it was only a *trial*. The dismalness of failure had cut itself so deep into the young man’s heart that he took up the new work at the Theological Seminary in Alexandria, Virginia, with a very wavering confidence. Because he entered a little late, he had to choose his room from the left-overs. It was a cold, dark, cheerless place in the attic, with a ceiling too low for him to stand straight, and a bed too short for him to stretch out. The students dined in a large, low room, down cellar, on such things as tomato-pies and boiled rice. When “potatoes were limited,” Hebrew and moral philosophy were supposed to satisfy hunger. Popular as Brooks had been at Harvard, here he made few friends,—only two in the first year; and, of

all the professors, Dr. Sparrow was his only inspiration. Many nights the young man would lie awake, doubled up in his short bed, knowing



“WELL, IS IT WORTH IT?” (SEE PAGE 137.)

well that if he were not “twenty-one, he should call himself homesick.”

And yet those years in Alexandria proved one thing: that *handicaps are benefits*. In spite of bleak surroundings, friendlessness, and starvation-instruction, the Phillips Brooks who had wrung from his failure at teaching a new impetus for life, now wrung from his very leisure a new power for work. No inadequate teaching could shut from him the world of books, or the world of nature, or the world of men. His open mind could feed itself. He plunged into whatever tempted him: Greek and Latin classics, biography, history, poetry, theology, the vast

beauty of the outdoor world, if only caught from a car window, and always the exhaustless wonder of the human heart. Though he was sometimes impatient with the seminary and with what it did not give, he wrote in his note-book and in his soul, "We must despair of growing great unless we can feel that we are given to the cause to work for it, and not it to work for us"; and, "It must be, not what the world can do for me, but what I can do for the world." Self-forgetfulness had saved him in the Latin School failure, and it saved him now in the Virginia desert. By earnest searching, he found an oasis of blessing in a strong and joyous belief—the "new-found confidence of Christian faith."

There is nothing sweeter in a strong man than uncloaked boyishness, and this was eternal in Phillips Brooks. Home was a temple in his heart. Never in his long life did he resent the close guard of his mother nor the frank advice of his father. In his turn, he helped his younger brothers, but with no sense of aloofness, and no desire to pry into their souls. When he came home for vacations, he loved to go to the menagerie with "the boys," and begged to be excused from preaching and to sit "alongside of Mother" in the pew. From now on, the years had three burning interests for Phillips Brooks: his work, his home, and the war.

Like the others at the seminary, as part of the prescribed work, he practised preaching in the small pulpit at Sharon Mission, and was nicknamed "practiser" or "parsonet." At first, he did not succeed particularly well. During his senior year, however, he had the chance to teach in the Preparatory Department at a salary of \$300 and board, and, by this means, he gained money and training, while completing his studies. Then he went on a three-months' trial to the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia; but he fell so far short of his own aims that, before the term was ended, he suggested to one of the vestrymen that perhaps he had better leave at once. His parishioners, however, were more than satisfied. Though their young preacher was reserved with individuals, he offered his whole self to his congregation. His words were alive. As his fame spread, calls to other and larger churches poured in. "Don't let it make you proud, Philly," came from the watchful mother. Proud? He did not know what that meant. Gravely he answered the invitations,—happy to be wanted; happy to be used. But he thought too much of others to have room for himself, and just now he was stirred to the depths over the slavery problem.

In 1862, he moved to Holy Trinity Church, in Philadelphia, where his influence would be

greater, but where, as before, his position as rector still hindered him from speaking his whole heart on what he felt to be the sin of slavery. When news came that his younger brother George, his particular chum, had enlisted as a soldier, and his Aunt Susan had volunteered as a nurse, the young minister yearned for the good-bys and the drum-beat. Still he kept his post, hard as it was to "buckle down" to preaching in war time. Before long, however, when Lee threatened Philadelphia, Phillips Brooks and other clergymen bought spades and marched out to dig trenches. Then came the news of Gettysburg—one quarter of the army slain, wounded, or taken prisoners. At that, the great man was off to the hospital, distributing clothing, writing letters, and sleeping in a tar shop when he could find no better place. Now his heart had its double sorrow, for, just before the great battle, his brave young brother George had died in camp of typhoid pneumonia.

But, somehow, Phillips gave him up, locked away the brother-love as a sacred, lasting thing, and turned to the great, needy world. There was a day when the hand of Phillips Brooks grasped the hand of Abraham Lincoln, and it was a day for each to remember. Long before, these great men had joined hands in purpose. When, at last, the slaves were free, Phillips Brooks pleaded for the colored man. He felt the slave's weight of ignorance and our responsibility for his education. His speech on the life and death of Lincoln, and his prayer at the Harvard Commemoration for the soldiers, were two of the greatest utterances of his soul. Of the first we have a few beautiful fragments; but of the second we have only the memory of those who heard it.

Like all other great lives, his was so full that it cannot be told in a few pages; it can only be suggested. He was continually sought by different churches as their rector, and by colleges and divinity schools as president or professor. Of all the calls that he resisted, the chance to be head of the Cambridge Theological Seminary was the strongest temptation. Something tugged at his heart,—the old longing for that intimate association that is given to teachers; and, like Emerson, he had to go alone among the hills for his decision, for he never made a great decision lightly. Of the thronging calls to churches, he accepted only three; two in succession in Philadelphia and one in Boston. And the changes that he made were never made for money.

In Trinity Church, Boston, he preached for twenty-two years, until he was made Bishop of Massachusetts. This gave him a chance, by tak-

ing the service at Appleton Chapel, to keep up the dear associations with Harvard College. No words can tell his power—his influence was far too sacred to be called “popularity.” Yet, excusing that shallow word, he was so “popular” that his own father was afraid the congregation would applaud him,—a thing that Brooks could not have borne.

While he was happy to be loved, he hated lionizing and had no patience with conventional flattery. He laughed at the handkerchiefs of his first Christmas as a pastor, “enough to last a lifetime”; the slippers, accumulating till they filled barrels, and were shipped by him to the missionaries; and the daily flowers, which he re-sent to hospitals. Too simple and too unconscious to be vain, he never seemed to know why people loved him or to dream that he was great. Crowded as his own church was, he exclaimed to a friend, “Grey, what a splendid congregation you have!” On one of his ocean trips he wrote: “The only celebrity on board was Mr. Froude”; and from England, “To-morrow I go to Oxford, where I spend three days . . . looking at all the great men.” (The mirror could have shown him one.) Meeting Huxley and Tennyson, being entertained by Browning and Gladstone, or preaching before the Queen—none of these things could spoil him. When he was asked to furnish facts for his college class-record, he wrote: “I have had no wife, no children, no particular honors, no serious misfortune, and no adventures worth speaking of. It is shameful at such times as these not to have a history, but I have not got one, and must come without.” And when his photograph was sent home, he wrote:

And is this, then, the way he looks—
This tiresome creature, Phillips Brooks?
No wonder, if 't is thus he looks,
The church has doubts of Phillips Brooks.
Well, if he knows himself, he 'll try
To give these doubtful looks the lie.
He dares not promise, but will seek
E'en as a bishop to be meek;
To walk the way he shall be shown,
To trust a strength that 's not his own,
To fill the years with honest work,
To serve his day and not to shirk,
To quite forget what folks have said,
To keep his heart and keep his head,
Until men, laying him to rest
Shall say, “At least he did his best.”

What gave Brooks his great power? “Love of truth and his love of souls”—his humbleness made all men his equals, and his tolerance drew them to his heart. People remember him leaving an ocean steamer, and, as he stepped aboard the tug for the cabin passengers, lifting his hat to

the steerage in good-by. And they remember that he sturdily voted against compulsory prayers at Harvard because, to him, no prayer could be *compelled*.

To doubters and believers, alike, he seems to say, “I know just how you feel”; and to the discouraged his tested hardihood still shouts, “There is no man here who has not failed; but is there any man here in all this multitude who has given up?”

His influence gripped men of all creeds. When people were in trouble, he had a way of going to sit with them and letting them talk, sometimes hardly speaking at all himself. “Men like to be talked to better than to be preached at,” he said. “They prefer the easy-chair to the pulpit.” Thus he stood: never on a height, but shoulder to shoulder on a common ground. Except for church, he wore the dress of a simple citizen. Instead of driving, he took a car. “On long canoe journeys, the guides were three weeks before they found out that he was a clergyman. On walking trips abroad, he looked a little like a gamekeeper.”

Forms, titles, and robes sank into insignificance beside the high calling of truth. “I won’t be called Dr. Brooks,” he wrote to a friend, “and you may stop that for me when and where you can.” Just before he was made bishop, he went to New York, and ordered “a set of the preposterous garments that bishops wear.”

First a man and then a clergyman, that is what he was, though he loved his life as a preacher with a deep, abiding love. “I would n’t be anything but a parson for the world!” he exclaimed; and “The pulpit of Trinity is the dearest spot of earth to me,—in other words, is home.”

To know this great man more perfectly, we should see him with children, go with him on his travels, read his open letters, hear him in the pulpit, and talk with him alone. Even then we can hardly catch the spirit of fun that danced over the surface of his seriousness, as phosphorus sparkles in the sea.

Children were Phillips Brooks’s special delight. Welcome as he was in hundreds of homes, the grown folks took back places when the children were around. He sometimes told the little ones who seemed shy, that it was “great fun to be a minister.” Once he played Goliath so that a tiny boy might “shoot him with a sling.” When, at the death of his parents, the old North Andover home became his, he made it a rallying-place for other people’s children. A stove was put up in the old corn barn so that his nieces, Agnes, Gertie, and “little Tood,” could play at cooking, and he used to take tea with them there—big, jolly, and at home. For the little children he kept always

a big doll, and there were older sports for the others. "I never see a lot of boys," he said, "without wanting to be among them, and wishing they would let me into their company. I hate to think that boys of sixteen think of me as I used to think of men of thirty-seven when I was their age! Most of the wisdom of old age is humbug."

It always seems as if he should have had a wife

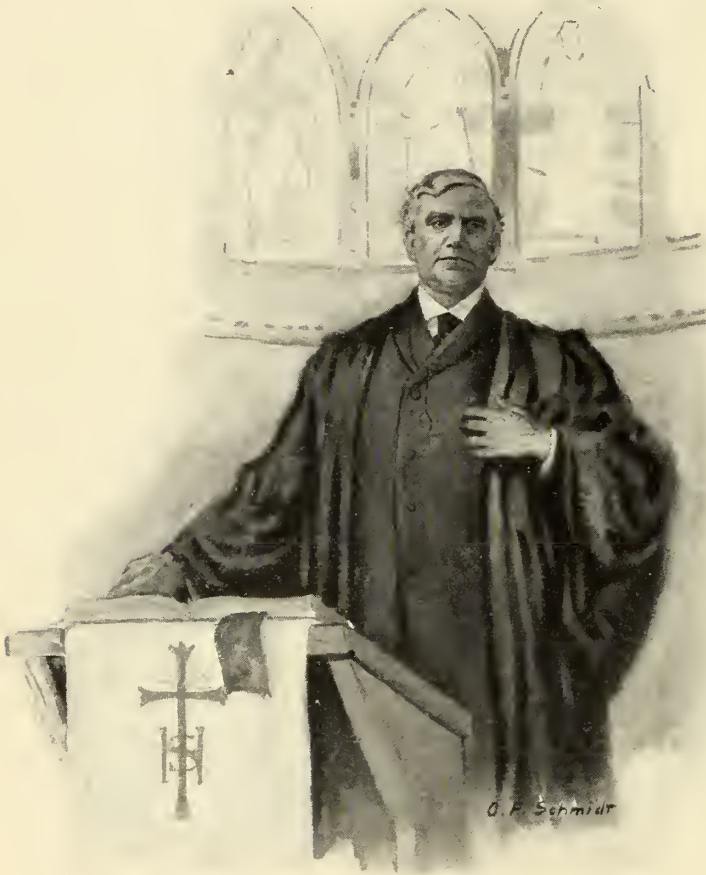
Keller, to whom his loving touch was most familiar, gives her glad witness with the rest.

It is a great task for any one to be, at once, a fine preacher and a faithful visiting pastor. Phillips Brooks was both. Sometimes, for five months together, he would not have an evening free. While he was giving playtime to children and work-time to their parents, he was using up his own vitality, so that rest became indispensable.

As we all know, change is the happiest rest. His journeys included the West in our own country and eleven trips abroad. He saw the palms and bungalows of India, and the "second highest mountain in the world, blazing with snow in the sunshine"; the Swiss valleys "overrunning with water"; the "sweet green hills" on the other side of Como, "sound asleep in the sunlight which they like"; "the world of vines and oranges" near Los Angeles; the Yosemite Valley, "ringing with cataracts"; Italy, the Holy Land, and merry Japan,—besides many other places common to the tourist. The little people of Japan thought he was a strange kind of giant, and wanted to measure his hands and feet. They did not "quarrel with his bulk," however, but dragged him around in their jinrikishas as if he were a "jolly joke." Nevertheless, Phillips Brooks insisted that the coolie who carried him across a torrent on his back would "never forget it any more than I shall!"

In the Holy Land, with deepest reverence he walked on the hills of Palestine and all the sacred places where Jesus must have been. It was on the Christmas spent in Christ's birthplace that his beautiful carol, "Oh little town of Bethlehem!" began to sing itself into his soul. Yet the man was so closely wrapped in the minister, that even from Bethlehem he ended a letter with, "I wish I were going to bed in that back room at home."

His letters, better than anything else, give his boyish, homesick, playful, human side. Let us



PHILLIPS BROOKS IN THE PULPIT. (SEE PAGE 138.)

and children of his own instead of that house of empty rooms, kept for him by his faithful servant Katie; and, though the great preacher sought companionship in books, he was too warm and vital to be satisfied by print. "I cannot beg, borrow, or steal a wife and children," he said, "so this poor working-man's heart will never leap with joy, or at least only half-way." Yet, like the Great Master, his tender arms cradled the babies, and all the children circled round his knees. The deaf, dumb, and blind child, Helen

look into some of them just as they come to our hands. For one thing, the great man with the boy heart never lost his school-boy homesickness. He was homesick for "Trip's bark," and "Bridget's flapjacks," and even for his "mother's stocking-bag." On Christmas in the Holy Land, he was homesick for men nailing up spruce boughs and men "carrying home turkeys by the legs." "Who beats now on the base-ball ground?" he writes from Athens to his brother Arthur; and another time sends the combined news from America to Europe: "They have chosen Bishop Talbot to be Bishop of Georgia. Harvard beat Yale in the boat-race." His letters are full of "God bless you all" and "Lots of love to all," and of the superlatives of a beauty-loving nature.

More than one place he called "the most beautiful in the world," and he "enjoyed everything hugely." No boy could have been more rollicking with fun or have panted more eagerly for the holidays, when he was to swim and paddle, tramp and ride horseback. "Glory, glory, gloriation! ten more weeks before vacation!" is one of his jovial cries.

The nieces, who had their full share of his letters, must have been used to his jokes. From India he wrote, "I think I met Isaac and Jacob on two skinny camels, just outside the gates of Aden. I asked them how Esau was, but Jacob looked mad, and would n't answer—but I feel quite sure it was they, for they looked just like the pictures in the Bible." And to Gertie from Jeypore: "All the little girls, when they get to be about your age, hang jewels in their noses. I have got a nose jewel for you, which I shall put in when I get home, and also a little button for the side of Susie's nose, such as the smaller children wear. Think how the girls at school will admire you!" In one of his letters he said that a policeman in California came running toward him shouting, "A letter from Toody! A letter from Toody!" And in Berlin: "Only two houses up the street lives the Emperor! He and his wife are out of town now, or, no doubt, they would send some word to Toody."

This is his picture of Venetian bathing: "When the little children in Venice want to take a bath, they just go down to the front steps of the house and jump off and swim about in the streets. Yesterday I saw a nurse standing on the front steps, holding one end of a string, and the other end was tied to a little fellow who was swimming up the street. When he went too far, the nurse pulled in the string, and got her baby home again."

No letters are sweeter or more characteristic than the ones which speak of presents for the

children, his great generous heart delighting in the toy-shops:

Dear Gertie,

I bought the prettiest thing you ever saw for you the other day. If you were to guess for three weeks, making two guesses every minute, you could not guess what it is. . . . When you see it, you will jump the rheumatism right out of you.

And one more. Over a month before Christmas he sent a letter headed:

VERY PRIVATE!!

Dear Gertie,

This letter is an *awful secret* between you and me! If you tell anybody about it I will not speak to you all this winter.

Then he went on to say that she was to get the Christmas presents for him that year for all the children, finding out what they wanted in the "most secret way," and that she could spend five dollars apiece.

You must ask yourself what you want, but without letting yourself know about it, and get it, too, and put it in your own stocking, and be very much surprised when you find it there! . . . Perhaps you will get this on Thanksgiving Day. If you do, you must shake the turkey's paw for me.

It is no wonder that a man like that won all natures, old and young, grave and gay. While many stories of his personal kindness have been printed, many more lie buried in remembering hearts. Perhaps there are alive to-day two Harvard men who remember a call from Phillips Brooks one morning in their college room. They had been drinking the night before, and the great preacher must have known it, although he showed no signs. Instead, he sat down chummily to talk over the college interests,—the crew, the baseball team, the coming vacation. Finally, just as he was going, he stood up, and, putting a big hand on the shoulder of each, looked down lovingly with a, "Well, is it worth it?" and was gone without an answer. Yet how that heart of his must have ached, for he was the same man who, at Lincoln's death, burst out: "I go about our city and shudder (when I think of such a man as he) at the frivolous, weak, and inefficient lives our young men lead! I see them mere dawdlers in society. I see them spending their time like mere babies when there is a man's work to be done."

His wonderful tact, however, often kept him silent and gave his silence greater power than speech: those young Harvard men were touched more deeply by being treated as his comrades than they would have been by many sermons.

One day a poor woman came to him to ask for Trinity Chapel for her daughter's marriage.

"Why not take the church?" he answered.

"But that is not for the likes of me."

"Oh, yes it is," warmly, "for the likes of *you*, and the likes of *me*, and the likes of every one!"

And so the daughter was married in Trinity Church, with all its sacred majesty, and the great organ played her march of joy.

We are not surprised that the man who had carried a spade in war time gave material help as well as spiritual. At the time of the great Boston fire, in which old Trinity was burned, Phillips Brooks, after saving a few things from the church, rushed across the street to offer his services to a great jewelry store which was in danger. One of the partners filled two large bags with costly gems, and, through the dark streets, Dr. Brooks carried the treasure to a place of safety.

So much we have said of his life and so much of his helpfulness; let us go now to hear him preach. In imagination we join the vast throng that crowds its way into Trinity, filling the vestibule and the aisles and the camp-chairs in the aisles, and even pushing toward a place on the pulpit steps. One listener has come all the way from Canada to hear this man. Many will stand through the whole service; many more cannot even get standing room, for there are twice as many as the church can hold.

Presently the white-robed choir sings its way into the church; the great congregation rises; and the service begins. At last the sermon. Six feet four and broadly filling his large surplice, Phillips Brooks mounts the steps and, almost before he has reached the pulpit, announces his text and has begun to preach. You have to listen very closely, for the words pour out in torrents that cannot be stayed. Whatever the Bible text, as Phillips Brooks has told us, he has "but one sermon,"—"I am come that ye might have *life*, and that ye might have it more abundantly." And now, as he goes on with his plea, you have forgotten yourself; you have forgotten Phillips Brooks; you are remembering God. The whole congregation is looking up into that strong, open face and those wonderful dark eyes, and young and old, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, are held as one man. The preacher stands away from the desk. Now he spreads his arms wide in "loving invitation" meant for all the world; and now, with one broad hand over his heart, throws back his head and looks up, up into the dome. You know he has his power straight from above. There is not a particle of posing; not a thought of dramatic effect. He is telling you that you are a child of God by nature. "God has come to live in each separate soul in the congregation, and to

allow Him to live in you is the first and only thing to be thought of." He touches with tender understanding on all sincerity. "Waiting for the Lord is having," he says gently. You find yourself made strong—filled with his courage for life. "It does not take great men to do great things," he says; "it takes consecrated men. Be absolutely simple. Be absolutely genuine. Never say to any one what you do not feel and believe with your whole heart." People of "all beliefs and of no belief" are listening hungrily.

Can this be the boy-failure? The man who, failing at teaching, was to "fail at everything"?

So he brought men to the Divine Companion who had understood and comforted him through all his own hard experience. He had had the training of failure when he tried to teach; he had had the training of doubt before he found his faith; and he had had the training of many sorrows. First came George's early death, and then his brother Fred's—the bright young clergyman who, walking home one dark night from a sick friend's, fell through an open drawbridge and was drowned. A few years later, both father and mother had been taken home, and the loving boy, who was none the less a loving boy because he was a great man, found himself lonely for the ones he used to go to as a child.

But his reunion with those dear ones was nearer than he thought. On January 17, 1893, he took a cold which developed quickly into a bad sore throat, and then into diphtheria. And early in the morning of Monday, January 23, Phillips Brooks entered the larger life. His books and his faithful house-servant were his only companions at the last; but a man with his faith was never really lonely.

There was a beautiful service in Trinity Church while between ten and twenty thousand stood outside in Copley Square. When the procession reached Harvard University, eight of the tallest college seniors, walking all the way, bore the precious body on their shoulders across the grounds. And, as they entered, the bell tolled solemnly, for Phillips Brooks had been a Harvard boy, and a Harvard preacher to other boys and men.

His own two younger brothers—Arthur and John C. Brooks—both ministers—read the service at Mount Auburn, and there the lovable boy and conquering man was laid to rest close to his father and mother and Fred and George. A faded flag flutters over the soldier's grave, and over Phillips Brooks's is cut in stone:

"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of our God."

PLAYING SANTA CLAUS

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP



ONCE PETER AND PATTY AND POLLY
WENT OUT FOR A RIDE ON THE TROLLEY
A QUARTER AND DIME
EACH HAD AT THE TIME
TO SPEND ON SOME SWEET CHRISTMAS
FOLLY.

POLLY AND PATTY SAID "CANDY,"
WHILE PETER, A BIT OF A DANDY,
DECIDED TO BUY
A DAINTY NECKTIE
TO MAKE HIMSELF LOOK SPICK
AND SPANDY

AND THEN—ON THE CORNER STOOD MOLLY,
THIN, RAGGED, AND QUITE MELANCHOLY
AND SOBBING ALOUD
IN THE HURRYING CROWD
FOR SHE'D FALLEN AND BROKEN HER DOLLY.

SUCH A POOR LITTLE MIDGET THEY THOUGHT HER,
THAT RIGHT UP BETWEEN THEM THEY CAUGHT HER;
TO A TOY-SHOP THEY WENT,
EVERY PENNY THEY SPENT,
AND A LOVELY NEW DOLLY THEY BOUGHT HER.

WHAT A CHRISTMASY THING! AND SO JOLLY,
THAT PETER AND PATTY AND POLLY,
ALL OUT FOR GOOD TIMES
WITH THEIR QUARTERS AND DIMES,
SHOULD HAVE CHOSEN TO SPEND THEM
ON MOLLY!



RACHAEL ROBINSON ELMER

A CHRISTMAS CATCH

By Cecil Cavendish

Oh, run, and jump, and skip, and hop,
We're going to town to Christmas shop!
The rough wind blows, and makes your nose
Look like a frozen cherry.
We'll buy a bouncing ball for Ted,
A bat for Fred,
And skates for Ned;
And for Mama an emery red
Shaped like a large strawberry.



Oh, dance, and prance, and laugh, and sing,
We 're going to buy most everything!
A puzzle map, a white fur cap,
A scarlet ostrich-feather;
A string of turquoise beads for Nan,
A doll for Fan,
A sled for Jan,
A topaz ring for Sister Ann,
And shoes of gilded leather.

Oh, whirl, and twirl, and jig, and spin,
We 're going to bring the holly in!
Search high and low for mistletoe—
Green leaf and waxen berry.
Ivy and box we 'll wreath and twine
With fragrant pine,
In quaint design,
To deck the tree where candles shine,
And make our Christmas merry!



THE LAND OF MYSTERY

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Author of "Careers of Danger and Daring," "Through the Wall," "The Battle," etc.

CHAPTER IV

JACK MC GREGGOR'S STORY

DAYS passed, and nothing more was heard of Mrs. Wicklow Evans. Her disappearance was as complete and unaccountable as that of her husband the year before. It was evident that another crime had been committed, but whether there was any connection between the two, the authorities were at a loss to say. The American consul at Cairo, and various English and Egyptian officials, did what they could in the way of an investigation. Then liberal rewards were offered, and a search was made in Cairo and various Egyptian villages, but all to no avail.

"It 's incredible!" declared the American consul. "We have no clue to the criminal, no motive for the crime, and not the slightest indication as to what really happened. All we know is that on a certain afternoon, Mrs. Evans strolled casually out of the Mena House, leaving all her things, clothing, money, jewelry, and never came back. At one moment she was there by the pyramid, and the next moment she was gone."

During the first sad days that followed his mother's disappearance, Harold found much comfort in the companionship of John McGregor, or Jack, as he soon learned to call him, who proved himself, in this emergency, a loyal and sympathetic friend.

"You stuck to me that day in the pyramid," said Jack, "and now I 'll stick to you."

Together the two boys went over every circumstance of this mysterious case, weighing scraps of evidence, searching for motives, questioning the men, and arguing, like two detectives, over various theories of the crime. Harold confided fully in his companion, telling him of his mother's extraordinary vision, if vision it was, and of her firm conviction that Dr. Evans was still alive; he also showed Jack the unfinished message that he had found in the third chamber of the pyramid.

"Talk about mystery stories!" exclaimed McGregor. "This beats anything I ever read!"

Then, for the twentieth time, they speculated as to what could have happened to make Dr. Evans break off his message in the middle of a sentence.

"What gets me," reflected Jack, "is how your father imagined that you would ever find his mes-

sage in such a freak place. He might as well have written it on top of the north pole."

"Perhaps he wrote messages in different places—where they took him—just on the chance," suggested Harold.

"Perhaps your mother is writing messages now—somewhere. Excuse me, old boy, I did n't mean to make you feel bad."

"It 's all right, Jack. We 've got to talk this over," said Evans, bravely. "I guess I 'd go crazy if I did n't have you to talk to."

After much discussion, the boys decided that it was best to say nothing to the authorities about the message that Harold had found.

"Here 's the point, Sandy," argued Jack. "Your father and mother have been carried off by the same party—that 's certain. He must be a rich and powerful old mogul who has some reason that we don't know about. Am I right?"

"Why do you think he 's rich?" questioned Harold.

"He must have money to get away with such a thing—money and power. We 're up against a crafty one, Sandy, and we don't want to let him know the cards we hold. I say cards; as a matter of fact, we 've only got one card up to date—your father's message. We want to get to that Greek monk just as quick as we can, and we must n't let the rich old mogul know we 're after him."

"You mean after Basil?"

"Sure! The thing for us to do, after we 've done all we can here to find your mother—I 'm afraid we 've done that already—"

"I 'm afraid we have."

"The thing for us to do, Sandy, is to hurry across to Jerusalem just as fast as we can without letting any one know we 're on the track of anything. I would n't even tell that big Turk of yours."

"Deeny? Oh, he 's all right."

"Don't I know that? Just the same, he might not hit it off so well with our Greek carpenter. And we don't want Brother Basil dropped into a well until we 've got his secret out of him. Do we?"

Harold smiled.

"I see. I 'll be careful." Then he was silent a moment. "Say, Jack," he went on awkwardly, "it 's mighty good of you to take this interest in my troubles, but—tell me, are you—are you thinking of going to Jerusalem *with* me?"

"Am I thinking of it? Does a man leave a ball game in the seventh inning—with the score tied and three men on bases? I'm going to see that Greek carpenter, if it's the last thing I do. You can't drive me away with a club—that is," he added, with a keen glance, "unless you'd rather not have me."

"Oh, no!" answered Harold, quickly. "There's nothing I'd like so much as to have you come along, Jack, and—see what we can do—only—I was afraid you might have other plans and—er—"

"Other plans?" laughed McGreggor. "I've got the smoothest collection of other plans you ever heard of. I s'pose you've been wondering what I'm doing over here anyway, knocking around Egypt looking for trouble instead of being back where I belong, grinding out Latin verses and proving that the square of the hypothenuse is equal to—to some other foolish thing."

"This is vacation," suggested Harold.

"Yes, but I'm not going back to boarding-school *after* vacation. I'm a bird of the air. I'm free. No more hypothenuses in mine. I'm on my way around the world."

"That's great!"

"Maybe not. Maybe I'm a dunce, as my distinguished father has insinuated. Sit down, Sandy, and I'll tell you the sad story of John McGreggor."

Then Jack explained how a serious disagreement between himself and the elder McGreggor had grown out of the double question of Jack's going to college and Jack's yearly allowance.

"You see I don't want to go to college, Sandy. The governor never went, and why should I?"

"Does he want you to go?"

"He's crazy about it—says he'd be a bigger man if he'd gone. But I don't want to be a rah-rah boy with a pretty ribbon on my hat. I want to go into business with Father."

"I've always wanted to go to college," said Harold, thoughtfully. "Could n't you go into business afterward?"

"And waste four years? And get all out of the business idea? I've told him this, but he won't listen. No—college is the thing, according to Father. So I finally compromised. I said, 'All right, I'll go, but I've got to have a big, big, big allowance! Take me into business, and I'll get along on fifty dollars a month pocket-money,' I said, 'but if it's college, then I want a lot of money, please.' I put the figure high to discourage my dear old dad, but it did n't work. Dad's awfully stubborn. He hung fast to his original proposition, and at last we compromised on—say, *that* was a great idea—took me a whole

night to land it. Listen! I make this trip around the world—with three thousand dollars that the governor advances. And if I come home *after* the trip, with the three thousand still to the good, then he admits that I've got business ability, and takes me in with him, and forgets about the college. *But*, if I just have the trip and blow in the three thousand, then I admit I'm not as smart as I thought I was, and I stop kicking, and go to college—with a ribbon on my hat. Savvy, Sandy?"

Young Evans listened to this explanation with growing wonder.

"Oh, yes—I understand, but—say, you've got your nerve all right!"

"How so?"

"I've heard of fellows working their way through college, but when it comes to working your way around the world, and—stopping at first-class hotels—how will you ever do it?"

"Tell you how, Sandy. My father's in the show business."

"Oh!" said Harold, blankly.

"Moving-picture houses—five and ten cents—you know. He's got a string of 'em all over the country. Packed all the time. Everybody goes—everybody. Barrels of money in it, but it's hard to get good films—a new idea—a snappy story—something different. See?"

"What's this got to do with your round-the-world scheme?"

"A whole lot. Good films with a novelty are worth money, and I'm out to get good films. I've got the finest moving-picture outfit there is. I'll show it to you—up in my room. That's what I was looking the old pyramid over for—thought I might strike something—*was* going to have Arabs race up and down and do stunts, but—there's not enough story in that. You've got to have a *story*."

Harold was becoming interested.

"I wish I could help you, Jack, to think up a story," he said.

"Help me? Why, you *have* helped me! This is the first big idea I've had—this—excuse *me*, Sandy, you know I'm sorry, but—just as a story—this family adventure of yours is a regular headliner—you know that!"

"You mean you could—you could make some money out of it?" hesitated Harold.

"Make some money? I'll bet it's worth a thousand dollars before we get through with it—that means five hundred for you, Sandy."

Harold gasped in amazement. "Five hundred dollars for—for what?"

"Well, you talk Turkish, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And Deeny talks Arabic?"

"Sure."

"There 's ten dollars a day saved right at the start. Would n't ' have to pay an interpreter to drill the company—you know—in the moving-picture story? Besides, Deeny can pose as a Turkish pasha, or a Circassian bandit, or an Armenian prisoner. It 's a case of hire a costume and dress him up. He 'll make a *great* bandit—great!"

"Yes, yes, but—" the boy hesitated a moment, reflecting that ten dollars a day would come in wonderfully well to help out the small store of money he had found among his mother's things. Still it did not seem right or—or delicate to allow his father's misfortunes to be used in a moving-picture story.

"Can't you see this thing opening out?" rattled on Jack. "The Circassian bandits with their prisoner are fleeing over the desert on their camels—say, *there 's* a moving picture for you!"

"Circassians live in the mountains, and they ride horses," objected Harold.

"All right, they 're fleeing over the mountains—on horseback. Mountains are better anyway—you can have 'em fall over precipices. And along comes Brother Basil—on a mule—"

"Hold on!" broke in Sandy, suddenly. "I—I don't want that Greek monk put in the story."

Jack looked at his companion in surprise.

"You don't?"

"No, and I don't want anything that has to do with my father's message put in, either."

McGreggor took out his gold watch and studied it with irritating deliberation.

"I see. I did n't know you had bought up all Egypt and Palestine, Mr. Evans. You ought to have told me."

Harold's face grew white at this sarcastic fling, and, for a few moments, the two boys eyed each other steadily, without speaking. The thing had come so suddenly that neither Jack nor Sandy knew exactly what had happened, but both realized, by that strange subconscious understanding possessed by boys, that something had shifted, and—it was the first warning of the gathering storm.

CHAPTER V

THE STOLEN PURSE

NOTHING happened, however, at the moment. The boys separated good-naturedly enough, and when they met the next day, there was no trace of resentment in either of them. On the contrary, they were more than ever friendly, as if they wished to forget this little tiff over a trifle.

More than two weeks had now passed since

Mrs. Evans's startling disappearance, and the boys agreed that they could gain nothing by staying any longer at the Mena House, where they were spending about eight dollars a day.

"We 'd better get a move on," said Jack. "We 've got to follow up this trail. If you like, Sandy, I 'll get the tickets."

And now, to his dismay, Harold discovered, after he had paid the price of his ticket and settled his hotel bill, that he had only a little over a hundred dollars left.

Jack noticed his friend's anxious look and broached the subject of money as delicately as he could.

"See here, old boy, we 're going into this thing together, a sort of partnership—share and share alike—am I right? We 'd better see how we stand. What 's mine is yours, and—"

"That 's the trouble," smiled Sandy, ruefully. "What 's mine is yours, too, but—there is n't enough of it. There!" He drew out a handful of English sovereigns from his pocket and spread them on the table.

"That 's enough for pocket-money," said McGregor.

"It is n't pocket-money."

"But—you have a letter of credit?"

"No."

"You have circular notes—or something?"

Harold shook his head wearily.

"No. That 's all I have in the world—every cent I have in the world, so when you talk about divvying up on your three thousand dollars—"

Jack coughed apologetically.

"I said I had three thousand dollars when I left Chicago. That was two months ago. It costs five dollars a day to live."

"Sixty days at five dollars a day," calculated Sandy, "that 's three hundred dollars."

"And my traveling expenses—that 's three hundred more."

"Six hundred."

"And two hundred and fifty for my moving-picture outfit."

"Eight hundred and fifty."

Jack pulled reflectively at his under lip.

"You have n't counted incidentals," he said finally. "You must add about—er—five hundred dollars for incidentals."

Harold stared at him.

"Five hundred dollars for incidentals—in sixty days?"

"Tell you the truth, old boy, I went pretty fast on incidentals. I spent a week in London. It 's a dingy old town, but they have a great line of tailors, and—er—I rather blew myself on clothes—about seventy pounds, there or thereabout."

"Whew! Three hundred and fifty dollars!"

"And then I met a man in Paris, an American dentist named T. Beverly Hickman from Chicago. I guess I'll remember T. Beverly Hickman."

"Why, what did he do?"

Jack shut his lips tight and nodded grimly.

"Do? He did me! Gave me a fairy tale about how he'd lost all his money, and could n't get home, and his wife and children were starving.

"Can we do it?"

Jack smiled in a superior way. "Can we do it? With the chances we've got? And Decny to help us? And that pointer from the third chamber of the pyramid? Sure we can do it!"

McGreggor's confidence reassured Harold against his own misgivings, and, with a business-like hand-shake, the boys agreed to pull together loyally in this strange partnership.

Two days before their steamer was to sail for Jaffa (the port of Jerusalem), the boys moved to the Grand Hotel in Cairo, and here, on the very evening of their arrival, Jack McGregor got himself into an adventure that nearly spoiled their friendship and almost wrecked the entire expedition.

They had dined comfortably, and, about nine o'clock, Jack proposed a stroll through the languorous Esbekieh gardens. Sandy would have loved this, but his sense of duty bade him go to his room and answer a letter that had just arrived from the American Missionary Board in Constantinople in regard to Mrs. Evans. So Jack went off for his stroll alone.

About two hours later, as Sandy was preparing for bed and wondering what had become of his restless companion, he heard an angry muttering on the stairs, and presently McGregor burst into the room in a lamentable state, his clothes torn and his face cut. He was panting with rage.

"The scoundrels! The rascals!" he cried. "Look at me, Sandy!"

Young Evans sprang to his feet.

"Who did it? Who did it?"

"A gang of robbers—thieves. I was walking in the gardens when a little chap came along selling flowers—double geraniums and gardenias, and—anyhow, I bought a shilling's worth, and—I guess I let him see that I had plenty of money. Well, he went away, I thought, but about three minutes later, as I was looking down one of those queer narrow streets with carved balconies—you know—"

"Yes, yes."

"Up comes this same little chap again, calling, 'Murican gent'man! Murican gent'man!' and he grabs my hand and points down the street. Just then one of those heavy iron-barred doors in the wall swung open and three men ran out, a white man in European dress and two Arabs. The



A STREET IN CAIRO.

Anyhow, he got two hundred dollars out of me, and then I found out that he'd made up the whole story. I may meet T. Beverly some day, and if I do—" There was a world of significance in the flash of McGregor's keen, gray eyes.

"Too bad!" sympathized Sandy. "Anyhow, you've spent—let's see—eight hundred and fifty and five hundred and fifty—that's fourteen hundred dollars of your three thousand?"

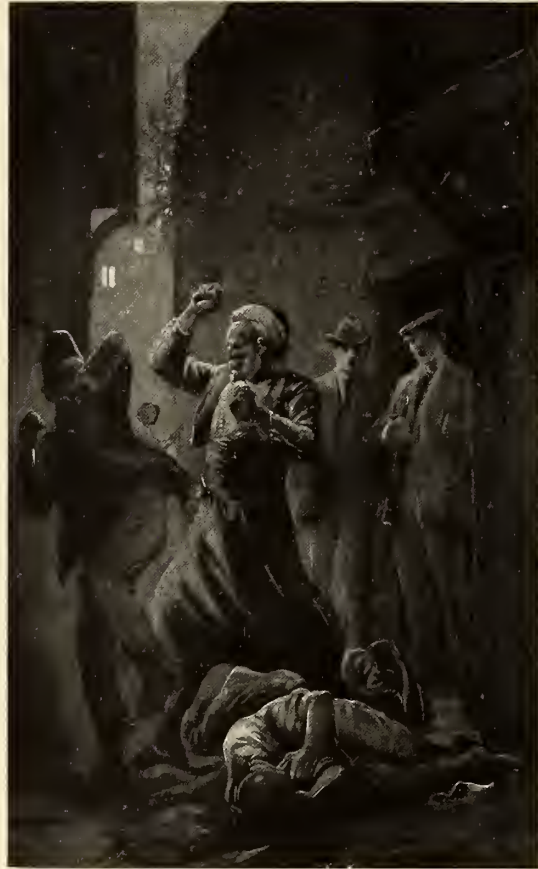
"Right! I've got sixteen hundred left. And your hundred makes seventeen hundred. We have seventeen hundred dollars between us, Sandy, to—well, to find your father and mother and get the—er—the moving-picture stuff.

white man was trying to get away from the other two, but they held him. He kept calling, 'Help,' and I thought he was an American.

"I was feeling pretty fit, and I figured we 'd be all right two to two. Besides, you can't turn your back on an American in trouble—you did n't, Sandy."

"Go on."

"So I jumped ahead and stood by the white



"'ONE! TWO! THREE!' COUNTED MCGREGGOR, SLOWLY."

man, and as soon as I came up, the two Arabs stepped back.

"What 's the matter? I asked.

"The white man mumbled something, and, before I knew it, the Arabs had caught me from behind so I could n't move or yell or anything, and then the fellow I thought was an American—a fine kind of an American *he* was—he went through my clothes. Made a good haul, too, my pearl scarf-pin set with diamonds, and my gold watch, and five hundred dollars."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Sandy.

"I drew out the money to-day, Bank of England

notes, so we 'd have enough for our trip. Oh, if I could only have used my fists! But they held me tight, and, when they 'd cleaned me out, they chucked me down in the gutter and skipped through the big gate back into the house."

Jack sank weakly into a chair. He was almost crying with anger and humiliation.

"Brutes!" muttered Sandy. "We 'll make somebody pay for this!"

"That 's what! We 'll go to the police station. Come on, Sandy!" McGreggor started for the door.

"Wait! I 've got an idea that—I guess it beats the police station." Harold thought a moment. "It does! It beats it! We 'll be our own police and our own detectives," went on Sandy. "And it might make a moving-picture story, too. It would!"

Jack shook his head disapprovingly.

"See here, this is n't a dime novel. It was real money I lost, and a real watch, and—and—"

"But you say they went into the house. I take it their business is robbing lonely wayfarers, is n't it?"

"Surest thing you know!"

"All right. What 's the matter with letting 'em play the game with me?"

"With *you*? You mean—"

"Yes,—and you and Deeny trailing after? Eh?"

"Deeny!" repeated Jack, and a grin spread over his battered countenance as he began to get the idea. He saw visions of what the huge Turk would do to these prowling scamps 'if he ever laid hands on them.

"By Jove! Right you are, my boy! And it *docs* make a picture story,—a dandy!"

"I 'll get Nasr-ed-Din and give him his line of work," said Harold. "We have n't any time to lose. It 's nearly midnight."

FIFTEEN minutes later, a well-dressed young American might have been seen wandering through the now almost deserted Esbekieh gardens. On his waistcoat flashed a gold watch-chain which ended in a Waterbury watch, but no one knew this. The youth wandered on, leaving his coat carelessly open, and presently there began an Egyptian version of that always interesting farce, "The Biter Bit." The little flower-seller came forward pleadingly, as before, the three robbers appeared in the narrow street, tumultuously, as before, the youth answered the call for help chivalrously, as before, but, at this point, the sequence of events changed abruptly with the emerging of two crouching figures from the shadows. And one of them came armed with the terrible strength that nature had given him.



A VIEW OF CAIRO FROM OUTSIDE THE WALLS.

"Now, Deeny!" shouted Harold, suddenly. "One! two! three!" counted McGregor, slowly, as three times the Turk smote from the shoulder, and three men fell groaning.

Jack came forward and knelt over his prostrate adversary and quickly opened his coat.

"Now, my friend," he remarked, pleasantly, "you see the boot is on the other foot. I 'll just take back my property—*this* pocket, I remember. No, no! Don't use little hands. Now then! Ah! Scarf-pin—watch—*and* the pocket-book! Every thing just as it was."

He rose to his feet and motioned to Harold, who was standing guard over the two Arabs.

"All right, Sandy." Then to the white man, cringing at his feet, "You hound! Now go!"

With a swift gesture, Harold gave the same order to the two terror-stricken Arabs, and, a moment later, the discomfited trio were scurrying away into the night.

"Well, we pulled it off, old boy!" rejoiced McGregor as they returned through the gardens.

"We certainly did."

"Say, was n't Deeny *magnificent*! I believe he could have picked those fellows up and pitched 'em clean over the wall. You 're *all right*, Deeny!" Jack turned to the big Turk with a gesture of high commendation, at which Nasr-

ed-Din's usually impassive face lighted up with pleasure, and he salaamed and saluted with all his soul.

So exultant were the boys over this success, that they talked of their dangerous *coup* long after they had returned to their rooms; they even acted out the scenes of it over and over again.

"We must remember every bit of it; we must write it down," urged Jack. "If we can work this up in a big way, it 'll be a top-liner in the moving-picture houses. Take my word for it. Two American boys held up by bandits! Won't they thrill when the Turk gets his fine work in and the boy finds his purse?"

Here, with a grand flourish, Jack produced the stolen purse. "And when he finds the nice, crisp bank-notes just as he left 'em!"

He opened the purse and drew out a bundle of bank-notes. But, suddenly, his whole expression changed.

"Great Scott!" he cried, counting the notes with feverish haste.

"What 's the matter? What is it?"

For several moments Jack eyed his friend in solemn silence. Then he said slowly: "Sandy, *I know* I had five hundred dollars—that 's a hundred pounds—in this purse. A hundred pounds, no more, and no less. I *know* just what I had."



JEREED PLAY.

"Well?"

"Well, it 's my purse, all right, but—Sandy, *there are two hundred and sixty pounds in it now!*"

CHAPTER VI

THE STORM BREAKS

"Two hundred and sixty pounds!" repeated Harold, in amazement.

"That 's what I make it," said Jack. "You count 'em." He pushed over to his friend the pile of notes, fives and tens, printed on clean white paper with very black ink, as is the custom of the Bank of England.

"Two hundred and sixty," verified young Evans. "There 's no mistake—that is to say, there 's a big mistake; there 's a mistake of—of one hundred and sixty pounds. Jack, are you *sure* you only had a hundred pounds?"

"Of course I 'm sure! That 's all I drew out of the bank."

"Then we 've got a hundred and sixty pounds, eight hundred dollars, that belongs to—those bandits."

"Not if they stole it."

"Well, it belongs to some one. It does n't belong to us."

"You 're right there, it does n't belong to us," nodded McGregor. "Say, this helps the picture story a whole lot."

"But we can't keep it, Jack—we *can't* keep it!"

"N-no, we can't keep it. And we can't give it back to those scoundrels either. In the first place, it is n't likely we can find 'em, and in the second place, they must have stolen it."

"I suppose they did," agreed Sandy. "Why not turn it over to the police?"

"But could you trust them? I have n't any too much confidence in the natives."

"That 's so," said Sandy, nodding. "Oh, well, let 's settle it to-morrow! It 's late, and we 're both too dead tired to think it out now."

The next morning the discussion continued. Harold suggested giving the money to the American consul and letting him do what he thought best with it.

But Jack objected.

"The American consul won't know what to do with that eight hundred dollars any more than we do."

"He may find the owner."

"And he may not. Cairo 's a big place."

"If he does n't find the owner, he can—well, he can give it to Americans who are in trouble. Lots of 'em get stranded over here."

"Great idea, Sandy! A fund for Americans in trouble. We 're in trouble, so—there you are!"

Harold looked indignantly at his friend.

"I did n't mean that," he declared.

"Mean what?"

"Why, you say we ought to *keep* this money."

"I did n't say any such thing," retorted Jack.

"You said it could be given to stranded Americans in trouble."

"But it was *your* idea that we might keep the money," Harold insisted. "You know very well that 's what you meant."

"See here, my young friend, suppose you let *me* be the judge of what I mean."

In McGreggor's tone there was a note of sudden defiance that angered Sandy. In boys' quarrels it is not so much what is said as the way it is said that counts. Here was a deliberate challenge, and young Evans knew it. They were right at the danger point again, but this time neither boy drew back, and neither used conciliation.

"Very well," answered Harold, angrily, "you can be the judge of what *I* mean, too; and what I mean, Jack McGreggor, is this"—his voice was steady enough, but his face was white—"what I mean is that you can take your airs and your money and your moving-picture outfit and go—"

Even now one little friendly word from Jack, or a friendly look, might have ended the trouble, but Jack's heart was hardened, and his answer only threw oil on the fire.

"Well, where can I go, Brother Basil?" he asked tauntingly.

"Straight to Jericho, for all I care," flashed Harold.

"I don't take that talk from anybody!"

"You know what you can do!"

McGreggor stepped nearer with eyes flashing and arm drawn back threateningly, as he growled out:

"If that 's what you want—"

"Not here in the hotel," warned Harold. "I 'll fight you this afternoon—anywhere you like."

"All right—out where we were—by the pyramid."

"Pyramid suits me. What time?"

"Five o'clock."

"Five o'clock."

"I 'll meet you there—five o'clock sharp."

It was shortly after four when Harold Evans stepped off a Gizeh trolley-car and found himself once more under the vast shadow of Cheops. He had come out early on purpose, so as to be alone. He wanted to get through with this thing, and then never see Jack McGreggor again. The idea of suggesting that they should keep that eight hundred dollars!



"DO YOU HEAR THAT?" HAROLD WHISPERED."

Sandy walked slowly in the direction of the pyramid, but turned away toward the palm-trees, and then turned away again. Both places made him think of his mother, and a boy with a fight on his hands does not like to think of his mother.

The shadows lengthened. Some drums in a neighboring village announced marriage festivities. A company of yelling riders circled the plain at amazing speed. They were jereed players, part of the two days' wedding celebration.

Young Evans sat down near the temple of the Sphinx. He wondered how he would come out with McGregor. Jack had the longer reach, but Harold was quick on his feet, and—he did n't care anyway, he was armed with the strength of a righteous cause. McGregor had insulted him, and—

Just then the harsh cough of a kneeling camel, by some odd association of ideas, brought back the memory of that last meal with his mother, there under the palm-trees. He could see her face, and her hands, and the wonderful light in her eyes. He remembered how her voice had quivered as she asked a blessing on their simple meal.

Sandy stood up and stretched himself. This was a silly place for a fight. He ought to have known better than to come here. Of course he would think of his mother, and—if he did n't look out, he 'd be getting foolish, and—hello, here was Jack—climbing off the trolley.

Harold walked across the sand toward his adversary—his friend—the boy who had offered to divide all that he had with him and help him in his trouble and loneliness. This fight was a rotten thing, after all. He did n't believe McGregor had meant to keep that money. He 'd like to tell him so, but—

The boys nodded coolly, and Jack put down a bundle he was carrying. Then they stripped off their coats and collars, while an Arab looked on indifferently.

The first round was fairly even. At the end of the second, Harold came in cleverly under McGregor's guard, and knocked him down. At the end of the third, he knocked him down again.

Jack staggered to his feet, still game.

"Wait a minute," said Sandy. "I want to tell you something. I think I 'm in the wrong, Jack. I wanted to say so sooner, but—I could n't very well. You might have—you might have misunderstood. I don't believe you ever meant to keep money you were n't entitled to."

"I did n't, Sandy. I never meant to keep it. I give you my word I did n't," declared Jack.

"Then—then I apologize for what I said. I 'm sorry. There 's my hand or—if you want to punch me some more, why—go ahead."

He held out his hand and stood waiting.

McGreggor answered awkwardly: "That 's very decent of you, and—I accept it—the way you mean it, and—there!" He caught young Evans's hand in a strong clasp.

"I 've got a vile temper," mourned Harold.

Then they sat down under the palm-trees and ate sandwiches and cakes that Jack had brought along in his little bundle.

And now a strange thing happened. The sun sank behind a mass of livid clouds, and suddenly the light changed to an uncanny olive hue, as if some great magic-lantern operator had slipped a piece of greenish glass before the sun. A low sighing wind came up from the desert. Both boys turned uneasily, and at this moment three distinct taps sounded on the ridge of rock beneath them.

"What was that?" cried Harold.

"Sounded like somebody knocking on this stone," said McGregor. "Listen! There it is again!"

"You 're not doing that, Jack—with your foot or anything—are you?"

Jack shook his head solemnly. "It 's prob'ly a bat, or a ghost, or something. Come on! Let 's get out of this."

"Wait!"

Sandy's face was pale. He rose slowly and stood with hands clenched and nostrils dilating, looking down at a long line of gray rock that stretched away toward the pyramid.

"What 's the matter?"

"Now! Do you hear that? *Do you hear that?*" he whispered. "It 's the Morse code, one short and two long. That 's W. Somebody 's calling W. There! There! There!" Harold moved his hands up and down each time as the taps sounded—one short and two long.

McGreggor turned wearily.

"What 's this got to do with us? I *wish* you 'd come along. It 's prob'ly some Arab telegraphing his camel to take a bath."

Harold flashed a look at his companion that brought him to immediate seriousness.

"John McGregor, four years ago, when I was in Adana—I was a little shaver, but I remember the Armenian massacre, and—sometimes we could n't get from the compound where the missionaries lived to Father's dispensary; it was n't safe. So Father rigged up a telegraph line about half a mile long, and we all learned to click off messages. We had different calls for different people, and Mother had her own call for Father, and *Mother's call was W!*"

"Great Scott, Sandy! You don't mean—you don't think—" Jack stammered in excitement and stopped short.

"I think my mother is calling to me from somewhere through this rock, and *I'm going to answer her. Now listen!*"

(To be continued.)



THREE GUESTS

BY JESSICA NELSON NORTH

I HAD a little tea-party,
This afternoon at three.
'T was very small,
Three guests in all,
Just I, Myself, and Me.

Myself ate up the sandwiches,
While I drank up the tea;
'T was also I
Who ate the pie,
And passed the cake to Me.



"I 'VE GOT A DOG"

BY ETHEL M. KELLEY

I 've got a dog. The other boys
Have quantities of tools and toys,
And heaps of things that I ain't seen
(Ain't *saw*, I mean).
They 've oars and clubs and golfin' sticks,—
I know a feller that has six,
And gee! you ought to see him drive!
But I 've

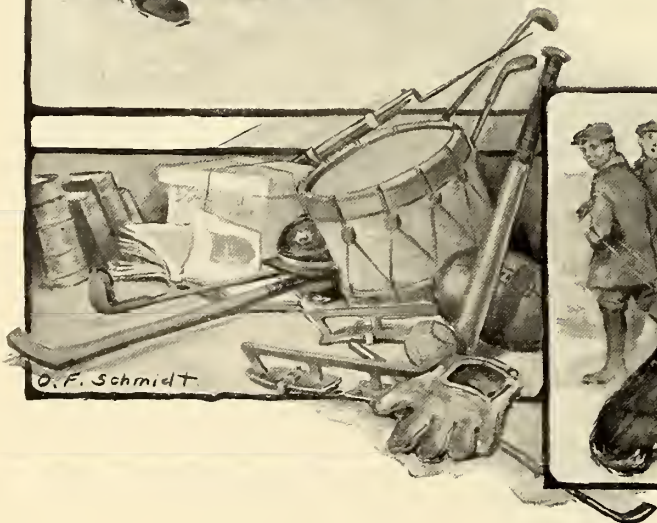
Got a dog!

I 've got a dog. His name is Pete.
The other children on our street
Have lots of things that I ain't got
(I mean, *have not*).
I know a boy that 's got a gun.
I don't see why they have such fun
Playing with things that ain't alive;
But I 've

Got a dog!

I 've got a dog, and so, you see,
The boys all want to play with me;
They think he 's such a cunnin' brute
(I mean, *so cute*).
That 's why they leave their toys and games,
And run to us, and shout our names,
Whenever me and Pete arrive;
For I 've

Got a dog!



Jacob and Gretchen



By
Elizabeth Atkins

GRETCHEN was in the kitchen-garden, weeding among the vegetables. "And you really want to marry me, Jacob?" she said.

"Yes, Gretchen," said Jacob.

"And for why, Jacob?"

"Well," said Jacob, "we are neighbors, and our joint property would make a farm larger than any in the country."

"No other reason, Jacob?"

"Well," said Jacob, "I think you are very beautiful, Gretchen."

"You are not the first, Jacob, to make that discovery," said Gretchen, laughing. "I count them on the fingers of my hand—Hans, the goldsmith, Fritz, the miller's son, Farmer Albrecht, Jan, the bailiff, Carl, the schoolmaster, Heinrich, the tailor, Max, the greengrocer, Parson Ludwig, and Burgomaster Wilhelm."

"Is it so?" said Jacob, and he pulled a longer face than usual, thinking of his nine rivals.

"Do you love me, Jacob?" said Gretchen.

"Humph!" said Jacob, "there are maids who would be quite content to love *me*, without asking that!"

"Let it be, then, Jacob," said Gretchen. "In spite of everything, I admire you greatly, and I will marry you on one condition: that you will come back again in seven days with at least five friends; old or young, rich or poor, wise or simple, it matters not, only that their affection for you will be such that they will not be content when separated from you, even for a moment."

"Humph!" said Jacob, crossly.

"And listen, Jacob!" said Gretchen; "leave your purse at home—promise me that! And now good-by, Jacob."

"Good-by, Gretchen," said Jacob. And he added to himself, "There are many as fair and none so impudent! Marry her indeed! She 'll wait for me, that she will—I 'll none of her!"

So he strode along at a great pace until he reached his own door, where he sat down under the grape-vine and smoked his pipe to soothe his feelings, which were somewhat ruffled.

Now I must tell you about Jacob. He was a worthy soul and a prosperous farmer, but one would never meet with a sourer face in a day's journey. Why, he looked at least as if he lived on pickles and sauerkraut and cider-vinegar, and a glass of sour lemonade now and then! He would have been handsome had his expression been more amiable. It was unfortunate that he had become so crabbed, for he had very little to be unhappy about. He was well-to-do, and had the finest farm in the neighborhood; he was strong and clever—in fact, he should have been quite contented. But he had become so used to flying into a temper and letting little mishaps get the better of his feelings, that he had come to be known as the sourest man in the country, and the children poked fun at him, and called him "Crab Jacob." And you may guess that that did not improve his disposition! He had scarcely a friend for miles around; in fact Gretchen seemed the only person who cared at all about him. So, you see, that condition of Gretchen's, that he should bring her five friends who loved him, rankled exceedingly.

"Gretchen indeed!" he exclaimed to himself. "I'll not be marrying her. I'm rid of a bad bargain, that I am, and easily." But he sat there in the sunshine under the grape-vine and felt a little uneasy.

Whether he would or no, he could not put her out of his mind—that bright figure in the buttercup-colored gown, and the eyes of corn-flower blue under the big garden hat. And the smile—he could n't forget Gretchen's smile, any more than could you or I, or the ten suitors she counted on her little fingers.

"She has fine eyes, Gretchen," said Jacob, watching the smoke wreaths. Puff! puff! "She has hair like the shine on a dove's wing," he added. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "She smiles like the angels, for all her impertinence," he said meditatively.

Then he got up and started down the path toward the gate. When he reached the gate, he stopped, felt in his pocket, and took out his purse, heavy with gold and silver coins. He went back to the farm-house and laid the purse on the deal table. Then he strode off again, staff in hand, and out of the gate he went, closing it carefully behind him, and kicked up the dust of the king's highway. "I'm not marrying her," said Jacob. "She is the soul of impertinence!"

He plodded along, with never a glance at her

farm, with its verdant acres stretching far and wide, its windmill and white barns and dove-cotes, its comfortable farm-house and garden gay with summer bloom. It was nearly noon and the sun high in the heavens, so he had hardly passed the hedge which bordered Gretchen's farm, before he sat down beneath a roadside tree to rest and meditate, for the heat tried his temper.

For a long while, he thought and thought, and at last he said: "There is something about Gretchen!" He thought of Fritz, the miller's son, and Parson Ludwig and the rest, and his heart swelled within him, for all one would have thought it of clay or stone.

"How can I go about gaining five faithful friends?" he groaned. For he had never in his memory had a friend except Gretchen, and he believed that magic itself could scarce entice five mortals to follow him for love. He was all bewildered.

As he sat there, tortured with his thoughts, an old woman appeared, seemingly from nowhere, and sat down beside him in the shadow of the tree.

"Why such a long face, lad?" she said.

Jacob, according to his usual fashion, was about to rudely reply, "Mind your own affairs, old woman!" But he checked the speech on his lips, and said: "I would marry a girl I know, but she has set a condition which I cannot meet."

"What is that condition, Jacob?" said the old woman.

"How do you know my name?" asked Jacob, astonished.

"That is neither here nor there," said the old woman. "Call me Mother Grethel, if you like, to square the bargain. But tell me what condition Gretchen sets."

"You are, indeed, a fairy!" exclaimed Jacob; "and the first, at that, that I have ever met."

"They only make themselves known to agreeable folk," said the old woman.

"Oh," said Jacob, half inclined to be angry. But he reflected, after all, that he had at last met a fairy, even though they had avoided him for more than twenty years. "If you're a fairy, Mother Grethel," he said, "you know it all without my telling you."

"That I do," said the old woman, "and if you will give me that scarlet feather in your cap, I will help you to gain all the friends you like."

"That's poor exchange, indeed, for such service," said Jacob, politely, taking the feather from his cap as he spoke. He found himself rather pleased with his own civil speeches, and the more polite he became, the more easily such speech flowed from his lips.

"Have you ever been really kind to any one, Jacob?" said the old woman.

Jacob looked up at the sky and then down at his boots.

"Well," he said, "I once gave a beggar a silver coin."

ready, Jacob," said the old woman, "and you look as handsome as the best when you smile, too."

"And you promise me, good Mother," said Jacob, "if I follow your advice, that many will love me—as many as five, so that Gretchen will be satisfied?"

"That I promise," said Mother Grethel, "and I bid you good day and good luck. And for the scarlet feather many thanks." Then she went on her way.

So Jacob brushed the grass off his clothes, and, adjusting his featherless cap at the briskest angle, he set out at a smart pace down the highway. He murmured to himself, contentedly, "Fairies only make themselves known to agreeable folk!" He was eager to begin his collection of affectionate friends as speedily as possible, for it seemed to him that it would be a most desirable novelty. And then to be marrying Gretchen as well! No wonder that Jacob hummed and whistled!

As he gaily went along the road, kicking up the dust, he heard some one call behind him, and, looking around, saw an old dame with a basket of lettuces.

"Hi there, young Master!" said she, "you fill a body's old eyes with dust at every step you take!"

Jacob almost forgot himself for a moment, and an impertinent speech rose to his lips. But whist! in the twinkling of an eyelash he remembered, and, lifting his cap in his best manner, exclaimed: "A thou-

sand pardons, Madam!" And he implored her to allow him the great pleasure of carrying her basket of lettuces on one arm, and offered the other that he might assist her over the rough places. So they walked, arm in arm, into the town, as gay as you please, chatting away, and the old dame thought she had never in the world met with so delightful a person as this handsome young man. Yes, he was, indeed, growing handsome, was Jacob, as fast as the time



"HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?" ASKED JACOB, ASTONISHED."

"With a heart as cold as the silver, Jacob, I'll wager. But I'll not catechize you, Jacob. This is the secret: Be as kind as you know how to be to everybody you meet, and smile as much as you can. It's a magic talisman toward gaining affection. Whether you will or no, they'll all be fond of you."

"That sounds like wisdom, good Mother," said Jacob, and he smiled most amiably.

"You have planted the right foot forward al-

was flying, having left his long face behind him, together with his bad temper.

Now Jacob's cap was not much to boast of, especially since he had traded the scarlet feather for the old fairy's secret. As they neared the town, a crowd of small urchins eyed it mischievously. "Who would wear a cap without a feather?" cried one of them. And he picked up a clod and flung it at Jacob's cap, and knocked it off in the dust. You can imagine Jacob's old self leaped up at that!—that is, until he remembered Gretchen. Swallowing his rage, he picked up the cap, all begrimed as it was by the dust of the road, and he stuck it on one ear, and made such funny grimaces that the small urchins held their sides for laughter; and the one who had flung the clod ran up to Jacob and said: "Take me with you, sir, and I'll run your errands for as long as ever you'll have me!"

"Well," mused Jacob, "that 's two already." And he whistled softly to himself, and took the urchin by the hand.

They soon reached the market-place of the town, where there was a great crowd jostling and pushing. All of a sudden, Jacob saw twenty pies and half a gross of frosted cakes go rolling in the gutter, where the dogs snatched them up.

"Alack-a-day!" cried the pastry-cook, a fat little man with one eye, "some one jostled my tray, and there 's ruin for you!"

"Ho! ho!" said a rival, "none but dogs would eat your pies and cakes, One Eye!"

And everybody laughed and poked fun at the unfortunate seller of pastries—that is, everybody but Jacob. Up he strode, elbowing his way through the crowd, and said to the pastry-cook, "Could'st make a bride cake three stories high, with silver leaves, and a chime of bells, and pink Cupids, and a gross of sugar roses? For I would be married to Gretchen."

"That I can, Master," said the pastry-cook.

As for the rival pastry-cook, and all the other scoffers, they fairly gasped, for they knew that a bride cake such as Jacob described would put a pretty lot of silver coins in a pastry-cook's pocket.

"Well, then, come along," said Jacob to the pastry-cook.

But as soon as they were out of the marketing crowd, he said: "Good fellow, I would be honest with you." And he turned his pockets inside out, so that the pastry-cook could see that he had not even a copper penny.

"Is there no Gretchen, Master?" said the pastry-cook.

"Oh, yes," said Jacob; "she has eyes the color of corn-flowers."

"Gretchen is a lucky lass!" said the pastry-cook.

"Why so?" said Jacob.

"Why, to be marrying such a kind, honest, jolly fellow as you are, Master, to be sure!"

"Will you come and tell her so?" said Jacob.

"That willingly," said the pastry-cook, "and I'll make her a bride cake for a wedding gift." And he trotted along after Jacob, and the old dame, and the ragged urchin.

"That 's three already," said Jacob, and he whistled a little tune all to himself.

So they walked on through the town until they reached an inn, and there Jacob, and the old dame, and the urchin, and the pastry-cook sat down in the shade of the trees to rest; and the old dame, taking a lettuce from her market-basket, divided it among the four of them, and the pastry-cook cut up into equal shares the only cake he had left. Strange to relate, this meal, spiced and salted, you might say, with companionship, tasted to Jacob like a meal fit for a king. And after all the lettuce was eaten and every crumb of cake had vanished, Jacob was moved to sing a comic song which went something like this:

"Oh around and around again go,
With a ha! ha! ha! and a ho!
I could dance all my life
To the whistle and fife,
With a ha! ha! ha! and a ho!"

"Sing it again, dear Jacob," said the old dame. So as soon as Jacob had got his breath again, he sang it once more. The landlord of the inn, hearing the song, came to his door. He was looking as gloomy as a thunder-cloud, for custom was poor and his purse was thin; but he found the song so irresistible, that he needs must join in, with the others. And the end of it all was that they clasped hands and danced about on the turf, and were as merry as you please.

"Well, well," said the landlord, gasping for breath, "I've not had such a frolic since I was that high! It does a man good to limber up a bit. What care I if times *are* bad, Jacob, my boy!" And then he urged them to accept his hospitality for the night.

"I'll tell thee now, landlord," said Jacob, "we've not a penny between us!"

"What of that, Jacob, my boy?" said the landlord, clapping him on the shoulder.

"I could dance all my life
To the whistle and fife,
With a ha! ha! ha! and a ho!"

And he danced along the corridors of the inn, and gave the old dame the very room in which the king had slept when he visited that town.

Now when Jacob and the others were about to leave the next morning, the landlord locked up the inn and threw the key down the well.

"Wherefore, landlord?" said Jacob.

"If these other folk throw in their luck with you, I 'm going along, too, that I am, to dance at Gretchen's wedding, 'With a ha! ha! ha! and a ho!'" said the landlord. And he executed a few fancy steps.

Jacob whistled. "Four already," he said to himself.

So they marched along the main street of the town, Jacob, and the old dame, and the urchin, and the pastry-cook, and the landlord. As they trudged along, they came upon a crowd gathered about a vender of gold pins and rings and bangles. Jacob needs must stop and admire.

"How well this would look on Gretchen's little finger! How fine that on Gretchen's slender wrist!" and he felt reflectively in his pocket for the coins that were not there.

Now there was a man standing by looking at the fine array, and while the vender's eyes were directed at something else, he deftly extracted two rings from the tray, and no one was the wiser—except Jacob. He had sharp eyes with the best, I can tell you! He seized the thief by the ear and shouted: "Give up those rings, rascal, or I 'll lead you off to gaol myself!" So the man, seeing with whom he had to deal, wasted no time in returning what he had stolen, and was off before you could turn around twice.

"You have done me a good turn, Master," said the vender; "and you shall have one of my finest gold rings, that you shall!"

At that Jacob's face lighted up. "I would be marrying Gretchen," he said; "but I have no money wherewith to purchase the wedding-ring."

"How large is your Gretchen's finger?" said the peddler.

"Why," said Jacob, "it is very small and pretty, but I cannot tell you exactly."

"Well," said the peddler, "I would fain be walking along with you for the sake of your pleasant company. We will measure Gretchen's finger for the ring, and mayhap I would like to give her a gold bangle on my own account."

So Jacob whistled again as they went along, and said to himself, "Five good friends have I!" At the thought he could not forbear laughing, and he laughed and laughed until the merry tears ran down his cheeks. His amusement became so contagious that the landlord guffawed as if he would never stop, and the urchin turned a hand-spring or two for merriment, and the old dame cackled. They were standing in front of a linen-draper's shop, and he came to his door just then.

"What 's all the fun about?" he cried, and forthwith joined in the laughter, without stopping for a reply.

At last Jacob could speak. "I have five good friends," he said. And then, for no reason at all, they all laughed harder than ever!

"You have six, Master," said the linen-draper, "for you do the eyes good, that you do, with your merry face!" And he asked Jacob to come into the shop and have a chair and a chat, before he went on his way.

Now when Jacob saw the linen materials in the draper's shop, he admired them exceedingly, and in his mind's eye fancied Gretchen clad in a dress of the finest, and looking her prettiest. The linen-draper read Jacob's admiration, and said: "You have an eye for my fine materials, Master, that I see easily."

"Well," said Jacob, "I would be marrying Gretchen, and cannot help thinking how fair she would look dressed in this and that!" But he turned his pockets inside out, and showed the draper that they were quite empty.

"Look here, Master," said the draper, "I would be taking a little holiday, and will walk along with you and your merry company. So I can attend the wedding and make Gretchen a present of whatever cloth you choose."

"You are, indeed, generous!" said Jacob. And he chose a white linen cloth embroidered over with fleur-de-lis. Then the draper locked up his shop, hiding the key on top of the lintel, and marched along with Jacob, and the old dame, and the urchin, and the pastry-cook, and the landlord, and the peddler.

Now Jacob had a whole five days before Gretchen expected him to return, so he bethought himself that he would put in the time seeing the sights of the town, since he need have no uneasiness about fulfilling her condition. For, you see, he had five faithful friends and one to spare. He was quite blossoming under his popularity, moreover, and was not averse to gathering in a few more merry companions as he went along. In fact, he thought it would be quite a joke to take back with him to the farm as many as he could, just by way of a little surprise for Gretchen! So he marched along as gaily as possible, and, would you believe it? the next day he had added to his train a gaoler and a doctor, two lawyers and a parson, a carpenter and a shoemaker—and the shoemaker was possessed with a desire to measure Gretchen's foot for the neatest, prettiest little slipper in the world, and all for love of Jacob.

And on Friday, they all set out for Jacob's farm. And there were a whole hundred of them!

For by this time, Jacob had become the admiration of a joiner and a conjurer, a schoolmaster, two dressmakers, and a tailor, a clock-maker and a chemist, a farmer, two huntsmen, and a scullion, a gardener and a cowherd, a hairdresser and a butcher's boy, a scissors-grinder and a mason, a goosegirl and a soldier, a washerwoman

ing down the road after them as fast as his legs would carry him, his ermine-bordered gown flying out in the wind, and his wig all askew.

"Hi there!" said the Lord Mayor, as soon as he could gain his breath, "what do you mean, sir, by running away with half the population of my town?"



"THE LANDLORD GUFFAWED AS IF HE WOULD NEVER STOP,

and a stone-cutter, two musicians and a town crier, and ever so many more!

They started down the road, as merry a party as you 'd see in a day's journey, and Jacob the merriest of them all! The town crier was ringing his bell, and the musicians were tooting on their instruments, and the landlord was singing,

"I could dance all my life
To the whistle and fife,
With a ha! ha! ha! and a ho!"

But they had scarcely gone twenty yards beyond the town, when Jacob heard a great halloo, and, turning round, beheld the Lord Mayor com-

Jacob looked at him without speaking, and then, taking a step forward, he smote the Lord Mayor on the forehead with the palm of his hand! At that the lawyer fainted away in the gaoler's arms, and there was general consternation!

"What does this mean?" said the Lord Mayor, growing very red.

"Do not be hasty," said Jacob. "I stunned him."

"Stunned who?" said the Lord Mayor.

"As big a wasp as I ever saw, old chap!" said Jacob.

At that the Lord Mayor fairly fell upon Jacob's neck and embraced him. "You're the first

man who ever dared to treat me as a human being," said the Lord Mayor. "I'm going along with you, that I am! I'll send in my resignation."

"Well," said Jacob, "come along." And he took the Lord Mayor by the arm, and they all started off once more down the road.

It was evening when they reached Jacob's farm.

"Well, I'll settle the matter," said the lawyer. And he produced a paper and wrote on it, "I hereby promise to return in half an hour." So Jacob, with a patient air, affixed his signature to the document, and then off he went to see Gretchen.

Gretchen was sitting in her kitchen, industri-



AND THE URCHIN TURNED A HANDSPRING OR TWO FOR MERRIMENT."

The moon was rising, and the white buildings of Gretchen's farm showed beyond Jacob's hedge.

"Friends," said Jacob, "I'll be going on to Gretchen's now, and would you kindly wait here until I return?"

"Leave us, dear Jacob!" exclaimed the pastry-cook. And his one eye filled with tears.

"Only for a half-hour," said Jacob.

"Oh, no, Jacob!" said the Lord Mayor, appealingly.

At that Jacob let his feelings get the better of him, for once.

"Am I to go a-courting with a whole hundred of you at my heels!" he exclaimed.

ously spinning by candle-light. Jacob knocked. Gretchen took up a candle and opened the door.

"I have come back, Gretchen," said Jacob.

"So I see," said Gretchen, and she lifted the candle high and looked at Jacob's face. She could hardly believe her eyes, he was so good-looking! His sour looks and long face had given place to merriment and kindness. She placed the candle on the table, and then she kissed him. And you may be sure Jacob was perfectly satisfied.

"The moon is risen, Gretchen," said Jacob. "Let us take a walk, for the air is so sweet and fresh, and I smell the brier-rose in the garden."

So he led Gretchen round to his own farm, and all of a sudden, they came upon Jacob's hundred friends behind the barn.

Gretchen screamed, "Who are all these people!" for in her satisfaction at the change in Jacob's disposition, she had quite forgotten the condition she had set.

"Why, you told me I had to have five good friends before you 'd marry me, Gretchen," said Jacob.

"Five!" exclaimed Gretchen; "there are twenty times five here!"

"Yes," said Jacob, "and they don't like me out of their sight, poor dears."

After the curiosity of Jacob's friends had been satisfied (and they all thought Gretchen charming), the two strolled off.

"Gretchen," said Jacob.

"Yes," said Gretchen.

"Could we be married to-morrow, do you think?"

"But I have no frock, Jacob."

"Oh, there 's a linen-draper here who has whole yards of white linen embroidered in fleur-de-lis, which he has brought you for a gift."

"But, dear Jacob, there is no one to make the dress!"

"Oh, yes, two dressmakers and a tailor over yonder behind the barn!"

"What about a bride cake, Jacob?"

"Oh, there 's a pastry-cook who desires no greater happiness than to bake one three stories high, with silver leaves, and a chime of bells, and pink Cupids, and a gross of sugar roses."

"But then, Jacob, a ring; we can't get married without a ring!"

"Oh, there 's a man yonder would measure your finger for a ring, my dear."

"But a parson, Jacob; we can't get married without a parson!"

"Oh, there 's one behind the barn, Gretchen!"

"Well then, Jacob," said Gretchen, "we may as well get married to-morrow."

So the very next day there was a fine wedding. The Lord Mayor himself gave the bride away, and she wore a white linen dress embroidered in

fleur-de-lis, and little white slippers with real gold buckles; and Jacob put the most beautiful gold ring upon her finger. The musicians played "Tweedle-dum-te-dee," and everybody danced on the turf in front of the farm-house. Then Gretchen cut the bride cake, which was the largest and most wonderful confection they had ever beheld.

While all the company was still making merry, Gretchen and Jacob sat down under the grapevine for a little chat.

"It is wonderful," said Jacob, with a contented sigh, "to have so many friends!"

"Indeed it is, Jacob," said Gretchen, "and you never told me yet how you charmed so many to follow you. Didst have a magic whistle or a fairy bell?"

"Oh, no," said Jacob, "but I met an old fairy woman who told me a secret."

"And what is the secret, Jacob?"

"Oh, just to smile at every one and do a good deed whenever you get the opportunity."

"A great deed—like slaying a dragon, Jacob?"

"Oh, no, Gretchen, just a kind word or look as you pass along, and a helping of people over the rough places."

Gretchen smiled. "Jacob," she said.

"Yes, Gretchen?"

"I have a confession to make, Jacob."

"Yes, Gretchen?"

"That old fairy woman was myself, Jacob, in Mother's old black quilted cloak!"

You can well imagine Jacob's astonishment at that piece of news!

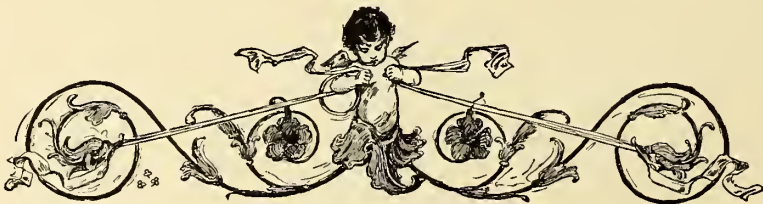
"*You*, Gretchen!" was all he could say.

"Yes, Jacob," said Gretchen, and taking up Jacob's old cap where it was lying on the garden seat beside them, she stuck the scarlet feather back in its place.

"It looks better," she said, twirling the cap round on her finger.

Jacob drew a long breath. Then he kissed Gretchen on both cheeks, and laughed and laughed as if he would never stop.

"I have married a clever wife, that I have!" said Jacob.





THEY had always kept Christmas at home, even if in no very expensive way. On the very last one, Johnny had had his skates, tied to his stocking, and, inside it, an orange and nuts and raisins, and some little trick-joke, and a stick of candy; and Robby had had his sled, and Marnie her book, and Bessie her tea-set; and Mr. Murtrie, the father, had a pair of wristers that Nancy had crocheted, and a muffler that his wife had knit; and the mother had a needle-book that Marnie had made, and a bread-plate that Johnny had whittled out, and a piece of jig-saw work from Robby, and a muff from the father. And Marnie had written a poem to Father and Mother, which all the others criticized violently and ruthlessly, but which was privately regarded as a great achievement by every one of them.

But what was there to do here with sleds and skates! Great use for a muff out in the middle of the Texas prairie, to which they had come from the North. Why, yesterday the thermometer was just at summer heat, and roses were blossoming!

At home how gay it was with every one coming and going, with purchases and parcels and merry secrets, with the hanging of the green, with big snow-drifts, and coasting down Long Hill by starlight, with going to church in the forenoon, and coming home to turkey and cran-

berry sauce, and a pudding in blue flames! Here there was nothing, there was nobody. There was n't a shop within a hundred miles, and if there were, there was no money with which to buy anything. For Mr. Murtrie had come to grief in his business, losing, when all debts were paid, everything but this ranch, to which he had brought his family, and where it seemed like a new world.

At first, it had been so novel, no one thought of homesickness. Nancy herself had enjoyed as much as any one the singing of the mocking-birds at night, the flashing of the cardinal's red wings in the radiant mornings and the bubbling of his song, the fragrance of the jasmines, the beauty of the innumerable flowers, the charm of the wide landscape, the giant trees draped in their veils of gray moss; she had enjoyed hearing the boys tell about the bat-caves, with their streams of unnumbered wings going out by dark and coming in by dawn in myriads; she had enjoyed lying awake at night to hear the water gently pouring through the irrigation ditches from the *madre* ditch, and drowning all the land in its fertilizing flood to the sound of slow music; she had enjoyed watching the long flights of wild ducks; seeing a spot apparently covered with yellow flowers that suddenly turned into a flock of birds that rose and flew away. She had

enjoyed the strange cactus growths that seemed to her like things enchanted in their weird shapes by old magicians; she had enjoyed the thickets of prickly pear, the green and feathery foliage of the mesquit bushes, many of them no higher than her head, but with mighty roots stretching far and wide underground, the Indians having burned the tops in their wild raids, year after year, long ago. But now Nancy was longing for the bare branches of her old apple-tree weaving their broidery on the sky, for the young oak by the brook which held its brown leaves till spring, for the wide snow-fields, the shadows of whose drifts were blue as sapphire. She was longing to hear the bells ring out their gladness on Christmas eve and Christmas morning, for the spicy green gloom of the church, for all the happy cheer of Christmas as she had known it. Bells? There was n't a bell within hearing; there was n't a church, except the ruins of an old Spanish mission three or four miles distant. How could there be Christmas green where there was n't a spruce or a fir! There was only this long, dreary prairie of the cattle-range under its burning blue sky. It was the very kingdom of loneliness. Christmas without snow, without an icicle, without whistling winds,—oh, it was n't Christmas at all!

And then suddenly, as the angry words resounded and echoed in her mind, she asked herself what made Christmas, anyway? Certainly it was n't the things people did. In some places they kept it with blowing of horns and burning of fire-crackers, as they did Fourth of July. Perhaps in that way they expressed as much gladness as others did with the pealing from belfries and the rolling of organ tones. For Christmas was a time to be glad that Christ came to make all Christendom good, and blessed, and happy.

And, just as suddenly, Nancy could not help asking herself what she was doing to express gladness or to make Christmas happy. North pole or south pole, Christmas was Christmas, and it was n't all in pleasures or all in gifts; and she got out of bed, and knelt down and said a prayer, and went to sleep in a better frame of mind.

But if it was n't all in pleasures or all in gifts, there must be *some* gifts; and next day, Nancy set herself to thinking out the problem. It was still some time before the great holiday, and every hour must be improved.

For the first thing, she betook herself to one of the men on the range who often came about the buildings; and he found for her several huge horns, and, with his help, and taking Johnny into her confidence, they took grease and brick-dust, and scraped and polished these horns till they

shone almost like silver. Then the three dug for a big mesquit root and secured one, at last, that grew from a great stock; and they scraped and polished that into a very handsome piece of wood; and, having a little knack of carpentry, they fitted the enormous horns into the mesquit root, and there was a chair for any palace. It was to be their father's, and was to stand on the gallery, where, some night, the night-blooming cereus that laced the whole front would open its slow, delicious flowers, and shed the balm of heaven about him.

They found it a little difficult to keep this secret, because they began work upon it before Mr. Murtrie went off on his hunting-trip with some friends; but after he had gone, things were easier, as the mother was not inclined to prow about and look into everything, as the head of a house sometimes thinks necessary.

And for the mother,—they knew where some tall flat grasses grew, near a stream that was brimming at this season, and Johnny waded in and got them. Nancy plaited them into a low work-basket, and lined it with a bit of silk that had been her doll's skirt in her day of dolls. The doll, that had been religiously put away, was taken from her slumbers and furnished for Bessie's Christmas. "Why, really, it 's going to be a Christmas, after all," she said.

"Only it 's so queer to have it so warm," grumbled Johnny. "Winter without snowballing is n't winter!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Nancy, beginning to defend the thing she had adopted.

The man who had found the horns for her found also a little baby fox, and that was kept in great seclusion to become, on Christmas morning, a pet for Johnny; and Marnie and Nancy had great times together feeding it. He had the funniest little bark already. "Oh, we are coming along!" cried Nancy.

But there was more to be done. She remembered that once, when her father had taken her to see the ruins of the old mission, she had observed a number of Mexican "shacks," or huts, near by. She saw the dinner of one family, which consisted of half a sweet-potato and a red pepper. But she had also seen a big cage full of canaries. And so Nancy and Johnny set out to walk over to the mission, losing their way several times, but finding it again all at once. There an Indian woman, who was about thirty years old and looked a hundred, flung her baby, which was the loveliest little harmony of brown and rose you ever saw, into her husband's arms, and, after a great deal of pantomime and dumb show, sold, for the price of the last piece of silver in Nancy's

purse, a pair of the canaries in a cage made of reeds, each one an exquisite pinch of feathers, a lot of living gems, of all colors of the rainbow, blue, and yellow, and green, and purple, and red, and brown—iridescent little things, with a song like the faintest, prettiest echo of a Hartz canary's song. And there was Marnie's Christmas present settled.

But for Robby? Oh, there was the horned toad she had heard about. Robby had seen one in some show or other at home, and had longed for it. Here it was to his hand,—if she could find it. And with the help of the man who had helped her before, and who could not fancy what she wanted it for, find it she did. Robby would be delighted.

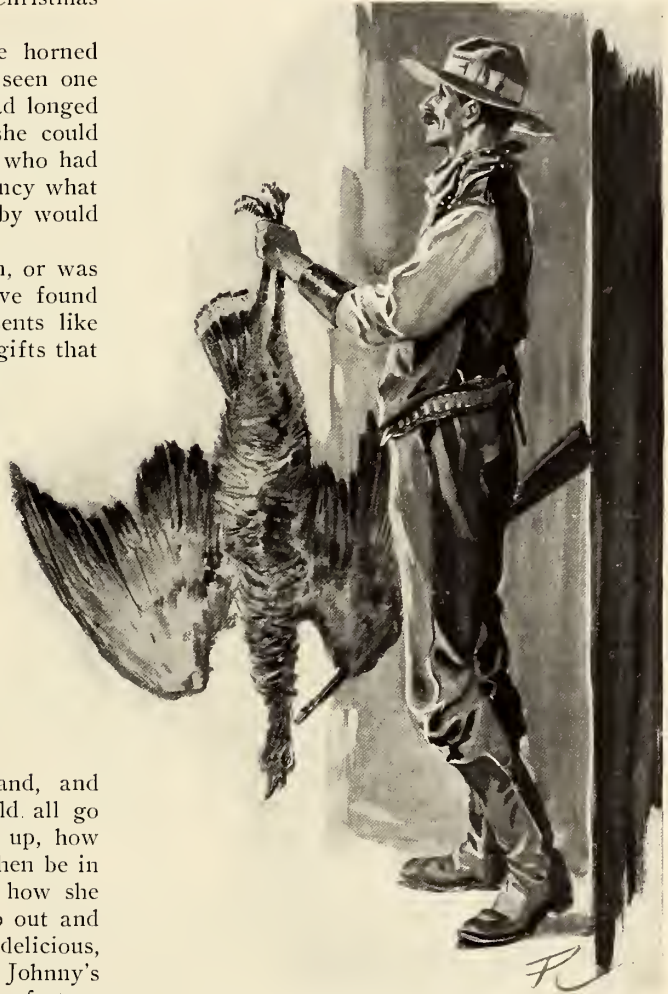
If Nancy had been born in the region, or was living in any town there, she would have found no difficulty in making Christmas presents like those she had hitherto given; but these gifts that she found possible were unique and unlike anything she could have obtained at her old home.

And now for sweetmeats. Well, they had dried some of the luscious grapes, and there were the raisins in the pantry, just oozing and crusted with sugar; and there was the barrel of molasses from the sugar-mill down on the Brazos; no one could make more delicate candy than Nancy could and did; and there had been a great harvest of pecan-nuts; and thus, so far as the stockings were concerned, Christmas had no more to ask.

The expected day was close at hand, and Nancy pictured to herself how it would all go off—how the stockings would be hung up, how Johnny would help with the chair and then be in bed before his own gift appeared, and how she would be up at the peep of dawn to go out and bring in that baby fox—the delicate, delicious, dewy dawn—and make his bed under Johnny's stocking, tying his leash to the toe, after fastening it securely to a hook in the chimney; and how she would untwist and unbind and unlace a great branch of the roses outside that were having a late blossoming on their luxuriant growth, and bring it into the window and train it all around the room under the ceiling. It would be—well, as beautiful as the Christmas green; it could n't be more beautiful, she said in her thoughts.

It was at this time that Mrs. Murtrie began to be a little anxious about her husband. He should have returned from his hunting-trip some days before, and he was still absent, no one could say where. And, of course, she was conjuring up all

sorts of frightful possibilities in the way of accidents, and Marnie was helping her; and Nancy herself, although ordinarily holding her father to be invulnerable, felt a degree of alarm as she thought what if he had fallen into some gulch, or lost his way, or drowned in one of the rivers that



"THE FATHER STOOD BEFORE THEM HOLDING AN IMMENSE BIRD."

rose, after a rain in the hills, so swiftly that, in a town below, a man had been overtaken before he could get off the bridge. As for Johnny, he was for going out to find his father, if he only knew which way to go. As night fell, and it was Christmas eve, the house was full of a sort of electric tension; no one said just what every one was thinking, till suddenly Bessie broke out with a great sob, and cried: "I want my papa!" Then every one fell to comforting her, and all were furtively wiping away tears, when steps rang on

the gallery, the door burst open, and the father, with his blue eyes shining out of his browned skin, and his great voice resonant, stood before them, holding an immense bird with wide-spread wings.

"It 's a wild turkey," he said, after the up-

A turkey! And Nancy had but lately been bemoaning herself that the dinner would be without a turkey! She had gone to bed, and so she did not see her mother seize the wings of that wild trophy, and trim them, and run out to the kitchen in the adjacent building and dry them well in a hot oven, and later trim them again, and bind them at the base with the palms of an old kid glove, and so finish, for Nancy's Christmas, as fine a feather fan as one could wish to wave on a hot summer afternoon.

But at last, when the house was quite still, Nancy crept out of her room and summoned Johnny to help her with the chair. Johnny was too sleepy not to be glad to be dismissed after that, and then she disposed of the presents exactly as she had planned, and wondered what the large parcel was, swinging by a string from her own stocking, and went to sleep to the tune of the song a mocking-bird sang, sweet, and strong, and joyous, in the pecan-tree outside, till a rising wind swept it away. And if you could have looked into the living-room of that bungalow next morning, you would have seen Johnny hugging his baby fox, and Bessie hugging her doll, and Marnie chirping to her birds, and their mother putting spools, and needles, and scissors into her work-basket, and the father taking his ease in his big chair with its shining supports, and Nancy leisurely fanning herself, as if there were not a norther blowing outside, which, had the casements been open, would have blown the rain quite across the



"THE LOVELIEST, SILVERIEST, SOFT SNOW WAS FALLING."

roarious greetings, and as soon as they loosened their embraces. "I was resolved not to come back without a turkey for Christmas. And it 's a great deal richer and sweeter than any home-made bird, as you 'll see when it 's roasted."

room. Rain? No, oh, no! For, see! look! For a wonder, the loveliest, silveriest, soft snow was falling, which, even if it melted to-morrow, made Nancy's northern heart feel, in her southern home, the spirit of Christmas everywhere.



The Adventures of Billy Bowline

by Harriet L. Wedgwood

Illustrated by
Fanny Y. Cory

ONCE upon a time, there lived a lady who had one son whose name was Billy. One day Billy said to his mother: "Mother, I wish for to set out on my adventures."

"Very well, my son," replied his mother; "how long shall you be gone?"

"A year, I guess, or more or less," answered Billy, "depending on the time it takes. What will you give me for my journey?"

"This gold chain," she said, "which may be of use to you; and ten pieces of gold for your purse."

"Thank you, Mother," said Billy.

Then he put the chain about his neck, the ten gold pieces in his purse, kissed his mother, and began to make ready for his journey.

First he went to the Old Woman of the Wood, and rapped three times on the door.

"Who's there?" asked the Old Woman of the Wood.

"It's I, Billy Bowline, going for to set out on my adventures."

"How long shall you be gone?" asked the Old Woman.

"A year, I guess, or more or less," replied Billy, "depending on the time it takes. What will you give me for my journey?"

"This stick," said the Old Woman. "Strike it on the ground to give yourself the strength and stature of a giant; wave it in the air when you wish to grow small."

"Thank you, Old Woman of the Wood," said Billy. And he stuck the stick in his belt and went on his way.

Presently he came to the house of Chanticleer, the White Cock, and he rapped three times on the door.

"Who's there?" cried the White Cock, crowing lustily.

"It's I, Billy Bowline, going for to set out on my adventures."

"How long shall you be gone?" asked the White Cock.

"A year, I guess, or more or less," replied Billy, "depending on the time it takes. What will you give me for my journey?"

"Spurs," said the White Cock.

"Spurs!" exclaimed Billy. "For what shall I need spurs on a voyage?"

"Do you expect to sail on forever," asked the White Cock, "and never come to land? A fine adventure that would be!"

Then Chanticleer, the White Cock, stooped

down and took off his spurs, and fastened them to Billy Bowline's heels.

"With these," said the White Cock, "you can ride anything that runs on four legs."

"Thank you, bold Chanticleer," said Billy, and went on his way.



"'MOTHER, I WISH FOR TO SET OUT ON MY ADVENTURES.'"

Next he came to the house of the Silversmith, and rapped three times at the door.

"Who's there?" asked the Silversmith, in a thin voice.

"It's I, Billy Bowline, going for to set out on my adventures."

"When shall you return?" asked the Silversmith.

"In a year, I guess, or more or less, depending on the time it takes," said Billy. "And what can you give me for my journey?"

"This ring," said the Silversmith. "It will give you three wishes. Turn it three times on your finger and say your wish aloud, and whatever you wish for shall come to pass."

"May I wish anything I choose?" asked Billy. "Anything you choose," answered the Silversmith.

"Then I wish," said Billy, turning the ring on his finger, "I wish that I may have six wishes instead of three."

The old Silversmith looked angry and stamped his foot; but soon he began to chuckle and grin.

"Six wishes it is then," he cackled; "six wishes

it is. But no more, Billy, no more. And you have wished one wish already."

"I shall do very well with the five I have left," said Billy. "Thank you, Old Man," and he went on his way.

By and by he came to the house of Linda, the Bakeshop Maid, and he rapped three times on the door.

"Who's there?" asked the Bakeshop Maid.

"It's I, Billy Bowline, going for to set out on my adventures."

"When shall I see you again, Billy Bowline?" asked the Maid.

"In a year, I guess, or more or less," said Billy, "depending on the time it takes. And what will you give me for my journey?"

"This bag," answered Linda, and she handed him a small leather bag drawn together at the top with a leather string. "Hang this on your arm, Billy, and you need never go hungry or thirsty. In it you will find all manner of good eating and drinking."

"Thank you, Linda," said Billy, with a sweeping bow, and he hung the bag on his arm.

Then Billy went on until he came to the Very Wet Sea; and when he was come to this sea, he saw that the water was blue as sapphire, the foam was white as snow, and the sunshine over all was yellow as gold.

"It is a fine day," thought Billy, "for to set out on an adventure. But first I must find a ship."

So he went to the house of Hans, the Shipbuilder, who lives at the edge of the Very Wet



"'THEN CHANTICLEER FASTENED THE SPURS TO BILLY BOWLINE'S HEELS.'"

Sea, and who makes ships for the King. Billy rapped three times at the door.

"Who's there?" asked Hans, the Shipbuilder.

"It's I, Billy Bowline, going for to set out on my adventures."

"How long shall you be gone?" asked Hans.

"Oh, a year, I guess, or more or less," answered Billy, "depending on the time it takes. What kind of ship can you give me for my voyage?"

"What kind of ship do you wish?" asked Hans.

"Oh, anything at all," replied Billy; "anything at all that will carry me over the sea."

"Mercy on us," cried Hans, "what a hurry you are in! But I think you will have to wait, for I have nothing at all for you now."

"Nevertheless," said Billy, "I must have a boat now. I will take one of these models."

"I cannot part with any of them," said Hans; "they are my patterns, and I cannot spare them."



"HOW LONG SHALL YOU BE GONE?" ASKED THE OLD WOMAN."

"Then no doubt I can please you," said Hans; "I make ships for the King."

"Let me see them," said Billy.

"Now?" asked Hans, in surprise. "I cannot show you any now,—I build ships for people, and they take them away. I have none here now. But I can build a fine ship for you. See, here are my models." And he showed Billy many models of ships, long and short, wide and narrow, brigs, schooners, and men-of-war, with masts and spars and ropes and sails complete in every part.

"These are all very fine," said Billy, "but I cannot wait for you to build a ship,—I want a ship now, as I have set out on my adventures."

"No doubt you can make others," said Billy, "and I will pay you well"; and he laid three pieces of gold in the Shipbuilder's hand.

Then Billy took his pick of all the models, and chose one with a very large sail and a small wooden sailor standing in the bow. Then he took the boat in his arms and went down and launched it in the Very Wet Sea.

"It is plain," said Billy to himself, "that my boat must be larger or I must be smaller,—and I have a mind to leave the boat as it is."

Then he took the stick from his belt and waved it above his head. He felt himself slowly shrinking. The more he waved the smaller he got, and

he did not stop until he had grown as small as the wooden sailor.

"And now," said Billy, turning the ring three times on his finger, and speaking aloud, "I wish that the wooden sailor may come alive."

No sooner said than done. The wooden sailor began to move his legs and arms, and presently he took off his cap and made Billy a bow.

"Very good," said Billy; "you are a proper sailor. I shall call you Peter. I am Captain Billy Bowline, and this is my ship. You will be my mate and fellow-adventurer."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Peter; "will you come aboard?"

So Billy went aboard, and he and Peter set sail on their voyage over the Very Wet Sea. And



"'I WISH,' SAID BILLY, 'I WISH THAT I MAY HAVE SIX WISHES INSTEAD OF THREE.'"

they sailed for sixty days and sixty nights, over blue water and green, through hurricanes and fair weather, till they came to a tropical island.

When they reached the island, Billy said to his mate:

"This, no doubt, is the place of our adventures. Let us go ashore and explore the island."

"Very well," said Peter; "but first let us eat and drink."

So they took out of the bag all manner of good things, and they ate and drank their fill.

Then they set out to explore the island.

The first live creature they met was a Mouse.

"Good day, Mistress Mouse," said Billy, with a bow, while the Mouse regarded them kindly.

"Good day," said the Mouse; "and who might you be?"

"Two sailors are we in search of adventure."

"In search of adventure!" said the Mouse.

"Then you can do no better than to follow your noses till you come to the place where the Rat lives. He is himself a bold adventurer, but I advise you to keep clear of him. He is big and fierce and terrible, and will surely do you harm."

"I am not afraid," said Billy; "an adventurer is never afraid. I have a mind to meet him."

"Pray do nothing so rash," urged the Mouse; "he will surely eat you."

"I am determined to meet him," said Billy; "I am not afraid."

So Billy and Peter went on their way till they came to the place where the Rat lived. And the Rat stood in his doorway, pulling his long whiskers.

"Good day, Mister Rat," said Billy.

"Good day," said the Rat; "and who might you be?"

"Two sailors in search of adventure."

"Adventure?" said the Rat, with a little smile; "Pirates or Lost Princesses?"

"Pirates," said Billy. "Are there any hereabouts?"

"A few," said the Rat. "I am somewhat of a Pirate myself."

"I have no doubt of it," said Billy. "But are there men about who search for gold and hidden treasure?"

"There are a few of those also," said the Rat. "They do not greatly interest me,—I have adventures in plenty of my own."

"But I should like to see these men," said Billy. "Will you not carry us thither?"

"I think my ears deceive me," said the Rat; "for I almost thought I heard you ask me to carry you,—and that, of course, could not be."

"Yes, but I did," said Billy; "and I will pay you well. I will give you this long gold chain which I wear on my neck." And Billy unwound the chain and held it up before the Rat.

"You are a bold lad," said the Rat; "but I had rather carry you in my stomach than on my back." And he threw back his head, opened his mouth, and laughed a wicked laugh.

But Billy did not flinch; he only stood holding up the gold chain in both hands.

Then the Rat looked down at Billy, and saw with surprise that Billy showed no fear.

"Ho, ho," said the Rat, "are you not afraid? Then I will make you afraid."

He leaned down toward Billy, opened his mouth very wide, and showed all his sharp teeth. But now, as he opened his mouth, he felt the gold chain thrust into it like a bit. He shut his jaws with a snap, and dropped down on all four feet, and then tried to shake the chain from his mouth; but before he could do this, Billy had jumped on his back, seized the free length of chain for a bridle-rein, and dug the spurs into his sides.

"Perhaps," said Billy, "you will carry me, after all."

The Rat gnashed his teeth, but could not shake off his rider because of the magic spurs.

"Get up behind me, Peter," said Billy; "we will see whether the Rat will carry double."

Peter climbed up behind Billy on the Rat's back, nor could the Rat prevent it, though he fought hard.

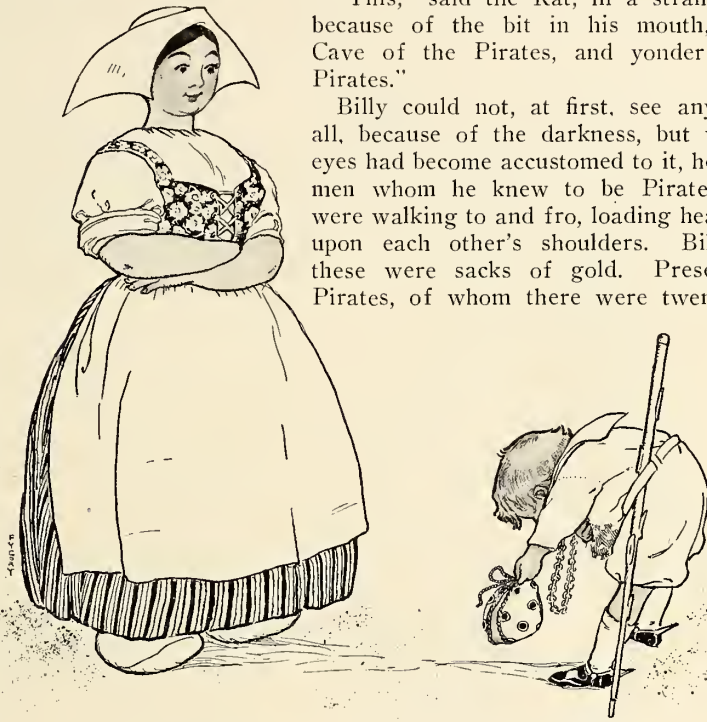
"Now," said Billy, "take me to the Pirates."

In a moment, they were off and away, over hills and bogs, fens and waterways, the Rat fighting all the way, but Billy able to manage him because

minutes, till, at last, they came to the Red Cliffs and the Cave of the Pirates.

"This," said the Rat, in a strange voice, because of the bit in his mouth, "is the Cave of the Pirates, and yonder are the Pirates."

Billy could not, at first, see anything at all, because of the darkness, but when his eyes had become accustomed to it, he saw ten men whom he knew to be Pirates. They were walking to and fro, loading heavy sacks upon each other's shoulders. Billy knew these were sacks of gold. Presently the Pirates, of whom there were twenty, went



" 'THANK YOU, LINDA,' SAID BILLY, WITH A SWEEPING BOW."

out of the cave one by one, carrying the sacks of gold on their shoulders.

Now when they had gone, Billy heard what sounded like a man's groan; and looking around, he saw a man lying on the ground, bound hand and foot. Billy rode up to him and spoke to him.

But the man, seeing the Rat, was frightened, and exclaimed: "What, Whiskers, are you come to trouble me, now that I am bound hand and foot? For shame!"

But Billy took hold of the man's hair and tweaked it, and the man turned and looked at Billy and Peter.

"What are you," asked the man, "gnomes or fairies?"

"Neither," said Billy, "but only two sailors in search of adventure."



" THEN BILLY LAUNCHED THE BOAT IN THE VERY WET SEA."

of the spurs, riding fast and riding slow, jumping high and jumping low, for five hours and twenty

At this the man laughed with a great noise that echoed through the cave. But Billy only said:

"Who are you, Man?"

"I am a Mining Mariner," said the man. "I came hither in my good ship for gold. And gold I found in plenty. But the Pirates found me.



"TWO SAILORS ARE WE IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE."

They have stolen my gold, and even now are loading their ship and mine with the gold; and when that is done, they will sail away and leave me here to die."

"Not so," said Billy. "We will take a look at these Pirates."

The man laughed again with a noise like thunder.

Then Billy commanded the Rat to gnaw off the rope that bound the man; and the Rat, who now feared Billy, began to gnaw.

"Gnaw faster," commanded Billy. And the Rat gnawed with might and main till the man was free.

Then Billy dismounted, leaving Peter still on the Rat's back.

"Go back to the ship, Peter," said Billy, "and wait for me. Here are my spurs. With these you can ride anything that runs on four legs."

So Peter, riding the Rat, started back to the ship, and soon was lost to sight.

When Peter and the Rat had gone, Billy took the stick from his belt and struck the ground to give himself the strength and stature of a giant. At each stroke he gained six feet in height, and after a dozen strokes, he was a giant more than

seventy feet tall, with the strength of a hundred lions.

When the Mining Mariner saw this marvel, he turned as if to run away.

"This island," said he, "is no place for a civilized man."

"Nonsense," said Billy; "you are not afraid of me, are you? This is only a part of my adventure. I am now ready to take a look at the Pirates."

So Billy and the Mining Mariner went down to the edge of the cliff and peered over at the Pirates. Some were walking along the narrow path that runs down over the face of the cliff to the sea; some were on the sandy beach, farther on, loading the sacks of gold into the boats.

"See me catch one," said Billy.

Then Billy lay flat on his stomach and reached down over the edge of the cliff with his great arm and hand; and with his thumb and finger, he caught one of the Pirates under the arms, and lifted him, as you would a beetle; and he raised him high over the edge of the cliff and gave him to the Mining Mariner to bind hand and foot.

When the other Pirates saw their companion lifted high in air over their heads by a great hand and arm that reached down from the top of the cliff, they were much afraid; and they ran this way and that, trying to escape or to hide themselves. And when they found that they could neither escape nor hide themselves, but that the great hand would overtake them and catch them, they banded themselves together and drew their swords and cutlasses to fight the great hand; and they stabbed and slashed most furiously.

"What wasps we have here!" said Billy; "if wishing could tip their blades with poison, I should feel something as bad as wasps' stings."

Nevertheless, he caught them, one by one. And the Mining Mariner bound them hand and foot, and laid them beside their fellows on the cliff.



"THEY ATE AND DRANK THEIR FILL."

"Now," said Billy, when all were caught and bound, "what fit punishment shall I devise for



"'NOW,' SAID BILLY, 'TAKE ME TO THE PIRATES.'"

these men? If I drop them into the sea, you will have nobody to man your two ships. If I release them as they are, they will kill you and escape with the gold."

"That is very true," said the Mining Mariner. "But I had rather try my luck alone than with these men."

"Perhaps," said Billy; "but I have a mind to make these men serve you."

At this the Pirates raged, and one of them said: "We have never served any man, and we will not serve this Mining Mariner. You may do many things, Big Man, but you cannot make us do this."

"I have a plan at this moment," said Billy. "I have four wishes left; I can use one for this thing. You all shall become apes, each for as many years as he stole bags of gold. If you serve this man well, when you have served your time, you shall be men again; and this Mining Mariner shall give you each one bag of gold, and you shall go whither you will."

Then the bags of gold were counted, all that were in the ship or in the boats at the foot of the cliff; and there were a hundred and twenty bags.

"Then," said Billy to the Mining Mariner, "there were six bags for each man. Therefore each man shall serve you six years."

So he turned the ring three times on his finger, and said aloud: "I wish that these twenty men may become apes for a space of six years; and all that time they shall serve the Mining Mariner; and at the end of that time, if they have served him well, they shall become men again, and go whither they will."

No sooner said than done. The twenty Pirates

changed into twenty apes. They could not talk, but only grin and chatter; and hair covered their hands and faces.

"Now," said Billy, "you have crews to man your two ships. Unbind your prisoners and take them home. You shall have great glory when you return home laden with gold and with this troop of apes to do your bidding."

"But what," said the Mining Mariner, "shall I do to reward you?"

"Nothing at all," said Billy; "nothing at all. This is my adventure."

"But I wish to reward you," said the Mining Mariner. "Will you not take the half of my gold?"

"I could not," said Billy, "it would sink my ship. But if your heart is set upon a reward, send a bag with a thousand pieces of gold to my mother. She gave me ten pieces when I set out on

my adventures; it will be a fine thing to return her so much more."

"A fine thing, indeed," said the Mining Ma-



"'NONSENSE,' SAID BILLY, 'YOU ARE NOT AFRAID OF ME, ARE YOU?'"

riner, "and I will surely send her the gold." So he wrote down in a book the name of Billy's mother and her address, so that he could find her.

Then the Mining Mariner and his twenty apes loaded the gold into the two ships and sailed away.

When the two ships were quite out of sight, Billy stood up and stretched himself.

"I have had a fine adventure," said he to him-

"It is a good thing," said Billy, "that my ship is on the other side of this island. Otherwise the waves I made would have swamped my boat and drowned poor Peter."

Then Billy started back to find his ship. He was so tall and his legs so long, that before he



"BILLY REACHED DOWN OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF AND CAUGHT ONE OF THE PIRATES."

self. "I have wished three wishes. I have ridden the Rat and changed twenty Pirates into apes. I have been small, and now I am a giant; and before I grow small again, I should like to feel my strength. I will pull up a tree by the roots and heave a boulder into the sea."

So Billy pulled up a tree and planted it upside down. And he carried a great rock to the edge of the Red Cliffs and threw it over into the sea.

knew it, he was within sight of his ship where it lay at anchor. "It is high time," said he to himself, "that I grew small. Peter will not know me if I look like this."

So he took the stick from his belt and waved it above his head. Before he knew it, he was no taller than a toadstool.

"This will not do, either," said Billy, "I am too small. I could not help Peter work the ship."

Then he tapped on the ground, and he grew up six feet at the first tap. Then he waved the stick above his head, very carefully, till he was of

smooth, through hurricanes and fair weather, till they came to their native land.

Then Billy went ashore. He turned the ring three times on his finger and said aloud: "I wish that all things may be as they were before I set out on my adventure."

No sooner said than done. Billy found himself a boy of proper size. Peter dropped his arms to his side and became a wooden sailor. The bag and spurs and the stick disappeared; only the wishing ring remained of all the magic presents he had received.

Then Billy picked up the ship and stuck it under his arm, and went home to his mother. When he found her, she was counting the gold pieces the Mining Mariner had sent her.

"Did you have a fine adventure?" asked his mother.

"Fine," said Billy.

"How long have you been away?" asked his mother.

"Not a year," said Billy; "there is still time for more adventure before the year is out."

"What have you under your arm?"

"My ship," said Billy, "and Peter, a very good sailor."

"That is good," said his mother. "Where is the chain I gave you?"

"It paid for a fine adventure," said Billy. "I will tell you of it some day."

"I hope you will," said his mother; "and what is that on your finger?"

"A wishing ring," said Billy, "and I have two wishes yet to be wished."



THE ENCHANTED PIRATES.

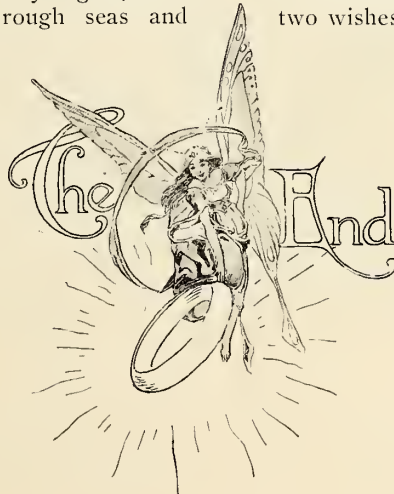
proper size. After this he found his ship and went aboard.

"Shall we sail for home now?" said Billy to Peter.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Peter; "but first let us eat and drink."

So they took out of the bag all manner of good things, and ate and drank their fill.

Then they set sail over the Very Wet Sea, and sailed for sixty days and sixty nights, over blue water and green, over rough seas and



NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW



A SIOUX INDIAN STARTING A FIRE BY REVOLVING A VERTICAL STICK.

FIRE-MAKING IN THE OLDEN DAYS

As with the coming of the cold weather, we begin to think of the comfort of the fireside, it will be interesting to let our minds go back to the fire-

The North American Indian was inured to the cold, and used fire mostly for cooking; but he often had a little in his "tepee," or tent, to warm it up a bit. The draft was regulated by opening flaps at the top of the tepee. It was so much work to make a fire that it was usually kept going all the time.

Our heading this month shows some Sioux Indians who have just settled in a camp; one is starting a fire to use under the big copper kettle near by. These copper kettles were obtained from the early traders, and nearly every tribe had one.

This Indian produces fire by revolving a vertical stick, called a drill, in one of the holes of his fire-stick, which rests upon the ground. About this hole is a small quantity of "tinder" made of bark fibers and dried pith, or rotten wood, which ignites readily, and is then used to set the camp-fire alight.

The northern Indians, or Eskimos, produced fire in much the same manner, except that they used a mouthpiece to hold the upper part of the stick. A little inset of bone was placed in the mouthpiece where the stick came in contact with it, to prevent wear, and also to keep the drill from making fire at both ends. The drill was revolved by a thong wound about it and attached to a short bow. This was a great improvement.



THE ESKIMO FIRE-STICK WITH MOUTHPIECE AND THONG.

making methods that were used by the Indians and the early settlers of our country.

After the Indians became acquainted with the early settlers, they gave up their old fire-sticks for the "strike-a-light" of the traders, which consisted of a piece of flint, a piece of coarse file or other rough iron, and some tinder. The "strike-a-light" set shown in one of the illustrations was taken from the Cheyenne Indians of Arkansas. It consists of a tinder pouch of buckskin, containing dried bark fibers, a bit of flint, a piece of coarse file, and the small end of a horn which is filled with "punk" made from dried pith. This horn was held in the fist, and the spark was struck into it from the flint. This outfit was very compact, and could be carried about on the person. Another illustration shows one of the early New England "tinder-boxes" and outfit. Sparks were directed into this box by striking the iron "flourish" against the flint,

used as a candlestick. We may imagine that the big fires kindled by the settlers in the great stone fireplaces of their one-room log-cabins, were a great improvement on those made by the Indians in their tents or lodges.

In later times, the back of an old kitchen knife was often used against the flint to produce the sparks, and another and more unusual method was to fire a rifle into the stone fireplace, where some tinder was gathered, the bullet striking sparks that set up a fire. An emery-wheel revolving against a steel would produce many more sparks than any of the above contrivances, but the mechanical fixture needed to set it up was more cumbersome and not readily carried about.

In those days, when it was so difficult to produce fire, it was the general custom to keep a fire burning continuously. At night and other



THE OLD-TIME METHOD OF BUILDING A FIRE IN A LOG-CABIN.

and when the partly burned rags within became ignited, the candle was lighted and the snuffer used to put out the fire remaining in the box. The candle was set on the box, which was then

times when the fire was not so much needed, it was "banked" with a covering of ashes and cinders. In this smoldering condition it would usually remain for many hours; but sometimes by neg-

lect or accident it would go out. In such a case, it was a common custom among the early settlers to send some of the children with a pail to

mile or more to a neighbor's with the request, "Please give me some fire."

All this disappeared, of course, when matches came into use, and now even these little fire-makers are no longer indispensable, for we may ignite our gas-jets with an electric attachment, or, if our houses are lighted by electricity, the pressing of a button illuminates the room. So we see that our forefathers spent much time in doing some things which can now be done in an instant!

HARRY B. BRADFORD.

In the days of the old flint-lock, tinder was lighted by snapping the lock of the rifle, while a little powder was put in the pan so that the flash might readily ignite the tinder.

The placing of tinder around the hole in the fire drill is not essential. What really ignites is the wood dust ground off by the friction, and from this the tinder is ignited. It is true that tinder is sometimes placed beneath the hearth of the fire drill so that the wood dust, as it is ground off, accumulates on it in a little heap, but it is the wood dust that first takes fire. Any boy or girl can try the experiment with a simple bow-drill, because fire can be made by any one with three pieces of dry pine wood and a simple bow.

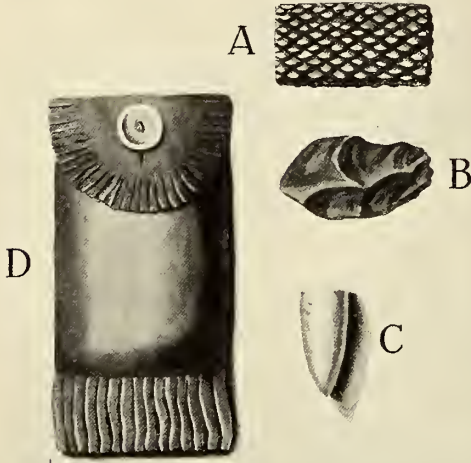
Many primitive people used some fungus for tinder. In this locality, the variety known as the puffball, gathered and dried, makes most excellent tinder.

Primitive people had a method of making a long slow "match" by twisting up a rope of cedar bark or other material that would burn slowly. In this way, fire might be carried for hours. The American Indian frequently used a buffalo horn, which was filled with tinder, lighted, and then very tightly closed. Fire would keep in such a horn for many hours.

In the days when the Sioux Indians had copper kettles, they were also supplied with flint and steel, the latter being one of the first things traded to them, and one which they especially prized. The making of fire by wood friction is so much more laborious that no people would ever use it if flint and steel were at hand.—CLARK WISSLER, PH.D., American Museum of Natural History, New York City.

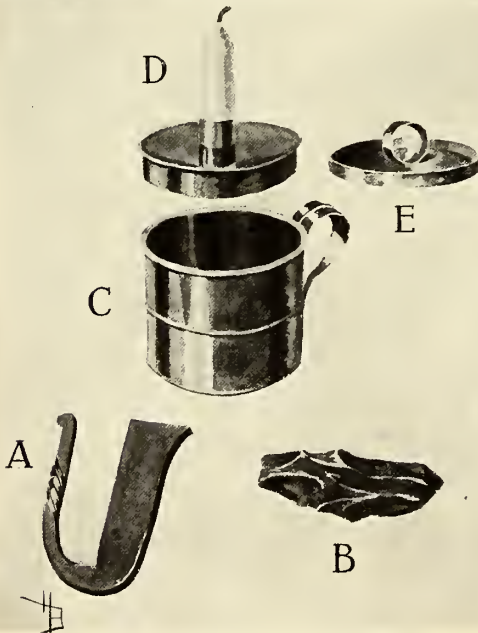
BOYS HANDLING BEES

THE illustration on the next page shows some boys from Greenwich visiting the Arcadia (Sound Beach, Connecticut) apiary. These boys are on a nature-study outing, and are taking their first lesson in handling honey-bees. The picture shows that they did this without the aid of protecting gloves or veil. The ten frames of a hive were



A "STRIKE-A-LIGHT" SET, FROM THE CHEYENNE INDIANS OF ARKANSAS.

A, a piece of coarse file which struck against the flint, B, and produced a spark which was directed into the "punk" in the small hollow horn, C. D, buckskin pouch, about eight inches long, for holding the supply of tinder. (The button on this pouch, and the iron file, must have been acquired from the traders.)



EARLY NEW ENGLAND TINDER-BOXES.

A, iron flourish, or striker; B, flint; C, box containing the tinder; D, cover with candle in position; E, snuffer.

"borrow" some live coals from a neighbor. Just imagine taking a pail and going sometimes for a



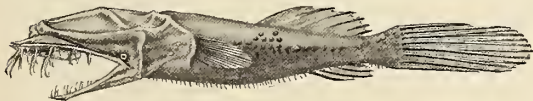
THE EDITOR OF "NATURE AND SCIENCE" DEMONSTRATING TO THE BOYS THAT HONEY-BEES AT CERTAIN TIMES ARE EASILY HANDLED.

passed around, and the action of the bees carefully observed. This does not prove that bees will not sting, nor that the boys were unusually skilful in handling the bees. In certain conditions, and at certain times that can be ascertained only by an experienced beekeeper, bees may be thus taken from the hive with but little danger. At other times, to have attempted this with the same hive would have been extremely hazardous.

It hardly seems necessary to add that young people should never attempt to handle bees in this way except by the consent and under the supervision of an expert.

A WONDERFUL NEW FAMILY OF FISHES

A REMARKABLE fish, previously unknown, was obtained on the Philippine expedition by the United States Fisheries steamer *Albatross*, which cruised around the island of Celebes, and made dredgings at various places off the coast and in



THE REMARKABLE LITTLE FISH THAT IS ONLY ABOUT TWO INCHES LONG.

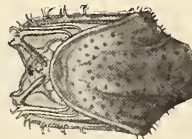
the bays of that island. The fish is so unlike all others that it has been assigned to a new family.

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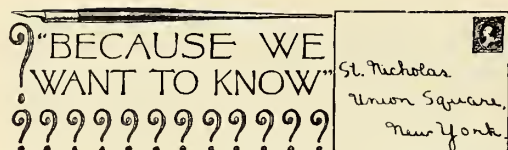
It is only a little more than two inches in length, but is of wonderful structure, especially in its head, which is nearly as long as the remainder of its body, while the length of the mouth is more than half that of the head. The mouth is described as cavernous and elastic, with "a trap into which food is lured and despatched." In the roof of the mouth is a bulb which shines through a toothless space in the front of the upper jaw, and attracts prey, which, having entered the mouth, is prevented from escaping by two pairs of large, hinged, hooked teeth.

Hugh M. Smith and Lewis Radcliffe, of the United States Fisheries, have published a scientific description of this wonderful fish with the snare mouth, and have named it *Thaumathichthys pagidostomus* (from *thauma*, a wonder, and *ichthus*, a fish) *pagidostomus* (from *pagis*, a trap or snare, and *stoma*, a mouth).

Therefore, this unusually long scientific name for a very small fish simply means, "a wonder fish with a trap mouth."



AN UNDER AND AN UPPER VIEW OF THE SNARE MOUTH.



WHAT FIRE IS

BARRINGTON, ILL.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what "fire" is?
 LUCILE G. ROBERTSON.

Fire, as we usually see it, is the action of air upon hot substances that can burn. It is only one ingredient or part of the air which does this, the oxygen. Usually when things burn, there are hot gases and vapors formed which make the flame. Fire is not a substance, therefore, but an action, or its appearance. Most things that can burn in the air can do so only when heated very hot, but since the burning of a part of the thing produces much heat, a fire will often increase and spread enormously. Three things are needed, then, to make a fire: sufficient heat to start it, a supply of the thing that will burn, and a supply of air. Water puts out fire because it cools the thing that is burning, or covers it up, and keeps the air away.—PROFESSOR H. L. WELLS, New Haven, Connecticut.

THE SPEED OF BIRDS IN FLIGHT

BROADRUN, VA.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me which can fly swiftest, the wild duck, the hawk, or the pigeon? And which bird can fly swifter than any other in the world?

Yours very truly,
 CASSIUS C. DULANY (age 12½).

Two observations with scientific instruments give to migrating ducks a speed of forty-seven and eight tenths, and to migrating geese a speed of forty-four and three tenths, miles per hour. Homing pigeons do not exceed forty to forty-five miles an hour. Doubtless all three birds can fly much more rapidly, but I know of no exact observations which would tell us of the utmost speed they have attained or might reach.—F. M. CHAPMAN, Curator of Birds, American Museum of Natural History.

WHY A NASTURTIUM LEAF LOOKS SILVERY UNDER WATER

VILLA FONTANELLE, P. OVILE, SIENA, ITALY.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why, putting a nasturtium leaf under the water, it looks as if it was of silver?
 EGLE BOSSI.

The nasturtium leaf is covered with a finely distributed, waxy substance which will not permit water to wet the leaf. Hence, when immersed, the water cannot touch the leaf and drive off the air surrounding it, and a thin layer of air remains between the leaf and the water. It is

the reflection and refraction of light from this layer of air that give the silvery appearance. It has been supposed by some authorities that the presence of this non-wettable layer has the advantage of preventing the raindrops which fall on the leaf from remaining there, and thus blocking up the stomata, or breathing-pores.—W. F. G.

A VERY SMALL BEECH-TREE BEARING A NUT

(From one of our adult readers)

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While tramping in the woods in northern New York State, I found the accompanying beech twig, or sucker, with a single fruit on its tip. It was growing about eight feet from the main trunk on the root of a large tree, somewhat as shown in my rough sketch.

The root was exposed where the sucker grew. While this may not be an unusual occurrence, I had never seen such a growth on any other tree. The parent tree bore a heavy crop of nuts, but the nut on the sucker was smaller and less perfectly developed than those on the parent tree.

In order to make a perfect proof I should have cut a



A TINY BEECH GROWTH FROM A ROOT BEARING NUT BURS.

small piece from the surface of the root to which the twig was attached, but I did not think of doing so until too late.

This unusual growth may possibly be of interest to the nature lovers who read the "Nature and Science" department of ST. NICHOLAS.

I have been a reader of ST. NICHOLAS since its first issue, in 1873, I believe, and to-day, when it comes to our home, I read the nature department first. I am,

Very sincerely,

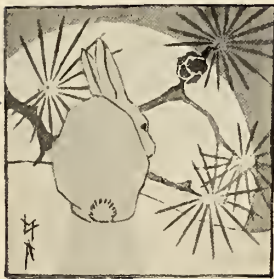
ORPHEUS M. SCHANTZ.

This is, indeed, a remarkable example of a small tree bearing fruit. It makes one think of Luther Burbank's experiments with very small chestnut-trees producing a large crop of full-sized burs and nuts.—E. F. B.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY HARRY R. TILL, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY MARGARET L. AYER, AGE 17.

THE heart of good ST. NICHOLAS is warmed with cheer and gratitude, this Christmastide, in contemplating the work of the League members, as shown not only in this final month of the year, but throughout the whole of 1912. Never, we think, have they maintained quite so high an average of merit; and it is, as usual, a source of keen regret to us that the space at our command forbids anything more than that general commendation which has long since become a familiar story to all ST. NICHOLAS readers. The highwater mark, however, seems to have been reached in these December offerings, both in text and picture; and therefore we should be lacking indeed in appreciation, if we did not, at this beautiful close of a wonderful year, once more assure the League girls and boys of our boundless pride in their efforts, and our earnest gratitude for their loyal interest and truly remarkable achievement. With the abiding and ever-growing enthusiasm evinced by each and all, the coming year cannot fail to eclipse even the record just completed.

In the January number, we expect to make a special announcement of a plan whereby we can show further appreciation of the work of the League young folk—to all of whom, meanwhile, we wish a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 154

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badges, **Gwynne A. Abbott** (age 12), Groton, Mass.; **Dorothy M. Hoogs** (age 15), Honolulu, H. I. Silver badges, **Editha Lee** (age 12), New York City; **Audrey Smith** (age 13), Milan, Italy; **Helenka Adamowska** (age 11), Cambridge, Mass.; **Sarah Malcolm Klebs** (age 13), Lausanne, Switzerland.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Frances Camp Duggar** (age 17), Auburn, Ala.; **Janet Hepburn** (age 16), Bloomington, Ind. Silver badges, **Lucile E. Fitch** (age 16), New Orleans, La.; **Frances Swan Brown** (age 14), York Harbor, Me.; **Jean Dickinson** (age 16), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Elsie L. Richter** (age 16), Fort Lee, N. J.; **Marjorie M. Carroll** (age 15), Brooklyn, N. Y.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Margaret Brate** (age 15), Albany, N. Y. Silver badges, **Zelina Comegys** (age 15), Rock Island, Ill.; **Helen F. Drain** (age 15), Tacoma, Wash.; **Louise Graham** (age 14), Seattle, Wash.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Louise A. Wiggernhorn** (age 15), Ashland, Neb. Silver badges, **G. A. Lintner** (age 16), London, England; **Gymaina Hudson** (age 15), Denver, Col.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Phoebe Schreiber Lambe** (age 17), Ottawa, Can. Silver badges, **Gladys Naramore** (age 17), Everett, Mass.; **Louis Ruckgaber** (age 11), Belmar, N. J.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badges, **Emma Katherine Anderson** (age 14), Marietta, Ga.; **Alpheus W. Smith** (age 14), Ithaca, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Ruth Browne** (age 12), St. Louis, Mo.; **Dorothy Talbot** (age 13), Urbana, O.; **Helen A. Cohen** (age 14), New York City; **Catherine Gordon Ames** (age 14), New York City.



BY CHARLOTTE H. MELCHER, AGE 14.



BY LEON M. PEARSALL, AGE 16.



BY FRANCES STULL, AGE 14.

"A GOOD LISTENER."

THE BEST MONTHS OF ALL

BY FRANCES SWAN BROWN (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

GIVE me the rush of the winter world
In the teeming, slushy streets!
The throb of ceaseless activity,
Like a giant's great heart-beats.



"THE THING I LIKE TO DRAW BEST." BY ZELINA COMEGYS, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

The frosty nights when the buildings stand,
Black ghosts, aloof and high,
With a hundred eyes of gleaming light—
Pin-points against the sky.

The rush of the wind that patrols the streets
Like some wild thing in its cage,
And the noise as it tears at the flying snow
Of the mighty war they wage.

And the winter months are the best of all,
For their motto is, "All cheer!"
And the heart of the city of steel and stone
Leaps up at the glad New-year!



"WHAT I LIKE BEST TO DRAW."
BY THOMPSON BLACKBURN, AGE 17.



"A GOOD LISTENER."
BY AILEEN CARNEY, AGE 14.



"A GOOD LISTENER."
BY GLADYS KILMER, AGE 12.



"ON THE ROAD."
BY MARION RAWSON, AGE 12.

CHRISTMAS IN POLAND

BY HELENKA ADAMOWSKA (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

In Poland, the greatest holiday of the year is Christmas eve, and it is a joyous day to all the children.

About a week before, we gather in the sitting-room, and, seated before a merry fire, make different pretty things.

That night, Father comes home with packages full of colored paper, nuts, apples, and oranges.

In a second, we surround him, and each takes some of these materials to make baskets, chains, or to gild the nuts.

All this time, the parlor is closed, and, as the days are nearing, great excitement reigns among us, while parents decorate the tree and lay the presents around.

At last the great day arrives; then everybody is in a bustle: Mother directs the setting of the table, children fly around to get ready, and the family gathers at twilight.

We wait for the appearance of the first star, and then walk into the dining-room.

The table is richly laid with candles and silver, looking unusually pretty.

Under the table-cloth we lay some hay, in memory of Jesus being born in a manger.

After having partaken of a wafer blessed in church, we begin supper, which consists of soup, various fish courses, and dessert.

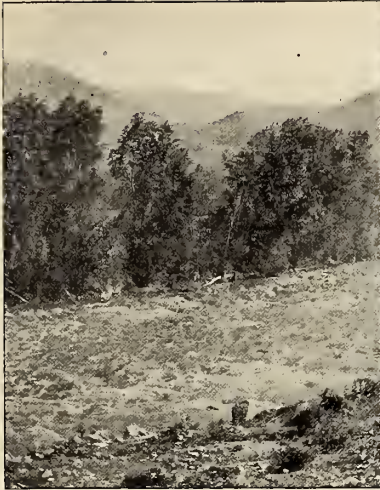
Finally, Father goes to light the candles on the tree, the music starts a carol, and we march in.

We circle around the tree, singing the carol, after which we unfold our presents.

Suddenly the door opens and some peasants enter, bringing a little theater, like Punch and Judy, and make the dolls, dressed in national costumes, act pretty scenes, and sing national songs.

Before we know it it is ten o'clock, and our parents send us off to bed.

We say good night, and, rather tired out by this exciting day, we go to dreamland, to dream of the day and to live over its pleasant scenes.



BY LOUISE A. WIGGENHORN, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE.)



BY G. A. LINTNER, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY GYMNA HUDSON, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

“ON THE ROAD.”

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS

BY GWYNNE A. ABBOTT (AGE 12)
(Gold Badge)

I ONCE heard a story about a little boy who wished that Christmas was on every day in the year, so he could get Christmas presents. Perhaps he thought that was the only thing meant by Christmas, and perhaps children and even grown-ups nowadays think so too. But are presents the only Christmas things, and is it only because of them that it is honored as the happiest day in the year? No. It is because Jesus was born that day.

How often that memory slips from our minds as we open the precious parcels and look at their contents. Children, even when you go to church, are you not thinking more of your presents than of the hymns you sing and of the lesson being read? Yes, of course you are. So the thought of the little thing which soon will be forgotten stamps out the thought of the big thing which always should be remembered.

Of course there is some of the true Christmas spirit in the presents. This is shown by the love of those who gave the gifts, and by the fact that St. Nicholas, the Christmas saint, is a saint of gift-giving and generosity. Children, let us remember this when we open our parcels on Christmas morning. Let us be full of the true Christmas spirit, love, peace, and contentment, on

that day, and on every day in the year. Let us carry it like a lamp to dark places, and fill them with the light of love.

Then indeed we shall prove the story of the little boy in another way—by showing that love can be carried about every day in the year; that is the true Christmas!

THE BEST MONTH OF ALL

BY DORIS F. HALMAN (AGE 16)
(Honor Member)

LIFE played before me, all in changing train:
New, sudden thoughts that set men wondering—
The budding of some little, living thing;
The swift, glad throb of pleasure wrought with pain—
Gold-spotted sunbeams melting into rain;
The over-birth of worlds at perfect spring,
All unattained, but ever promising—
Ideals that, fleeting, kindle but to wane.

All brightness growing beautiful to fade,
All purity that lights to be obscured,
All newness coming but to pass away—
Is surer beauty, but a while delayed,
Is truer goodness for the stain endured,
Is resurrection—is an April day!



“A GOOD LISTENER.” BY ANGELO A.
MACHADO, AGE 10.



“A GOOD LISTENER.” BY GILBERT M.
VAIL, AGE 10.

CHRISTMAS IN ITALY

BY AUDREY SMITH (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

"NATALE" is the Italian for Christmas, and means "birthday." Most children who are born on Christmas in Italy are called Natalino, if a boy, or Natalina, if a girl. This name certainly would not suit an American child. You would laugh to hear some one called "Christmas Jones." Christmas eve is here known as the "vigilia," which means vigil (to keep watch). The Italians celebrate Christmas in a very different way from us, and, as we would think, a very poor way. No holly and evergreens about the house, and no Christmas trees. The churches, too, have no such decorations, but are draped in heavy red and gold silk. Plum-puddings and mince-pies are not known, and the only famous sweet is the "panettone," which is sent by thousands from Milan (where it is a specialty) to the Argentine Republic and North America, so that the Italian families there may enjoy some of their home Christmas cheer. The torrone is a candy filled with hazel-nuts, and is known and liked all over Italy. It is made at Cremona, in Lombardy, and is n't it good! It may surprise you the way turkey is bought and sold, so that the poorer people may have some on their table for Christmas dinner. A turkey is cut into pieces, and sold by weight, like meat. Italian children do not receive many presents at Christmas; they are given them on their name-day, or saint-day, and their birthdays are scarcely noticed. By this account you will understand that

Christmas is much more merry for children in England and America than in sunny Italy.

THE BEST MONTH OF ALL

BY JANET HEPBURN (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge)

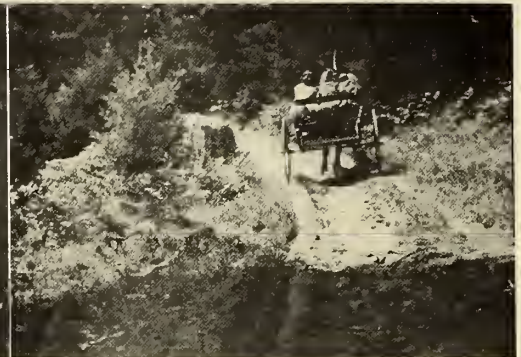
How happy is the world when Springtime's sky
Is arched above, while softly budding trees
Uplift their precious promises on high,
And wave their priceless burdens in the breeze!

How beautiful the world when Summer's song
Is echoed back by rivers, lakes, and rills!
When nodding daisies grow 'mid grasses long,
And purple haze lies on the distant hills!

How glorious the world when scarlet leaves
Dance down at Autumn's touch to clothe the ground!
When goldenrod the summer's death retrieves,
And purple-clustered grapes the vines have crowned!

How wonderful the world when shining ice
And violet-shadowed snow enwrap the earth!
When blazing fires the weary heart entice,
And holly wreaths bespeak the Christmas mirth!

Each month, each season, has its jeweled days,
Each Winter, Springtide, Summer, and each Fall;
I know not which deserves the highest praise,
For each one in its turn seems best of all.



BY HELEN EASTERWOOD, AGE 16.
BY RUTH ENGLIS, AGE 12.

BY ALICE GEOFFEION, AGE 13.
BY JUSTIN GRIESS, AGE 14.

"ON THE ROAD."



BY MARY PEROT ZESINGER, AGE 17.
BY LANDIS BARTON, AGE 17.

BY HELEN B. SHEARER, AGE 16.
BY PAULINE PIFFARD, AGE 13.

"ON THE ROAD."

THE BEST MONTH OF ALL

BY LUCILE E. FITCH (AGE 16)
(Silver Badge)

THE season I love is the summer-time,
Vanishing far too soon.
And the best month of all in that summer-time,
Is one that has often been sung in rhyme,
That blooms every year in my southern clime—
The beautiful month of June.

The glories of Nature are flaming there,
In my land of the tropic moon,
Where a fragrance enticing, seductive, rare,
Pervading the soft, enchanted air,
Ascends from a kingdom of flowers fair,
That bloom in the month of June.

The shadows that flit o'er the shimmering stream,
That sleep in the long lagoon,
Are swept by the glint of a red sunbeam,
And fringed with fires that resplendent gleam
O'er the earth, enfolded in one fleet dream
Of the languid month of June.

And though there are many and beautiful things
That open from noon to noon,
As the year escapes on its changing wings,
And leaves a remembrance which each month brings,
There is none so sweet as the dream that clings
To the magic month of June.

THE "MALIHINI" CHRISTMAS TREE

BY DOROTHY M. HOOGS (AGE 15)
(Gold Badge)

SEVERAL years ago, a number of tourists who were spending the winter months in Honolulu wanted to celebrate Christmas in some way. They could hardly realize that it was the wintry season, as the trees and grass were green, and crowds of people were on the beaches and swimming in the ocean every day; and so they thought of a novel idea: they would have a Christmas tree out-of-doors, and invite all the children of the city! They procured a very large tree, and after having set it up in a park in the center of the town, they decorated it lavishly with pop-corn, tinsel, and all the other ornaments that are used for the purpose. Cotton was strewn freely over the branches to imitate snow, which has never been seen by the little folks in Hawaii. The decorations complete, and everything in readiness, the children were all notified of this wonderful tree through the newspapers, and on Christmas morning, thousands of little ones of all nationalities represented in these islands made a picturesque sight, dressed in the costumes of their parents' home country. They eagerly watched Santa Claus as he untied the dolls and the jump-ropes and jack-knives from the heavily laden branches, and distributed them freely to every one. It was evident by the happy little faces that the day was a huge success, and ever since then this idea has been carried out by the community, and is called the "Malihini," or strangers' Christmas tree.

THE BEST MONTH OF ALL—APRIL

BY FRANCES CAMP DUGGAR (AGE 17)
(Gold Badge)

IN April come the April showers,
And April breezes blow;
The woods with April songs are gay,
And April flowers grow.

The may-pop with its fringe of blue,
The meadow daisies small,
The sweet shrub, and the violet,
All come at April's call.



"ON THE ROAD." BY ROBERT J. SMITH, AGE 13.

The great, wild pansies lift their heads,
The honeysuckles bloom;
The yellow jasmine fills the air
With misty, sweet perfume.

The little phloxes nod their heads
In every passing breeze;
The mountain-laurel bends and sways,
To the rustling of the trees.

The woods, the breeze, the April flowers,
The raindrops, and the rippling streams,
All fill our throats with April songs,
Our hearts with April dreams.

And underneath the April skies,
The birds all sing for joy.
Oh, April is a happy month
For Southern girl and boy!

DICKENS' "CHRISTMAS CAROL"

BY ELISABETH HAERLE (AGE 13)
(Honor Member)

THIS is a story which can never grow old. It possesses, and ever will possess, the spirit of youth, the joy of Christmas time, the beauty of charity and love. It is a story one can never weary of; each time one reads it, one finds it as fresh and charming as the first time. It is a story one should read at Yule-tide; then its Christmas spirit will flood the heart, and fill it with good-will. How many hearts this story must have softened; how many souls it must have filled with warm, generous impulses! How many Christmases it must have made

happier! Its atmosphere of love and joy is too real to be resisted; it draws the reader, heart, soul, and mind, into it during the reading, and leaves a lasting memory of sweetness afterward.

MY FIRST CHRISTMAS

(Told by a puppy)

BY SARAH MALCOLM KLEBS (AGE 13)
(Silver Badge)

I AWOKE one morning to find myself in a basket with the lid shut down securely. It was stuffy; my body ached for want of stretching; a sensation of fear came over me as I listened to the odd noises around me. What *could* this all mean?

Soon the lid of my basket was cautiously opened. I heard a voice cry, "Oh, goody, goody, it's a puppy"; then a little hand reached down, picked me up, and placed me on a table.

Being by nature curious, the first thing I did was to gaze around me. The table on which I stood was in a big room, and, strange enough, in one corner stood a lovely tree, the like of which I had seen before outside but not in a house. Five girls were watching *me* with eager eyes,—why, I could not say.

After I had taken some milk which they very considerably offered me, I underwent the trying ordeal of having a red ribbon tied around my neck. I did not like this a bit, and tried to interfere by pushing it away with my paw. I was rebuked by a few exclamations: "You naughty puppy! What a rascal he is!"

The rest of the day I was spoiled and petted by my young mistresses. When night came, I was laid in a soft-cushioned basket, and told, "Go right to sleep, you spoiled Christmas puppy." I lay awake trying to puzzle out what they meant by calling me a "Christmas puppy."



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY MARGARET BRATE, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE.)

My conclusion was that probably there was a day when puppies could be spoiled in every possible way, and that it was this day that was called Christmas; and the next thing I knew it was morning.

THE BEST MONTH OF ALL

BY JEAN DICKINSON (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

THE crisp, cold winds, the snowbound world,
The ring of skates, the sleigh-bells' chime,
The group around the cozy fire—
What months like those of *Winter* time!

The dull brown branch is veiled in green,
The sun is bright, and warm the rain;
Now all the world receives new life—
The *Spring*—the *Spring* is here again!



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY LOUISE GRAHAM, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

The swimming-pool, the fish-filled stream,
The varied craft on waterways;
The tennis, golf, and motoring—
Oh, happy, carefree *Summer* days!

The bright-hued flowers, the flaming trees,
The southbound birds' sweet parting call,
The going back to work again—
These are the pleasures of the *Fall*!

White *Winter* and the wakening *Spring*,
Both *Fall* and *Summer* flower-dressed,
The whole year full of happiness,
So, as it comes, *each* month is best!

A QUEER CHRISTMAS

BY EDITHA LEE (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

CAN you picture Christmas celebrated like a midsummer holiday?

In Connecticut, Christmas meant crisp, cold air, the jingle of sleigh-bells, snow-drifts, holly, mistletoe, general excitement, and shouting "Merry Christmas" out of the fullness of our hearts. In contrast, here was I, in Emali, only a tiny village on the Kongo, in Africa. My father was hunting, and my mother and I, in this hot, humid country, practically cut off from the rest of our world, had planned to be cheerful and celebrate the holiday as best we could. With this end in view, we decided to have a picnic on the Kongo, and asked a little Russian girl and her mother—for months the only other whites in Emali—to go along. Considering that neither of us knew much of the other's language, we got on better than one would think. We would have had quite an enjoyable float up the river, the guide telling many things in Pigeon-English, were it not for the heat and mosquitos. Dear! If you consider the Long Island or New Jersey mosquitos *mosquitos*, why simply row up the Kongo!

About five miles up, we saw a beautiful spot, just ideal for picnickers. There we disembarked and had our luncheon, after which all almost simultaneously produced books and, resting comfortably, began to read.

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But we were not to have peace long. Soon we heard an awful rustling in near-by bushes, and on jumping up, beheld, not forty feet away, a wild elephant!

How we scrambled for the boats, nearly throwing one another into the water, and how we made off, can never be told!

But we did, and—well, was n't *that* a queer Christmas?

THE BEST MONTH OF ALL

BY ELSIE L. RICHTER (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

ONCE more the reign of Northern cold is here.

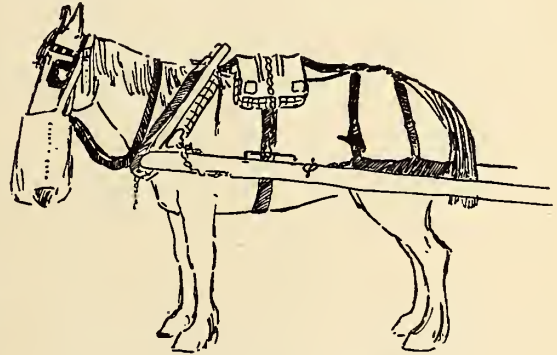
To-day, from lowering, leaden skies, the snow
Is slowly drifting downward. Far and near
The landscape yields a shimmering silver glow,
Till daylight dies.

Soft shadows creep; the gray of heav'n is rent,
And through the rifts the stars smile, while the moon,
From her high way, keeps watch till night is spent,
Till, in the east, a light breaks all too soon,
And darkness flies.

To-morrow dawns. A glistening waste of white
That 's blinding in its brilliance, greets the sun;
The trees are crystallized in its dazzling light,
And shed a glory till the day is done.

Yet—'t is not Nature, though her splendor glows,
That places high December's cold and snow;
'T is the great gift that from God's mercy rose—
The Saviour, at whose coming, long ago,
The choir of angels made the heavens ring,
And bade the shepherds worship Christ, their king.

Hark, down the years their music rings again,
Soft telling, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."



"WHAT I LIKE BEST TO DRAW." BY BENJAMIN H. MARGETSON, AGE 13.

THE BEST MONTH OF ALL

BY EDWARD B. ANNABLE (AGE 9)

How nice it is to live in
The month that gives us snow,
The month that we send presents
To every one we know.

December is the nicest month,
Especially for boys;
They skate, and slide, and run around,
And make a lot of noise.

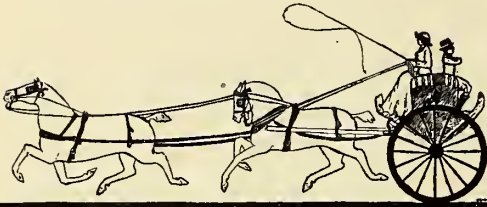
THE BEST MONTH OF ALL

BY BRUCE T. SIMONDS (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

SING carols, Christmas carols,
Of quaint old melody,
And let the days be filled with praise,
With mirth and jollity;
For we have passed from 'neath the pall
Of gloomy, black November,
Now rules the month that 's best of all,
The bluff old king, December!

So bring ye in the boar's head,
With bays and garlands crowned;
The peacock vain, with gorgeous train;
And send the wassail round.
With festive holly deck the wall,
The Christmas games remember;
And hail the month that 's best of all,
The bluff old king, December!



"WHAT I LIKE BEST TO DRAW." BY FRANCES KOEUNG, AGE 17.

Then reign, thou Lord of Misrule,
With all thy merry band;
And kiss below the mistletoe
The fairest in the land.
Till on the hearth the ashes fall,
The Yule log's dying ember,
Come, hail the month that 's best of all,
The bluff old king, December!

THE BEST MONTH OF ALL

BY HAZEL K. SAWYER (AGE 14)

JULY means Independence Day,
With its fireworks, flags, and fun;
November means Thanksgiving,
Turkeys, pumpkin-pies well done;
But better yet than summer's joys,
Or longed-for feasts of fall,
Is jolly old December,
The best month of all.

The Day of Independence
Celebrates a nation's birth;
Thanksgiving teaches gratitude;
We learn the Pilgrim's worth.
But Christmas, Jesus' birthday,
With its heartfelt, sacred call,
Comes amidst the storms of winter,
In the best month of all.

Human nature, worn by summer,
With its heated, jealous strife,
Cooled by autumn, thanks outpouring
For abundance, joy, and life,
Finds its highest aim in winter,
'Mid the snow-drifts wide and tall,
In the white peace of December,—
The best month of all.

THE BEST MONTH OF THE YEAR

BY MARJORIE M. CARROLL (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

POETS may sing of the beautiful spring,
Of June, and her glorious days.
When making a rhyme, my favorite time
Is Christmas; I 'll tell why it pays.

Now first there is "holly," *that* rhymes well with "jolly."
For poets it really is fine!
There 's "ember," "December," and also "remember,"
Of appropriate words there 's a mine!

There 's "boys," and there 's "toys," and "Christmas-
tide joys,"
All pertaining to Christmas, you see.
I was glad when I saw the League subject *this month*,
It made it so easy for me.

I 've given the reason why poets are glad
When dear old December is here.
For League rhymesters, with me, you will surely *agree*,
It 's the very best month of the year!

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.

PROSE, 1

Ruth Gilbert	Irving J. Weiss	Louis Schwartz
Beulah E. Amidon	Susan Nevin	Edith L. Crouse
Elizabeth H. Armstrong	Lorna von P. Schrader	Ruth B. Brewster
Sophie E. Woods	Elizabeth Walton	Leonore Lemmler
Janet G. Banks	Rebecca H. Wilder	Eugenia Rothrock
Inis Hubbard	Margaret C. Bland	Eleanor W. Haasis
Susan B. Sturgis	Elmer H. Van Fleet	Edith Townsend
Courtenay W. Halsey	Charles Samolar	Marjorie Flanagan
D. Q. Palmer	Mary S. Rupert	Grace S. Pope
Anna L. Lilienfeld	Alison C. Laing	Katherine Newcombe
Elsie L. Lustig	Mildred E. Roberts	Betty Smith
Florence L. Smith		
Florence M. Young		
Mary Daboll		
Camilla L. Schiavone		
Nathaniel Dorfman		
Mary Smith		
Ethel T. Boas		
Ethel W. Kidder		
Dora Peters		
Edith H. Walton		
Fredrika W. Hertel		
Norma Stebbins		
Dorothy M. Rogers		
Margaret M. Cloyd		
Mary Eliz. Seager		
Evelyn G. Pullen		
Mary Nathan		
Lillias Armour		
Ruth E. Flinn		
Eunice Graham		
Dorothy Duggar		
Elizabeth Doane		
Gertrude Davis		
Mary A. White		
Miriam Devereux		
Ruth Heiman		
Vernie Peacock		
Eleanor W. Bowker		
Myrtle Doppmann		
Gretchen von Phul		
Ruth K. Gaylord		
Edith L. Weart		
Gracé D. Elder		
Mary K. Fagan		
Miriam F. Carpenter		
Martha Latham		
Kathleen Spooner		

PROSE, 2

André P. Chambellan	Esther Wilson	F. Marie Brown
Eleanor Birmingham	Margaret A. Halstead	Rosalie Louis
	Margaret E. Beakes	Roberta E. Taylor
	Anna C. Johnson	Annie Bainbridge
	Doris Rowell	Ralph B. Cooney
	Harriet Arn	Hedwig Zorb
	S. Virginia Donaldson	Estella Johnson

St. Nicholas League



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY HELEN F. DRAIN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

Mary G. Boyd
Clara Loitman
Mary Valentine
Sarah H. Williams
Albin Y. Thorp

VERSE, 1

Helen B. Rivkin
Katherine Allport
Miriam Abrams
Lucile Phillips
Helen Hunt Andrew
Joyce A. Cook
Marjorie G. Acker
Eleanor Johnson
John C. Farrar
Ada L. Mahool
Mary A. Porter
George M. Enos
Margaret Duggar
Elinor L. Gittelson
Emily Campbell
Marion Cleaveland
Arthur H. Nethercot
Josephine L. Livingood
Mary J. Smith
Constance Bowles
Mary C. Barnett
Bertha E. Walker
Winifred S. Stoner, Jr.
Anne Gordon
Alice O. Rood
York Sampson
Elinor Everitt
Pauline P. Whittlesey
Edward Schulhof
Frances Struller
Mildred G. Wheeler
A. L. Packard
Renée Geoffrion
Ruth Morris
Muriel Morris
Georgene W. Davis
Jean P. Mumford
Lucy Mackay
Annette Meyer
Helen Varelman
Katharine W. Ball
Lloyd Dinkelspiel
Jean E. Freeman
Mattie Hibbert
Katharine V. Higley
Helen Palmer
Thomas H. Joyce
Irma A. Hill
Margaret Tildsley
Elizabeth Hendee
Betty Humphreys

VERSE, 2

Vera Mikol
Burford Johnson
Jeannette Johnson
Laura Keevil
Alan A. West
Vera Hastings
Kenneth Allen
Mildred E. Woodside
Sam Stein
Albertine Hopkins
Harry J. Sieghert
Hazel M. Chapman
John Perez
Casilda Clark
Lois M. Weil

DRAWINGS, 1

Ethel F. Frank
Roberta Townsend
Dorothy E. Handsaker
Ethel Cargill
Margaret Elliott
Mary I. Farley
Birger Stenvall
Leslie Walthen
Clarence Lemm
Raymond T. Gleeson
Howard W. Schwarz
Jean E. Peacock
Eleanor Powell
Francis Bradford, Jr.
Mayabby Brenan

Emma W. Hansen
Edith Kahan
Ethel du P.
Barksdale, Jr.
S. Dorothy Bell
Genevieve Farner
Olive Miller
Robert Riggs
Lucile I. Means
Constance Wilcox
Tadjio Adamowski
Katharine C. Smith
Theodore Haupt
Mildred Holmes
Lillian Sternberg
Charlotte MacDougall
Gwendolyn
Frothingham
Lily Madan
Walter K. Frame
Arthur F. Lincoln
Clara S. Hefley
Bozarte De Kalb
Frances B. Gardiner
Dorothy Hughes
Rodney B. Birch

DRAWINGS, 2

Jeannette Foster
Frances Mackenzie
Aileen Mackenzie
Adelaide Lovett
Nora Mohle
Elizabeth Martindale
Isabella B. Howland
Eleanor Gottheil
Harry R. McLeneagan
Rita Jarvis
Irma L. McMahon
Dolores H. Ingres
Margaret M. Horn
Wilma Varelmann
Cynthia V. Starr
Harold C. Lewis
Ferris B. Briggs
Jessie E. Alison
Genevieve K. Hamlin
Marion Van Zandt
Margaret J. Schmidt
Hester Bedinger
Mary P. Reeves
Katharine H. Seligman
Mabel Patterson
Lilly Rupert
John J. Governale
Jennie E. Everden
Julia E. Seidomridge
Marjorie T. Mackenzie
Pauline Brackett
Lois C. Myers
Evelyn Frost
Grace Griffin
Marion Cummings
Elizabeth C. Sypher
Helen Van W. Battie
Evangeline Clark
Caryl Peabody
Alice Schering
Doris Hunter
Dorothy L. Boardman
Nettie Leach
Ruth Browne
Juliet M. Bartlett
Welthea B. Thoday
Parker McAllister
Vida Grimbile
Elizabeth A. Lay
Elizabeth Mahony
Betty Bradbury
Sheila Byrne
Ray Miterstein
Pauline Kerkow
Louis Halpern
Delma V. George
Virginia Gault
Harry Sutton, Jr.

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Martha L. Clark
Carolyn Archbold
Matthew T. Mellon
Beatrice Quackenbush
Louise Down

Dorothy Tyson
Margaret Macdonald
Helen Prescott
Dorothy von Olker
Kenneth D. Smith
Patrina M. Colis
Andrew N. Adams
Frank Bennett
Dorothy G. Schwartz
Jane Coolidge
Amy F. Smith
Tom Wetmore
John S. O'Connor
Winthrop Case
Willard Vander Veer
James G. Simmons
Thomas E. Fry
Margaret E. Hoffman
Nancy Ambler
Harriet E. Arnold
Theodora Eldredge
Meredith Neal
Alexander Scott
Ruth W. Brooks
Alexander Gcott
Mildred H. Graham
A. D. Harvey
Gladys E. Livermore
Eleanor Robertson
Henderson Barton
Helen E. Hayden
Priscilla Fraker
Beatrice G. Tarver
Marie Border
Marian Saunders
Hélène M. Roesch
Esther Harrington

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Irene Derickson
Mary F. Packard
Catherine H. Stickney
Ruth Coggins
Dorothy Peters
Elsie Stuart
Anna C. Crane
Charlotte M. Turk
Elizabeth L. Merz
Dorris Miller
Isabel D. Shelpman
Henry B. Ritcher
Beatrix B. Newport
Ruth V. A. Spicer
Elizabeth Phillips
Carroll E. Barbour
Vivian E. Hall
Ellis Moreau
Katharine Southmayd
Paul M. Segal
Eric H. McCall
Mary R. Stark
Charles Bartow
Elberta Esty
Marion Bird
Eva Goldberg
Jessiejo Eckford
Dorothy E. Bayles
Hester B. Curtis
Laura Hales
Helen M. Lancaster
Marion Harbord
Elizabeth Russell
Edith Bachman
Cornelia V. B. Kimball
William S. Biddle
Dorothy Peabody
Margaret Shoemaker
Edwin H. Thomas
Carol E. Truax
Howard Sherman
Millicent H. Lewis
Willard Vander Veer
Ruth Pennybacker
Augusta Hoehmann
Margaret E. Langdon
Catherine Lloyd
Margaret Benney
Theodore Dunham, Jr.

PUZZLES, 1

James Staniewsky
Juliet W. Thompson
Helen A. Ross

Edith P. Stickney
Paul Buttenweiser
Marjorie K. Gibbons
Eleanor Hussey
Katharine K.
Spencer
Margaret Warburton
Eleanor K. Newell
Virginia Bliss
Gertrude Lachman

Louise Cramer
William Waller
Ruth Hays
Dorothy Colville
Lulu Columbin
Margaret Billingham
Hannah M. Raley
Helen L. Bolles
Frederick M.
Davenport, Jr.

Henry Greenbaum
Philip Franklin
Warren W. Pierson
Elbert L. Marvin
Joanna Connelly
Eben J. White
Josephine J.
Tuckerman
Mildred Turner
Henry J. Brown

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 158

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 158 will close **December 10** (for foreign members **December 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in *ST. NICHOLAS* for **April**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Daybreak," or, "The Dawn."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Story of the Gate."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "My Best Photograph."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Bit of Life," or a Heading for **April**.

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. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

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 who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

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 notes 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.



BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

A CHRISTMAS EVE ADVENTURE

JOHN and Rose were sitting before the fire looking very disconsolate indeed; and this was surely a pity, for it was Christmas eve, when every child should be particularly happy and excited. A fine, snowy eve, too, with the clouds just breaking in the west, to show a large, red sun through the branches of the trees—in summer, their leaves were so thick, he used to disappear when he got behind them, but now he sent a ruddy path across the new-fallen snow, right through the window and into the room.

The fire leaped and played over the big logs in the fireplace in the jolliest way imaginable, chuckling and whispering to itself, while the wood snapped cheerily in reply. Everything indoors and out was clearly in the best of spirits and ready for holiday fun.

But little Rose's blue eyes had been slowly filling with tears, and suddenly she let her head fall on her brother's shoulder, and burst right out crying. They were snuggled up together in the big, red arm-chair that was just big enough for them both.

John patted her back encouragingly. "There, there, Sis," he whispered; "this is n't the only Christmas we 'll ever have." But the whisper was a little shaky.

"It 's *this* Christmas," wailed the little girl. "Other Christmases don't seem to matter. They are n't real yet!"

"I know," returned John, cuddling her to him. She stopped crying, except for an occasional sniff, and both children watched the fire at its busy playing.

"I suppose the fire does n't know we can't have any Christmas," Rose said presently. "See how it jumps and laughs. Mama said it had been such a hard year, we ought to be thankful we had a fire and a roof and enough to eat. She said lots and lots of little children did n't have; but I thought *every one* had Christmas. Did n't you?"

"No, I knew that they did n't. But then we were kinder used to Christmas."

"Yes," agreed Rose, sadly. "But Papa said *everything* went wrong this year, an' that 's why we can't have any Christmas."

The sun had gone while the children were talking, and except for the fitful light of the fire, the room was dark. Many, many shadows were crowding into it, getting ready for all the work of the night.

Suddenly Rose pointed to the mantelpiece. "Why—what 's that?" she exclaimed.

"What?" said her brother, looking where she pointed. And then they both said "Oh!" very softly and slowly.

For there, sitting on the edge of the mantelpiece, right beside the clock, was an unmistakable fairy.

"Don't be frightened, children," she said, in a silvery voice like the tinkle of a breaking icicle, as soon as she saw they had discovered her. "I 've been wondering when you 'd notice me."

And here the little figure, not one bit bigger than Rose's tiny kitten, Snowflake, jumped off the mantelpiece straight to the arm of the big chair. And "Oh!" said John and Rose again, at the very same instant.

The fairy smiled at them. She was dressed in white fur that shone and twinkled like the snow when the sun shines on it. And on her floating, golden curls was set what looked like a tiny crown of icicles. Her cheeks were a lovely pink, and her face the sweetest and merriest conceivable. And when she spoke, her voice was like the clear ringing of skates on ice, except for a ripple of laughter that ran through it all the time.

"I 'm the Christmas fairy," she said, smiling. "When Santa Claus cannot come, I take his place as well as I can; so I 've come to you this year."

"We never heard of you," said John, gravely, looking at her with the deepest admiration. "What do you do?"

"I don't take things to children, like my big friend and his reindeer; but I take children to things—to other places, and times, and people."

I bring them to Christmas, you see, instead of bringing Christmas to them."

"Can you bring us to Christmas?" asked both the children.

"That 's what I 'm here for! And the sooner we 're off, the more we 'll have. We will find some of your old friends, and see what sort of a time they are having."

She took hold of Rose's right hand as she spoke, and of John's left one. "Shut your eyes," she said.

They shut them tight. Instantly they were conscious of a sort of breathless feeling, as though they had been running uphill very fast. Then they felt a little shake, and the fairy loosed their hands.

"Here we are!" she exclaimed.

They opened their eyes, and gazed around in astonishment.

Before them stretched a vast blue sea, spread beneath a sky as blue as itself. A warm, perfumed air surrounded them, and the wind rustled through the leaves of a big palm under which they stood. At one side a cave opened into a cliff; and seated before this cave, at a roughly made table, were two men. One of them, though tanned very dark, was a white man, for he had a blond beard and curling, long hair. He was curiously dressed in skins that had been made into a coat and trousers. The other man was very black, with white, flashing teeth and shiny eyes. Between them, on the ground, lay a dog, and a parrot climbed about a pole that stood near. Tethered in a patch of grass was a nanny-goat. On the table was a fine dinner, with smoking dishes and heaps of lovely fruit.

"It 's Robinson Crusoe and man Friday," cried John, with a gasp.

Robinson Crusoe looked up when John spoke, and immediately beckoned the children to come near.

"This is a great treat," he said. "These are two little friends of mine," he went on, turning to Friday. "I think we met last Christmas in a big blue book, did n't we?" he asked John. "Well, sit right down—you, too, dear Christmas fairy. Many a jolly little party you 've brought me, and it does make such a pleasant break in the monotony.

He had a deep, gruff voice, but the kindest manner. The children felt thoroughly at home at once, and sat down to the feast. Presently every one was laughing and chattering, and eating away at a great rate. Friday played tricks with the parrot and the dog, and Crusoe showed them his clock, and all the clever arrangements in his cave, one after another, and seemed to have as pleasant a time as the three visitors.

"This makes a real Christmas of it for me," he kept saying. "You know, I 'm often mighty glad Santa Claus does n't get round to all you children—it 's *such* a treat to have some of you run in on me this way."

"Well, you are going to be rescued pretty soon, you know," said Rose, eagerly, feeling sorry for poor Robinson Crusoe in his loneliness.

But just then the fairy caught the children's hands again:

"Must n't tell the end of the story," she whispered. "Shut your eyes; we must be off."

Instantly the breathless feeling returned. And in a moment the little shock. When John and Rose opened their eyes this time, however, it was upon a very different scene.

They were in a square, comfortable room, which was charmingly decorated with wreaths and festoons of evergreen and holly. In the center was a Christmas tree, brilliantly lighted with candles and all hung over with shining ornaments, glowing fruit, and packages done up in colored paper. Several smiling grown-up people in quaint, old-fashioned clothes stood near the tree, and round it danced a circle of laughing children. As soon as they saw John and Rose and the fairy, they seized their hands too, and off every one went, laughing and shouting, round and round.

At length they stopped, quite tired out. And then the packages and the fruit were taken from the tree, and divided among the children, Rose and John getting theirs with the rest. Such excitement! They had gilded gingerbread figures, and red apples, and Rose had a doll, and John a shining pair of skates.

Suddenly Rose whispered to her brother: "Oh, Johnnie, listen! the tree is talking!"

So it was. Its branches were moving a little, and rustling, and the rustling made words.

"I suppose now it will begin all over again," the tree murmured happily. "They will put on lovely fresh candles and new packages and glittering stars. What a wonderful life, and what a happy little fir-tree I am!"

"Why," Rose whispered once more, "it is the little fir-tree in the Hans Andersen book for which we always felt so sorry."

And so it was!

"What a pity it must be disappointed!" exclaimed John. And there was the fairy at once.

"'Sh! 'sh!" she said. "Come, give me your hands."

And at once they grew breathless again, and felt once more the little shock.

This time they opened their eyes to find themselves in another room, small and rather dark.

But there was a big window at one end, before which stood two children, a boy and girl about as old as John and Rose. And through the window you could see clear into another house, where there was another tree, as fine as the one they had just left. Many children played around it, and ate cakes and laughed.

"Oh, comè and look!" cried the two children at the window, as soon as they saw Rose and John. "Is n't it wonderful! is n't it beautiful!" And then they, too, began to dance.

Just then, the door opened, and in came a queer, little, old lady, looking rather like a funny old witch.

"It 's the Bluebird," whispered John and Rose, greatly excited. "Oh, see, see!"

For, sure enough, the little old woman, who had been talking all this while, suddenly waved her stick—and then all sorts of wonderful things began to happen.

Out of the clock came the wonderful Hours, misty and radiant, and began their lovely dance. And there were the Dog and the Cat, talking away, and Bread, and Milk, and Light, most wonderful of all. John and Rose were so delighted they could n't even speak. But they clutched tight hold of each other and of the fairy, who was twinkling and smiling at a great rate.

Wilder got the dance, till every one was at it, round and round, and in and out. The Dog

barked as well as talked, and the Cat got quite angry, and complained to Rose, who stroked him. Bread and Milk chased each other, and every one laughed—my, what a noise!

Suddenly it all began to grow dim; but the laughter and the talk grew louder than ever, and so did the barking—so loud that—

There were John and Rose, sitting close together in the big arm-chair!

And the door into the hall was being opened, and outside a prodigious racket was going on! Towzer was barking his head off, and Papa and Mama were laughing and exclaiming.

"Children, children, wake up! Here is your Uncle Jack, straight from fairyland, I do believe," their mother was saying. "And Santa Claus never brought any more Christmas than he has with him."

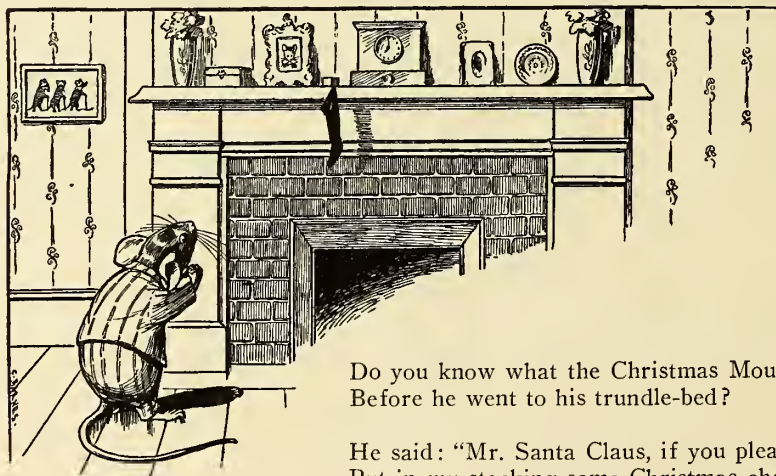
Through the door came Papa, and Mama, and Towzer, and a big man in a fur coat with quantities of parcels. John and Rose gave one loud shout of joy, and jumped straight at him. It really *was* their Uncle Jack, who had gone away to the West, and whom they had n't seen for ages!

"Why, Rose, it 's just as though we were in a story ourselves," said Jack, when things had quieted down a bit; "but where 's the Christmas fairy?"

Somehow, she had slipped away, and, so far, they have never seen her again.

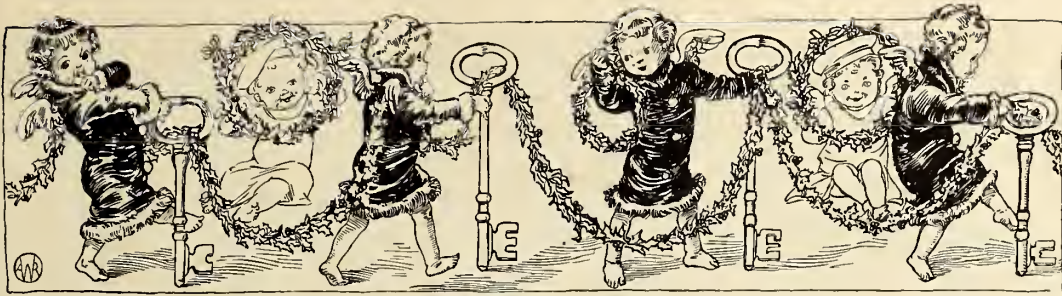
THE CHRISTMAS MOUSIE

BY IDA KENNISTON



Do you know what the Christmas Mousie said,
Before he went to his trundle-bed?

He said: "Mr. Santa Claus, if you please,
Put in *my* stocking some Christmas cheese!"



THE RIDDLE-BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

SQUARES CONNECTED BY DIAMONDS. I. 1. S. 2. Apt. 3. Aware. 4. Spaniel. 5. Trill. 6. Eel. 7. L. II. 1. Salam. 2. Anile. 3. Licit. 4. Aline. 5. Metes. III. 1. T. 2. Bab. 3. Bolus. 4. Talaria. 5. Burin. 6. Sin. 7. A. IV. 1. Eblis. 2. Bride. 3. Limit. 4. Idiot. 5. Set-to. V. 1. T. 2. Pen. 3. Posed. 4. Tessera. 5. Needy. 6. Dry. 7. A. VI. 1. Scare. 2. Carol. 3. Aroma. 4. Roman. 5. Eland. VII. 1. T. 2. Tap. 3. Tafia. 4. Taffeta. 5. Piece. 6. Ate. 7. A. VIII. 1. Abaca. 2. Broom. 3. Aorta. 4. Cotes. 5. Amass. IX. 1. A. 2. Ape. 3. Attar. 4. Apterall. 5. Early. 6. Ray. 7. L.

THANKSGIVING PI.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead,
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbits' tread.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. La Salle. Cross-words: 1. Lobster. 2. Padlock. 3. Mastiff. 4. Parasol. 5. Scallop. 6. Corolla. 7. Bivalve.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Princeton. Cross-words: 1. Pen. 2. Racket. 3. Ink. 4. Nail. 5. Cane. 6. Eye. 7. Toad. 8. Oar. 9. Nest.

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 Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 10 from Catherine Gordon Ames—"Queenscourt"—Katharine C. Barnett—Ruth Kathryn Gaylord—Louise Cramer—Frank Black—Dorothy Talbot—Alice Chase McCurdy—Emma Katherine Anderson—Helen A. Cohen—Margaret Warburton—Alpheus W. Smith—Julia F. Brice—Ruth Browne.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 10 from Constance M. Pritchett, 9—Harmon B. James O., and Glen T. Vedder, 9—Harold Kirby, Jr., 9—R. Kenneth Everson, 9—Barbara Kimball, 9—Albert Gerry Blodgett, 9—Mitchell V. Charnley, Jr., 9—Angeline H. Loveland, 9—Waldemar Rieck, 9—Flora Hottes, 9—Guyton S. Eddy, 9—Zulime Summers, 9—Henry Seligsohn, 9—Mary O'Connor, 9—Helen G. Robb, 9—Sidney Carleton, 9—Jessie L. Colville, 9—Helen A. Moulton, 9—Eva Garson, 9—Lachlan M. Cattanch, 9—Marion L. Hussey, 9—Alfred Hand, 3d, 9—Lothrop Bartlett, 9—George L. Howe, 9—George S. Cattanch, 9—George L. Yeakel, 9—Judith Ames Marsland, 9—Elizabeth A. Lay, 9—Dorothy Berrall, 8—Janet Fine, 8—Jean O. Coulter, 8—Katharine H. Pease, 8—Gertrude Van Horne, 8—"Dixie Slope," 8—Mildred Gutwillig, 8—Katherine Howk, 8—Eleanor Manning, 8—Nettie Piper, 8—Leona M. Fassett, 8—Donis Davidson and Dorothy Dorsett, 8—Emily Abbott, 8—Courtney W. Halsey, 8—Katharine Drury, 8—Emily L. Loman, 7—Elizabeth G. Moulton, 7—Jeannette Hecht, 7—Katherine Molter, 7—Pierie W. Laurens, 7—Constance G. Cameron, 7—Janet Brouse, 7—Ruth Tiffany, 7—Eleanor W. Parker, 7—Daniel B. Benschoter, 7—Daniel G. Wood, Jr., 7—Edward C. Heymann, 6—Catharine M. Weaver, 6—Dorothy Hubbell, 6—Ruth Champion, 6—Myrtle O. Volkhardt, 6—George C. Lewis, 6—Harrison W. Gill, 5—Margaret L. Bull, 5—Abby C. Gallup, 5—Harold Moneypenny, 5—Harry R. Swanson, 5—Adele Mowton, 4—Florence Lowden, 4—William A. Randall, 4—Arthur R. Titus, 3—Helen M. Rice, 3—Madeleine Marshall, 3—Ruth Dorchester, 3—Charles H. Smith, Jr., 3—Beatrice Whyte, 2—Margaret P. Rice, 2—Ruth D. Chase, 2—Helen Marshall, 2.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from E. V. S.—H. B.—D. N. P.—M. S.—S. R. R.—B. H. P.—I. B.—M. B.—M. B. H.—V. H.—V. M. T.—F. A. F.—R. H.—M. G.—A. N.—H. B.—R. B.—B. W.—M. W. R.—C. O.—D. H.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

My whole consists of forty-three letters, and forms a quotation from Robert Louis Stevenson.

My 42-29-10-16-22-32 is a flower. My 21-14-27-36-7-39 is a dairy product. My 24-2-3-20-15-8-17 is completely. My 26-18-35-31-19 are articles of jewelry. My 9-5-4-1 is an animal. My 33-43-38-23-28 is open, uncultivated land. My 40-25-34-11 is to gather. My 6-41-30-12 is a trailing plant. My 37-13 is a preposition.

GLADYS NARAMORE (age 17).

GEOGRAPHICAL ZIGZAG

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the places described have the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below an-

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. William E. Gladstone. Napoleon Bonaparte. Cross-words: 1. Wane. 2. Pisa. 3. Lips. 4. Also. 5. Isle. 6. Save. 7. Moor. 8. Lean. 9. Gabs. 10. Alto. 11. Arno. 12. Edna. 13. Saps. 14. Etna. 15. Oars. 16. Gnat. 17. Even.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land"?

QUINTUPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Francis Marion. Cross-words: 1. Uncom-for-table. 2. Encour-agement. 3. Cryst-all-oidal. 4. Misma-nag-ement. 5. North-Car-olina. 6. Scint-illation. 7. Imper-son-ation. 8. Arith-met-ician. 9. Quadr-age-simal. 10. Typog-rap-hical. 11. Dilap-ida-tions. 12. Reimp-ort-ation. 13. Inter-nat-ional.

ADDITIONS. Charles Dickens. Cross-words: 1. Cat-nip. 2. Hither. 3. Ant-hem. 4. Rot-ten. 5. Lay-men. 6. Ear-thy. 7. Season. 8. Drain-age. 9. Inn-ate. 10. Car-pet. 11. Kid-nap. 12. End-ear. 13. Not-ice. 14. Sun-set.

CONCEALED SQUARE WORD. 1. Forum. 2. Opine. 3. Rigid. 4. Unite. 5. Medes.

other, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of a State.

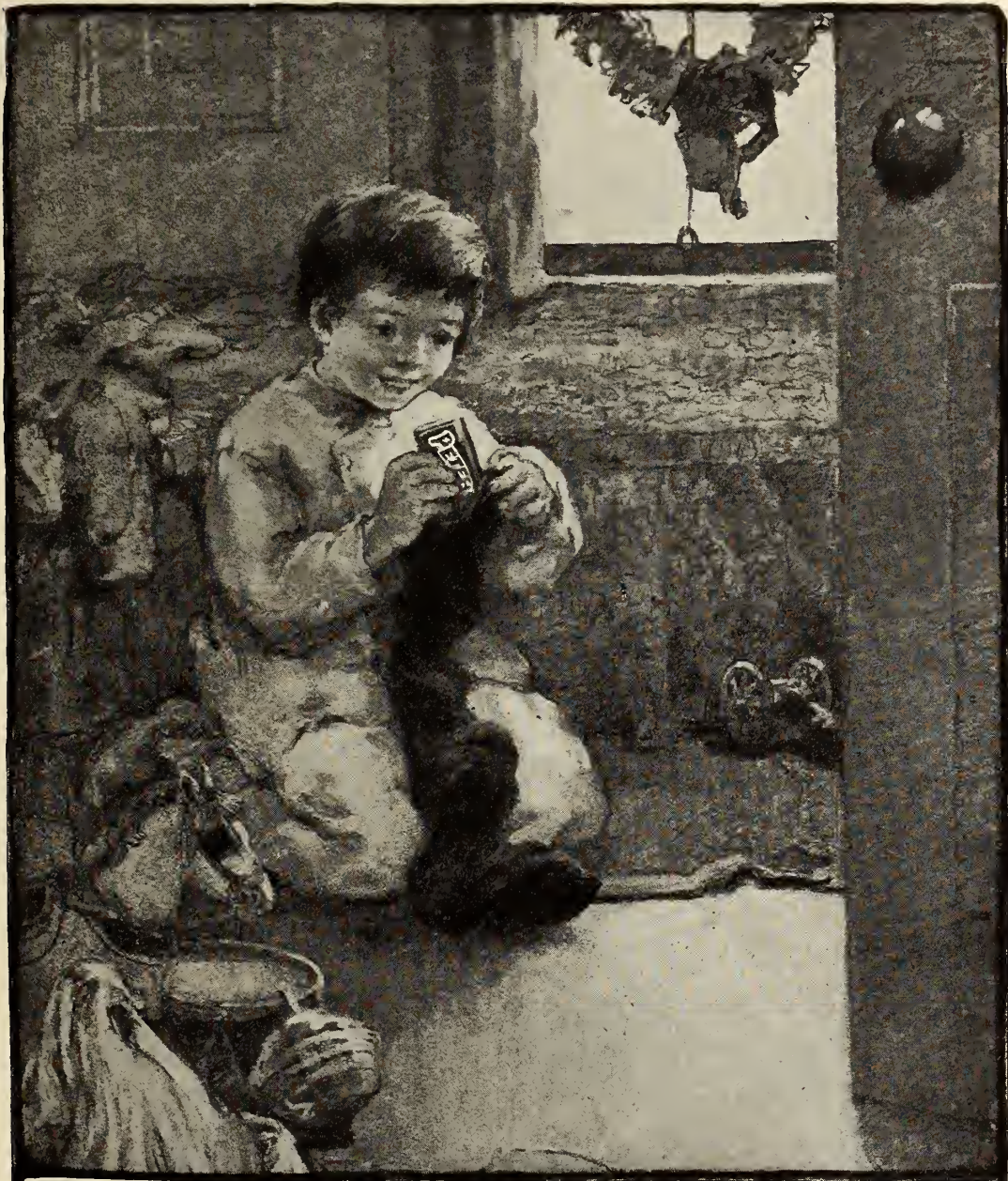
CROSS-WORDS: 1. A city of Washington. 2. A city of British East Africa. 3. A country of South America. 4. A noted peak of the Sierra Nevadas. 5. The largest city of Kansu, China. 6. A country of Africa. 7. A city of Sicily. 8. A city of northern Africa. 9. An island off the coast of China. 10. A Danish colony. 11. A western State. 12. A Canadian province. 13. The capital of a southern State.

LOUIS RUCKGABER (age 11).

DEAL PUZZLE


ACROSS a clock face draw two straight lines from side to side that shall divide it into three parts, so that the numbers contained in each of the parts shall, when added together, amount to twenty-six.

ABRAHAM SHAPIRO (age 12), League Member.



Oh, goodie! It's Peter's and I can eat all I want of it
Peter's slips into Christmas stockings as if made for them. Its
delicious flavor, its absolute purity and wholesomeness make
Peter's the ideal Christmas candy.

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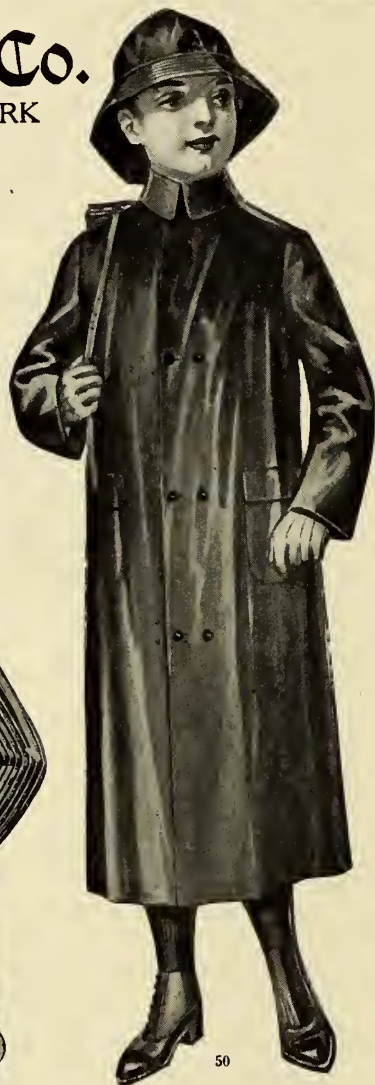
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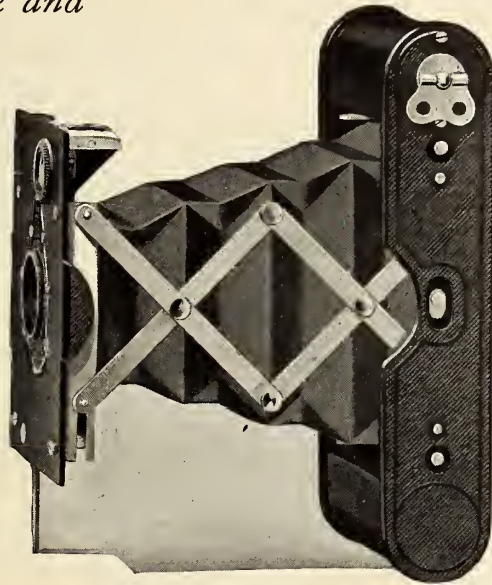
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56

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En route you can visit the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

On request will send our booklets giving full details of a delightful journey through the Southwest Land of Enchantment to winterless California, where you can motor and play golf under sunny skies.
W.J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr. AT & S.F. Ry. System
1072 Railway Exchange, Chicago.



California Limited

Exclusively for first-class travel - The year 'round



**REMINGTON
UMC**
TRADE MARK

22

REPEATER

A Christmas Suggestion

Give Your Boy a Rifle this Christmas

You'll give him a big lift toward manhood when you hand him this wonderful modern repeater. It will take him out to Nature—to grow alert, clear-eyed, self-reliant.

The *Remington-UMC* 22 Repeater

is the boys' ideal rifle—one that will give him years of use—one that he will be always proud to own. The *Remington-UMC* 22 Repeater is rifled, sighted and tested by the most expert gunsmiths in the world.

Breech block, firing pin and extractor come out in one piece—permitting the barrel to be cleaned from the breech. It is hammerless and its improved safety-device makes accidental discharge impossible.

It is as desirable a gift to any live man, too, as it is to any live boy.

Ask your dealer to show it to you. The price is very moderate.

To The Boy Himself

Show this advertisement to your father. Ask him to read every word of it. Tell him the *Remington-UMC* 22 Repeater is the gift YOU want for Christmas.

REMINGTON ARMS—
UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
299 Broadway . . . New York City



The Remington Cubs decorate for Xmas

Special at Xmas time—a reproduction pigskin gun case like the illustration with every Rifle.



Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered
Candy Coated
Chewing Gum

Strong in flavor, but
not offensive.

A delicate morsel, re-
freshing the mouth
and throat and allay-
ing after-dinner or
after-smoking dis-
tress. The refinement
of chewing gum for
people of refinement. It's
the peppermint—the *true*
mint.

Look for the Bird Cards in the
packages. You can secure a
beautiful Bird Album free.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5c. the Ounce and in 5c.,
10c. and 25c. Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET
COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
New York



MURRAY AND LANMAN'S Florida Water



With those who know, Murray
& Lanman's Florida Water finds a
hearty welcome. Its use is al-
ways a source of extreme person-
al satisfaction. For the bath, a
rub down, or after shaving, it has
been a favorite for over a hundred
years.

Leading Druggists sell it.
Accept no Substitute!

Sample sent on receipt
of six cents in stamps

LANMAN & KEMP
135 Water Street, New York

Christmas Favors



Christmas Stockings filled with Toys, 5c., 10c., 25c., 50c., \$1.00 each.
Creme Paper Holly Basket, 10c., Midget size for Salted Nuts, 90c. dozen.
Santa Claus Figures, 5c., 10c., 25c., 50c. each. Holly Sprays, 10c., 25c., 50c. dozen.
Holly Vines, 36 inches, 10c. each. Mistletoe Sprays, 5c.
Tinsel Garlands, 12 yards for 25c. Tree Candle-holders, 15c. dozen.
Christmas Snow, 5c. hox. Patent Wax Tree Candles, 25c. per hox.
Silver Rain, 5c. package. Cotton Snowball Box, 10c. Table Trees, 5c., 10c.,
25c. each. Red Paper Folding Bell, 5c. Paper Folding Christmas
Garlands, 10c.
Red Flannel Stockings, Holly Trimmed, to put presents in, 19 inches, 25c.
Paper Poinsettia on stem, 5c. Red Sled Box with Holly, 10c.
Red Christmas Bell (hox), Holly Trimming, 25c. Snowman Case, 25c.
Holly Flapjacks, containing favor, 15c. Santa Claus Ice-Cream Cases, 60c. dozen.
Miniature Crepe Paper Stockings or Bells, containing favor, 5c. each.
Christmas Snapping Mottos, 25c., 50c., \$1.00 per hox of one dozen.
Christmas Paper Napkins, 35c. package. Holly Jack Horner Pie, 12
Ribbons, \$4.00.
Christmas Seals, 5c. package. Christmas Tags, 10c. package.
Christmas Tally or Dinner Cards, 25c. dozen.
Unbreakable Tinsel Flowers, 30c. hox. Assorted Tinsel Ornaments, 50c. dozen.
Assorted Celluloid Swinging Bird Card-holders, including Card, 10c. each.

We make up \$2.00, \$5.00, and \$10.00 Assort-
ments of Christmas Tree or Table Favors.

We positively do not pay mail charges

Favors for Parties, Dinners, Cotillions, Weddings, Engagements, and for every
conceivable occasion. We make a specialty of this business and are the
largest house in the world devoted exclusively to Favors.

A 200-page illustrated catalog has just been issued and
on request will be sent to you free of all charges.

B. Shackman & Co., Dept. 14, 812 Broadway, New York



ROOK

A HOME GAME

ROOK is the best and most absorbing game for boys and girls. Get it for Christmas.

You can't imagine the charm and interest of **ROOK** until you play it,—'til you get a taste of its excitement, amusement, cleverness, luck, skill! **ROOK** is played with beautifully made, enameled cards, the sets being distinguished by **COLOR** from each other.

The new game **NEWPORT** played with **ROOK** Cards is absolutely fascinating. Besides **ROOK** and **NEWPORT** are also rules for **Tuxedo**, **Panjudrum**, and other games.

Price 50 cents at STORES, or by mail direct from us.



PARKER BROTHERS, Box A, Salem, Mass.

Sole makers of the famous **Parker Games**, including **ROOK**, **PIT**, **PLAZA**, **Ping Pong**, **Pillow Dex**, and **Pastime Picture Puzzles**, etc. Catalogue for 2c. stamp.



BREAKFAST
COCOA

The ideal morning beverage for young people—will build up body and brain tissues to their permanent benefit and the exuberance of youth is ever manifested.

At All Leading Grocers

Maillard's
NEW YORK

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street

CHOCOLATES, BONBONS, FRENCH BONBONNIÈRES

Afternoon tea served in the
Luncheon Restaurant, three to six



The Charm of Colonial Silverware

The quaintness and simplicity of olden times find expression in our "Old Colony" pattern. Added to these qualities is the finish that results from present day skill and methods. The design possesses individuality in a marked degree without resorting to over-ornamentation or sacrificing its purity of outline. Like all

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

it is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate and is backed by the largest makers with an unqualified guarantee which an actual test of 65 years makes possible.

Most Popular for Gifts

The unvarying quality and richness of design make **1847 ROGERS BROS.** silverware especially favored for gifts. Buy early while your dealer has a full line.

Sold by leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "Z - 5."

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Successor to Meriden
Britannia Co.

MERIDEN, CONN.

NEW YORK CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO HAMILTON, CANADA



Time to hand in answers is up December 10. Prize-winners announced in February number.



A PUZZLED SAINT.

For some time the Judges have been quite pleased with themselves. They have succeeded in keeping that troublesome boy, Alexander the Little, from getting any of his work into the magazine. But now he has made up a puzzle of a

(See also pages 48 and 56.)

One way—a good way—to make little folks practice

Addressed particularly to mothers who find it hard to make their boys and girls practice



YOU want your children to learn to play. That was one reason you bought your piano. It will be worth a great deal to them later to learn to play *now*.

But to learn, they must practice hours and hours. Practicing is hard work. And yours is the hardest part—getting them to practice.

Does your boy *hate* to practice when the other boys are going fishing or skating or *anything* more interesting than finger exercises?

Does your little girl have to be coaxed all the way to the piano stool? or scolded? Does she watch the clock and stop on the dot?

We found of one small boy who found a way to make the piano stool squeak—and he squeaked it regularly to relieve his pent-up

feelings. That shows how much music was in his soul—those days. He's sorry now.

Have you ever made music so attractive to your children that they *wanted* to learn?

They don't know what *music is*—they only know what *practicing is*.

What your boys and girls need is *music*. Music so good that they *want to learn to play*. Just such music as the Pianola-Piano would bring into your home

You need a genuine PIANOLA Player-piano to fill your home with such good music that the boys and girls will learn to love *music* and to want it. Yes, you all need a Pianola-Piano—but especially your children who are learning to play.

Be sure it is a genuine PIANOLA Player-piano—not just *a* player-piano. “Pianola” does not mean player-piano. It is the name of *one particular* player-piano.

There is a vast difference as you will readily understand when you hear the genuine PIANOLA Player-piano.

The Metrostyle and the Themodist are two exclusive features of the genuine PIANOLA Player-piano. Since it is these which make the *real* music, you can see how important they are if you want the little folks to hear the right *kind* of music and to learn the right *way* to play.

Even an inexpensive genuine PIANOLA Player-piano—some cost as little as \$550—gives you these things that the very highest priced among other player-pianos cannot.

We suggest that you read “*The Pianolist*” by Gustave Kobbé—on sale at all book stores—or if you will write us we will send it with our compliments. Address Department “D”

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY
Aeolian Hall New York

new kind, and he says that you will all like it. So we have put it in this number to see whether it is good for anything.

Alexander explains that on the board near Santa Claus there are the names of sixteen advertised articles that you all will know about, all advertised in November ST. NICHOLAS. But you will see that these names are only partly there. All the *vowels* are left out and are hung below, where you can use them whenever needed to spell out the names.

"But how," we asked him, "do you spell out the names? Give us an example."

"Like this," he said. "They all begin in the top row. You must take a letter in that row, and then can move to any square that touches on the square you begin with and is *in* the second row; then to a touching square in the third row down, and so on."

"Spell one out for us," we suggested.

"Well," said Alexander, "take 'Ivory Soap.' Without the vowels, it is VRY SP. Begin at the V near the end of the top line, move to R in the next line, then to Y in the third line, then to S and P, and you have it."

"Well, mark those letters in the drawing, and we think our puzzlers will get the idea. But it seems hardly fair to begin with a vowel. That is very puzzling."

"All the rest begin with consonants," Alexander explained, "and I will mark the Ivory Soap letters." So he did, as you will see by looking at the diagram. Remember that you are to find *fifteen* names without counting Ivory Soap.

When found, put the fifteen in alphabetical order, number them, and you will have the answer to the puzzle. Alexander said he called the picture the "Puzzled

Saint" because he meant to write a little story telling how a boy left this list for Santa Claus to read.

"And why did n't you?" we asked him.

"Too lazy!" said Alexander the Little, and then he lounged away.

That's what makes him so provoking !!

So, instead, we are going to ask you to write a letter to ST. NICHOLAS, mentioning one or two articles you would like for Christmas that ought to be advertised in this magazine, giving a good reason why they should be advertised here. In case lists are equally meritorious, the letter will determine the rank of the paper.

Here is the list of prizes, and the conditions:

One First Prize, \$5.00 to the sender of the correct list of articles and the most convincing letter.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each to the next two in merit.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each to the next three.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each to the next ten.

Here are the rules and regulations:

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 list give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (132).

3. Submit answers by December 10, 1912. Do not use a pencil. 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. 132, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.

(See also pages 46 and 56.)



Every Boy Should Have a Bicycle

No Christmas gift could be more fitting than a Racycle, built to last a lifetime. Racycles preëminently are the world's best bicycles. Give your children 365 days of unalloyed joy and exercise in the open, and they will grow to be useful men and women in the world's affairs. Dr. Eliot, Secretary Adee, King George, Consul-General Thackera, and many other famous men find the bicycle indispensable to their well-being. A Racycle is the cheapest gift you can buy, because every Racycle is guaranteed for five years. Ordinary bicycles are guaranteed for one year only, or not at all. Write to-day for 1913 catalogue.

MIAMI CYCLE AND MFG. CO.

36 Grand Ave.

Middletown, Ohio, U. S. A.

Dutch Cocoas are the finest in the world.

BENS DORP'S

is the Best of

Dutch
Cocoas

Sample on
request

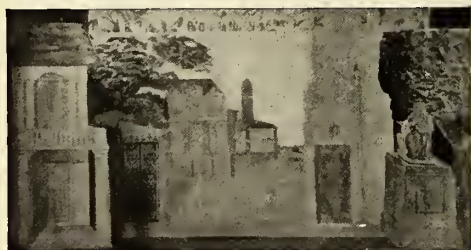


Use $\frac{1}{2}$ as
only as much
as of other
makes because
of its

**Double
Strength**

Always in Yellow Wrapper

STEPHEN L. BARTLETT CO., IMPORTERS, BOSTON



Ask Santa Claus to bring you
one of our attractive novelties

"The New Theatre"

This miniature theatre is something new. Size 20 x 30 inches. Has four scenes, back-drops, wings, drop-curtain, etc. There are characters also. This toy is simply delightful for the young folks. Very compactly put up. Price \$2.50 at all dealers, or for sale by

**THE NEW TOY THEATRE CO.
Pittsburg, Pa.**

Gift for Xmas Stockings

Every Boy or Girl who eats

Wheatena

(and most of you do, for it is as staple as the Hard, Plump and Sweet Winter Wheat from which it is made) will want one of the

**Attractive Hand-made 25 cent Colored
Jig-saw Puzzles of Wheatenville**

The Wheatena Company has arranged with the famous Brother Cushman of 15 Corners, Montclair, N. J., who makes these and other good things, to furnish them to users of Wheatena.

In every package of Wheatena will be found a slip which explains fully how they may be obtained. Buy a package to-day at any good grocer's. If you can't, write us. **The Wheatena Company, Wheatenville, Rahway, N. J.**

**EGYPT ITALY THE MEDITERRANEAN
ROUND THE WORLD**

via San Francisco, Australia, Ceylon, etc.

**\$600 1ST CABIN — 2ND CABIN \$375
STOP OVERS**

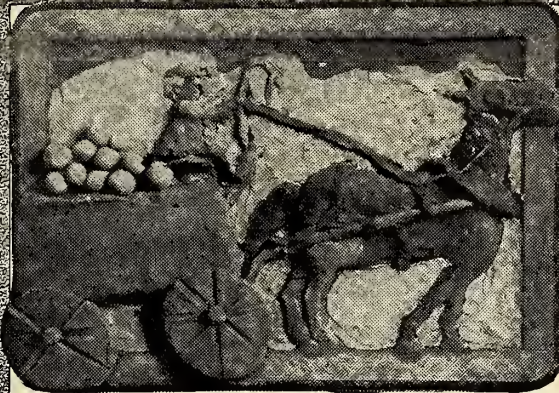
SYDNEY SHORT LINE

The pleasant and comfortable route Summer or Winter. 19 DAYS, San Francisco to Sydney, via HONOLULU and SAMOA. Splendid twin-screw (10,000 ton) steamers "SIERRA," "SONOMA" and "VENTURA."

\$110 HONOLULU (ROUND TRIP FIRST CLASS) SYDNEY \$300

Sailings every two weeks: Dec. 3, 17, 31, Jan. 14, 28, etc.
Write or wire NOW for berths. Send for folder.

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP CO., 673 Market St., San Francisco



BOYS AND GIRLS love to model with Harbutt's Plasticine. Every child likes to make things. The mud pie days are followed by others of the same kind, but more fruitful. Plasticine affords endless delight to boys and girls of all ages as it allows opportunity to use their own ingenuity. Plasticine modelling develops their artistic sense and accuracy of observation. It encourages the use of both hands and trains the fingers in dexterous movements.

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE

solves the problem of home modelling. It requires no water and is not mussy, like clay. It always remains plastic and ready for instant use. It is inexpensive, as it can be used over and over again. Various sized outfits with complete instructions for modelling, designing, house building.

Sold by Toy, Stationery and Art Dealers everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for free booklet and list of dealers near you.
THE EMBOSSEING COMPANY
 58 Liberty Street, Albany, N. Y.

MAKERS OF
Toys that Teach



MENNEN'S

"FOR MINE"



Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder
 keeps my skin in healthy condition

Sample Box for 4c stamp
 For 15c in stamps we will mail you
 prepaid our beautiful 1913 calendar



GERHARD MENNEN CO.
 Newark, N. J.

Trade Mark

Velvet Grip

RUBBER BUTTON

HOSE SUPPORTER

Will stand
 hard wear



IN STORES EVERYWHERE.
 Child's sample pair, postpaid,
 16 cents (give age).

It gives satisfaction — doesn't tear the stockings — doesn't hamper the child — and wears longest.

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON.

Also makers of the famous Boston Garter for men.





Vaseline Camphor Ice

**Soothes and Protects
the Skin**

**Relieves Windburn
and Sunburn**

Insist on VASELINE Camphor Ice whenever you want to relieve chapped hands and lips, fever blisters, or any similar irritation of the skin.

The "Vaseline" has soothing, emollient properties peculiar to itself.

"Outdoor" men and women in particular find Vaseline Camphor Ice a comfort. It saves the skin from the unpleasant effects of wind and cold.

Put up in metal boxes and tin tubes; druggists and department stores everywhere. Remember that the only genuine Vaseline Camphor Ice is made by

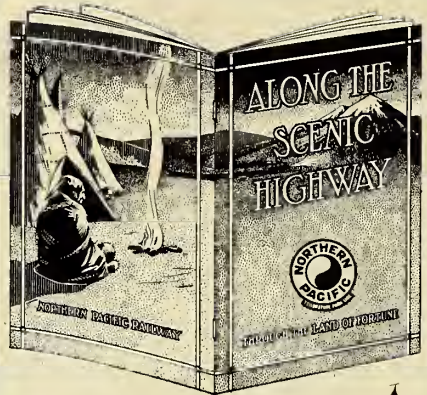
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.

(Consolidated)

16½ State Street
New York

Branch Offices:
London—Montreal

Booklet all about
"Vaseline" on re-
quest.



To or From the Pacific Coast

Enhance your trip a hundred-fold by traveling the trail of Lewis & Clark through the

Storied Northwest

See this Land of Fruit and Farms—Land of a thousand Scenic Surprises. See Glacial Peaks that vie with the Alps—Vineyards like those of Sunny France—Rivers that rival the Rhine. The

Northern Pacific Railway

Stretches between the Great Lakes and North Pacific Coast, with four daily through electric-lighted trains each way.

Write for booklet shown above and other free literature about the Scenic Northwest and
Yellowstone Park—
America's only
Geysertand: Season
June 15 to Sept. 15.
Enclose 6 cents
for postage.

A. M. CLELAND
General Passenger Agent
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Panama-Pacific Expo.
San Francisco
Feb. - Dec. 1915.



The Coward Shoe

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Growing Feet need support and protection

Shoes for boys and girls should be more than foot coverings. Growing feet should be trained, supported, and protected. *Preventing* foot troubles is safer than *risking* them.

The Coward Good Sense Shoe with Coward Extension Heel is made to help *growing feet*. A thoroughly comfortable shoe, scientifically constructed to support ankle muscles and arch ligaments without employing *rigid* metal plates or clumsy braces. Children like to wear this Coward Shoe. It makes them sure-footed.

Coward Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel have been made by James S. Coward, in his Custom Department, for over thirty years.

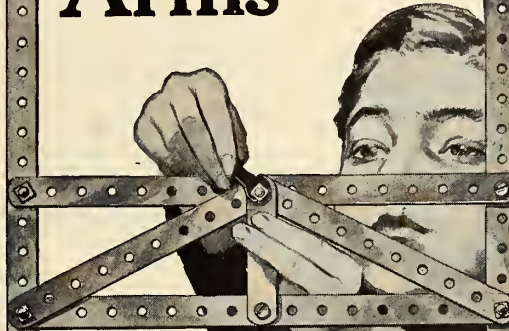
Mail Orders Filled—Send for Catalogue

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE

JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 Greenwich St., New York City
(NEAR WARREN STREET)

To Watch Arms



of shining steel reach out from braced and bolted towers until they meet and you put the last bolt in place and look upon the finished bridge—

Boys, that's a pleasure even men enjoy.

With an outfit of

MECCANO

mostly of plated steel and brass, you can build many *working models* of wonderful gigantic structures.

Send for Illustrated Catalog

and list of principal dealers in your section. You can build steel towers, derricks, cranes, and other machines. *Look for name Meccano.*

Meccano is sold by leading toy and sporting goods stores. Ask your storekeeper to show you a set.

The Embossing Co., 23 Church St.
Albany, N. Y.

Makers of

"Toys that Teach"

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

IN July, 1909, the Siamese government transferred to Great Britain five provinces. Of these five provinces, two—Kelantan and Trengganu—have already sent us a set of postage-stamps. We now have a third set from the province of Kedah. The set, as is usual with smaller countries, comprises a full list



of values. They are bi-colored, and present a very attractive appearance. They will certainly prove an ornament to one's collection. All values from one cent to eight cents show a shack of unripe rice, in black, with a border of various colors. The values

from ten to fifty cents are larger, and represent a native plowing with a pair of oxen, the central design being either blue or black, with a colored frame. The higher (dollar) values have a picture of the Council Chamber where the treaty regulating the transfer to Great Britain was signed.

The third cut represents the new type of British Colonials now appearing, the distinctive feature being the profile of King George V.

A NOVELTY IN U. S.

PERHAPS no series of stamps is more popular with the young collector than the large-sized, brightly colored, postal-packet series of Belgium. Now the United States is to follow suit. Under Act of Congress, there will become operative on January 1, 1913, a parcel-post system here at home. And we are to have an entirely new series of stamps for use in prepaying packages sent by this method. The new law provides for a parcel service both in city and country. The minimum charge is to be five cents for all packages of one pound or less. Heavier packages are charged one cent for each additional pound (or fraction) up to eleven pounds, which is the limit of weight. This rate is for only a limited (or local) distance. For greater distances higher rates are charged. There are to be six zones of distances running from fifty miles to two thousand miles, the rates being from six cents to twelve cents for the first pound.

The new stamps are being rapidly prepared by the Post-office Department. There will probably be twelve values in the series: one cent, two cents, three cents, four cents, five cents, ten cents, fifteen cents, twenty cents, twenty-five cents, fifty cents, and one dollar. The rates charged for various weights will make very interesting combinations of stamps

upon the various packets. Rumor says that these new stamps will be entirely distinct, both as to size and color, from the series now in use on letters. There will probably be at least three types or series, one showing various methods of transportation, another showing postal officials at work, and a third showing agriculture, manufacture, and other sources from which parcels are received for transport.

The stamps are to be distributed among the various post-offices in December, and put on sale January 1.

NEW ISSUES

THE arrival of the long-expected stamps with the head of King George again brings to the front that never-to-be-decided question, what to collect. This crops up continually. The controversy between used and unused occasionally gives way to its brother question of nineteenth- or twentieth-century stamps, with now and then a few blows exchanged between those who favor general or specialized collecting. The only real answer is to beg the question and say, "Collect those stamps from which you get the greatest pleasure." But now and then we come across a reader—mayhap with a bit of canny Scotch blood—who wants to know what kind of a collection *pays* best. To such the answer is: a collection of new issues, as complete as your purse can make it.

On the appearance of the head of Edward upon the stamps of Britain and her colonies, not a few collectors specialized in these, getting them unused and as complete as possible. These wise ones now point to the high prices of their treasures with joy and conviction, and they one and all are starting the same plan with the George head. The new issues can be bought for only a small percentage over face. Experience has taught us that many of them soon rise enormously in value. Savings-bank interest is as nothing to the profits to be had in these new issues. But there is no royal road to this; one must watch the chronicle of new issues, and keep after each stamp until he gets a specimen. Only by trying to keep his collection complete can he be sure of securing those stamps which may eventually become rare.

A collection of British Colonies to and including a shilling value would not require much outlay, would almost always prove profitable if consistently followed for a period of a few years, and would afford a lot of pleasure from the chase as well.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

WE do not know who receives the largest personal mail; it is, however, generally presumed that it is the Pope. The Emperor of Germany is said to average over 7000 letters daily, and the President of the United States about 5000.

The writer once saw a package of bonds about to be shipped from New York to some banking house in Germany on which there were postage-stamps totaling over \$37. It is said that a package was once sent from Russia to Austria on which the postage totaled over \$900. This, if true, is probably the record price. But it seems as if the package could have been sent more cheaply by messenger.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

TWENTIETH CENTURY ALBUM

(NEW) contains spaces for all stamps issued since January 1, 1901. Prices from \$2.25 up—post free.

NEW DIME SETS—Price 10c. per set:

25 Austria 25 France 20 India 30 Sweden
10 Bulgaria 20 Japan 25 Spain 10 Turkey

139 different dime sets, also Packets, Sets, Albums, and Supplies in our 84-page Illustrated Price-list. Send for it to-day—free—and get sample copy of Monthly Stamp Paper.

Finest approval selections at 50% commission. Agents wanted.
SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 127 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE NEW ENGLAND STAMP MONTHLY

SERIAL NOW RUNNING

Commemorative Stamps of the World

Illustrated, 12c. per year. Vol. II begins Nov. 20th. Subscribe now.

New Series approval sheets 50%. Apply now and get first pick. Stamp Tongs, 35c. a pair.

NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO.

43 WASHINGTON BUILDING BOSTON, MASS.

STAMP ALBUM with 538 genuine stamps, incl. Rhodesia,

Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., only 10c. 100 diff. Japan, India, N. Zld., etc., 5c. Agents wanted 50%. *Big Bargain list, coupons, etc., all Free!* We Buy Stamps. C. E. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., DEPT. I, ST. LOUIS, MO.



WHEN YOU GET THE DESIRE FOR STAMP COLLECTING

send reference inclosing 3c. for our 125 variety packet and series of 60% approval sheets to
PALM STAMP CO., 249 No. CARONDELLET ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

BARGAINS EACH SET 5 CENTS.

10 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Crete. Lists of 6000 low-priced stamps free.
CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

STAMPS 100 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE. Postage 2c

Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO

RARE Stamps Free. 15 all different, Canadians, and 10 India, with Catalogue Free. Postage 2cents. If possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. Special offers, all different, contain no two alike. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U. S., 20c.; 10 Paraguay, 7c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 20 Turkey, 7c.; 10 Persia, 7c.; 3 Sudan, 5c.; 10 Chile, 3c.; 50 Italy, 19c.; 200 Foreign, 10c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 50 Africa, 24c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 20 Denmark, 5c.; 20 Portugal, 6c.; 17 Siam, 15c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 7 Malay, 10c.; 10 Finland, 5c.; 50 Persia, 8c.; 50 Cuba, 6c.; 6 China, 4c.; 8 Bosnia, 7c. Remit in Stamps or Money-Order. Fine approval sheets 50% Discount. 50 Page List Free. MARKS STAMP COMPANY, DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA

STAMPS! CHEAP! 333 GENUINE FOREIGN Missionary stamps, 5c. 100 foreign, no two alike, incl. India, Newfoundland, etc., only 5c. 100 U. S. all diff., scarce lot, only 30c. 1000 fine mixed, 15c. Agts. wd., 50%. List free. *I buy stamps.* L. B. DOVER, D-6, ST. LOUIS, MO.



1000 Different STAMPS. Catalog \$30 for \$1.80

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The Judges were somewhat disappointed this month at the small number of replies received. They thought there would be at least a thousand good advertisements of schools because we know from the letters you have written us that a great many of you are interested in this subject, and would regard highly any schools ST. NICHOLAS recommended.

We also know from what you have told us that nearly all your fathers and mothers read ST. NICHOLAS and love it almost as much as you, so we thought you would enjoy preparing an advertisement of your favorite school, as you would wish them to see it. Would you like us to start a "School Department" in ST. NICHOLAS?

The following prize-winners did excellent work and submitted fine advertisements:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Adelyn Joseph, age 17, Illinois.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

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Margie Fennere Jennison, age 16, Michigan.

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Mary McNally, age 8, New York.

Anna Harkin, age 14, Pennsylvania.

Edith I. Turner, age 12, Pennsylvania.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Bessie Weisenfeld, age 13, Maryland.

Arthur Schwarz, age 14, New York.

May Wishart, age 14, Massachusetts.

Ralph A. Monroe, age 14, Massachusetts.

Elsket Bejach, age 16, Massachusetts.

Charlotte Alice Phillips, age 14, New York.

Katrina Schermerhorn, age 12, Michigan.

William Lewis, age 10, Indiana.

Doris Berry, age 13, New Jersey.

Lenore Andrews, age 12, New York.

(See also pages 46 and 48.)

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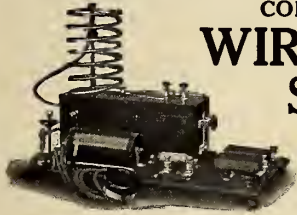
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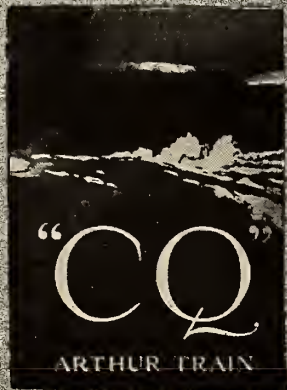
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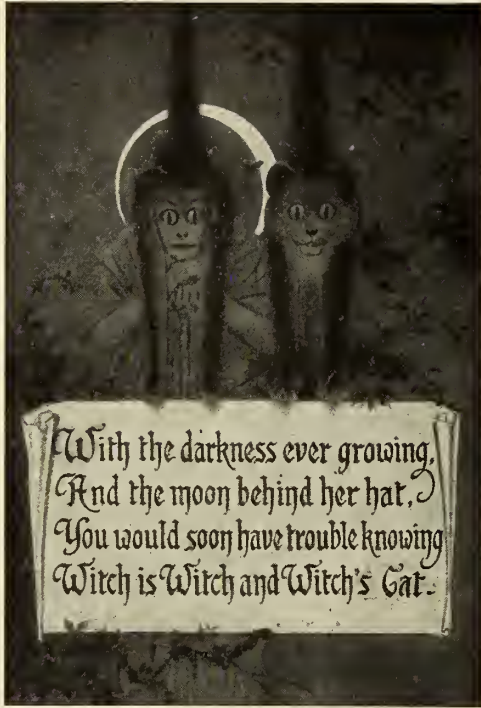


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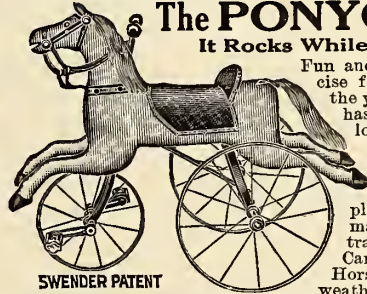
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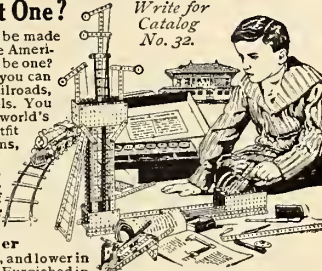
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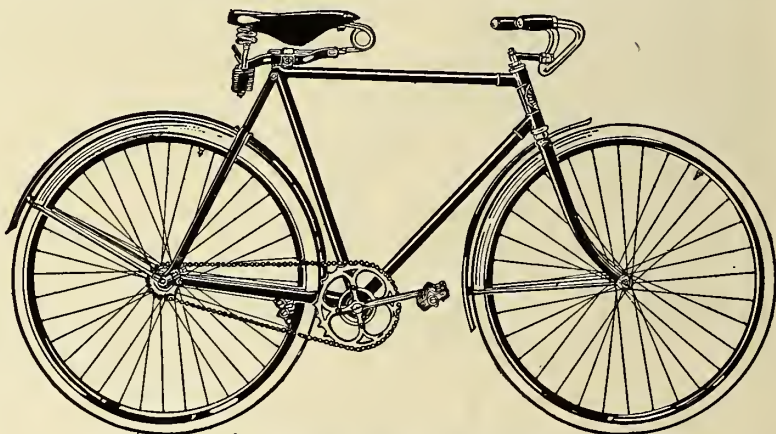
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The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss, or injury thereto, while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors.

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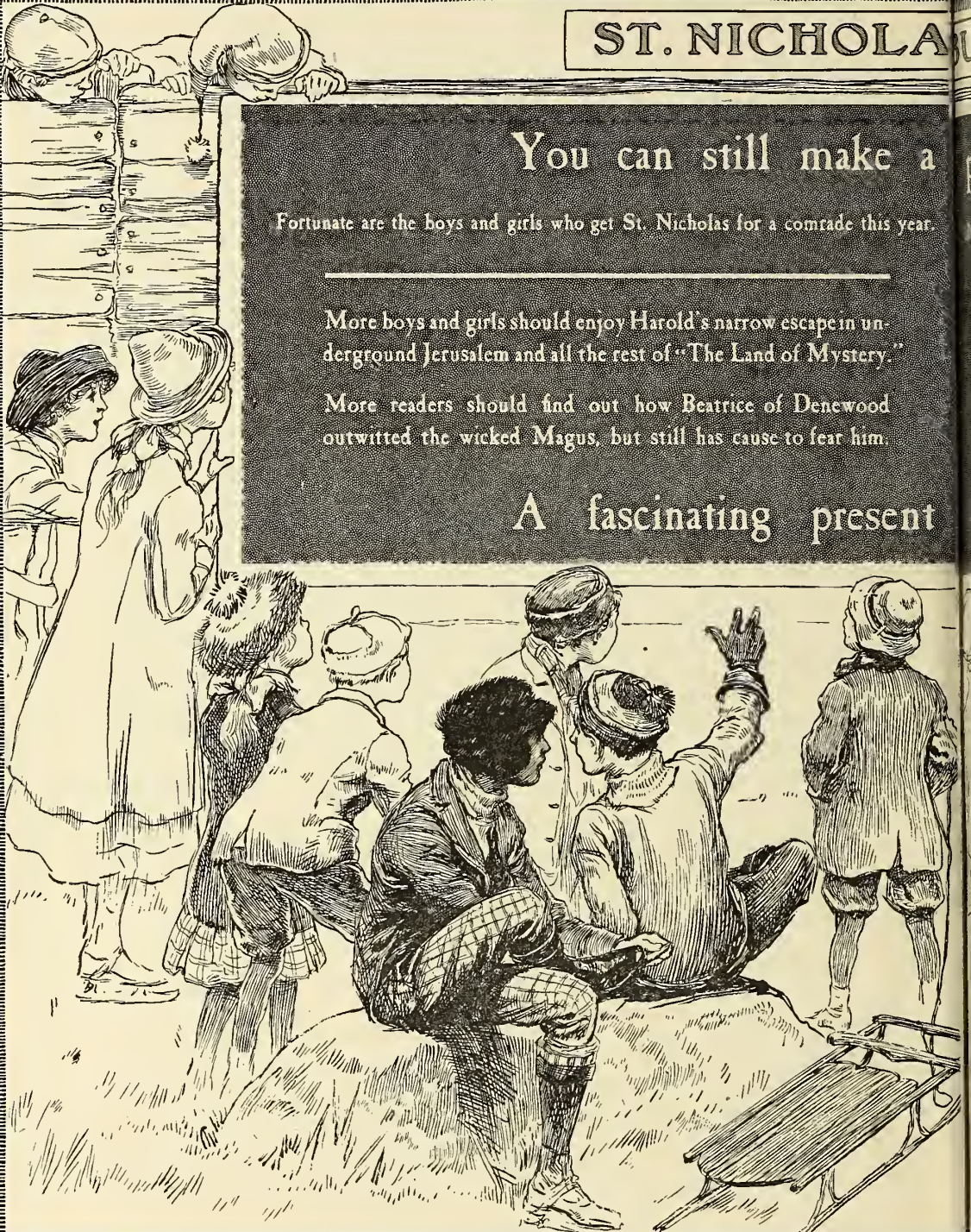
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Whatever else the children have, or do not have, among their books, be sure that the inexhaustible delights of the two Jungle Books are theirs. There are no books to take their place, no books so rich in the magic and mystery and charm of the great open and its life.

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Are you Christmas-gift planning for any boy or girl, big or little? Our Classified List of Books for Young Folks is a mine of helpful suggestions. Let us send it to you. Your address on a post-card will bring it.

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Of all the delightful stories for the young in heart by the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," none is quite so deliciously whimsical and fascinating as her series of "Queen Silver-Bell" fairy tales, dainty, quaint stories in which Queen Silver-Bell tells all about how she lost her temper, and, to prove to mortals that there are fairies, sets out to write of their funny, pretty, helpful pranks and doings. And these are her stories:

Queen Silver-Bell

Telling not only how the tiny queen lost her fairy temper and the dire results thereof, but of "How Winnie Hatched the Little Rooks."

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By Francis Arnold Collins

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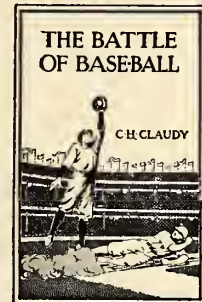
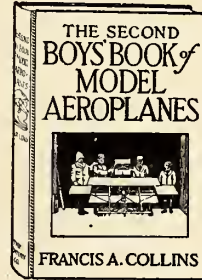
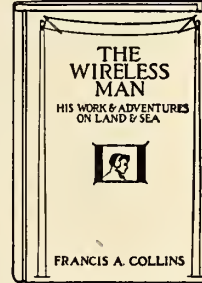
The Battle of Base-ball

By C. H. Claudy

Give it to every lad who is a base-ball fan. (What lad is n't?) A book which gets at the heart of the great American game, and tells of it from a boy's standpoint—every page snappy and alive. The author himself is "crazy about base-ball."

Christy Mathewson tells "How I Became a 'Big-League' Pitcher," and there are pages of pictures from photographs of famous players, managers, and base-ball fields.

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A book is always a splendid gift.



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Christmas Stocking Books

For many other delightful books for boys and girls of all ages, send for The Century Co.'s "Classified List of Books for Young Folks"—a helpful friend in your Christmas planning.



By the author of "The Melting of Molly"

Sue Jane

By Maria T. Daviess

Sue Jane is a real little girl—the author, who has never grown up, knew her once upon a time—and most of the simple, merry, breezy little tale of what happened when Sue Jane, with her country ways and clothes, invaded a fashionable girls' school is true. Every school-girl will love it.

Eight full-page illustrations by Furman. 12mo, 225 pages. Price \$1.25 net, postage 10 cents.

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By Frederick Orin Bartlett

It is a clever story of how pretty, spoiled Elizabeth responds to her father's efforts to give her just the conditions of her happy mother's happy girlhood. Gay, natural, full of hearty common sense and good fun.

Attractive illustrations by Caswell. 12mo, 336 pages. Price \$1.25 net, postage 12 cents.

By the Same Author

The Forest Castaways

Was there ever a lad who did not dream what he would do if lost in the woods? This is the story of how two lads, lost in the snow of a Maine winter, met many curious and thrilling experiences. *The many pictures and the handsome binding make it an attractive gift-book. 12mo, 392 pages. Price \$1.50.*

Of unusual charm in the telling

The Lucky Sixpence

By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe

There is much actual fact in this out-of-the-ordinary tale; and the authors make the bonny heroine of the story, the historic Americans she meets, and our own Revolutionary history very real and alive with vivid interest. It is a splendid tale for all growing-up young folks—and grown-ups too—who like an exciting story of worth-while adventure.

Sixteen full-page illustrations by Becher. 12mo, 408 pages.

Price \$1.25 net, postage 12 cents.

"The greatest of magazines for boys and girls of all ages."

BOUND VOLUMES OF ST. NICHOLAS

The twelve monthly numbers in two large 8vo volumes. Beautifully bound in gay red covers, richly decorated. How children do love them!

One thousand pages. One thousand pictures. The two volumes, \$4.00.

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Christmas Stocking Books

For the Boy and Girl Who Are a Little Beyond "Juveniles"

The Sequel to "The Lady of the Decoration"

The Lady and Sada San

By Frances Little

A charming gift-book with its dainty cover and its very lovely colored frontispiece. All the fresh humor and whimsical fascination of "The Lady of the Decoration" are in this new book; an exquisite story of an adorable girl, half American dash, half Japanese witchery.

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Smoke Bellew

By Jack London

The spirit of the vast frozen North is in this book, and the lure of the Klondike's treasure. One adventure follows another—it is Jack London at his best. A splendid book for a boy's reading.

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"Lady" is the heroine, a gay little rose set with thorns at first. Everybody loves her, and with good reason. The thorns disappear; but "Lady" never grows up; and Mrs. Rice's telling of her romance is exquisite. The quaint humor of "Mrs. Wiggs" is in the book, too.

Illustrations by Wright. 12mo, 404 pages. Price \$1.25 net, postage 12 cents.



A Clever Story of Wireless

"C Q"

By Arthur Train

It makes a voyage over seas—with the Wireless holding out hands to all the world—a new thing—this story of the part the Wireless played in many lives on just one voyage across the Atlantic. Full of humor, full of thrills.

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And don't miss this delicious little book

Daddy-Long-Legs

By Jean Webster

"Daddy-Long-Legs" is Judy's nickname for the unknown friend who sends her—a starved little orphan—through college. Guess what happened. There's a laugh on every page. *The illustrations are the author's own—you must read the book to realize how funny they are.* 16mo, 304 pages. Price \$1.00 net, postage 8 cents.

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From a real letter to St. Nicholas:

You are a splendid inheritance in our family. First you belonged to my sister, sixteen years of age; then to myself. I am twelve; and the twins are seven, a boy and girl; and they are deeply interested in every page. I sit and read to them untiringly, for we all love you dearly.

To you, and to each and every *St. Nicholas* reader, the Editor of *St. Nicholas* sends best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Glad New Year—a New Year filled with health and growth and sunny days—and *St. Nicholas*.

For *St. Nicholas* means—and during the new year coming more than ever before—live, worth-while information, and acquaintance with good pictures, and stories of the kind that stimulate not only delightfully but helpfully, and hours of happy, wholesome entertainment for every boy and girl who makes *St. Nicholas* a friend.

If you are not among the many thousands—scattered through every land under the sun—to whom *St. Nicholas* is just as fixed a part of the family life as Christmas, start getting acquainted to-day.

First, send for the *St. Nicholas Calendar*. A post-card request will bring it.
Address:

THE CENTURY CO.

Union Square

New York

Then read the next page

A real letter to *St. Nicholas* which has a splendid suggestion for every one who is thinking Christmas:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

Why do I think the poet Whittier said you are "the best child's periodical in the world"? What an easy question to answer: because every reader of you loves and enjoys every page. You awake ambition having such a lovely League with its gold and silver badges and honor members. When your pages are opened, the reader is in another land, now a land of mystery, now a land of fairies, and now a land where dreams come true.

I have taken you about four years, and never once have I lost interest when reading your pages, but I have become more and more interested. I count the days to the fifteenth of the month; the postman never comes so slowly as on this particular morning.

I have read the serial stories to my grandmother, and she has been as interested and anxious for the next number as I.

My sister and I love the League with its poems, stories, pictures, and photographs.

I read you over and over from cover to cover and never tire.

I know I could not get along without you, and, furthermore, do not intend to try. Now dare to ask again why I love you and if I or any other reader agree with Whittier.

MARJORIE C. MORAN,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

How many of the Christmas gifts you gave last year carried as much pleasure as *St. Nicholas* is giving in Marjorie's home?

Five minutes at your desk right now will make the Christmas thought a beautiful fact on Christmas Day. Write your order now, inclose the subscription price, \$3.00, in check, money-order, or stamps; give name and address plainly, and ask for the beautiful Christmas card of greeting, which will be mailed to reach its destination on Christmas Day if you wish, if your order is received in time. Address the publishers:

THE CENTURY CO.

Union Square, New York

The above letter is one of five prize-winning letters. See next page

More Real Letters to ST. NICHOLAS

The letter on the preceding page, and the four below, are the prize-winning letters, condensed because of limitations of space, received in answer to the questions asked in the November *St. Nicholas*:

Why do you think the beloved poet Whittier called *St. Nicholas* "the best child's periodical in the world"?

Why do you love *St. Nicholas* to-day — the thousands of you who watch for it every month and make it a family institution?

Does n't this girl's delight in *St. Nicholas* give you a hint for your Christmas list?

DEAR EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS:

I think the poet Whittier spoke truly when he called *St. Nicholas* the "greatest child's periodical." As a regular subscriber for five years and as an Honor Member of the League, I think I have found wherein lies the greatness.

Aside from the stories (which of course are of the best), the League, Nature and Science, The Letter-Box, "Because We Want to Know," and the advertising competitions give the young reader ample opportunity for the display and development of his talents, as well as a knowledge of things which otherwise might remain unknown to him.

Why should n't I love *St. Nicholas* when I have reaped nothing but enjoyment from its stories and profitable bits of knowledge from the articles and the departments?

Why should I not look ahead to the fifteenth of each month with pleasant anticipation when each new number brings another instalment of an interesting serial story, new short stories, and some added honor from the League?

Why should n't I love the magazine which through months of illness has never failed to give me an added interest to help me along the road to health?

Take it all in all, why should n't I love the *St. Nicholas*? Sincerely yours,
DOROTHY M. ROGERS, Gloucester, Mass.

Are you puzzled about a gift for "that boy"? Read this:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I cannot express a certain emotion which exists between *St. Nicholas* and me. I understand that such a spell has been called "love." Whatever it is, the grip is like a vise which I could n't break if I wanted to. Sometimes when I try to think of what I'd like if I could get three wishes, outside of health and happiness, the first is — that I may never miss a *St. Nicholas*; the second, that I may win a prize in the League's competitions.

There are, perhaps, many others who believe as Whittier did, but of all the *St. Nicholas* lovers, there cannot be any with a love greater than mine. I have forcibly defended "*St. Nick*" twice, with a black eye result once.

ARTHUR SCHWARZ, Brooklyn, N. Y.

St. Nicholas has a personal quality which makes it a specially welcome gift

TO THE UNSEEN POWERS BEHIND ST. NICHOLAS:

The underlying reason why *St. Nicholas* is the best loved book of childhood is because it appeals directly to them.

When a child reads it he feels that this or that story is not for some other fellow, — but for him! The whole magazine seems to breathe, "I am yours."

How this wonderful result is accomplished I cannot say, but there is a personal atmosphere about *St. Nicholas* that exists in no other publication. Young folks read it from cover to cover, afraid to miss a single page; they know from past experience that a wonderful surprise may be lurking in some unsuspected corner.

And when the child becomes a man and must put by his childish treasures, *St. Nicholas*, together with all of his youthful joys and dreams, is placed on the shelf of memory, and when he has boys and girls of his own, he passes to them this companion of his own childhood — the priceless heritage of youth.

That is why the older folks steal away in a silent corner to read *St. Nicholas*; that is why we all love it, for we are all children at heart.

A FRIEND WHO WILL NEVER OUTGROW
ST. NICHOLAS, Philadelphia, Pa.

A year's subscription to *St. Nicholas* brings Christmas every month

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

One may as well ask a child why he loves Christmas as to ask him why he loves *St. Nicholas*. Why are little children at this time asking and thinking about Santa Claus? For the very same reason that thousands of boys and girls eagerly await the arrival of *St. Nicholas* month after month.

It means a good time, something to get excited over, to talk about, to think about, and, best of all, to know it is coming again with all its stories, puzzles, pictures, poems, etc.

The only thing I have against *St. Nicholas* is: it stops in the most interesting part of the story, putting a "to be continued" underneath.

Your most interested reader,

CHARLOTTE MARY COLLINS,
Slingerlands, N. Y.

A year's subscription to *St. Nicholas* will be sent to the writer of each of the above letters. A list of "honorable mention" crowded out of this number will be published in the February *St. Nicholas*, and to each of those whose letter entitles them to honorable mention, will be sent a copy of the beautiful January number of *St. Nicholas*, with the greetings of the Editor.

IS YOUR LETTER AMONG THESE?

See next page for some of the good things coming in *St. Nicholas* during 1913

ST. NICHOLAS

and its rich feast during 1913

The great English artist ARTHUR RACKHAM

is famous for the wonderful imagination and skill with which he pictures the characters dear to the young in heart of every age. He is making for *St. Nicholas* the most delightful pictures of Mother Goose — Mother Goose pictures unequalled in whimsical humor and appeal.

These pictures, some in color, and some in black and white, will be a great feature of *St. Nicholas* during the coming year.



ARTHUR RACKHAM

Another fine feature of *St. Nicholas*

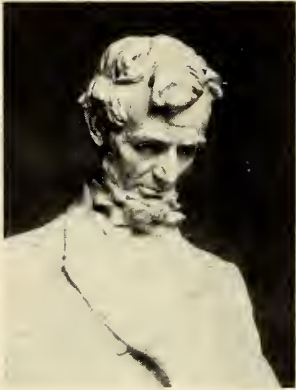
during the new year will be a valuable and informingly interesting series of articles dealing with the history of architecture, under such chapter-headings as Egyptian corner-stones, Greek beauty, Roman palisades, how the great cathedrals began, medieval cities, and many other phases of the subject. Every wide-awake boy and girl will find these articles of unusual interest.

Friendship with *St. Nicholas*

means acquaintance with the best modern magazine illustration, an acquaintance which is showing results in the wonderfully clever work being submitted by members of the *St. Nicholas* League, first in the *St. Nicholas* League contests, later in competitions with other artists in the field of magazine illustration.

For a few of the other good things coming in St. Nicholas during 1913 see next page

Every number of *St. Nicholas* is a complete, beautiful, fascinating book in itself, with just enough "to-be-continueds" to keep interest at the top-notch from month to month.



From French's statue at Lincoln, Neb.

During 1913 there will be run two of the very best serials *St. Nicholas* has ever printed:

"Beatrice of Denewood," by Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe, is alive with unusual adventure, to which the little heroine's telling constantly imparts a delightful humor.

In "The Land of Mystery," Cleveland Moffett is telling one of the most stirring and remarkable stories of adventure ever written for young folks. The February chapters just crackle with excitement.

The young folks who are fortunate enough to have *St. Nicholas* their comrade during 1913 will become familiar with some of the world's greatest men and greatest achievements. There will be more of the stimulating "talks with boys" begun in this number—in February, some rich gems of advice and suggestion by John Bigelow and Jean Jules Jusserand. Miss Ariadne Gilbert's fine series of biographical sketches, "More Than Conquerors," will be continued. The February *St. Nicholas* will present "that craggy peak among men," Lincoln, acquaintance with whom is ennobling for every American.

Another series, rich in information and interest, will be A. Russell Bond's stories of the wonderful details of certain of the great constructive engineering enterprises under way in and around New York.

What gift at a cost of \$3.00 can begin to bring to the boy or girl of your heart's interest such a mine of profit and delight as a year's subscription to *St. Nicholas*?

A year's subscription to *St. Nicholas* means twelve gifts in one, the twelve specially happy days of each number's arrival, twelve months of entertainment and growth.

Send subscription, \$3.00, *to-day*, if you wish a Christmas card of greeting and the first numbers to arrive on Christmas Day. A few quiet, comfortable minutes at your desk, and a household of boys and girls is made happy for a year, or a lonely child is given a companion for twelve months.

Why not send a year's subscription to *St. Nicholas* to every child on your Christmas list? Address the publishers:

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, NEW YORK

Or your own newsdealer will take subscriptions

A Postscript to All Boys and Girls:

A year's subscription to *St. Nicholas* is a splendid gift for you to give to one of your brothers or sisters, or your best friend. Father will help you send the amount of your subscription safely.



Santa Fe de-Luxe

"America's finest train"
Chicago and Los Angeles - Winter Season
Extra fast - extra fine - extra fare



For travelers to and from California
who wish ideal service

The dining-cars are under management
of Fred Harvey.

En route you can visit the
Grand Canyon of Arizona

On request will send our booklets telling about
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"THE MAN IN THE WILDERNESS."
PAINTED FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.

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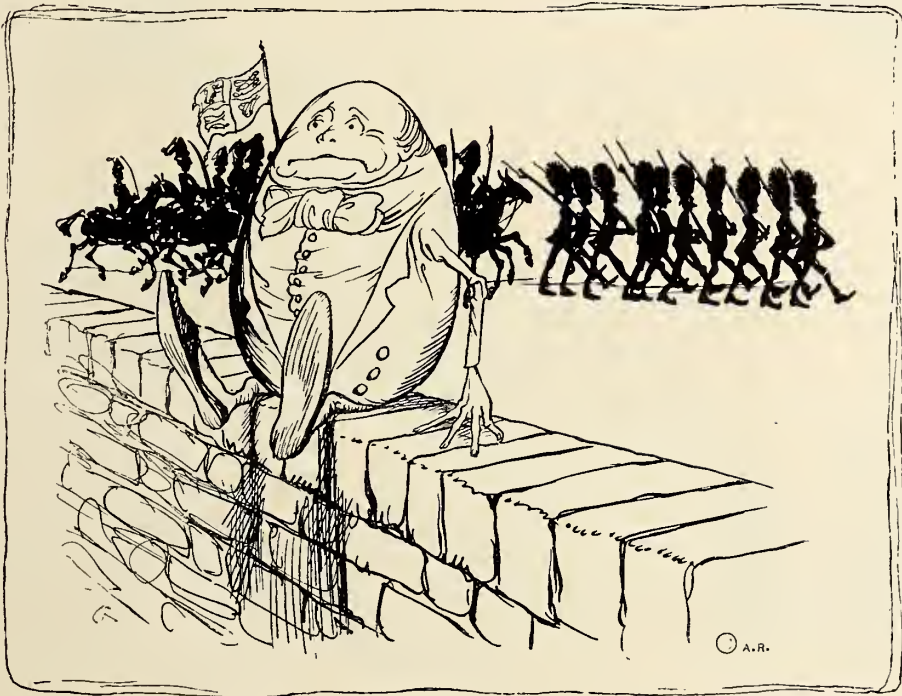
ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XL

JANUARY, 1913

No. 3

The Nursery Rhymes of Mother Goose illustrated by Arthur Rackham



I

The Man in the Wilderness asked me
How many strawberries grew in the sea?
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many as red-herrings grew in the wood.

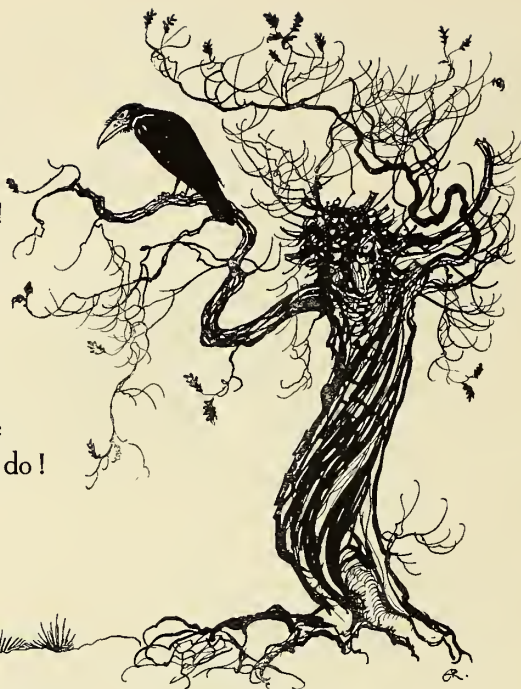
II

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the King's horses, and all the King's men
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again.

III

A carrion-crow sat on an oak,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi-ding do,
 Watching a tailor mend his cloak;
 Sing heigh, sing ho, the carrion-crow,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi-ding do!

Wife, bring me my old ben' bow,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi-ding do,
 That I may shoot yon carrion-crow;
 Sing heigh, sing ho, the carrion-crow,
 Fol de riddle, lol de
 riddle, hi-ding do!



The tailor shot, but he missed his mark,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi-ding do,
 And he shot the old sow right through the heart;
 Sing heigh, sing ho, the carrion-crow,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi-ding do!



IV

Little Miss Muffett
 Sat on a tuffet,
 Eating of curds and whey;

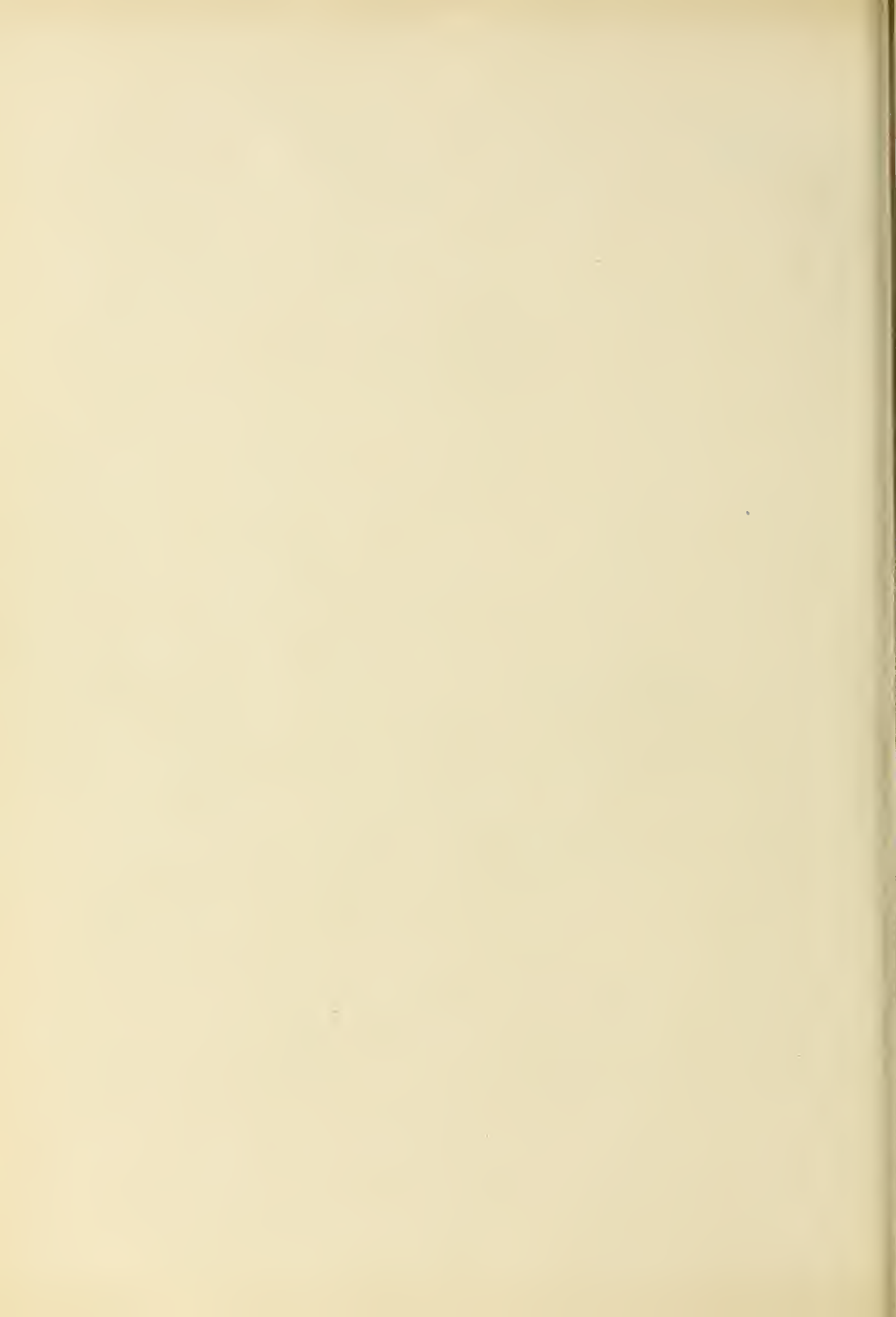
There came a great spider
 And sat down beside her,
 And frightened Miss Muffett away.




"LITTLE MISS MUFFETT."

PAINTED FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.

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"JUST ANNA"

BY MARION HILL

"How do I look?" begged Olive, wrenching her eyes from the hall mirror to bestow them coaxingly upon that most indifferent of admirers, a brother. "How do I look, Dan?"

"Neat—very neat, Sis!" he replied enthusiastically. He was *very* fond of

Olive, and willing to go to extravagant lengths of praise.

Her radiant face clouded.

"Is that all?" came from her, inadvertently. She was no girl to angle for compliments, but if ever that hall mirror had reflected a pleasing face in its life, in its long, patient, family life, it had done so this last minute; and Olive fairly ached for Dan to discover it.

"Yes, that 's all," he said calmly. "You 're all right. Stop worrying!"


Olive swallowed a sigh and slipped into her coat, fortunately unaided. When Dan helped a girl on with her coat, he waited till she had her arms in the sleeves, then made a derrick of himself, and hoisted the coat by the collar high in air. The girl then fell into place of her own weight, her cuffs up to her shoulders, her collar up to her eyes, her hair anywhere and everywhere.

Those whom Dan "assisted" in this fashion were always too complimented by his attention to criticize the manner of it, for Dan was as comely for a boy as Olive was for a girl, and the damsels of his acquaintance all owned to the oddity of preferring to be "yanked" into their coats by Dan rather than to be insinuated into them elegantly by anybody else.

"How small your feet seem, Dan, in those new tan shoes," said Olive, pensively according him some of the balm she needed herself.

"Don't they, though?" agreed Dan, proudly spreading his hands in his pockets and gazing with pleasure at his bright yellow extremities. "Hate to waste these shoes on a picnic."

"Nothing is 'wasted' that helps us to look—neat—very neat," gulped Olive, heroically, en-



deavoring to defend the wearing of her own new shoes also. "And as for a picnic, I 'd sooner look—at least *neat*—at a picnic than anywhere else. That is why I have dressed in all my pretty things."

The day was all that it should be for a picnic, as everybody had known it would be, even weeks before; for, in this part of California, rain falls not when it wants to, as elsewhere, but only when it is allowed to by the calendar. A lovely place for picnics, California.

Dan and Olive caught the right trolley, filled with chattering comrades, and after a brief ride along the edge of the sunny Santa Clara Valley, dismounted among the foot-hills which stand like a line of pawns before the majestic mountains beyond. The picnickers had chosen the spot on account of its romantic wildness, for it was quite cut off from every sign of civilization, and wild-cats and coyotes were known to abound in the chaparral, while a thrilling tale of rattlesnakes was attached to the bare summit of every lonely mountain. Also, the marvel of flowers was everywhere. What more could the heart of youth desire?

Well, one thing. And as the morning wore on, Dan and Olive both found out that, for their parts, the picnic lacked its anticipated attraction. In plain words, each had gone with the hope of spending the whole lovely day with a certain person who turned out not to be available. Dan had counted upon his charming and pretty chum, Maisie Doyle. And as she was kept at home by the illness of her mother, no wonder Dan thought picnics foolish. Moreover, his tight shoes were growing tighter—it 's a way shoes have of doing when they are least desired to do it.

And if anybody had told Olive that Larry Ladd was away that day, with his signal corps, on a brief surveying trip, Olive would probably have decided not to go to the picnic at all. Nor were Olive's shoes particularly comfortable either. She felt a conviction growing upon her that she was

too old for picnics. She, therefore, joined the matrons who were setting out the lunch board.

"Let me help you, Mrs. Grey," she said heroically, to that indefatigable slicer of cake.

"Shoo, child!" vetoed Mrs. Grey, brandishing her knife dismissively. "Go off with the others and have a good time!"

So Olive went off, but not to the others; the others were mostly out of sight, though their gay shouts kept ringing through the bushes. Older girls than she were not too old for picnics, so it seemed.

"Is n't this rather a bore?" asked Dan.

He strolled up, hands disdainfully in pockets, head aristocratically high; and he surveyed his sister gloomily.

"Why, it 's perfectly beautiful!" she said glibly. "The sky 's so blue, and the woods are so wild, and the mountains are so tall and grand, and the forest trails are so lost-looking and tempting. We might almost be pioneers. It 's beautiful!" Let any one think on his peril that *she* had come for aught but scenery!

Dan frowningly gazed at the indicated trail, and a belated love of scenery awoke in his heart too.

"Come on, Olive," he invited, his face clearing, "let 's explore that path. We 've a good half-hour before lunch. What do you say?"

Say? She said "Yes!" with haste and delight. To think that Dan was willing to while away the picnic hours with his own sister! Olive's affectionate heart swelled with contentment.

But then it unswelled. For, "Hunt up another girl to bring along with us, please," ordered Dan. "She 'll make it less poky."

Right here it must be insisted upon that Olive was good-natured, frank, and loyal. That this story concerns itself with a time when she was not one of the three, is something which can't be helped. For, at Dan's uncomplimentary fiat ("poky," indeed!), she made up her mind to "bring along" the very plainest, most *durable* girl she could think of. Perhaps *that* would waken Dan up to the fact of having worth and good looks right in his own family; no need to "hunt up another girl"!

With the word "durable," a person invariably thought of Anna Ladd. Olive looked around for her. Nor was Anna far off, but was leaning against a near-by tree, examining a bit of its bark.

Olive, her hair in curls, her feet in lace stockings and low shoes, a bead necklace around her open throat, her best blue challie on, wondered much why Anna never tried to improve her appearance by wearing pretty clothes. Anna had straight hair, no special complexion, a plain face,

and large hands and feet. And, whether wisely or unwisely, she never tried to disguise these things. At this moment, her hair was twisted into two neat knobs, one on each side of her head; her boots were of the high, stout, button variety; she wore a short, brown skirt and a long, brown sweater; and her neck was trimly finished off with a white collar and a brown bow, like a man's. The bow might have been her brother Larry's; it probably was.

This was the sturdy maiden whom Olive invited. "It 's just Anna," said Olive to Dan. "She was having such a lonely time by herself," she added hypocritically.

By now poor Olive had given her own self up as a bad job, and no longer felt surprised at the ill speeches which fell from her tongue.

"It was good of you to ask me with you," said Anna, as they tramped along the winding, wooded trail. "I 've been wanting to try this trail all morning, but was afraid."

"What of?" demanded Dan, who knew that coyotes were very peaceful beasts, and who had large doubts of the wildcats, and complete doubts of the rattlesnakes.

"Losing my way," said Anna, promptly.

"In a spot where a trolley-car whizzes past every half-hour?" was Dan's dry question. Plain girls were queer, and needed drastic treatment. They often have to be jolted back to common sense, which is their one valuable asset.

But Anna showed that she and common sense were still on good terms.

"Dan," she observed, "every step we take is a curve, and at this moment, we must have a whole hillside between us and the trolley-line. We can no more hear it than see it."

Whistling cheerily to show that stern thoughts were far from him, Dan strode on, and finally stopped at a sudden clearing of the underbrush. The disclosed view of mountains and vales was magnificent.

"And what do you think of that field?" asked Dan, casually, the concealed pride of a proprietor in his tones. The first person to come upon a grand sight always feels like the owner of it.

The field, lying far below them, was one golden mass of poppies, California poppies, the sunniest, most charming flowers in the world. Yellow does not describe them; and orange does not describe them. They glitter like pure gold, and yet are satiny and soft as baby fingers. One, alone, is a treasure; and here was a field of them.

"Let us get armfuls for the lunch table," cried Olive.

And without hesitation, all three plunged down the hillside, and were soon wading knee-deep in

blossoms. By the time they had gathered flowers enough and were ready to go back to the picnic ground, they found they had wandered completely around the poppy field. The hill they had descended, whichever it was, had become merged into a dozen others, all alike.

They shouted loudly, hoping to get response from their comrades, but dead silence was their only answer. So they had to choose a hill at random. The sun was no guide, for it was practically overhead.

"They 're all having lunch," mentioned Dan, grimly.

Hunger and fear made the ascent anxious. And the anxiety proved well founded, for, when the top of the hill was reached, it merely disclosed a series of other tops, each a little higher and more remote. Everything was bleakly unfamiliar. They had climbed the wrong one.

"We had better go back to the poppy field and try again," advised Anna. She was as hungry, tired, and worried as the other two, but her practical calmness never left her. It gifted her with leadership. Dan, generally guide, found himself taking her counsel, and glad to get it.

But the poppy field was not to be reached a second time. There is nothing more bewildering than a range of uniform hills. The three wanderers, instead of retracing their steps, only went farther and farther out of their way. So thick was the chaparral, and so winding was the trail, that they never could see more than a few yards either before them or behind them. Progress was sheer guesswork. And hunger soon became more than a trifle.

When, instead of reaching the poppies, they stumbled into a new valley through which raced a little brook, Olive broke down and cried; for California, in the dry season, is not a land of many brooks, and the strange sight of this one accented the fact that they were lost indeed.

Quite as aware of this, Anna Ladd nevertheless took comfort where she could.

"Maybe there are fish in the brook, and we can get something to eat," she hopefully extended.

Which inclined to make Dan angry. He admired bravery, but he liked it joined to sense. Given hook, line, bait, rod, sinker, and reel, Dan would have commended Anna's grit. But how catch fish with the bare hands? For fish were there, big, fat, lazy suckers, sulking in the pools.

"Going to charm them out?" asked Dan.

"Yes," said Anna, laughing. She had n't been a trumper and a camper with Larry for nothing. "That is, if I can get a strong, invisible string." She looked carefully over her own person, but was not repaid by the search. Then she eyed

Olive, gaining hope from a fancy bag which swung from Olive's belt. "Is that a work-bag?" she asked. "Is there a spool of silk in it?"

"No," confessed Olive, answering both questions at once, and answering them with a blush.



"OLIVE BROKE DOWN AND CRIED."

The bag was a vanity bag, holding powder, a powder-puff, and a hand-mirror. These melancholy details she kept to herself, contenting herself with the mere "No."

"Then may I destroy part of your necktie?" asked Anna, politely, of Dan.

The tie, a knitted silk one, in tint of pale green, was a gift from Maisie. Precious it was indeed, but food was more precious still. Dan handed it over without a qualm. Anna swiftly unraveled it till she had several yards of line.

"Want a bent pin for a hook?" demanded Dan, sarcastically.

Anna laughed again. She was an expert with the snare, and had no misgivings of success. And she was nice enough not to keep the honors to herself, but shared her knowledge with the others. She gave them each a length of line with the proper loop and slip-knot at its end, and she posted them at clever places on the bank, schooling them in the process whereby an unsuspecting fish has a belt fitted to him, and gets jerked high and dry by it.

But it is slow work, and a full hour more went past before the whole catch numbered five. But five were enough.

"And now for a fire," said Anna, throwing off her sweater, and preparing to be cook.

Dan frantically searched his pockets.

"I have n't a match," he said tragically.

"Larry never lets me go in the woods without matches," said Anna, producing a box.

Dan helpfully began to pile logs for a fire.

"Now, don't be idiotic," begged Anna, gently.

Idiotic was a new word for Dan to hear from a girl.

"Where's the idiocy?" he asked crisply.

"Right there!" replied Anna, poking away the logs with her foot. "You can't cook over a big fire—not without scorching yourself. A little, tiny fire's the thing."

"How did you ever learn all this?" asked Olive, watching wistfully. What were good looks in a crisis? Worse than nothing.

"Reading boys' books and listening to Larry," explained Anna, sharpening some sticks on which to roast the fish.

"Anna Ladd, put me to work," said Dan, pulling his hands from his pockets, where he had moodily rammed them. "You are the man of this expedition, not I. It has made me angry to see it; angry with myself, I mean. But I can at least follow orders."

"There are no orders to follow," said Anna, gravely. "We are all in a bad box." Her eyes scanned the lonely hills, the sunny, uncaring hills, among whose silences men had been known to wander about, lost, for days at a time. "Well," resolutely, "we'll feel better after we've eaten. So help cook this fish, Dan."

To "toast" a fish takes skill and absorbs attention. The three exiles enjoyed those underdone, unsalted fish better than any meal of their remembrance; and the warm, sandy water of the brook tasted like iced ambrosia.

"Now, I'm ready for anything; on with the march," said Dan.

But he rose with a limp and wincing.

"And so am I!" declared Olive, standing first on one foot and then on the other, her face pale with pain.

"Am I to believe your words or your looks?" asked Anna.

"I was vain and foolish enough to put on new, tight shoes," confessed Olive, "and my heels are rubbed sore."

"Same here," admitted Dan, laconically.

Anna ransacked her wise young head for remedy, and magically dug one up. She made the sufferers first bathe their inflamed heels in the brook, and then showed them how to make protecting cases of paper, supplied by Dan's notebook.

"And now we'd better hurry," she advised, her glance on the sun. "It must be four o'clock." As she started to put on her sweater, Dan flew to help her, hoisting her into the air. "But I'll teach you how to put on a girl's coat, if it's the last act of my life," she said firmly, after the first speechless moment of surprise.

Olive leaned against a tree and laughed hysterically, while Dan carefully followed Anna's directions in etiquette.

"When a thing has to be done, I hate to put it off," explained Anna, apologizing for her instructions. "Put-offs pile up so that they frighten a person into forgetting."

Soon they were on their worried way again, but at every step gained nothing but an added sense of bewilderment and dread. Myriads of low hills circling around myriads of little valleys like cauldrons,—it seemed as if the whole world held nothing more. And at last the sun began to dip down.

"Let us climb to the top of the highest hill we see," counseled Anna, as a final resource. "It sounds like a waste of time, but we'll get a far view, and *may* be able to locate ourselves."

For want of a better plan, this one was carried out, though the ascent taxed their weary muscles to the utmost; and the rattlesnake question had now but the one answer: these massed boulders, seamed and cracked and overgrown here and there with tough shrubs, were a snake paradise. Olive commenced to shrink every time she stepped through a thicket.

"And I don't know but your fears are sensible," said Anna, bethinking herself of something Larry had told her. "So take up handfuls of sand and throw it ahead of you into any clump that looks suspicious. A rattler can't stand it, and rattles immediately."

Olive took what comfort she could out of this device, and they reached the top of the hill.

But the view it furnished was but the prospect



"'TRY IT FROM HERE,' SAID DAN." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

of vaster silences, of lonelier distances. They and the sinking sun had the big, quiet world to themselves.

Olive dropped down into an abject little heap and again wept.

"I can't help it," she sobbed.

"Dan," said Anna, intensely, her eyes straining at the farthest hill opposite, a whole wild valley between, "can't you see an occasional flash of light over there, almost as if the sun was shining on a bit of glass?"

"Yes!" cried Dan, at length, as the flash was repeated. "But what can it be? We could n't see the glint from a piece of glass at this distance."

"It 's Larry!" cried Anna. "I 'm sure of it. But, oh, if I *only* had a mirror!"

"A mirror?" asked Olive, jumping up, yet not sufficiently believing her ears to dive into her vanity bag. "A mirror? A hand-glass?"

"Yes," mourned Anna. "The last thing we 'd be likely to have!"

"No, indeed!" cried Olive. "Here 's one." And she produced it from her bag as a wizard might take a gold watch out of an egg omelet. "But what 's the use of it?"

With a cry of joy, Anna caught it and began sending heliograph signals across the valley to the distant hill opposite. Down its sloping, wooded side, the tiny flash came occasionally, yet not in response, merely by accident.

Anna worked faithfully but rather desperately.

"I don't understand much about it," she said between whiles, as she tried now this angle, now that. "And it 's almost impossible to work when the sun 's so low; but if it 's Larry, and if he sees me, and if he answers, then we 're all right."

"Try it from here," said Dan, indicating a change of angle.

The dancing speck of light on the opposite hill suddenly went out.

"Whoever it is sees me," said Anna, breathlessly. "I 'll send my initials, and watch what happens!"

With trembling care, she flashed her signal several times across the valley.

The moment of waiting was a tense one. Then came the answer, two long flashes—L. L. Larry Ladd.

"Here," said Anna, handing back the glass. "Thank you. It 's Larry."

"Did you tell him we are lost?" asked Olive, too hopeful by far.

"No," said Anna, half laughing. "I don't know the signal code. All I can do is just to telegraph my initials, and recognize Larry's when they come back."

"Then how are we helped?" besought Olive.

"Because I know where Larry's corps is today. It 's on Loma Galena. That mountain opposite is Loma Galena."

"Loma Galena?" asked Dan, incredulously. "Right back of our house?"

"Right back of all our houses," answered Anna, comprehensively. "And what we have to do is to keep our eyes upon it, and make a bee-line down into the valley and across."

This they did. But the feat was harder to perform than to describe. Now stumbling down inclines, now struggling up hillsides, always bruised by the stones and torn by the brambles, they finally worked themselves into a valley which owned the blessing of the commonplace. The first trolley-pole they saw looked as lovely as a long-lost brother.

Next came the beatific vision of a trolley-car.

They boarded it, and their adventure was over. "And it 's good it 's dark, we look such sights," said Anna.

"*We* look such sights," amended Olive. She and Dan had been obliged to cut the heels from their new shoes. As for fine raiment, that was torn to shreds. And whatever had come within reach of the tar-weed was blackened beyond renovation. Olive's hair was in wisps, her lace in rags. Half of her beads were on the trail, the other half were down her back.

Anna's stout shoes looked as well as when she had started; her short, clean skirt was still fresh and clean; her hair was still in two tidy knobs; her collar was trim, and her tie was taut.

Dan thought she was the goodliest sight he had ever looked upon.

"Why have n't you joined any of our card and dance clubs?" he asked her, suddenly.

"Because I 've never been asked," said Anna, promptly and frankly.

"Consider yourself not only asked but begged," said Dan. As president of the societies mentioned, his word had weight.

"Consider me a member," accepted Anna, gladly.

Later, in his own home, on his way to his room for repairs, Dan leaned for a moment against Olive's door and gazed interestedly at her tatters, which she was surveying in the glass.

"That Anna Ladd is just about the finest girl I know!" he contributed heartily. "When I sized up my wits against hers, in the thick of the scrimmage, I felt like a noddling noodle. A noddling noodle! How did you feel?"

Olive, scoring herself in the mirror, answered without hesitation.

"Like nineteen of them," was her verdict.

And it meant more than Dan guessed.



THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.
THE DOCTOR: "WHAT YOU NEED IS REST."



CHRISTMAS SECRETS

BY

LILLIE GILLILAND MCDOWELL

I TELL mine all to Grandma,
And she tells hers to me;
And we have just the mostest fun
That ever you did see!

Each time I get a new one,
I whisper in her ear,
And Grandma whispers back again,
And laughs, and says, "Dear! dear!"

But I 've one now I have to keep,
I *can't* tell her, you see.
I wonder—do you s'pose she might
Be keeping one from me?



EDNA F. HART

RUNTY *The* Boy Giant

BY WALLACE DUNBAR VINCENT



BOBBY sat down on the Hermit's door-step to get his breath. It was a warm afternoon, and the climb had been long and steep. Noiselessly the door behind him opened, and a tall, thin, gray man looked down at the little boy.

"Well," said he, in anything but a friendly tone, "what do you want?"

Bobby jumped a little, but only from surprise. "How do you do?" he replied, politely removing his cap. "I'm Bobby Wentworth, and we're at the hotel down below, and I've come to call."

"I never have callers," said the man, more gently.

"I know," replied Bobby, "that's why I came. They said you'd been up here alone years and years and years; so I thought you might like to see *me* a little while."

For an instant, the man's stern features relaxed, as though he would smile but had forgotten how.

"I've heard that they call me the 'Hermit' down there,—the 'Hermit of Hemlock Hill.' Are n't you afraid of me?"

"No," said Bobby, contemptuously. "You don't look bad—you just look tired."

The Hermit sighed as he swung the door wide open and sat down beside Bobby. "That's all," he agreed; "I'm just tired. Tired in my heart. Now, as you've had a stiff climb, and as I was just about to take a late luncheon, suppose we have it out here together, in the shade of the porch, where it's cool?"

So saying, the Hermit brought out a blue plate

piled high with slices of just-baked bread, a squat silver pitcher of molasses, and a stone jug of icy milk.

"Now, when I get two plates, two knives and forks, two china mugs, and the butter," said he, "we'll be all ready."

Ten minutes later, Bobby looked up from spreading his fourth slice of bread, and said: "This is awfully good bread for you to make all by yourself. But I s'pose you've had centuries and centuries to learn in."

"At least it seems so to me," replied the Hermit, gravely.

"Were you here in the days of the giants?" asked Bobby, eagerly.

"Well," said the Hermit, reflectively, "I might tell you about a *boy-giant* I once knew,—unless you don't care for stories."

"Oh," cried the boy, his eyes dancing in delightful anticipation, "there's nothing I care for as much!"

So this is what the Hermit told Bobby, as they sat in the shade, on the top of Hemlock Hill, eating just-baked bread with molasses, and sipping mugs of icy milk:

"EARLY one spring morning, ages ago, I was awakened by a violent knocking—not on the door, but on the roof. Getting into my clothes with some difficulty—for I'd been sick a long time—I came outside, and found a giant bending over the house, and about to knock again. He was nearly as tall as that old pine there. I remem-

ber that as one of his feet nearly covered this little front yard, the other spread over the road.

"What are you trying to do," I called, "smash my roof in?"

"Oh, there you be!" he exclaimed, after peering all over this part of the township for me. "No, indeed! I've been tryin' *not* to. I came to see if you did n't need a boy to help on the farm."

"Well, suppose I do," said I, rather nettled at being roused up in this manner. "You have n't happened to bring one in your pocket, have you?"

cover. As for rations, I'll feed myself. There's deer, and such small fry, for the pickin', a couple of hundred miles above here, and I can step over there and get a bite any time."

"The outcome of it was that I took the boy on trial for a month. He said his name was Runty. They called him that because he was the only short member of his family. You see, he was a hundred and fifty years old—in sixty years more he'd be of age—and, though he'd been growing such a long time, he only came to his father's belt.



"WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO," I CALLED, "SMASH MY ROOF IN?"

"I'm wantin' to hire out myself," he explained, good-naturedly smiling at my temper. "I'm only a boy, I know, but I've helped Dad with the chores since I was no higher 'n your barn. And I'll come for my board and keep."

"Your board and keep," I repeated sarcastically. "The house and barn together would n't hold much more than those feet of yours; and all I raise in a year would make *you* about three good meals!"

"That's all right, mister," replied the giant, complacently, sitting down on that hill opposite, in order to see me better; "by openin' both doors, I can get my head in the barn, and that pasture next will make a fine bed. I never take cold sleepin' outdoors, so long as my head's under

"The next day, I told him to plow that two-acre corn-field. I stayed in the house to finish some writing I wished to get off. In a moment he called me. I found him standing in the road, with the plow under one arm, the work harness under the other, and a frantically struggling horse in either hand.

"I can't get this outfit together," he said, mildly bewildered. "I laid the hesses on their backs on my lap, and tried to harness 'em; but the buckles are too small for my fingers. I can't do nothin' with 'em!"

"Of course he could n't. I had no right to blame him, but it meant leaving my desk and harnessing and hitching up, myself. 'Now go on,' said I, 'and don't call me if you can help it.'



"'I CAN'T GET THIS OUTFIT TOGETHER,' HE SAID, MILDLY BEWILDERED."



"THERE WAS THE BOY LEANING OVER THE UNROOFED BARN."

"Just as I lost myself in my work again, there came another call. I went out in a bad temper. 'Now what 's the matter?' I called.

"Runty was down on his knees beside the field, holding the plow-handles between one thumb and finger, and urging on the team with the other hand. He looked overheated and exasperated.

"'See here, boss,' he cried, 'this is breakin' my back and nothin' but foolin'. I can't scratch up this little plot with these crazy little hosses and this toy plow in a year! Why, if I 'd only brought my spadin'-fork and rake, I could get this little spot ready for plantin' in ten minutes.'

"I saw how it was. It was plainly a case of a man being too big for his job. I had to leave my writing and do the plowing myself. I sent Runty into the woods for fuel.

"Before I 'd worked fifteen minutes, Runty came back with about forty big sugar-maples under his arm that he 'd pulled up by the roots.

"'What made you go and ruin my sugar-bush?' I shouted. 'There are plenty of other trees, and those are the best I had!'

"'Why, the rest of 'em was n't no bigger 'n toadstools are where I come from,' he explained. 'I 'll just break these up in little pieces, and leave 'em in a nice pile behind the woodshed.'

"I tell you, Bobby, I was almost ready to discharge that boy! But he was so willing and cheerful that I hated to send him away so soon. 'Maybe he 'll do something except cause me work and loss, after a while,' I thought.

"Worn out with the plowing, I put up the horses and told Runty to feed and bed them. A ripping and tearing sound brought me to the door the next minute, and there was the boy leaning over the unroofed barn, dropping a pinch of oats into Dobbin's manger.

"'It was so hard gettin' my hand around to the pesky little stalls,' he calmly explained, 'that I just pulled off the roof so 's I can see 'em and get to 'em. I 'll fix it on for to-night with a bit of wire, and to-morrow I 'll put on some hinges, so 's I can lift it up and down all right.'

"For some minutes, I was too exasperated to speak, and just stood there and watched him fasten on the barn roof with two hundred feet or so of barbed wire. When I *could* speak, I discharged him with the sharpest kind of words. And do you know, Bobby, he was so sorry to lose his first place, that he sat on the ridge of that mountain and cried till that low field was all awash. In fact, you can see, over beyond that clump of trees, there 's a fair-sized pond there yet.

"I called out to him to be a man and make the best of it, and came into the house. Having Runtly help me farm had tired me out so that I lay down on the old couch there, and fell asleep.

"I dreamed that, instead of being a lone hermit on Hemlock Hill, I was the captain of the *Nancy Ann*; and that I was stretched out upon a locker in my little cabin, lazily listening to the water lapping against the sides of the boat. Then there came the sound of hurried oars, and something bumped against the *Nancy Ann*—no, against the hermitage; for I woke to see a punt floating in that doorway! In it were the Widow Small and her two boys, Rather and Very, who had come to warn me that before long the water would reach my second story. As it was, the couch was a foot from the ceiling when I floated out of the door.

"We scrambled to the roof of the barn, and sat there in a row, waiting for Runtly to stop crying. While I felt sorry for the boy's disappointment, and remembered that old folk tell young ones that a good cry will do them good, nevertheless I did wish his tears would stop flowing down the mountain before my stock was all drowned.

"The sun kept going down, until it began to disappear right behind Runtly's knees. The water kept creeping up, until it almost touched the soles of my carpet-slippers. If I drew up my feet, I was liable to go over backward; so I sat watch-

ing the ripples that spread outward from the mountain with each sob the boy gave. Just as I was wondering if boy-giants ever cried all night, Runtly gave one big, loud sob that sent a tidal wave over my ankles—and stopped crying. While we were anxiously yelling all sorts of cheery words at him, he sat still with his face in his hands, too downcast to move.

"At last he braced up, and dried his eyes on a bandana not *quite* as large as the big top at the circus, and said good-by.

"'I 'll hurry right home,' he said, 'for Dad and Mom are prob'ly worried about me now; and, if it gets any darker, the first thing I know I 'll be steppin' on some of them little villages and crushin' 'em all to bits.'"

"AND you never saw Runtly again?" asked Bobby, who had scarcely taken a long breath throughout the telling.

"Never again," said the man. "I 've had no one worse than gnomes and pigwidgeons to help me since then. They 've told me many a tale of the boy's adventures—for he was an ambitious lad, and never gave up trying to make himself useful. But, as Runtly observed, it 's getting dark. So, give me your hand, Bobby, and I 'll go with you as far as the hotel grounds."

And down Hemlock Hill went the Hermit and the boy, in the glow of the sinking sun.



"WAITING FOR RUNTY TO STOP CRYING."

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

BY A. L. SYKES

BRIGHT and early to Grandma's house,
We went to spend the day;
But snow came down, still as a mouse,
And so we had to stay.

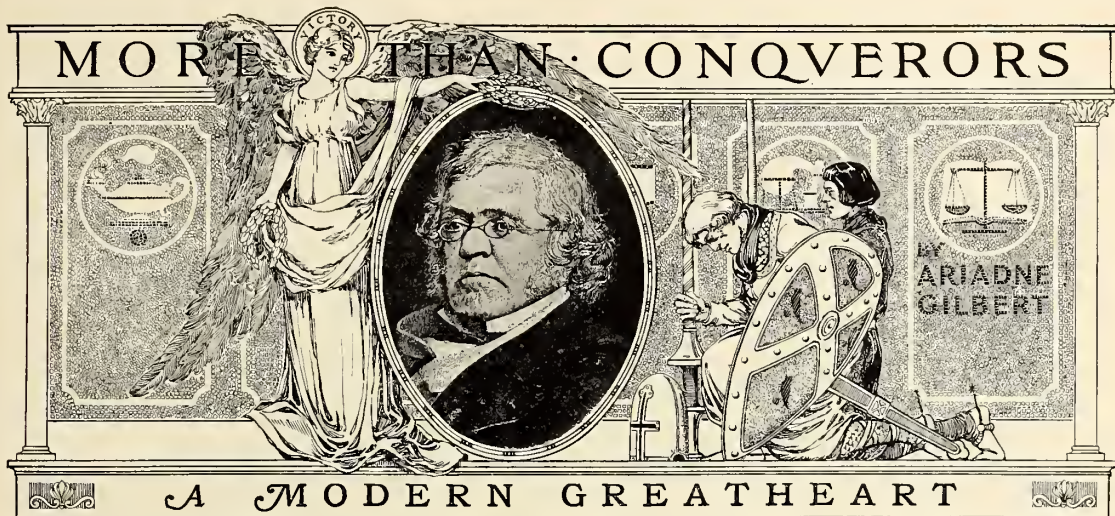
And when the Christmas morning came,
It found us waiting there.
The shining snow was white and high,
And drifts were everywhere.

We feared that Santa could not come;
We had no Christmas tree,
And so we did the dearest thing
That ever you did see:

We hung a tree out by the porch
With corn and bread—red apples, too;
And called the birds, and said to them:
"We've made this Christmas tree for you."

They came in flocks—they came in crowds,
And stayed to sing, and eat, and play.
It seemed to me that they all said:
"Thank you; we like our Christmas Day!"





A CURLY-HEADED youngster of six stood on the deck of the big ship. Across the blue water had faded from sight the land of India, where he had left his young, widowed mother, and all that was dear to babyhood and life. Before him loomed a strange English school and a strange aunt. When the little boy knelt down at night to pray, he would ask God to make him dream of his mother, and let him see again, if only in his sleep, those gray eyes full of light. The thoughts that struggled in his child-heart, however, were not trusted to the black servant beside him, or even to the other little boy, Richmond Shakspear, who, like him, was leaving his India home. Nobody would understand those puzzling thoughts. Locked away very deep in William Makepeace Thackeray's young heart lay the memory of parting,—the old ghaut, or river stair, which led down to the boat; the quaver in his mother's voice; the blur in his sight and the choke in his throat; and of those strange good-bys. Perhaps there floated, too, in his tender memory, a vision of his own portrait painted some years before in far-away Calcutta: a white-dressed, round-eyed boy of three perched on a pile of big books, with his arms clasped round his mother's neck. Such a beautiful, tall mother for a little boy to sail away from to find that queer thing called "education." But he was sailing farther and farther every minute, under the long reach of sky.

At last, one morning, after many days, they came in sight of the rock-bound island of St. Helena, rising out of the sea like a great gray cone; and, harbored there, the black servant took the two boys ashore to see a famous French soldier. After they had gone a long way over rocks and hills, they came to a garden where a

man with folded arms and bowed head was walking among the flowers. "There he is," said the black man; "that is Bonaparte. He eats three



"THERE HE IS. THAT IS BONAPARTE."

sheep every day, and all the little children he can lay his hands on." The cherry-checked William

did not know what a plump, tempting morsel of a child he was; but it seemed wise, just then, to let this ogre of a Frenchman have the island to himself, and for him and Richmond and their black guardian to continue their voyage. And so there were more long days of blue water and sky, and of sailing on and on, till, finally, they reached England. This did not seem at all a cheerful place to the two boys: flags were flying at half-mast, and there was black on everything, for the whole country was in mourning for Princess Charlotte, who had died November 6, 1817.

William's aunt, however, took him immediately into her large love, and watched over him with a mother's tenderness. How frightened she was when she found out that the child's head was big enough for his uncle's hat! A good doctor told her, though, not to worry over that head, for it had "a great deal in it." Part of the time, Thackeray lived with this aunt, Mrs. Ritchie, at Chiswick, and part with a great-uncle at Hadley. In the meantime, his young mother had not forgotten her only child. She had married again, a Colonel Smythe of India, and now she and her husband, whom Thackeray, later, loved deeply, returned to England, and the little boy was so glad to see them that he could not speak. This was in 1822, when Thackeray was eleven years old, the same year that he entered the famous Charterhouse school.

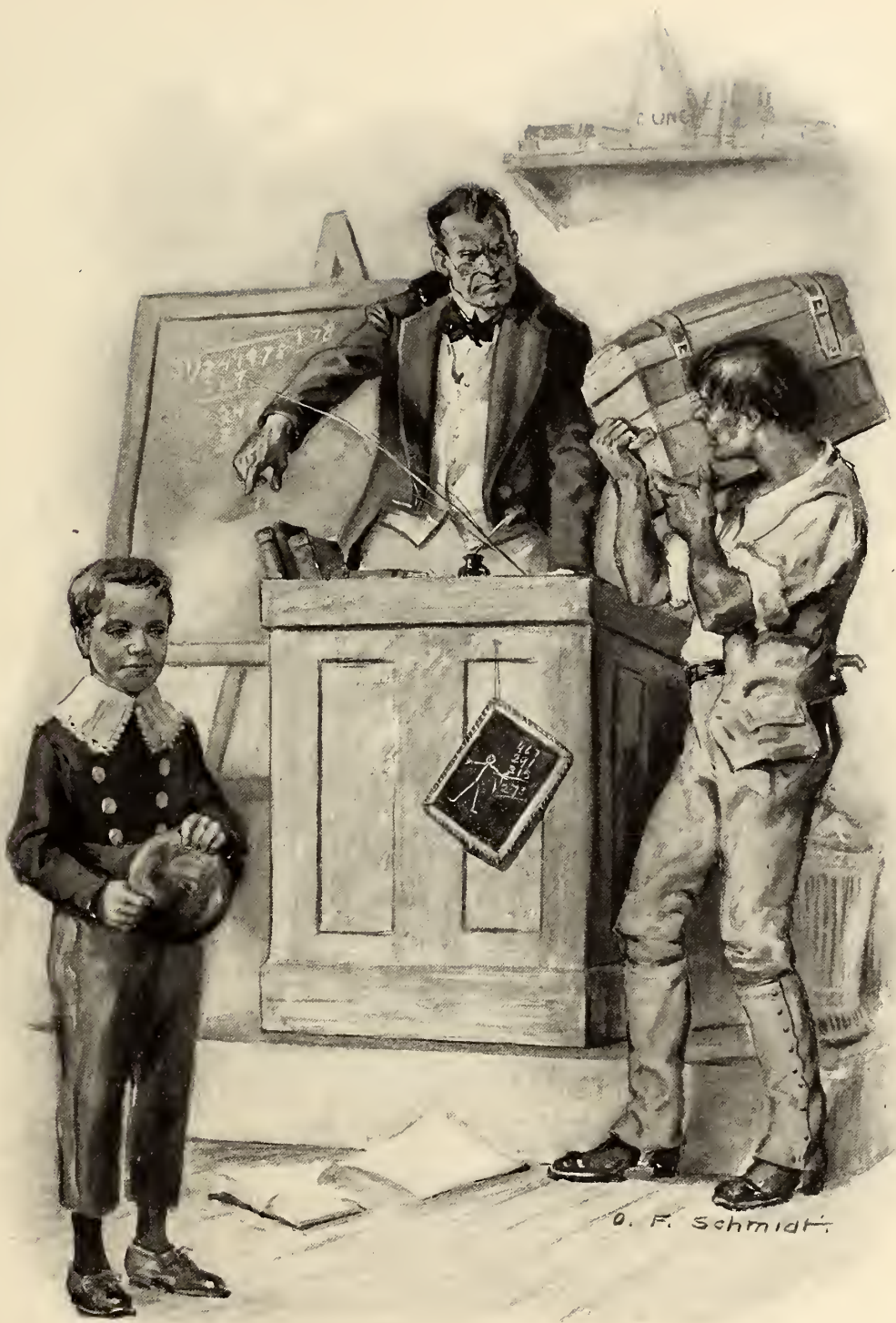
From Thackeray's own account and his "Doctor" in "Pendennis," we can imagine his first impressions of Charterhouse, and his feelings toward the principal, whose name he has gracefully changed. As the child entered with his shining, fresh face and his shining, white collar, Dr. Crushall thundered out in a "big, brassy voice," "Take that boy and his box to Mrs. Jones, and make my compliments to Mr. Smiler, and tell him the boy knows nothing, and will just do for the lowest form." As far as lessons went, the boy never knew a great deal; but "he read anything he could lay his hands on; he acted when he had the chance; he debated." His friends thought of him as a broad-set, lazy child, with rosy cheeks, dark hair, and blue eyes, all a-twinkle. When he should have been working sums, he was generally covering his books and papers with comical drawings, which he "chucked about" among his schoolmates. His power of mimicry and sense of fun were so tremendous that no teacher was safe from his perfect imitation, his unmistakable caricatures, or his ridicule in verse. There were some verses on "Violets, dark blue violets" which young Thackeray cleverly parodied in "Cabbages, bright green cabbages," reciting the lines in tenderly sentimental tones.

Like many others, Thackeray was a home-longing boy, who, except for the fun he made out of work and the friends he made through his fun, found the holidays the best things at Charterhouse. "There are 370 in the school," he wrote to his mother. "I wish there were only 369!" And another time, wistfully, "Valentine's Day, but I have had no valentines. Dr. Russell has been fierce to-day." Once the doctor went so far as to storm, "You are a disgrace to the school and to your family, and I have no doubt will prove so in after life to your country!"

Yet here at the Charterhouse, Thackeray made some lifelong friends: his cousin Richmond Shakspear, Alfred Gatty, George Venables, and John Leech, who, when he grew up, became the humorous artist of "Punch." How well he remembered "small John Leech, coming first to school and being put up upon a table, in a little blue jacket and high buttoned trousers, and made to sing to the other boys, as they stood round-about." Still better he remembered George Venables. One wet half-holiday, a boy named Glossip went to the monitor to ask leave for Thackeray and Venables to fight. That was an unlucky day for William, whose middle name was Makepeace. Into the battle he went with all zeal, and out of it he came with a broken nose. Far from treasuring ill feeling against his vanquisher, however, he and George Venables were friends forever more.

Drawing, acting, studying, Thackeray spent six years in the Charterhouse. After that, he lived with his parents near Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, reading such books as the vicar could lend him. The next year he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, the same fitful student, hating mathematics and adorning the pages of his note-book "with pen-and-ink drawings." In his one attempt at writing, a poem in competition for the Chancellor's medal, he was beaten by his friend Alfred Tennyson. With the feeling that he was wasting time on studies useless in life, Thackeray left the university in the spring of 1830. The best that he got from the college were his friends: Brookfield, Fitz Gerald, Monckton Milnes, and Alfred Tennyson; the worst was a taste for gambling, which shortly led to sad misfortune.

Since Thackeray was now amply supplied with money, he decided to complete his education by travel, beginning his foreign studies at Weimar, Germany, where he seems to have lain on the sofa, read novels, and dreamed. Enough has been said to show that, like many other artists, he had not the temperament for steady, hard work. Nevertheless, in November, 1831, urged by his parents to study law, he returned to Eng-



"TELL HIM THE BOY KNOWS NOTHING!"

land, and entered the Middle Temple for that purpose. At first he seemed to look forward happily to practising at the bar; but soon he found dry law-books very hard reading. So it happened that as soon as he became of age, July 18, 1832 (the day for which he had "panted so long," and the day on which he inherited his father's fortune), the first thing he did was to give up the study of law. "I can draw better than I can do anything else," he said to himself, and took his way to Paris, to "make believe to be a painter." Here, while he was out-of-doors, he lived the free life that he afterward described in writing of *Clive Newcome*; but, at other times, he might have been seen, day after day, copying pictures in the Louvre, honestly trying to excel in the art he loved. As a side interest, he corresponded for the Paris papers.

His history now led to a combination of failures, which, while they were a loss in money, were a gain in common sense and application. In the false hope of good luck, Thackeray had gambled with his newly acquired wealth, at an immense loss, and, generally, "made a gaby" of himself. Before long the bank in India failed. Then the paper failed in which he and his stepfather had mutual interests. This last failure came when Thackeray was twenty-five, just six months after his marriage. As he said, it made him "work for bread"—the best thing that could have happened. Now he attempted to illustrate "Pickwick Papers," but his drawings were refused; and again the would-be-artist faced failure, and wondered what other line of work he might try. It seems good to the book-reading world that, even in Thackeray's extremity, his drawings were refused, and that marriage and poverty and failure forced him to be an author. Before we turn, however, from his artist to his author life, let us mark that he was "the only great author who illustrated his own books." As he once said, when he was sick, "The artist who usually illustrates my works fell ill with myself."

In his earliest writings, Thackeray so lacked confidence that he published his work anonymously. He masked as "Titmarsh," "Theophile Wagstaff," "Fitz-Boodle," "Yellowplush," "Spec," "Major Gahagan," and many others, shyly hiding his own face. And yet, no matter how much he doubted his ability—and he did doubt it—in favor of success were his robust health, his strong brain, and his powerful love. With the high motive of caring for a dear wife, any real man could rally from a money defeat, and Thackeray was not the one to be depressed by little things. From now on, constitutionally idle though he was, he worked night and day for those he loved,

beating out his rhymes "tutumtidy, titumtidy"; toiling at the stale old desk; writing "The Newcomes," not for fame, but for that other entirely worthy object, money; and, slowly and with great difficulty, grinding out "Barry Lyndon."

Two years after he and his wife had faced the hardships of poverty together, he wrote: "Here have we been two years married, and not a single unhappy day. . . . I feel in my heart a kind of overflowing thanksgiving which is quite too great to describe in writing."

It is good he saw the sunlight through the showers, for there was real darkness ahead for both. Only the next year, their second child, their precious baby, died. Long after, in a kind of broken cry, Thackeray spoke of "that bitter, bitter grief."

And yet this sorrow, great as it was, could be shared. A year later fell a greater sorrow which he had to bear alone—his wife's sickness, which was more than sickness, for she was slowly losing her mind. Only Thackeray's best friends knew how he clung to her companionship, and how he fought for her cure. He tried to nurse her himself. As he said, he "used to walk out three miles to a little bowling-green and write there in an arbor, coming home and wondering what was the melancholy oppressing the poor little woman"; and, looking back on life, "What a deal of cares and pleasures and struggles and happiness I have had since that day in the little sunshiny arbor." In a vain hope to save her, he took her home to Ireland and her people, and then went from one watering-place to another, until, finally, there was nothing to do but place her in a private asylum in Paris.

At the beginning of the trouble, the little London home on Great Coram Street had been broken up, and the two children, Annie, a "fat lump of pure gold," and Baby Minnie, had been sent to live with their Grandmother Butler in Paris. They stayed there for some time after Thackeray had lost in the battle for his wife's reason; while the lonely father lodged near the asylum, first in one place, then in another, once more a bachelor except for his burden of love. Yet, again, only his closest friends began to know how deeply the sorrow had hewn itself into his life; he wore a smile for the outer world, and still sent playful letters to his children, though they were sometimes written in a trembling hand.

One of his truest friends, Fitz Gerald, was constant with long, cheerful letters, and, thinking that drawing might distract the poor man more than writing, recommended him widely as an illustrator; and begged his friends to buy copies of "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," as each

copy puts sevenpence halfpenny into Thackeray's pocket, which is not very heavy just now."

Fitz Gerald was right. For a while, even sevenpence halfpenny counted with his home-loving, homeless friend. Visions of empty mugs

We can imagine him, a sort of giant of a man, "six feet two, and largely built," standing once more before his own fire, his feet spread wide, his hands crammed deep into his pockets, a smile on that pleasant face, and a twinkle shining behind the glasses; or, perhaps, as holding Annie on his broad lap and teaching her to read from the funny alphabet-pictures he had made. For both children he used to tear out processions of paper pigs with curly tails. The companionship of his little girls was the dearest thing he had left now. As they grew older, he stole many happy holidays to take them to plays or to children's parties, which were often held at the Dickens's. He loved to see "the little ones dancing in a ring," especially his own, one with her "hair plaited in two tails," and the other with curls and the "most fascinating bows of blue ribbon." Still better, he loved to take them driving in the country or to the Zoo. It put him in "such chirping spirits to get out of London." As for the Zoo, they used to "amuse themselves in finding likenesses to their friends in many of the animals." "Thank 'E'v'ns!" Thackeray once exclaimed, "both of the girls have plenty of fun and humor."

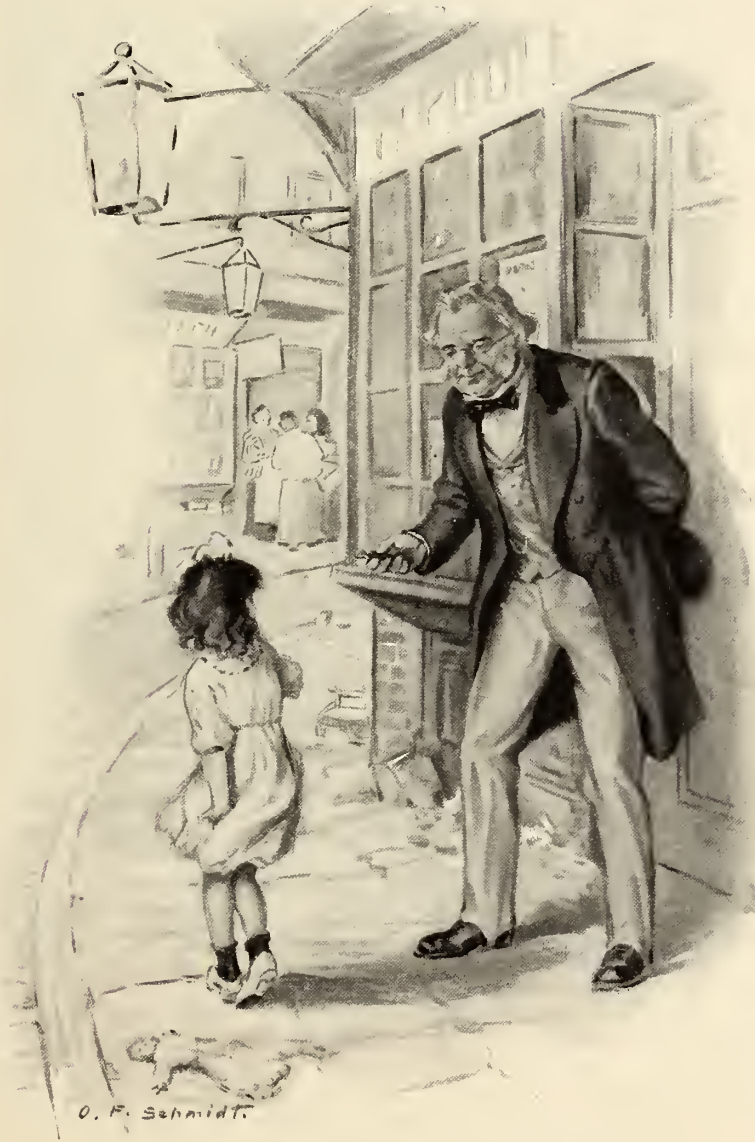
While we are thinking of Thackeray with his own children, let us remember him, too, with the children of others, for he had a "marvellous affection" for all little boys and girls. Perhaps it was just this all-fathering nature of his, or perhaps it was the memory of the dar-

ling who slept beneath the grass and stars, that led him, in 1853, to adopt a third daughter, Amy Crowe, the child of one of his friends. At any rate, he did adopt her, and made her his own forever.

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THACKERAY OFFERING THE GINGERBREAD-MAN.

dren, and, years later, he began the drawings for "The Rose and the Ring," because his little girls had wanted pictures of the king and queen in "Twelfth Night." It was while they were traveling in Naples, when an attack of scarlatina kept the children indoors and away from their friends, that the story grew to fit the pictures. It was written with the famous gold pen. In referring to this time, Thackeray said that he wrote "nonsensical fairy tale" instead of collecting material for "The Newcomes." All his life, though, his chief desire had been to write "something good for children." As soon as he had "made a competence" for his own "young ones," he had determined to do something "for the pleasure of young ones in general."

Our minds are full of pictures of the kind old "giant" happy with little children. Now he bends over a small, yellow head; now he simply stands still to watch a child nibble the gingerbread-man he has tucked into her hand, his spectacles growing misty at her rapture of surprise. But he is gone without thanks! Once, while he was in America, a little girl who was too small to see a procession, found herself suddenly lifted by strong arms, and placed on a high, broad shoulder. Some days after, when that child was out walking with her mother, she stopped still as she saw Thackeray coming, and, pointing an eager finger, exclaimed: "There he is; there 's my big Englishman!" That same Englishman wrote, from New Orleans, that the colored children "ruined him in five-cent pieces." On the train for Heidelberg, he made friends with the "two children in black" described in "The Roundabout Papers"—the real account of a real holiday taken with his "little girls." How often he sat among his friends' children asking by name for all their dolls! Once he stopped a procession of school-girls, saying, "Four and twenty little girls! They must have four and twenty bright little sixpences." And, going over the names at Charterhouse on Founder's Day, he would exclaim, "Here 's the son of dear old So-and-So; let 's go and tip him." As he told Dickens, he could "never see a boy without wanting to give him a sovereign." "Ah! my dear sir," he wrote in a Roundabout Paper, "if you have any little friends at school, go and see them, and do the natural thing by them. You won't miss the sovereign. Don't fancy they are too old—try 'em." And again, "It is all very well to say that boys contract habits of expecting tips. Fudge! Boys contract habits of tart and toffee-eating which they do not carry into after life. On the contrary, I wish I did like tarts and toffee."

A pretty story is told of him when he was once

invited, by a family of children, to stay to dinner. "There is nothing, my dears, you can give me," he argued, "for I could only eat a chop of a rhinoceros or a slice from an elephant."

"Yes, I tan," answered a little girl of three, and off she trotted, coming back in a few moments with a wooden rhinoceros and a wooden elephant from her Noah's ark.

"Ah, little rogue," exclaimed the great man, "you already know the value of a kiss." Then, taking her in his arms, "he asked for a knife and fork, smacked his lips," and "pretended" to eat the dinner she had brought.

With children he was always playful, like this, but when he just stood by to see children, especially when they sang,—for he was passionately fond of music,—their young quaverings filled his old heart, and choked his voice, and flooded his eyes with tears. "Children's voices charm me so," he said, "that they set all my sensibilities in a quiver." Once he entered a school-room just as the children were singing, in sweetly tuneless notes, "O Paradise, O Paradise." "I cannot stand this any longer," he mumbled to the teacher, turning away his head and moving toward the door. "My spectacles are getting very dim."

"There is one day in the year," he wrote, "when I think St. Paul's presents the noblest sight in the whole world: when five thousand charity children, with cheeks like nosebags, and sweet, fresh voices, sing the hymn which makes every heart thrill with praise and happiness. I have seen a hundred grand sights in the world—coronations, Parisian splendors, Crystal Palace openings—but think in all Christendom there is no such sight as Children's Day."

It is strange beyond believing that so many have called this tender-hearted man a sneering faultfinder and a harsh critic of his fellow-men. The glad tips to round-cheeked school-boys, the sovereigns hidden in books or laid on white pillows, seem all forgotten. "Make us laugh," cried the people, "or you and your children starve!" That was Thackeray's own feeling. "What funny things I 've written when fit to hang myself!" he said, for very sadness losing "sight of the text" under his eyes; and this is the testimony of the famous gold pen:

I 've helped him to pen many a line for bread,
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head,
And make your laughter when my own heart bled.

To be sure, Thackeray, himself, laughed at all falsity, and laughed heartily; he could not endure an affected person or a person who posed; he had to have a man all-honest like himself. And because he laughed at life's shams, some of the

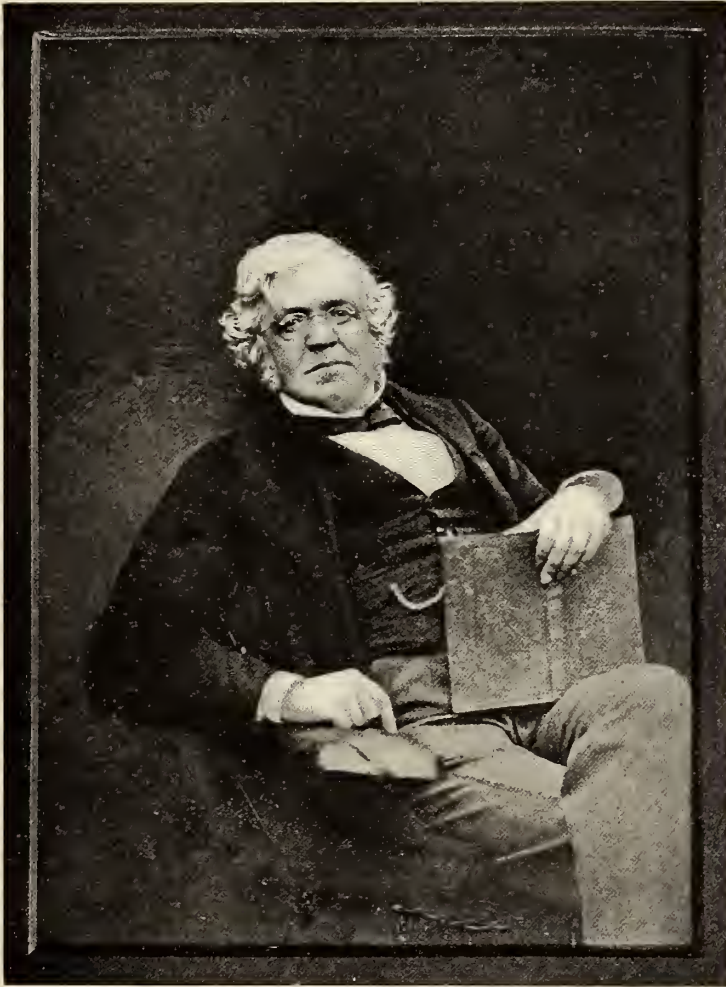
people who heard him laugh forgot his wonderful sympathy.

Thackeray said that his characters made themselves, and that they acted without his interference. "I don't control my characters. I am in

His characters' how's were as real to him as his own, and their troubles almost as real. The tax-collector, coming in one day, found him crying over the death of *Helcn Pendennis*. "She had to die," he said, though his little daughter Minnie had begged him to "make her well again."

His sympathy for flesh-and-blood people was, of course, even greater than his sympathy for book-people. When he was editor of "The Cornhill Magazine," he really suffered over the sad letters of many who dreamed that they could write. "Here is a case put with true female logic. 'I am poor; I am good; I am ill; I work hard; I have a sick mother and hungry brothers and sisters dependent on me. You can help us if you will.'" Such letters wrung the kind editor's heart, and no one knows how often he answered by his own personal check. No one knows, either, how much valuable time he spent in trying to frame replies at once honest and tender. Some of the contributors asked for criticisms; others even asked him to rewrite, if he could not understand, their nonsense. In fact, the editorship of the "Cornhill" wore Thackeray out. With great relief, in 1862, he resigned.

And if you would know Thackeray's generosity, read any of the warm praises he heaped on his great rival Charles Dickens. When "Pendennis" was coming out, Thackeray advised his friends to get "David Copperfield." "By Jingo! it 's beautiful—and the reading of the book has done another author a great deal of good." "'Pickwick' is a capital book," he said ungrudgingly. "It is like a glass of good English ale." And again, "'Boz' is capital this month, some very neat, pretty, natural writing indeed, better than somebody else's again." . . . "Long mayest thou, O 'Boz,' reign over thy comic kingdom!" "All children ought to love Dickens," he wrote most heartily of all. "I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one who, when she is happy, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby'; when she is unhappy, reads 'Nickleby';



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

their hands," he repeatedly declared. When a friend asked him why he made *Esmond* marry *Lady Castlewood*, he answered, perfectly serious, "I did n't make him do it; they did it themselves." Yet "Henry Esmond" was the one novel for which he drew up a plot. Favorite that it was, he said, "I stand by this book, and am willing to leave it where I go, as my card." For the most part, however, he doubted his own ability, and believed that his books were failures, commenting with such impersonal frankness as, "I have just read such a stupid part of 'Pendennis.' But how well written it is!"

when she is tired, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby'; when she is in bed, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby'; when she has nothing to do, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby'; and when she has finished the book, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby' again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said: 'I like Mr. Dickens's books better than your books, Papa,' and frequently expressed her desire that

taken the trip to America, hating the miles of ocean between himself and home; hating still more the horror of speaking before an audience. Like Irving, he had an inborn timidity; he had often broken down in trying to make a public speech. An hour before one of these lectures, he besought a friend, "Don't leave me—I 'm sick at my stomach with fright." To strengthen his



"THE LAST SHEET OF "THE VIRGINIANS" HAS JUST GONE TO THE PRINTER!"

the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can?" Failing as Thackeray did as illustrator, he wrote of a volume of Leech's drawings, "This book is better than plum-cake at Christmas"; and so we could quote for many pages. Magnanimous, "mighty of heart and mighty of mind," Thackeray lived his belief that there was room in the world for many great men. "What, after all, does it matter," he asks, "who is first or third in such a twopenny race?"

This was his spirit toward all his rivals. In Anne's diary we read of his failure in the election to the House of Commons: "Papa came home beaten, in capital spirits." And we know that he shook his opponent's hand, with all his big heartiness. When he found that his "very two nights" for lecturing in Baltimore had been chosen by a large opera company, he exclaimed: "They are a hundred wanting bread,—shall we grudge them a little of the butter off ours?"

Yet Thackeray bitterly needed the money from those lectures, that is, he needed it for his wife and children. For them and them alone, he had

voice, he had recited the multiplication table to a waiter in a restaurant; but how could he strengthen his courage? Night after night, that attack of fear returned; and night after night, the beloved giant went through his painful task, for money for the children. When at last he sailed for England, he went off in a rush, the very morning he saw the ship advertised. It was easier to scribble, "Good-by, Fields; good-by, Mrs. Fields; God bless everybody, says W. M. T.," than to utter that hard farewell. Thackeray reached the *Europa* at the cry, "Hurry up, she's starting!" Let us sail on with him.

From his own "White Squall" we get a peep into his home-seeking heart, on days of storm at sea:

I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

His daughter Anne lets us welcome him with the family: "My sister and I sat on the red sofa in the little study, and shortly before the time we

had calculated he might arrive, came a little ring at the front door-bell. My grandmother broke down; my sister and I rushed to the front door, only we were so afraid that it might not be he that we did not dare to open it, and there we stood, until a second and much louder ring brought us to our senses. 'Why did n't you open the door?' said my father, stepping in, looking well, broad, and upright, laughing. In a moment he had never been away at all."

His greeting at another time, from the dog, Gumbo, is hardly less picturesque. When the little black-and-tan saw the cab driving up the street with Thackeray inside, "with one wild leap from the curbstone, he sprang" into the carriage and landed safe on his master's knees, "knocking off his spectacles, and licking his face all over."

Through the eyes of other folks we see him in all these ways—the beneficent, tender-hearted man "whose business was to 'joke and jeer.'" And we like to thumb his old letters, filled as they are with comic pictures and with purposely misspelled words (to be pronounced lispingly or Englishly or through the nose, for Thackeray was as whimsical as Charles Lamb). "Did you z have a nice T?" is characteristic, and such signatures as "Bishop of Mealy Potatoes," "Yours Distractedly, Makepeace," "G. B. Y.!" (for God bless you!), or any of a hundred others.

Since this "big Cornish giant" loved his meals, of course we would rather dine with him than read his letters; but we must take our chances with all his other friends of his missing his appointment. He once neglected a dinner with a "very eminent person" because he saw beans and bacon on the menu of the Reform Club,—his grounds for declining the dinner being "he had just met a very old friend whom he had not seen for years, and from whom he could not tear himself." Another time he was late to a dinner when he, himself, was host. The guests waited and waited; no Thackeray. At last, when the dinner was half-spoiled, he bounded in, clapping his still inky hands, and shouting, "Thank Heaven, the last sheet of 'The Virginians' has just gone to the printer!"

With J. T. Fields, we see him lurching on American oysters, rejecting a large one because "it resembled the High Priest's servant's ear that Peter cut off," and then opening his mouth very

wide for another. After that had slipped down, and Fields asked him how he felt, "Profoundly grateful," Thackeray gulped, "and as if I had swallowed a baby."

It was in just such convivial spirits that Thackeray was dearest to his friends, and his Christmas-nature was the last they expected to lose on the day before Christmas, 1863, when all England was gay with holly. Thackeray, himself, must have had warnings; but he never hinted them to any one. He was a little weary and a good deal shrunken, but, on the whole, his old happy self. A few days before he died, he sent a hand-painted sketch of a singing robin to Milnes (a farewell full of joy). But he said no good-bys to his family, and when he left them on the last night, it was in just the old, tender way. Alone, early in the morning, his great soul was carried to a greater world.

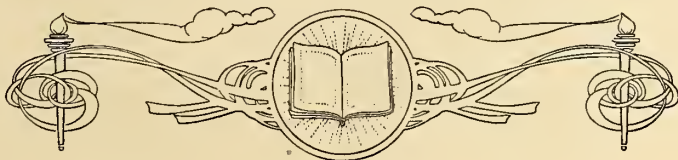
That evening the mournful news was brought to the meeting of Thackeray's fellow-workers on the English comic journal "Punch." "I 'll tell you what we 'll do," one said, "we 'll sing the dear old boy's 'Mahogany Tree'; he 'd like it." And so they all stood up, their choking voices missing the brave, sweet tenor of their friend, and their hearts needing his warmth; but they all stood up and sang, as best they could, Thackeray's own well-known words:

Christmas is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,—
Little care we;

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.

Life is but short;
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree!

In Kensal Green cemetery, a few steps from Leech, co-worker and fun-maker on "Punch," Thackeray lies asleep. The English ivy grows thick over his grave, clothing his place of rest with a summer mantle, and keeping his memory alive beneath the snow. His friend Lord Houghton was very angry because no room was made for Thackeray in Westminster Abbey. Happily our greatness is not measured by our graves, but by our monuments in human hearts.





DECEMBER DAYS

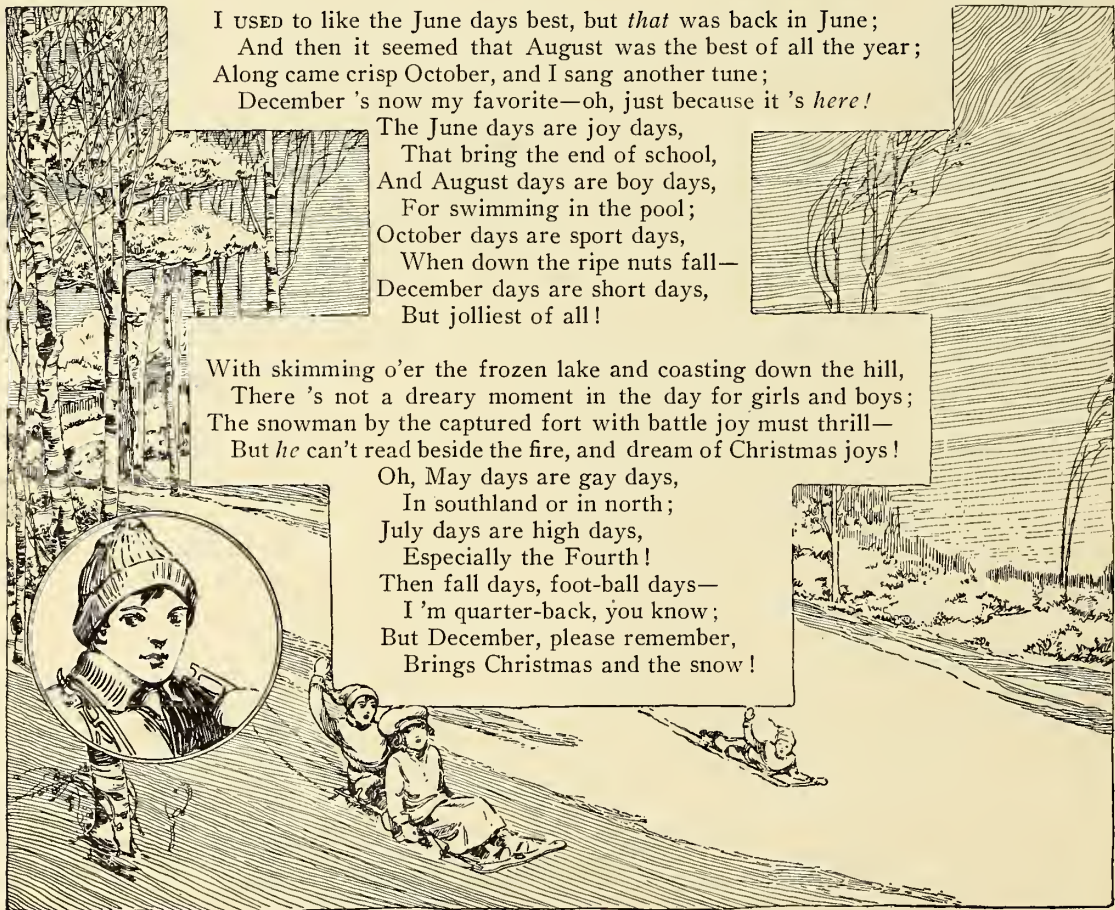
by Edward N Teall

I USED to like the June days best, but *that* was back in June;
And then it seemed that August was the best of all the year;
Along came crisp October, and I sang another tune;
December 's now my favorite—oh, just because it 's *here!*

The June days are joy days,
That bring the end of school,
And August days are boy days,
For swimming in the pool;
October days are sport days,
When down the ripe nuts fall—
December days are short days,
But jolliest of all!

With skimming o'er the frozen lake and coasting down the hill,
There 's not a dreary moment in the day for girls and boys;
The snowman by the captured fort with battle joy must thrill—
But *he* can't read beside the fire, and dream of Christmas joys!

Oh, May days are gay days,
In southland or in north;
July days are high days,
Especially the Fourth!
Then fall days, foot-ball days—
I 'm quarter-back, you know;
But December, please remember,
Brings Christmas and the snow!



BEATRICE OF DENEWOOD

(A sequel to "The Lucky Sixpence")

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

CHAPTER V

I FIND A TIN TEA-CADDY

BART'S courage reassured me for an instant and checked my flight; but, even as he spoke, a strange and awesome voice rose above the clamor of the shouts about me. I turned toward the woods whence this mysterious sound came, and there, emerging from behind a tree, was a tall, swaying figure of a man without a head. One hand was upraised and waved to and fro, while the other held out toward us a riven skull with glowing eyes that waxed and waned like a candle flame fanned by a gentle breeze.

With a cry of terror, I sank to my knees and hid my face in my hands, too frightened now to run. Just then there came an agonizing cry from the Magus.

"Oh, do not shoot!" he called; "I pray you do not shoot, or we are all lost!" And I looked up to see Bart facing the headless ghost with a leveled pistol, which he was aiming with much deliberation. Schmuck was near the rock where we had pretended to lay our weapons, and was in the act of throwing down angrily one of the billets of wood we had left to deceive him.

"Do not shoot!" he cried again; "I will try to drive this ghost away." And he raised his long arms and began to repeat his rigmarole, stepping out toward the ghostly figure that undulated in the moonlight.

"An you go too close you 're like to get the bullet," shouted Bart, his pistol still pointed toward the apparition; "'t is in my mind to find out how much good lead a ghost can carry."

He was about to fire, when little Peg flew toward us.

"D-d-do not s-s-shoot," she exclaimed at the top of her voice. At this Bart hesitated.

"Why not?" he demanded, as Peg came up.

"There is a-a-another t-t-there who is n-n-no g-g-ghost," she stammered; and even as she said the words, the weird figure seemed to crumple up, the ghostly head rolled on the ground, where its eyes still glittered among the ferns, and in the pale light we saw another form grappling with the ghost.

"'T is a bony spirit," came the cry of a strange voice from the midst of the struggle. "I warrant he will lay quiet now for a while," he ended with a laugh that sounded very out of place to our overwrought nerves.

Bart at once made for the spot, his pistol still in his hand, and I, feeling safer with him, seized Peg and followed.

"I s-s-saw him," chattered Peg, as we went along; "he c-c-came out of the w-w-woods just after the f-f-funny b-b-bogy!"

We came up to the scene of the struggle, but it had ceased. The spook lay upon its back, and a stout lad of about fourteen was sitting upon it, grinning joyfully as we approached him.

"'T is not worth wasting good powder on this," said the stranger. "He 's limp enough, and so bundled up with his ghost clothes that 't was scarce fair to fight him."

"Let 's see what he looks like," suggested Bart, for there was no face visible, a long garment of some sort being tied atop of his crown and surmounted by a collar, giving him the appearance of having no head; but that he had one was plain to see, for we could make out the shape of it beneath the flimsy cloth.

"Now keep still," cried Bart to the ghost, "or I 'll make a real wraith of you."

"Aye, master," came a muffled and trembling voice from beneath the stuff, "I 'll lay like a lamb, an you promise not to shoot."

At that the strange boy got up, and he and Bart stripped off the garment, displaying a long, thin fellow not much older than any of us, whose lean and lanky appearance made it plain he was the Magus's son.

"And here 's his other head," said the stranger, picking it up. "Had I not seen him putting the shiny stuff in his eyes, I might have been frightened myself, though I take no great stock in old wives' tales." He held out the skull for us to look at.

"How did you see it, and where have you come from?" asked Bart; for now his curiosity about this boy came uppermost in his mind.

"I was in the woods," answered the other, a little embarrassed, I thought, "and I saw you tie up the horses. I wondered what you were going to do with your lantern and spade, and so made up my mind to follow. I had given you time to get a start and was about to go on myself, when this fellow came up on another mule, and I waited to see what he was about. He did n't keep me waiting long. After he had tied his beast a little way from the others, he took out this ghost dress and the skull, and I saw him put the shiny stuff in its eyes and rub it on his

clothes. Then he followed your light, which was plain to be seen, and I took after him. He hid behind one tree, waiting, I doubt not, for his signal, and I behind another."

"I s-s-saw y-you all the t-t-time," Peg broke in, "but the g-g-ghost was f-f-farther off."

"'T was as good as a play," the lad went on, "and though I might have stopped him sooner, I was curious to see what the outcome of the matter would be. 'T was good as a play!" he repeated at the end of his story, and laughed heartily.

"Well," said Bart, "'t is lucky you came along, or we should have 'settled this ghost right enough."

"'T was my father made me do it," said our panting play-actor, and that reminded us of the fact that we had wholly forgotten the Magus. With one accord we turned to see what he was about, and why he had n't joined us.

At first we saw nothing of him, all of us having looked in the direction of the stone where he had last been; but little Peg spied him.

"T-t-there h-h-he is," she cried, pointing; "he 's d-d-digging up the t-t-treasure."

And sure enough, there in the hole we had been digging was the Magus, shoveling out the dirt for dear life, his thin back rising and falling rapidly as he delved into the earth.

"Hi there! Get out of that, Schmuck," shouted Bart; but the Magus paid no heed, and Bart started toward him.

"You keep this fellow here," he said to the stranger. "'T will be worth your while. I 'll attend to the Magus."

He went on quickly, and I followed, dragging out my pistol from under my cloak, for Schmuck was no boy, but a man grown, and likely to take more than words to frighten.

When we reached the hole, he was working furiously, tossing out spadeful after spadeful of earth, and paid no heed to Bart's order to cease. Indeed it was not till Bart held his pistol threateningly toward him that he seemed to consider our presence.

"I am but earning my fee," he snarled then.

"Your fee!" cried Bart, "when you intended to scare us from our treasure and take it all yourself?"

"I?" ejaculated the Magus, affecting indignation; "sure here 's ingratitude! To try to ruin a poor man's reputation when he 's found you a fooler."

"Then why did you have your servant dressed like a spook if 't were not your intention to intimidate us?" demanded Bart, giving me a meaningful glance.

"You call that fool my servant," Schmuck

burst out angrily. "More like you have employed him to give you an excuse not to pay me."

"Now I know you are false to us, Schmuck, for the boy acknowledged he was your son," said Bart, triumphantly.

"Did he so?" muttered the Magus, savagely. "'T is a good beating he 'll get if I 'm his father."

"That is a family affair," Bart laughed; "but now, come you out of that." And again he aimed the pistol threateningly.

Schmuck hesitated for a moment, then, wincing at the pistol held so close to him, he thought better of his decision, and stepped out of the hole.

"As you please," he grumbled, with a shrug of his narrow shoulders; "but we may as well go home. You would not heed my warning, and all my spells are undone. You will find naught in the hole now but dirt."

"But there is something there, Bart," I declared. "Do you suppose I screamed like that for nothing?"

For a moment, Bart seemed undecided, for he had no liking to leave the Magus unguarded while he went after the treasure himself.

"We 'll have Schmuck heave it out," he said at last, in his masterful way. "Into the hole again, Magus," he went on, and although he showed much reluctance, the man of magic complied. He worked a little, and then, "There is something here," he admitted.

With considerable effort he lifted a bundle out of the hole and placed it at our feet. This was evidently the yielding object that my spade had struck, for it was a huge patchwork quilt, much stained with earth and water. The four corners were gathered together and tied in a bunch with cord. I leaned down and felt of it, and finding that it contained many hard and oddly shaped forms, I at once jumped to the conclusion that they were silver vessels of some sort.

"'T is a pirate hoard, without doubt," I told Bart.

"Good!" he cried, becoming near as excited as I. "Is there aught else in the hole, Magus?" he added.

"There 's a small coffer here," was the surly reply.

"Up with it," Bart commanded; and a moment later a brass-bound coffer stood beside us.

"There 's naught else," said Schmuck at last, stepping out and making a motion to put himself at Bart's back and so avoid the pistol; but Bart turned and faced him, still aiming resolutely.

"Nay, you said there was naught there once before," he remarked; "we 'll see ourselves whether you are telling the truth this time. Go down, Bee, and take a look while I keep this fellow in order."

So down into the hole I went, taking the lanthorn with me, while Bart guarded the Magus.

I took up the spade and tested the ground beneath my feet. On one side was a ledge of rock, but when I tried to dig in the earth I found it all nearly as hard, and came to the conclusion that what I had first handled was so much softer because it had been dug away once before. From this I argued that we had in reality come to the bottom of the pit, and that this time, at least, Schmuck was telling the truth.

Satisfied at last that there was nothing further to be found, I set my foot into a crevice in the rock, preparing to come out, but it slipped and dislodged a stone, which, in turn, loosened another object, which rolled to my feet.

I stooped and picked it up, wondering what it could be, and found that it was naught but a common tea-caddy of tin such as we have in the kitchen, and, upon further examination, discovered, much to my disappointment, for my imagination had at once filled it with great wealth, that it was empty.

I stood there for a moment with it in my hands, a little perplexed as to why pirates should have taken the trouble to hide a thing so valueless as a tin tea-caddy. Had it been full of jewels or Spanish gold pieces, I could have understood it, but it was empty, and I dropped it back into the hole, little thinking what I did, for my mind was intent upon the problem as to why it was there at all.

Meanwhile Bart and the Magus stood in silence awaiting my verdict.

"There is naught else of worth here, Bart," I said, climbing up to level ground.

"Then we may think of going back," said Bart. "What puzzles me is how we are to manage the treasure and this Magus as well, for it 's in my mind to take him to Philadelphia and give him up to the authorities for a thief."

At this the Magus fell to his knees with a cry of supplication.

"Nay, young master, do not do that. 'T will be my ruin. Take the treasure, and let me go. 'T is all I ask."

"Aye, after you find that you could n't frighten us with your ghosts and make way with it all!"

"Truly the treasure was in some measure mine also," answered the Magus, with a whine. "Though I knew not when we started what it was we went to seek."

"How do you make that out?" demanded Bart. "'T was plain enough you knew Hans Kalbfleisch, but that gave you no right to the treasure."

"I will confess, young master, if you will let

me go my way," pleaded the diviner. "I ask for no part of the treasure."

"Nay, I make no promises," answered Bart; "but say on, and, if I find you are telling truth, we will see."

"'T was a Brunswicker found it," the Magus began, "but ere he could remove it, the British, fearing that his regiment would all desert, shipped them off to New York by sea. On leaving, he took me and Hans Kalbfleisch into his confidence, though to neither of us did he tell the whole of the secret, thinking to make each honest by setting the other as a guard to watch his interests. To me he said the spot was between the white stone and the place Hans knew of; but, ere Hans and I could come together, the British evacuated Philadelphia, and, though I have searched diligently along the creek for the place, there are so many white stones scattered here and there that the quest was hopeless. 'T was only when you brought word of the other mark that success was possible. So you see, young master, in a way I had some right to it, though that I give up if you will but grant me my liberty."

Somehow he made the matter of his interest plausible to us, and his words, of course, explained what had been so mysterious in his behavior all that night. Now, apparently, his only desire was to be away, and he seemed to care naught for the treasure since Bart had threatened to jail him as a thief.

After some further parleying, Bart consented to give the Magus his liberty on one condition.

"You must help carry the treasure to our horses," he insisted, to which the Magus, glad to have freedom at any price, readily consented.

I ran and told the others that we had found something in the hole, and that we were ready to proceed. At this the stranger proposed that he help too, and all three of us went back to where Bart was preparing for the return trip.

It was arranged that the Magus should shoulder the coffer, that his son and the strange boy should manage the bundle between them, while Bart and I walked behind with pistols ready in case there was any sign of treachery on Schmuck's part.

Peggy brought up in the rear, dancing along in the best of spirits, and vowing every few minutes that she had never had so much fun.

Charley was still there when we reached the horses, but we scarce thought of him, for Schmuck, setting down his burden, asked permission to depart at once. 'T was plain he was in a fever to be off, and it struck me even then as strange that he showed no regret at leaving the treasure he had been so eager to find.

The gray light of early dawn showed the man more clearly than I had seen him under the fitful glow of the lanthorn, and I looked him over curiously.

He was not near so awe-inspiring as he had been in the darkness, for his suit of satin was frayed here and there, and showed signs of much patching; but it was a smear of mud upon his waistcoat, a straight smear of dirt that passed under his ruffle as if a soiled hand had thrust something within his bosom, that caught my attention. I looked at the spot intently, scarce knowing why I did so, and suddenly there popped into my head the meaning of it.

"Please, master, let me go," begged Schmuck, once more.

"Shall I give him some money?" Bart whispered to me. "I 'll be glad to see the last of him."

"Aye," was my loudly spoken answer, "we 'll let him go after he 's given us what he took from the tea-caddy he found in the hole."

CHAPTER VI

BASE METAL

THE change in the face of the Magus as I pointed to the smear of mud upon his breast was so sudden and threatening that I was frightened. His thin lips curled back from his teeth, and he snarled like an angry dog, showing plainly that what I had but suspected was true. It was clear that he was so taken by surprise as to betray himself.

This he evidently realized as soon as we, for, without a word of denial, he turned in his tracks and started off toward his mule.

So quickly did it all happen, that he had almost gained his beast before any of us came to our senses. Then Bart, calling upon him to stop, aimed his pistol. But the Magus neither turned nor slackened his speed, and again Bart shouted to him to halt.

But the diviner continued his flight, and, with a final bound, threw one leg over his donkey. He would have been off had he not forgotten, in his excitement and haste, that his animal was tethered, and failed to loose it.

The poor beast tugged at its halter as the Magus urged it on, but the strap held, and we hurried forward, shouting.

Now, however, we had a new man to deal with. Whatever it was he had hidden, he meant to keep it at any cost, and, dropping to the far side of his animal, he slipped into the woods.

Bart snapped his pistol at him, but it missed fire, and, with a growl of disappointment, he

dropped it and started in pursuit. In the meantime the strange boy, with great speed, had run to head the Magus off, and, though Schmuck's long legs covered the ground rapidly, he was no match for the stranger, who soon overhauled him, and, shouting to Bart to come on, threw himself upon the man, tripping him. Together they fell to the ground, struggling violently, and, a moment later, Bart reached them and flung himself into the fray.

I hoped to see the struggle quickly finished, but the end of the matter was not yet. The Magus was wiry, and, more than that, he was desperate, and fought bitterly. But Charley, recovering his courage with the daylight, joined in, and soon they had him trussed up with a halter.

"Now let us see what you have concealed there," Bart exclaimed, panting from his exertions. "I warrant 't is the most valuable part of the treasure, if one may judge from the fight you made to keep it."

He plunged his hand inside the man's shirt, and, fumbling about, brought forth a small package, which, after a scant look, he handed to me.

"'T is not worth the trouble, I vow," he remarked, getting up from the ground; "but take care of it, Bee, and we 'll look it over anon."

I took it in my hand, and found it a small packet neatly wrapped in coarse brown paper and tied about a number of times with twine. To the feel, and, being anxious, I squeezed it more than once, it was soft, and yet stiff, too, like starched linen. I confess it was disappointing, but I consoled myself with the thought that Schmuck would not have taken all that trouble for nothing. I would have liked to open it then and there, but Bart wisely told me to curb my impatience till a more fitting time.

"And now, Schmuck," he went on, regarding the prostrate man at our feet; "get yourself up, and march with me to the jail."

The man got to his feet sullenly, but made no protest. Indeed, he seemed scarce to care what we did with him now. His face was flushed with his exertion, and twitched nervously, as if he were under some great strain. I did not like the look of him, and preferred that he be allowed to go his way, for I felt sure he was such an one as would remember an injury.

"Let him go, Bart," I said, "he has made naught by his tricks, and," I lowered my voice so that none other could hear, "'t would make the matter of our search public did we hand him over to the authorities, which I am sure you do not want."

"Now that 's well thought of," he answered back in a whisper, and then went on loudly, to

the Magus, "We 're going to let you off, Schmuck; but have a care what you do, or we will clap you into jail."

Bart took my pistol, and, telling the strange boy to loose the bonds of the Magus, he bade the latter take his donkey and go.

I expected that Schmuck would be overjoyed at the prospect of keeping his liberty, and would hurry away at all speed; but in this I was mistaken. He stood sulkily, his head dropped to his breast, eying us venomously from under his brows, and muttering to himself the while. Once or twice he started toward his tethered animal, and as often turned back, and made as if to speak. Seeming to think better of it, he held his tongue. At last, because of an impatient word from Bart, he shook his head and strode over to his mule. Loosening it with an angry jerk, he bestrode the patient little animal and prepared to ride away, shaking his fist angrily at us.

He looked so funny there in the daylight with his shabby suit of black silk and the silly plume in his hat, that, being but youngsters, we could n't help laughing at the queer figure he cut and the dumb threat he hurled at us. At last, amid our merriment, he rode away.

"Where 's the ghost?" exclaimed Bart, when we were beginning to come to our senses, and we looked around, expecting to see the thin youth somewhere in sight, but he, too, had disappeared, and we guessed he had taken advantage of the excitement to steal off.

There was naught left now but to mount and take our treasure back to Denewood, where, in safety and seclusion, we could overhaul it at our leisure.

But my eyes strayed to the strange boy who had done so much to help us. I now looked at him closely for the first time that morning, and, though I liked his face at once, the thing that attracted my attention was a great scar over his left eye, and I remembered the advertisement for the runaway bond boy. I could recollect much of what I had read just before coming out on this expedition, and all fitted with the lad before me. He was dressed in a suit of homespun, wore yarn stockings, and on his feet were heeled leathern shoes with brass buckles. There could be no doubt about it, and here also was the explanation of why he was in the woods at night. He was in hiding.

"You have aided us so greatly," I said to him, "is there aught we can do to help you?"

Then, as I saw Bart looked surprised at my taking the matter on my shoulders, I explained, "I know who he is."

Whereat the lad interrupted me, with a pleased

face: "I did n't think you 'd remember me, miss, but I knew you at once."

It was my turn to be surprised, and I looked at him closely as he went on.

"Not to say at once, either, because I followed you for ten minutes before I caught up with you; but as soon as you came back in this road here, and there was light enough to see, I knew you. You 've not changed, although it is two years."

Still I had no recollection of the boy. I racked my brains to place him, as I said, "At any rate you must let us help you."

But he shook his head.

"I 'm on my way to Philadelphia," he told me. "I mean to be a soldier."

"You can't go in to Philadelphia," I cried, clasping my hands. "Don't you know you are advertised for in the news sheets? There 's a reward out for you."

"Is that so? But how did you guess it was for me?" The boy asked curiously. "I never told you my name,—though 't is Mark Powell," he added.

"I knew by the scar," I answered, puzzled.

"But I did n't have it then," said the boy, putting his hand to his head.

"'T is in the newspapers, of course," I explained impatiently, "and you 'll be taken if you go into town."

"I wonder," said the lad, "would Mr. Travers think I was old enough now to make a soldier? Germantown 's not far from here, and, if I could win to him, he might help me for the sake of that day at the Green Tree Inn."

Then, at last, I knew him for a boy who had led Brother John and me to our horses when they had been hid from us by a pack of Tories who wanted to seize me for the sake of the reward that had been put upon my head, even as now there was a reward upon his. In a moment my resolve was taken.

"Bart," I said, "this boy saved John's life and mine when first I landed in this country, and who knows what he has saved us from to-night? He is a bound boy who has left his master, I know not why, but I think I owe it to him to get him to John."

"I 'm not ashamed of leaving my master," announced the lad. "I would have stayed, but he wanted to make a Tory spy of me. I mean to buy my freedom as soon as I can earn the money."

"We 'll take you to Denewood with us," said Bart, "till we see what John advises."

'T was high time for us to be on the road if we were not to have our secret known at home. The two boys quickly loaded our treasure-trove on the horses, and we all mounted and were off.

Then a thought came to plague me.

"Bart," I said, "if we take Mark with us, the Mummers will give him up. They think it a duty to return escaped bond-servants to their masters."

"Then we 'll hide him," cried Bart, impatiently. "Denewood is big enough to conceal a regiment, and men have been hid there before"; which was true, indeed.

Arriving at Denewood, we found many of the servants already stirring, so, with a warning to Charley not to gossip, Peg and I slipped into the house by the secret way, leaving it to Bart to stow the treasure in one of the great barns and to hide Mark in a smoke-house that was unused at that time of the year.

I think the hours never passed so slowly as they did that morning. Mrs. Mummer, in one of her busy humors, was preparing to put up preserves, and that meant plenty of work for me. There were, beside, my regular duties of dusting and the like, that had to be gone through every morning, and little Peg and I could hardly restrain our impatience. But we dared not show how anxious we were to be gone or neglect anything, for fear we should betray our secret.

At length we were free, for the time at least, and ran to the barn as fast as our legs could carry us, all the while a little uncertain what Bart had been doing, for he, of course, as a man, had no household duties.

"W-w-will he o-o-open them before we g-g-get there?" asked Peg, in a distressed voice.

"I don't know," I answered, "but we 'll soon see."

We found Bart walking up and down the floor of the barn, guarding his treasures.

"At last!" he cried, when he saw us; "I thought you were never coming. What in the world has kept you?"

"We had to dust, and to lay out linen, and—and, oh, a score of things, which all take time," I explained; "but what was in the bundle and the coffer? I am dying to know."

"Think you I would be so mean as to open them before you came?" asked Bart. "They are as you left them, and we will look at what they contain together."

"Now it was good of you to wait!" I exclaimed, for I knew he was, if anything, more impatient than we.

"'T was all I could do to keep from looking," he answered, "and I have been feeling. I 'm sure the bundle contains gold vessels of some kind. Probably stolen from Spanish churches. But come, I can wait no longer!"

So impatient that we could hardly restrain our-

selves, we cut the cords binding the four corners of the quilt, and, as we opened it, all three of us bent forward to see the contents. A gray mass of pitchers, cups, bowls, platters, and such-like things fell out, and Bart, touching it with his foot, gave a grunt of dissatisfaction.

"'T is only silver after all!" he murmured, and began to rummage through the objects to discover the gold and jewels he had hoped for. I picked up a small pitcher and went with it to the light. My heart had sunk with the suspicion that we might expect a still further disappointment, and, indeed, upon examination, I discovered that our find was not even silver.

"'T is but pewter, Bart," I told him; "we have been fooled. 'T is worth naught."

"It can't be!" he cried in distress; but, though he searched through the pile of utensils, there was naught but pewter to reward him.

"Now this is too bad!" he exclaimed; "but mayhap the chest is what we 're looking for." And at once he started prying open the small coffer.

Again we were doomed to disappointment. All we found was a quantity of little phials and packages.

I picked up one and read "Ipecacuanha," on another "Jesuit's bark," then, "Quicksilver," "Tartar emetic," "Calomel," and "Cantharides," in quick succession. 'T was needless to go further. It was plain enough that we had found a medicine-chest with naught else of value in it.

Bart's disappointment was keener than ours. He had wanted to win a commission, and now he saw no hope of it.

"It must have been a poor party of pirates that buried that stuff!" he exclaimed, as he paced the floor of the barn once or twice, in anger and chagrin. "The whole of it is not worth a pound of good, hard money."

"I do not think that pirates had ought to do with it," I answered. "'T is more like some Hessian loot, picked up as they went along and buried until a more convenient time came to dispose of it. Those fellows will take anything, you know, and the ground was too soft to have been dug up very long ago."

"Aye, that 's it," he agreed; "but," he went on, after a moment's thought, "why should old Schmuck have been so keen for it? He would n't have been so anxious after a lot of paltry pewter."

"Perchance he was befooled too, or else 't was the package!" I cried, clapping my hands to where it still lay beneath my kerchief. I had forgotten it, and in another moment, I had it out, and we examined it critically.

"Nay, you may have it," said Bart, who had fingered it carelessly when I handed it to him. "There are no jewels nor gold in it. Whatever it is, you may keep it as a remembrance, for I am sure 't is of little worth"; and he shrugged his shoulders indifferently, for he was sore disappointed, and wished, manlike, to hide it.

The packet was quite clean save for a trace here and there of the Magus's muddy fingers. It was wrapped so carefully that, as I looked at it, it flashed over me that this was a great deal of

"A good, fat lock it must be," I laughed disdainfully.

"Well, miss, since you are so wise, what is it?" demanded Bart, good-naturedly.

"You would never guess," I answered; "but know you not that a gipsy told me I should find fortune across great waters? Now I've crossed the ocean, and this is the fortune, of course."

"Nay, now," Bart put in, "when I heard that tale before 't was happiness you were to find



"'I AM BUT EARNING MY FEE,' HE SNARLED."

trouble to take for a thing of little worth. Yet what could it be? I turned it in my fingers meditatively.

"Let 's a-a-all g-g-guess," suggested Peggy, ever ready for a game.

"And whoever guesses right shall keep it," cried Bart.

"Nay," I said gaily, "you cannot dispose of my property, sir. You have already given it to me."

"W-w-what do you think it is, B-B-Bee?" asked Peggy, pinching the package. "I t-t-think 't is a s-s-set of r-ruffles."

"That 's your guess, is it, Peg?" said Bart. "Very well. I think it is a lock of a lady's hair."

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across the waters. Think you happiness comes packed in such small parcels?"

"Oh, q-q-quit your q-q-quarreling!" said Peg, "and do let us s-s-see what it is!"

So with care I began to untie the string, and this took some little time. At length it was free, and off came the paper. Inside this we found another covering of parchment to keep it dry, and, beneath this again, a leaf of silvered paper. So carefully was the little bundle wrapped that, in spite of all our disappointments, our interest revived, and we put our heads together, intent upon what we should discover.

"This grows exciting," said Bart, "my heart



“WHO WAS THAT LOOKING IN AT THE DOOR?”

misgives me that I did wrong to give it away so lightly. Mayhap there 's a portrait of the lovely lady as well as the lock of her hair.”

“’T is mine now, at any rate,” I made answer, and, carefully taking off the silvered paper, I held up the contents of the parcel for all to see.

slyly pushing the door wider, was suddenly withdrawn. At least I thought I saw a hand withdrawn, but after we had run out to see who spied upon us and found no one, I could not be sure, though Peg still vowed she had seen something move.

(To be continued)

A fortune indeed, for 't was money I had in my hand!

“Continental shinplasters,” scoffed Bart, “that even Hessians would n't bother to carry away.”

“Bart!” I cried, as I examined them. “They are Bank of England notes!”

With a shout of joy, he took them from me.

“Aye, you 're right, Bee!” he exclaimed, as he fingered them; “they 're as good as any hard money ever coined. We 've come across the treasure at last, and now let 's count it.”

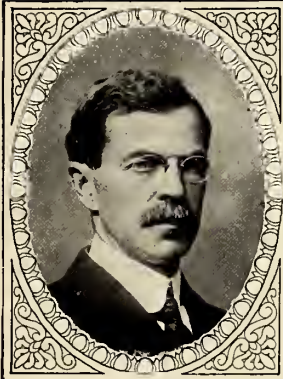
It must have made a strange picture, I often think as I recall it—two little maids and one great boy sitting together on the floor of the barn. Before them, a patchwork quilt covered with all sorts of pewter utensils, and in their careless fingers a fortune. Through the open door a streak of sunshine streamed, in which two hens and a pigeon pecked, hesitatingly turning their heads from side to side to eye the three children.

Something, I know not what, caused me to look up, and at the same moment Peg cried out:

“Who was that looking in at the d-d-door?”

All three of us turned. A shadow seemed to stir in the sunshine, and a hand, that had been

"THE BOY AND THE MAN"



Photograph by Brown Bros.
JOHN GRIER HIBBEN,
President Princeton University.

NOTE:—The following brief "Talks with Boys" originally formed part of a series obtained by Hamilton Fish Armstrong, a boy of seventeen, for "The Blue and the Gray," a paper published by the boys of the Gilman School at Baltimore. It was at once apparent, however, that these gems of advice and suggestion by eminent men deserved to be given to a far wider audience than that of the school paper. Therefore ST. NICHOLAS has arranged to publish most of them.

In presenting the first instalment this month, we are sure that our readers and their parents will join the young editor of "The Blue and the Gray" in renewed and grateful acknowledgment to these distinguished men who generously took time from their busy lives to give such nuggets of admonition, cheer, and inspiration to American school-boys. And the thanks of this magazine are also tendered for their friendly courtesy in heartily according their sanction to the reprinting of their contributions here.—EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS.



Photograph by Brown Bros.
REV. DR. HUGH BIRCKHEAD,
Former Rector St. George's
Church, New York.

"THE BOY AND THE MAN"

BY PRESIDENT JOHN GRIER HIBBEN

EVERY boy wishes to be a man, but the measure of a man is not that of age, nor strength, nor stature, nor possessions, nor position. That which makes a man is a quality of spirit; it is courage, honor, integrity of character, and the resolute purpose to know what is true, and to do what is right. The central quality of manliness, around which all others must be built up, is that of a sense of honor. It is an incalculable advantage to a school to have a spirit of honor prevailing through all the activities of its life. A practical illustration of it is the conduct of examinations upon an honor basis. Such an honor system, I am glad to say, we have had now for twenty years at Princeton, and it has established a standard of honor that is recognized in all the customs and traditions of our campus life. I do not see why a school should not have an honor system of this kind. It is always a criticism of a person's manliness if, on any occasion whatsoever, he must be watched. It has an unconscious influence upon him to feel that he is not wholly trusted. To put a person upon his honor is to appeal to the man in him.

Another essential element of manliness is the ability to play an uphill game, and not to lose one's head when facing an adverse turn of affairs. This applies not only to the sports of the school, but also to its more serious work, and to the obligations and responsibilities of after life. He who can remain cheerful and still hopeful when all things turn against him, has a courage that must conquer in the end. The spirit that will not give up nor relax effort until the end of

the ninth inning, or until the whistle blows, is the spirit that gives assurance of success. Again, there is another feature of manliness that is sometimes overlooked, or, at least, not duly emphasized, namely, that the true man never takes himself too seriously. He, however, takes *his work* seriously. And the more seriously he takes his work the less conscious is he apt to be of himself, and the less concerned as to what others may think of him. He is thus able to see things in life in their true proportions. The magnitude of life's interests and the perplexing problems which center about life's mysteries compel him to recognize his true position within the larger world about him, and lead him not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think. The true man, moreover, must have some fellow feeling for his own kind, particularly some sympathetic interest and concern for the men about him who have not had the chances in life which have come to him, and who have not enjoyed those privileges which have made up a large part of his daily life. That man lives in a small world if it is bounded by his own selfish desires and influences. To live in a larger world, he must become a part of its life and take a share of its burdens and obligations. It is well to remember, however, that one does not have to wait until he is of age in order to become a man. There may be a manly boy as well as a manly man, and only a manly boy is capable of becoming a true man.

THE FORCE OF SUNLIGHT

BY REV. DR. HUGH BIRCKHEAD

THE other day, I was asked to go to see a new invention which has just been discovered—a way

to draw electricity from the sun. I went downtown in New York, and was lifted in an express elevator to the top of one of the highest buildings in the city. Finally, on the roof, far above the city's noise, I found a group of men looking at a large frame in which blocks of metal were fixed. This frame was connected by electric wires with the room below, and in two days of sunlight it collected enough electricity to light an ordinary house for a week. No more dynamos or waste of energy-producing power—simply the frame upon the roof absorbing the brightness of the sun, and turning it into light for the dark hours. It is a wonderful invention, and when it is perfected, you will find it upon the roof of every house, upon the upper deck of every steamer, quietly at work storing away the silent power of the sun, that we may use it when we please to make the darkness light.

Now all of you boys who have the privilege of going to a good school are in the brightest kind of sunshine that you will ever know. All the stored-up goodness, and cleverness, and beauty of the years that have been are being radiated upon you. The ideals, and visions, and splendid deeds of heroism of all time are being brought in touch with you, and you are at the receptive time of your lives, when you are most capable of making all these splendid influences a part of yourselves. As the sunlight is so quiet in its force, we do not realize how great that force is; and just because it beats upon the world day after day, all life is made possible—not only the trees, and flowers, and the grass; not only the butterflies and the birds; not only everything that creeps upon the surface of the earth or lifts itself into the air, but the life of man, your life and mine.

In this same way the influence of God, through human life, and thought, and achievement, beats down upon your minds and hearts. Later on, you will go out into some of the dark places of the world, among the men and women who have not known the beauty and truth which have been so freely shown to you, and the kindness and love which you have accepted as a part of your right from the start; and it will be your privilege and your duty to lighten up those dark corners of the world with the stored-up energy of school-boy days.

Let me urge you to open wide the doors of your mind, your heart, and your soul to the sunlight now while it is still yours, for, if your task is worthy of a son of God in the years to come, you will need all the beauty, and the belief, and hope that can possibly be stored away in these few years while the sun shines. For

there are men and women all over the world waiting for your brightness to illuminate their lives, looking to you for the way, for the truth, for the life.

When you feel that studying is tiresome, and that the restrictions of school life are irksome, just think of the metal frame upon the roof, quietly putting away for future use the brightness in the sky, and turn again to your task, determined to absorb all the light you can; not for your own happiness or success merely, but that you may be part of the light of the world, and men may turn to you to see the way and be glad.

"LIVE FOR WHAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE AT SIXTY"

BY ADMIRAL F. E. CHADWICK

If I were to start out to give advice to boys, my first would be, to live for what you would like to be at sixty.

Of course sixty looks to you a long way off; twenty-five, or even twenty, is "getting on," from your point of view, and forty is extremely old. But you will wonder, some day, how quickly sixty comes; and what you would be at that age (when some of you will still have a considerable time to live) will mean much. For if you aim to be a fine man at sixty, you will have to be a fine man through life. And let me say that you cannot

trifle with such an aspiration. Every evil act, every evil thought, will count heavily against you, and you will remember to your deep regret every one of such things when you come to sit down and think over life at sixty.

Boys hate being too much preached to, but I do not mean this as a sermon. I am thinking of life as an educational question. The word education is one of the most meaningful of words. Its aim is to draw out of you the best that is in you. It cannot draw out anything which is not in you. But it can do its best. And you yourself must do this. The teacher can only help you a bit. The mere acquirement of information is a small thing. The gist of the matter is in the manner of acquirement and the use you make of the



Photograph by Pach Bros.
ADMIRAL F. E. CHADWICK,
U. S. N.

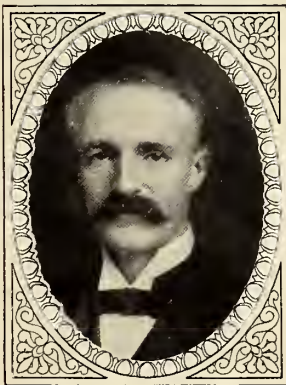
acquirement. If the manner and use do not produce character in the large, broad sense, your effort at education is a failure. For the only really valuable thing in this world is character. Every organization of any kind, bank, corporation, manufactory, church, government, or society, is on the lookout for character. If you have it, you need not fear that you will be overlooked, for the search is too sharp for character to conceal itself.

Thus, if you happen to lie awake at night, it is a good idea to think, "Am I producing the best character that is in me to produce? Am I doing my level best to keep in the right way my soul, that intangible something for which my body exists?" Every one can soar; every one can grovel. In the long race of life, when you slow up at sixty and begin to think over things, you will wish that you had always tried, at least, to soar.

TWO ESSENTIALS

BY GIFFORD PINCHOT

I HAVE never believed that the difference in brains between individuals, whether men or boys, is what determines success or failure. There are few men and few boys who lack intelligence enough to do their work well if they choose.



Photograph by Pach Bros.

GIFFORD PINCHOT,

Former Chief of Bureau of Forestry.

The essential things which distinguish one individual from another, which give one man a higher place among his fellows and another a lower, are just two:

First of all, perseverance—the ability to keep everlastingly at it; and, secondly, imagination or vision—the ability to see beyond the present moment, and to understand that the work at hand reaches beyond the present moment, and so is worth while.

There is nothing on earth, except actual dishonesty, which is so fatal to success in life as the spirit of "What's the use?"

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

BY COLONEL HENRY G. PROUT

THE fathers of the republic stated it as a self-evident truth that men are endowed by the Creator with the inalienable right of life, lib-

erty, and the pursuit of happiness. Observe, they do not say the pursuit of wealth, or power, or glory, but the pursuit of happiness. This is the one undisputed aim which they assume may

be set before every man. I think that you will find this idea running through the philosophies and the theologies of mankind ever since man began to record his thoughts. Happiness on earth, happiness in heaven, has always been recognized as the aim of the mass of mortals. To secure happiness, then, is to be successful. But happiness, deliberately sought for its own self, will never be at-



Photograph by Brown Bros.

COLONEL HENRY G. PROUT,
Editor "Railroad Gazette"; former
Governor of the Provinces of the
Equator.

tained; for, in the nature of things, happiness cannot be the fruit of selfishness. If we are to get happiness, it must be incidentally in the pursuit of some other aim. It must be by sacrifice—"He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

So, let us try to find some other end than happiness, which may be worthy of our pursuit and through which happiness may, perhaps, come as our reward. Possibly we may agree as to what that end shall be.

In every generation there are a few men who impress their fellow-men by beauty and nobility of character, quite apart from those qualities which we may think of as purely intellectual. They have a distinction which wealth, or power, or achievement cannot bestow. In the deepest recesses of our minds, we recognize these men as being the real nobility, the flower of humanity, the really successful men—*Colonel Newcome*, for example, may stand as a type of this class. *Colonel Newcome* died in poverty, a pensioner in the Grey Friars, where he had been a boy at school. But any right-minded man must feel that *Colonel Newcome* achieved a higher success than if he had merely commanded an army or ruled an empire. Ignoble men, men whom we rightly despise, have done both of these things with considerable success.

I should say that the only real and abiding success that a man may achieve in this life is to attain to that nobility and beauty of character which command the admiration and affection of his fellow-beings, and which enable him to face any change of fortune with dignity and serenity.

A Stray Letter.

Dear Santa
Claus.

BY MRS. JOHN T. VAN SANT

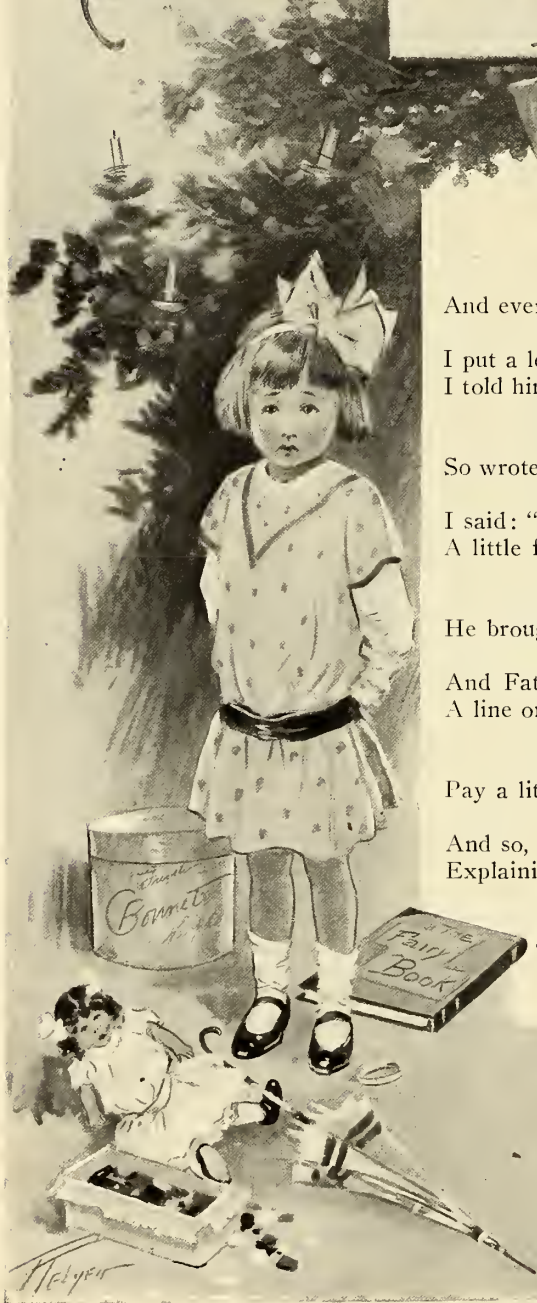
I DID N'T want a story-book ; I did n't want a doll ;
I did n't want a thimble or a satin parasol.
I did n't want a bonnet
With a curly feather on it,
And everything that Santa brought I did n't want at all !

I put a letter in the mail, and told him what to bring ;
I told him not to worry 'bout a bracelet or a ring.
I thought I would n't bother
My mother or my father,
So wrote direct to Santa Claus, and asked for just one thing.

I said : "Dear Santa, all I need is one small pussy-cat,
A little furry puss that I can love and pet and pat."
I wanted just a kitty,
And I think it is a pity
He brought me all these other things and did n't think of that.

And Father said it was a shame, and he would write the gent
A line or two or three or four, and ask him what he meant.
He said that Santa ought to
Have a lesson, and be taught to
Pay a little more attention to the orders that are sent.

And so, to-night I got a note from Mr. Santa Claus
Explaining how it happened ; and he said it was because
He never *got* the letter,
And that little girls had better
Have all their mail at Christmas posted by their
Pa's and Ma's.





"HIS LITTLE ROUND STOMACH WAS SWOLLEN WITH HONEY, SO HE DID N'T CARE A PENNY." (SEE PAGE 236.)

TEDDY BEAR'S BEE-TREE

FIRST PAPER OF THE SERIES ENTITLED "BABES OF THE WILD"

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

UNCLE ANDY and The Boy, familiarly known as "The Babe," were exploring the high slopes of the farther shore of Silverwater. It had been an unusually long trip for the Babe's short legs, and Uncle Andy had considerably called a halt, on the pretext that it was time for a smoke. He knew that the Babe would trudge on till he dropped in his tracks before acknowledging that he was tired. A mossy boulder under the ethereal green shade of a silver birch offered the kind of resting-place, comfortable yet unkempt, which appealed to Uncle Andy's taste; and there below, over a succession of three low, wooded ridges, lay outspread the enchanting mirror of the lake. The Babe, squatting cross-legged on the turf, had detected a pair of brown rabbits peering out at him from the fringes of a thicket of young firs.

"Perhaps," he thought to himself, "if we keep very still indeed, they'll come out and play."

He was about to whisper this suggestion, cautiously, to Uncle Andy, when, from somewhere in the trees behind him, came a loud sound of scrambling, of claws scratching on bark, followed by a thud, a grunt, and a whining, and then the crash of some heavy creature careering through the underbrush.

The rabbits vanished. The Babe, startled, shrank closer to his uncle's knees, and stared up at him with round eyes of inquiry.

"He's in a hurry, all right, and does n't care who knows it!" chuckled Uncle Andy. But his shaggy brows were knit in some perplexity.

"Who's *he*?" demanded the Babe.

"Well, now," protested Uncle Andy, as much



"HE REACHED AROUND, DUG HIS CLAWS INTO THE EDGE OF THE BEES' HOLE, AND PULLED WITH ALL HIS MIGHT." (SEE PAGE 235.)

as to say that the Babe ought to have known that without asking, "you *know* there 's nothing in these woods big enough to make such a noise as that except a bear or a moose. And a moose can't go up a tree. You heard that fellow fall down out of a tree, did n't you?"

"Why did he fall down out of the tree?" asked the Babe, in a tone of great surprise.

"That 's just what I—" began Uncle Andy. But he was interrupted.

"Oh! Oh! It 's stung me!" cried the Babe, shrilly, jumping to his feet and slapping at his ear. His eyes filled with injured tears.

Uncle Andy stared at him for a moment in grave reproof. Then he, too, sprang up as if the boulder had suddenly grown red-hot, and pawed at his hair with both hands, dropping his pipe.

"Glory! I see why he fell down!" he cried. The Babe gave another cry, clapped his hand to his leg where the stocking did not quite join the short breeches, and began hopping up and down on one foot. A heavy, pervasive hum was beginning to make itself heard.

"Come!" yelled Uncle Andy, striking at his cheek angrily and ducking his head as if he were going to butt something. He grabbed the Babe by one arm, and rushed him to the fir-thicket.

"Duck!" he ordered. "Down with you, flat!" And together they crawled into the low-growing, dense-foliaged thicket, where they lay side by side, face downward.

"They won't follow us in here," murmured Uncle Andy. "They don't like thick bushes."

"But I 'm afraid—we 've brought some in with us, Uncle Andy," replied the Babe, trying very hard to keep the tears out of his voice. "I think I hear one squealing and buzzing in my hair. Oh!" and he clutched wildly at his leg.

"You 're right!" said Uncle Andy, his voice suddenly growing very stern as a bee crawled over his collar and jabbed him with great earnestness in the neck. He sat up. Several other bees were creeping over him, seeking an effective spot to administer their fiery admonitions. But he paid them no heed. They stung him where they would, while he was quickly looking over the Babe's hair, jacket, sleeves, stockings, and loose little trousers. He killed half a dozen of the angry crawlers before they found a chance to do the Babe more damage. Then he pulled out three stings, and applied moist earth from under the moss to each red and anguished spot.

The Babe looked up at him with a resolute little laugh, and shook obstinately from the tip of his nose the tears which he would not acknowledge by the attentions of his handkerchief or his fist.

"Thank you *awfully*," he began politely. "But oh, Uncle Andy, your poor eye is just dreadful. Oh-h-h!"

"Yes, they *have* been getting after me a bit," agreed Uncle Andy, dealing firmly with his own assailants now that the Babe was all right. "But this jab under the eye is the only one that matters. Here, see if you can get hold of the sting."

The Babe's keen eyes and nimble little fingers captured it at once. Then Uncle Andy plastered the spot with a daub of wet, black earth, and peered over it solemnly at the Babe's swollen ear. He straightened his grizzled hair, and tried to look as if nothing out of the way had happened.

"I wish I 'd brought my pipe along," he muttered. "It 's over there by the rock. But I reckon it would n't be healthy for me to go and get it just yet!"

"What 's made them so awful mad, do you suppose?" inquired the Babe, nursing his wounds, and listening uneasily to the vicious hum which filled the air outside the thicket.

"It 's that fool bear!" replied Uncle Andy. "He 's struck a bee-tree too tough for him to tear open, and he fooled at it just long enough to get the bees good and savage. Then he quit in a hurry. And we 'll just have to stay here till the bees get cooled down."

"How long 'll that be?" inquired the Babe, dimly. It was hard to sit still in the hot fir-thicket, with that burning, throbbing smart in his ear, and two little points of fierce ache in his leg. Uncle Andy was far from happy himself; but he felt that the Babe, who had behaved very well, must have his mind diverted. He fished out a letter from his pocket, rolled himself a cigarette as thick as his finger with his heavy pipe tobacco, and fell to puffing such huge clouds as would discourage other bees from prying into the thicket. Then he remarked consolingly:

"It is n't always, by any means, that the bees get the best of it this way. Mostly it 's the other way about. *This* bear was a fool. But there was Teddy Bear, now, a cub over in the foot-hills of Sugar Loaf Mountain, and *he* was *not* a fool. When he tackled his first bee-tree—and he was nothing but a cub, mind you—he pulled off the affair in good shape. I wish it had been *these* bees that he cleaned out."

The Babe was so surprised that he let go of his leg for a moment.

"Why," he exclaimed, "how could a cub do what a big, strong, grown-up bear could n't manage?" He thought with a shudder how unequal *he* would be to such an undertaking.

"You just wait and see!" admonished Uncle Andy, blowing furious clouds from his monstrous

cigarette. "It was about the end of the blueberry season when Teddy Bear lost his big, rusty-coated mother and small, glossy black sister, and found himself completely alone in the world. They had all three come down together from the high blueberry patches to the dark swamps, to hunt for roots and fungi as a variation to their fruit diet. The mother and sister had got caught together in a dreadful trap. Teddy Bear, some ten feet out of danger, had stared for two seconds in frozen horror, and then raced away like mad, with his mother's warning screech hoarse in his ears. He knew by instinct that he would never see the victims any more; and he was very unhappy and lonely. For a whole day he moped, roaming restlessly about the high slopes and refusing to eat; till, at last, he got so hungry that he just *had* to eat. Then he began to forget his grief a little, and devote himself to the business of finding a living. But from being the most sunny-tempered of cubs, he became, all at once, as peppery as tabasco sauce."

The Babe wagged his head feelingly. He had once tried tabasco sauce without having been warned of its sprightliness.

"As I have told you," continued Uncle Andy, peering at him with strange solemnity over the mud patch beneath his swollen eye, "the blueberries were just about done. And as Teddy would not go down to the lower lands again to hunt for other kinds of rations, he had to do a lot of hustling to find enough blueberries for his healthy young appetite. Thus it came about that when, one day, on an out-of-the-way corner of the mountain, he stumbled upon a patch of belated berries, he fairly forgot himself in his greedy excitement. He whimpered; he grunted. He had no time to look where he was going. So, all of a sudden, he fell straight through a thick fringe of blueberry bushes, and went sprawling and clawing down the face of an almost perpendicular steep.

"The distance of his fall was not far short of thirty feet, and he brought up with a bump which left him not breath enough to squeal. The ground was soft, however, with undergrowth and debris, and he had no bones broken. In a couple of minutes, he was busy licking himself all over to make sure he was undamaged. Reassured on this point, he went prowling in exploration of the place he had dropped into.

"It was a sort of deep bowl, not more than forty feet across at the bottom, and with its rocky sides so steep that Teddy Bear did not feel at all encouraged to climb them. He went sniffing and peering around the edges in the hope of finding some easier way of escape. Disappointed

in this, he lifted his black, alert little nose, and stared longingly upward, as if contemplating an effort to fly.

"He saw no help in that direction; but his nostrils caught a savor which, for the moment, put all thought of escape out of his head. It was the warm, delectable smell of honey. Teddy Bear had never tasted honey; but he needed no one to tell him it was good. Instantly he knew that he was very hungry. And instead of wanting to find a way out of the hole, all he wanted was to find out where that wonderful, delicious scent came from.

"From the deep soil at the bottom of the hole, grew three big trees, together with a certain amount of underbrush. Two of those were fir-trees, green and flourishing. The third was an old maple, with several of its branches broken away. It was quite dead all down one side, while on the other only a couple of branches put forth leaves. About a small hole near the top of this dilapidated old tree, Teddy Bear caught sight of a lot of bees, coming and going. Then he knew where that adorable odor came from. For though, as I think I have said, his experience was extremely limited, his mother had managed to convey to him an astonishing lot of useful and varied information.

"Teddy Bear had an idea that bees, in spite of their altogether diminutive size, were capable of making themselves unpleasant, and also that they had a temper which was liable to go off at half-cock. Nevertheless, being a bear of great decision, he lost no time in wondering what he had better do. The moment he had convinced himself that the honey was up that tree, up that tree he went to get it."

"Oh!" cried the Babe, in tones of shuddering sympathy, as he felt at his leg and his ear; "oh! why *did n't* he stop and think?"

Uncle Andy did not seem to consider that this remark called for any reply.

"That tree must have been hollow a long way down, for almost as soon as Teddy Bear's claws began to rattle on the bark, the bees suspected trouble, and began to get excited. When he was not yet much more than half-way up, and hanging to the rough bark with all his claws,—*biff!* something sharp and very hot struck him in the nose. He grunted, and almost let go in his surprise. Naturally, he wanted to paw his nose,—for *you* know how it smarted!"

"I guess *so!*" murmured the Babe, in deepest sympathy, stroking the patch of mud on his ear.

"But that cub had just naturally a level head. He knew that if he let go with even one paw, he would fall to the ground, because the trunk of

the tree, at that point, was so big he could not get a good hold upon it. So he just dug his smarting nose into the bark, and clawed himself around to the other side of the tree, where the branches that were still green sheltered him a bit.

"Luckily, here the bees did n't seem to notice him. He kept very still, listening to their angry buzz till it had somewhat quieted down. Then, instead of going about it with a noisy dash, as he had done before, he worked his way up stealthily and slowly, till he could crawl into the crotch of the first branch. You see, that bear could learn a lesson.

"Presently he stuck his nose around to see how near he was to the bees' hole. He had just time to locate it—about seven or eight feet above him—when, again—*biff!* and he was stung on the lip. He drew in his head again quick, I can tell you, quick enough to catch that bee and smash it. He ate it, indignantly. And then he lay curled up in the crotch for some minutes, gently pawing his sore little snout, and whimpering angrily.

"The warm, sweet smell of the honey was very strong up there. And, moreover, Teddy Bear's temper was now thoroughly aroused. Most cubs, and some older bears, would have relinquished the adventure at this point; for, as a rule, it takes a wise old bear to handle a bee-tree successfully. But Teddy Bear was no ordinary cub, let me tell you,—or we would never have called him 'Teddy.' He lay nursing his anger and his nose till he had made up his mind what to do. And then he set out to do it.

"Hauling himself up softly from branch to branch, he made no more noise than a shadow. As soon as he was right behind the bees' hole, he reached around, dug his claws into the edge of it, and pulled with all his might. The edges were rotten, and a pawful of old wood came. So did the bees!

"They were onto him in a second. He grunted furiously, screwed his eyes up tight, tucked his muzzle down under his left arm—which was busy holding on—and reached around blindly for another pull. This time he got a good grip, and he could feel something give. But the fiery torture was too much for him. He drew in his paw, crouched back into the crotch, and cuffed wildly at his own ears and face, as well as at the air, now thick with his assailants. The terrific hum they made somewhat daunted him. For a few seconds, he stood his ground, battling frantically. Then, with an agility that you would never have dreamed his chubby form to be capable of, he went swinging down from branch to branch, whining, and coughing, and spluttering, and squealing all the way. From the lowest branch

he slid down the trunk, his claws tearing the bark and just clinging enough to break his fall.

"Reaching the ground, he began to roll himself over and over in the dry leaves and twigs, till he had crushed out all the bees that clung in his fur."

"But why did n't the rest of the bees follow him? They followed this other bear, to-day!" protested the Babe, feelingly.

"Well, they did n't!" returned Uncle Andy, quite shortly, with his customary objection to being interrupted. Then he thought better of it, and added amiably: "That 's a sensible question, a very natural question, and I 'll give you the answer to it in half a minute. I 've got to tell you my yarn in my own way, you know,—you ought to know that by this time,—but you 'll see presently just why the bees acted so differently in the two cases.

"Well, as soon as Teddy Bear had got rid of his assailants, he clawed down through the leaves and twigs and moss—as I did just now, you remember—till he came to the damp, cool earth. Ah, how he dug his smarting muzzle into it, and rooted in it, and rubbed it into his ears and on his eyelids; till, pretty soon,—for the bee-stings do not poison a bear's blood as strongly as they poison ours,—he began to feel much easier. As for the rest of his body,—well, *those* stings did n't amount to much, you know, because his fur and his hide were both so thick.

"At last he sat up on his haunches and looked around. You should have seen him!"

"I 'm glad I was n't there, Uncle Andy!" said the Babe, earnestly shaking his head. But Uncle Andy paid no attention to the remark.

"His muddy paws drooped over his breast, and his face was all stuck over with leaves and moss and mud—"

"*We* must look funny, too," suggested the Babe, staring hard at the black mud-poultice under his uncle's swollen eye. But his uncle refused to be diverted.

"—And his glossy fur was in a state of which his mother would have strongly disapproved. But his twinkling little eyes burned with wrath and determination. He sniffed again that honey smell. He stared up at the bee-tree, and noted that the opening was much larger than it had been before his visit. A big crack extended from it for nearly two feet down the trunk. Moreover, there did not seem to be so many bees buzzing about the hole."

The Babe's eyes grew so round with inquiry at this point that Uncle Andy felt bound to explain.

"You see, as soon as the bees got it into their cunning heads that their enemy was going to

succeed in breaking into their storehouse, they decided that it was more important to save their treasures than to fight the enemy. It was just as it is when one's house is on fire. At first one fights to put the fire out. When that 's no use, then one thinks only of saving the things. That 's the principle the bees generally go upon. At first they attack the enemy, in the hope of driving him off. But if they find that he is going to succeed in breaking in and burglarizing the place, then they fling themselves on the precious honey which they have taken so much pains to store, and begin to stuff their honey-sacks as full as possible. All they think of, then, is to carry away enough to keep them going while they are getting established in new quarters. The trouble with the fool bear who has got us into this mess to-day was that he tackled a bee-tree where the outside wood was too strong for him to rip open. The bees knew he could n't get in at them, so they all turned out after him, to give him a good lesson. When he got away through the underbrush so quickly, they just turned on us, because they felt they must give a lesson to somebody!"

"*We* did n't want to steal their old honey!" muttered the Babe, in an injured voice.

"Oh, I 'm not so sure!" said Uncle Andy. "I should n't wonder if Bill and I 'd come over here some night and smoke the rascals out. But we can wait. That 's the difference between us and Teddy Bear. He would n't even wait to clean the leaves off his face, he was so anxious for that honey—and his revenge.

"This time he went up the tree slowly and quietly, keeping out of sight all the way. When he was exactly on a level with the entrance, he braced himself solidly, reached his right paw around the trunk, got a fine hold on the edge of the new crack, and wrenched with all his might.

"A big strip of half-rotten wood came away so suddenly, that Teddy Bear nearly fell off the tree.

"A lot of bees came with it; and once more, Teddy Bear's head was in a swarm of little, darting, piercing flames. But his blood was up. He held on to that chunk of bee-tree. A big piece of comb, dripping with honey and crawling with bees, was sticking to it. Whimpering, and pawing at his face, he crunched a great mouthful of the comb, bees and all.

"Never had he tasted, never had he dreamed of, anything so delicious! What was the pain of his smarting muzzle to that ecstatic mouthful? He snatched another, which took all the rest of the comb. Then he flung the piece of wood to the ground.

"The bees, meanwhile,—except those which had stung him and were now crawling, stingless

and soon to die, in his fur,—had suddenly left him. The whole interior of their hive was exposed to the glare of daylight, and their one thought now was to save all they could. Teddy Bear's one thought was to seize all he could. He clawed himself around boldly to the front of the tree, plunged one greedy paw straight into the heart of the hive, snatched forth a big, dripping, crawling comb, and fell to munching it up as fast as he could,—honey, bees, brood-comb, bee-bread, all together indiscriminately. The distracted bees paid him no more attention. They were too busy filling their honey-sacks."

The Babe smacked his lips. He was beginning to get pretty hungry himself.

"Well," continued Uncle Andy, "Teddy Bear chewed and chewed, finally plunging his whole head into the sticky mess,—getting a few stings, of course, but never thinking of them,—till he was just so gorged that he could n't hold another morsel. Then, very slowly and heavily, grunting all the time, he climbed down the bee-tree. He felt that he wanted to go to sleep. When he reached the bottom, he sat up on his haunches to look around for some sort of a snug corner. His eyelids were swollen with stings, but his little round stomach was swollen with honey, so he did n't care a penny. His face was all daubed with honey and dead bees. And his claws were so stuck up with honey and rotten wood and bark that he kept opening and shutting them like a baby who has got a feather stuck to its fingers and does n't know what to do with it. But he was too sleepy to bother about his appearance. He just waddled over to a nook between the roots of the next tree, curled up with his sticky nose between his sticky paws, and was soon snoring."

"And did he ever get out of that deep hole?" inquired the Babe, always impatient of the way in which Uncle Andy was wont to end his stories.

"Of course he got out. He climbed out," answered Uncle Andy. "Do you suppose a bear like that could be kept shut up long? And now I think *we* might be getting out too! I don't hear any more humming; I guess the coast 's clear."

He peered forth cautiously.

"It 's all right. Come along," he said. "And there 's my pipe at the foot of the rock, just where I dropped it," he added, in a tone of great satisfaction. Then, with mud-patched, swollen faces, and crooked, but cheerful, smiles, the two refugees emerged into the golden light of the afternoon, and stretched themselves. But as Uncle Andy surveyed, first the Babe and then himself, in the unobstructed light, his smile faded.

"I 'm afraid Bill 's going to have the laugh on us when we get home!" said he.

THE LAND OF MYSTERY

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Author of "Careers of Danger and Daring," "Through the Wall," "The Battle," etc.

CHAPTER VII

THROUGH THE ROCK

HAROLD drew out a combination pocket-knife (it contained a screw-driver, a button-hook, a pair of tweezers, and various other things) and, seating himself, proceeded to strike its brass head against the rock beneath, using a regular telegraphic movement.

"Father's call for Mother was M—two dashes," he explained; "I'm calling M's."

He tapped steadily on the rock. M—M—M—M—M—M—

The boy paused and listened. There was a moment's silence, and then came the answering letter, sharply sounding through the silence of the desert. W—W—W—W—W—W—

"Hooray!" he cried. "There 's no mistake. She 's here—somewhere! My mother is here! Wait!"

Eagerly he clicked off a message, while Jack sat near, open-mouthed, like a boy at a melodrama.

"Sandy, what are you sending? What are you asking? Tell me, Sandy."

"I'm asking where she is. I'm telling her it 's I. Keep still."

Now an answering message came that made young Evans frown.

"What is it? What are you getting?" queried McGreggor.

"She says I must n't ask where she is. Hold on!" He translated. "Do—not—try—to—rescue—me—did—you—get—word—from—your—father?"

With quick fingers Harold repeated his father's message written on the wall.

"Thank—God," came the reply. "You—must—go—to—Jerusalem—at—once—answer."

The boy hesitated, and a little gulp came in his throat. How could his mother ask such a thing! He turned to his companion with a flash of decision. "I can't do it, Jack. I can't leave my mother, and I won't."

"That 's the talk," approved the other. "We'll stay here until the Nile freezes over. Tell her so."

And Harold tapped out the words: "Dear—brave—mother—I—cannot—leave—you."

He paused, waiting for a reply; but none came. "Jack, she does n't answer," cried Evans, in sudden alarm.

"Not so loud!" cautioned McGreggor. "They may be nearer than you think."

"They? Who do you mean?"

"Why—er—I s'pose somebody is with your mother. There must be."

Harold cast his eyes uneasily along the floor of the desert toward a cluster of rock-hewn tombs that lie at the base of Cheops.

At this moment, the tapping sounded again, but less distinctly, as if from a greater distance. "Will—send—word—be—at—Virgin's—tree—Virgin's—fountain—"

The message stopped, abruptly.

"Got that, Jack? Virgin's tree, Virgin's fountain?" Sandy whispered.

"Yes, but when? She does n't say *when* to be there."

"Wait!"

The clicking came so faintly now that Harold had to lay his ear close against the rock to make out the words: "To-morrow—afternoon—three—o'clock—put—on—hat—chilly—evenings—love."

Then the tapping ceased.

"I guess that 's all, Jack," sighed Evans, after they had waited a long time. "We'd better start back. Is n't that like a fellow's mother, forgetting her trouble, to worry about his hat being off? It *is* chilly, too. Ugh! These purple shadows may be artistic, but they look creepy to me. Let 's hustle."

They strode rapidly toward the trolley-car, hands in their pockets, each absorbed in his thoughts.

"Say, here 's a point!" broke in McGreggor. "How did she know your hat *was* off?"

The boys stopped short and faced each other.

"By George!" exclaimed Sandy. "I never thought of that. How *did* she know it?"

"She must have *seen* us. Must have been somewhere where she *could* see us."

"That 's so, but—*where*?"

On the ride back to Cairo they discussed the matter in low tones.

"I wonder where the Virgin's tree is," reflected Jack. "Ever hear of it, Sandy?"

Harold shook his head.

"She said Virgin's tree—Virgin's fountain. There must be a tree near a fountain. We'll have to ask at the hotel, but—"

"What?"

"My mother can't *possibly* be coming there herself?"

"No."

"Going to send somebody?"

"Probably."

"Or a letter?"

"Maybe."

"It strikes me as a queer situation, Jack."

"Me, too, Sandy."

And in this frame of mind they fell asleep that night.

CHAPTER VIII

THE VIRGIN'S TREE

THE boys were up early the next morning, and, having nothing better to do until three o'clock, they decided to see some of the sights of Cairo under the escort of a hotel dragoman named Mustapha, who wore a very red fez, and a pair of ivory-handled pistols in his belt, and who assured them, in incredibly bad English, that he would show them the Virgin's fountain, the Virgin's tree, and other marvelous things.

First the boys visited the beautiful island of Roda in the Nile, where Mustapha assured them, with reproachful eyes against their smiles, that little Moses was discovered by Pharaoh's daughter. To this island they drifted on a heavy, wide-nosed scow that plies across an arm of the river. A bare-legged boatman took his toll of two cents each with kingly dignity, then caught the long oar astern, and bent to his work. "Look at those women," said Jack, aiming his kodak at a dozen silent, black-clad figures huddled together at one end of the craft.

"Get onto their brass nose-pieces!" whispered Sandy. "Careful! They're looking!"

"Got 'em!" triumphed the young photographer as the scow grounded and the Egyptian ladies hurried off toward the fragrant rose gardens that stretched beyond.

"I *must* get a picture of that, too!" exclaimed McGregor, and he pointed to a line of stately barges floating by with brown-skinned men swishing their bare feet in the current, while others hauled at the long, sharp-slanting yards poised over stubby masts.

A little later they had luncheon on the balcony of a charming, shaded inn overlooking the river, and here Harold discovered that he had lost his valued pocket-knife.

Finally they set out for the Virgin's tree and the Virgin's fountain, which two objects of tourist interest were at Heliopolis, they discovered, just outside of Cairo, and located in the beautifully kept grounds of no less a person than the Khedive himself. As they drove along the white road, barefooted urchins raced beside their carriage, offering baskets of strawberries.

"Berrees, Me Lord? Berrees, Preence?" called the little fellows, and finally Jack bought two baskets for eight cents.

"I'll blow you off, Prince," he laughed. "Here! Great country, eh, Sandy?"

They stopped to inspect the oldest obelisk in the world, then to admire flocks of the white ibis grazing along the roadside, and presently they came to a wide-spreading sycamore-tree with thick, gnarled trunk that threw out its grateful shade near a clear, gushing spring. These, Mustapha smilingly declared, were the Virgin's tree and the Virgin's fountain, the latter being used to water the Khedive's gardens, the former furnishing an income to the Khedive's gardener, who collected regular fees from tourists eager to see the spot where the Virgin Mary rested in her historic flight from the wicked Herod.

Jack looked thoughtfully at the beautiful gardens, the banks of flowers, the vine-covered trellises, the towering palms, and deep-shaded banana-trees. Everywhere were tropical plants in profusion, and roses so abundant that a turbaned gardener came forward offering an armful, while near by a group of boys prepared future pocket-money by distilling attar of roses over burning sticks.

"It's a great setting," he declared. "Say, Musty! You climb up the sycamore-tree—there, on the first big branch. I'll take your picture."

Nothing could have made Mustapha happier than this offer, not even unexpected bakshish. He first removed his European outer garment (a sort of light overcoat), so as to show the richly embroidered jacket underneath and his formidable pistols. Then he settled himself on the branch in plain view, and, looking heavenward with as much lamblike ecstasy as his Oriental and swarthy features could command, he sat perfectly still.

"Look at him, Sandy! Take him all in," grinned Jack. "Is he a choice product? Is he? I tell you when a Cairo dragoman takes to posing as an archangel on a sycamore-tree—well, it's worth recording. There!"

As McGregor pressed the button, Harold's eyes fell on what looked like a wasp's nest, a grayish bundle hanging from the branch where Mustapha was seated. But, as he looked closer, he discovered black lines running through the gray mass, and presently he saw that it was not a wasp's nest at all, but a lady's veil tied around the branch.

"By George!" he started.

"What's the matter? What is it?"

Sandy consulted his Waterbury. "Ten minutes past three? What do *you* make it?"

"Twelve minutes past," said Jack. "Give your mother time."

Sandy shook his head. "She 's had all the time she wants. The message is here—*there!*" He pointed to the tree.

"I see a wasp's nest."

"It is n't a wasp's nest. That 's my mother's veil—gray, with black lines in it. She wore it the last time I saw her."

He sprang into the tree, and quickly climbed out along the branch.

"Well, what do you know about that?" marveled Jack, as he watched his friend untie the flimsy tissue and carefully descend to the ground.

"Now we 'll see what 's in it—if I can get these knots untied. I feel the crinkle of a letter. Hello! Here 's something hard! Great Scott!"

With a look of absolute amazement, Harold drew forth the pocket-knife that he had lost that very morning. Folded around the knife was a small blue envelop.

"Jack, it 's my knife! The one I lost! Look!"

McGreggor gave a long, low whistle.

"Say, these people have been trailing us." He glanced about him suspiciously, and added under his breath, "They 're probably somewhere around here right now."

With pounding heart Harold tore open the envelop and drew out several sheets covered with his mother's handwriting.

My precious son:

I am writing in haste, and cannot say all that I would like to. The important thing is that you must trust me. I am the only one who knows the circumstances, and can decide what is best to do; and I tell you, dear Harold, you *must not* stay here, or try to find me. If I were in danger, I would urge you to call at once upon the American consul in Cairo for assistance. But I am in no danger, although, of course, I am a prisoner; and I beg you to make no appeal in my behalf to any of the American or English authorities. You must make no effort of any sort toward rescuing me or communicating with me for the present. It would mean more danger for your father.

Harold, I want you to go to your father at once. I am so happy that you found his message. God is protecting us, and will protect us, but *you must go to your father*. He needs you, and the only way to save me is to save him first. Be brave, my son. Trust to your mother's love and to her knowledge of conditions that you cannot understand, and do this that she bids you. *Do it at once.*

And remember one thing: *you will be watched from the time you leave Cairo*. You must not let any one know that you are looking for your father. Call yourself a tourist. Say you are likely to return shortly to America, as we hope we all may. *And do not keep this letter!* Fix it in your memory, and burn it.

There is much more to say, but—I must hurry. Be on your guard against a smooth-talking man with a close-cut dark beard. I think he 's an Armenian, but he speaks perfect English. I noticed a fine, white scar across his cheek, but the beard almost hides it. The scar runs to the lower part of his ear, which is rather twisted. This man is employed by our enemy. It is he who told me that you had

sprained your ankle in the Great Gallery, and made me go inside the pyramid, where they seized me. He is a dangerous and unscrupulous man—be careful.

My poor boy, it makes my heart ache to put this responsibility on you. I 'm afraid you are short of money, and I inclose forty pounds, which I have been able to borrow from a kind person, the one who has promised to deliver this letter. I shall try to send more money later. Go to Jerusalem and see the Greek monk. Then follow your best judgment, but promise me, my boy, that you will never, *never* stop until you have found your father! Tie my veil around the branch where you found it, as a sign that you give me this sacred promise to respect my wish that you do not try to find me, as yet, and that you will start at once for Jerusalem. God bless you and guide you!

Your loving mother,

MARY EVANS.

Harold read the letter slowly and carefully. Then he turned to his friend:

"Oh, Jack!"

"Yes."

"I want you to see this letter—from my mother. We have n't known each other so very long, old boy, but—we 've come pretty close together, and—there! Read it!"

Jack read the letter in his turn—carefully and slowly.

"Well?" he said.

"It looks to me as if I 've got to do what Mother says."

McGreggor nodded.

"I guess she knows what she 's talking about, Sandy. Sounds like a pretty fine woman, your mother."

"Well, I should say she is a—a fine woman," Harold choked. "It breaks me all up to leave her, Jack, but—what she says about Father settles it. How about that boat we were going to take for Jaffa—it sails to-morrow, does n't it?"

"Yep. Train starts for Alexandria in the morning. Go on board in the afternoon and wake up at Jaffa."

"Did you get the tickets?"

McGreggor nodded.

"Tickets and passports, too. And Deeny 's got the trunks ready."

"I guess we 'd better go."

"Guess we had."

"And say, Jack! I want you to bear witness that I promise—under this tree—by this spring—it 's a kind of sacred spot—" the boy bared his head and lifted his fine, earnest face—"I promise never to stop or give up until I have found my father *and* my mother. You hear me, Jack?"

"I hear you, Sandy, and here 's my hand to help you. I don't care whether I get around the world or not. I 'll stick by you."

Once more the boys clasped hands. And, after studying Mrs. Evans's letter so as to forget nothing, they burned it solemnly at the fire where the

young Egyptians were distilling, drop by drop, the subtle perfume of roses. Then Sandy took his mother's veil, as she had bidden him, and tied it to the spreading branch of the ancient sycamore that grows by the Virgin's spring.

CHAPTER IX

THE TWISTED EAR

TWENTY-FOUR hours later, the two friends were aboard a Mediterranean steamer bound for the Holy Land. They had received valuable help from the American consul, who saw that their passports were properly drawn, and gave them some letters to friends in Jerusalem. He also took charge of Mrs. Evans's trunks until these should be sent for, and allowed the boys to leave with him, sealed in an official envelop, the one hundred and sixty pounds that had caused so much trouble.

"I don't see what we're going to do with it," the consul declared, "unless some one turns up who can prove title."

"I'll never touch a penny of it," insisted Jack. "Neither will I," said Harold.

The consul smiled.

"All right, boys. I'll hold it here, awaiting your order."

The first evening after they went aboard, Jack's zeal for picture material brought him to the forward part of the vessel, where the deck-passengers sleep, stretched on the bare boards under stained and tattered blankets, or lie awake, chattering and smoking.

Meantime Harold Evans sat alone at the stern while the boat throbbed on through the still, warm night. The boy was in a serious mood. He felt that this was a critical time in his life. He thought of his father and mother, and of the task before him—of the dangers before him.

He looked down at the white path the ship was cutting in the sea, and wondered what made the fire spots come and go in the rushing foam, now little ones like globules of burning oil, now broad, round ones like moons. He knew they called it phosphorescence, but forgot the explanation of it. Then he watched the serious, silent stars and their changing colors, and presently noticed a light that flamed up low over the water, and then went out. A lighthouse on the coast of Africa! Or had they come to Asia?

Presently Jack came up, eager to tell of his experiences forward. He had discovered an interesting Syrian who had been all over America—New York City, and Lynchburg, Virginia, and Yazoo, Mississippi. He spoke perfect English—a clever fellow, and—he wanted to be a guide.

"The fact is, old boy, he wants to be *our* guide," added McGregor.

"We don't need a guide," said Harold. "We've got Deeny."

"I know we have, but—he saw me fussing with my camera and—it seems he knows a lot about pictures. Says he ran an art gallery in Minneapolis, but he went broke."

"We can't afford an extra man."

"Ah, that's the point! That's the queer thing about this chap. He says he'll work for anything we want to give, or for nothing at all. He wants to get into the moving-picture game and—well, he'll take chances on the future. I told him I'd talk to you about it, and we'd see him in the morning."

"There is n't any harm in seeing him," said Harold, quietly.

"I s'pose you're feeling sort of—sort of broken up, old boy?" ventured Jack, as he drew up a steamer chair beside his friend.

"Oh, I—I've been thinking about things, and—er—"

"I know. It's tough, but—I tell you what pleases me, Sandy, it's the way your mother was able to get that letter delivered. She must have a good friend in the enemies' camp and—that's a whole lot."

"Yes, it is."

"And she was able to borrow money, that's another good thing. I b'lieve she could get away if any big trouble came up; I'm sure she could. She does n't *want* to get away now on account of injuring your father. Am I right?"

"It looks so, but—what gets me is how any man can be *fiend* enough to treat a woman so who—who's never done anything but good to people."

"Don't you worry," soothed McGregor. "He'll get *his* later on, Mr. Fiend will, and I'll take a picture of it. If we can't do anything else, I'll cable Dad, and he'll come over. He'd just *love* to get into this game, Dad would. He'd have your father and mother back with you *mighty quick*, or there'd be a war-ship lying off Alexandria with the stars and stripes over her—now take that from me!"

"No, no!" objected Sandy. "We must n't do anything like that. You know what Mother said. And I've given my promise. I tied that veil around the tree, Jack. Besides, I can see her point. The people who have done this have got themselves in so deep now that they would n't stop at *anything*. We might spoil our only chance by kicking up a row. We've got to lay low and let them think everything's going their way, and then, when we see our chance, *we'll land on 'em.*"

"We 'll land on 'em hard!"
 "But we must find Father first, I can see that. Can't you? And, Jack, we 've got to be foxy. We must n't let *any one* know what we 're after. Mother says we 'll be watched. Remember? Remember that chap she said to look out for?"



EGYPTIAN WOMAN WEARING BRASS NOSE-PIECE.

"Do I? Close-cut dark beard. Scar across his cheek."

"A *fine* scar, Jack."

"Yes, and a twisted ear. I 'll know him, all right."

Sandy's face darkened. "And now what shall we say about ourselves if any one asks us?"

"We 'll say we 're in the moving-picture business, *and we are!* We 've got our outfit to prove it, the dandiest outfit in Jerusalem."

"That 's so!" agreed Harold. "We 're in the moving-picture business. And—say, Jack, nobody must know I 'm the son of Wicklow Evans. You 'd better introduce me to people as—er—Mr.



THE OBELISK AT HELIOPOLIS—THE OLDEST IN THE WORLD.



A NILE FERRY-BOAT.

Harold. That sounds all right. When you call me Harold they 'll think it 's my last name. See?"

A little later, the boys retired to their stateroom.

When they came up on deck the next morning, they found the steamer anchored off as pretty a fringe of murderous reefs as one would wish to see. And beyond these, laughing in a blaze of sunshine, lay the ancient city of Jaffa.

Crowding around the vessel were little boats, tossing uneasily on the swells, and manned by

clamoring Arabs whose business, it appeared, was to take the passengers ashore.

"Is n't there any harbor here?" asked McGregor.

"Does n't look like it!" said Sandy. "By George, see that boat! They 'll be smashed to bits!"



THE PORT OF JAFFA AT LOW TIDE.

As he spoke, one of the little boats with passengers huddled in the stern shot toward the dangerous reef where the sea was breaking fiercely over black rocks that stood up like ragged teeth. One tooth was missing, leaving an opening in

the hungry jaw, and the boat was headed straight for this opening, as they watched it intently.

ing the reef with an opera-glass. "It's a nasty sea. Ah! there goes another boat! Would you like to look, sir?"

He offered his glass to Harold, who now, through the powerful lenses, saw the passage of the rocks with thrilling distinctness.

"Talk about shooting the chutes! Say, Jack, *there's* a moving picture worth taking!"

"It would be effective," agreed the stranger. "The surf, and the rocks, and the skill of these Arabs—*very* effective."

"Hello!" said McGregor, "you're the man I saw last night—you know, Sandy, the one I told you about from Lynchburg, and Yazoo, and—"

"And New York City, and many other places," smiled the new-comer. "Allow me to give you young gentlemen my card."

He drew out his pocket-book and handed to each of the boys a card on which was printed:

MR. ARSHAG H. TELECIAN
COLLECTOR OF RARE
COINS AND STONES

"Thanks," said Jack. "My name is John McGregor, and my friend is Mr.—er—Harold."

The coin collector bowed politely.

"You've been here before?" asked Harold.

"Many times. This is my

country—Syria. I was born in the Lebanon Mountains."

"You speak mighty good English."

"I have spent years in America—some happy years; but—I had money reverses, and—the fact is I am looking for work."

"So my friend told me."

"We have n't had time to talk that over," explained McGregor, "but if you're going up to Jerusalem, Mr.—" He frowned at the card.



"HE SPRANG INTO THE TREE, AND QUICKLY CLIMBED OUT ALONG THE BRANCH."

"They're dandy boatmen if they get through there. Great Scott! They've done it!" cried Jack, his eyes bulging.

With the splash and lift of a great wave, the sure-handed Arabs had steered the frail craft through, and now they were floating safely in the smooth waters beyond.

"I'll wager those people got soaked," said Sandy.

"They are lucky not to be drowned," remarked a passenger, standing near them, who was study-

"Say, this name is a bird. Ar-shag H. Tel-ecjian. What's the 'H' for?"

"The 'H' is a misprint. It should be 'M.' My middle name is Mesrop."

"Mesrop? Sounds like an anagram—you know, where you change the letters around and make a new word. Give us the whole thing—I want to learn that name. Go on," laughed the boy.

"It's very simple—Arshag Mesrop Telecjian."

"Arshag Mesrop Telecjian," repeated Jack, with a swagger. "Bet you can't say it, Sandy."

At this moment, Nasr-ed-Din came up to warn them that their boat was waiting, whereupon the boys invited the coin collector to join them, and presently the three were safe on shore, having passed the reef unharmed, except for a ducking of salt spray.

And at the custom-house Arshag Telecjian befriended them in a most extraordinary way, for, while other and richer tourists were subjected to endless annoyance and delay, the American boys, with their trunks, bags, and picture apparatus, were waved promptly through the barriers by smiling and salaaming inspectors, all, apparently, because of a whispered word from Arshag Mesrop Telecjian.

"Say, you managed that pretty well, Brother Ashrag," said McGregor.

"Arshag," corrected Sandy.

"I am glad to serve you, young gentlemen," answered the Syrian. "It's better to avoid opening trunks. If they had found revolvers, for instance—" he looked at the boys keenly.

"We *have* revolvers," admitted Jack.

"They would have been confiscated. And many other things—books—magazines—it's quite annoying. They would certainly have confiscated your picture apparatus. You know the Turks call it a sin to photograph the human face."

"I know that," said Harold.

"Great Scott! Our whole trip would have been spoiled!" exclaimed Jack. "It looks to me as if we need you in our business, Brother Resmop."

"Mesrop," corrected Sandy.

"I believe I can be of great service to you, young gentlemen," said the coin collector, gravely. "If you are to take pictures successfully in the Holy Land, you ought to be fully acquainted with the history and customs of the country."



THE LANDING AT JAFFA.

"We have a man with us," said Harold.

"Ah, yes, a Turk. An excellent servant, no doubt, but does he know the history, the Christian traditions?"

"Are you a Christian?" asked Jack.

"Of course. I was educated at Robert College, Constantinople. Suppose you young gentlemen take me on trial for a few days. Let me show you around Jaffa—we have two hours before the train starts. And let me show you around Jerusalem. Then you can judge."

"What 's the lay-out in Jaffa? I 'd like something to eat," said McGregor. "I 've got an awful appetite. I want a steak, and fried potatoes, and chocolate with whipped cream, and hot waffles with maple-syrup, and a lot of butter."

The Syrian smiled. "I 'm afraid they have n't all those dishes, but, if you young gentlemen will come with me, I 'll take you to the cleanest inn in Palestine, kept by a man named Hardegg."

"Good business!" approved Jack. "Lead us to Hardegg, Arshag."

They took a rickety carriage with a thin horse, and drove through a noisy market-place swarming with Orientals, then through a stretch of orange groves bursting with luscious fruit, and finally came to Hardegg's establishment, set down among gardens of brilliant geraniums.

"If the land of Syria is all like this, I 'm certainly for it," declared Sandy, as they settled themselves at a table among the blooms.

"It is n't," answered Telecjan. "It 's very different from this. It 's very dry and bare, most of it. Jaffa is the most famous place in Syria for fruits and flowers. It is also a place of strange traditions. It was from Jaffa that Jonah sailed just before the whale swallowed him. It was in Jaffa that Perseus rescued the fair Andromeda; you remember she was chained to the rocks?"

"Yes, yes; but how about Hardegg's eggs?" interrupted McGregor.

"I want *my* Hardeggs soft," chuckled Evans.

A tempting meal with delicious honey was presently provided, and, while the boys ate, the coin collector told them about the house of Simon the tanner, one of the show places of Jaffa, where "Peter tarried many days with one Simon, a tanner, and went upon his housetop to pray about

the sixth hour." Telecjan quoted the Scriptures freely.

Then came the journey to Jerusalem, four hours up a little mountain railway (for the holy city lies half a mile above the sea level), and, all the way, the Syrian poured forth a steady stream of information. He showed them the places where Samson pulled down the temple, where Joshua stopped the sun, where David killed Goliath, where St. George slew the dragon, where Richard the Lion-Hearted fought his crusades, and where Napoleon marched his armies.

"Say, he knows everything!" exclaimed Jack, as Telecjan left the train a moment at Ramleh (home of Joseph of Arimathea) to speak to a Russian pilgrim. "He 's a wonder. But I 'll bet you can't remember his name, Sandy. Go on! Bet you can't say it while I count ten. One—"

Harold stopped him with a sharp glance.

"You think yourself very smart, John McGregor, but if you 'd stop trying to be so funny and keep your eyes open, you might see a few things that are right under your nose."

"What things?"

"This man that you 've been chumming with, *where* do you think he 's gone?"

"To talk to 'that Russian pilgrim. Bet you Ashcar knows six languages,—or even ten."

Harold shook his head. "You 're easy, Jack; you 're the easiest boy I ever saw."

"How d' ye mean?"

"He has n't gone to speak to any Russian pilgrim; he 's gone to *send a telegram*."

"What?"

"Yes, and he 's not a coin collector; he 's not a guide. He 's been sent here by—" the boy's face contracted in sudden anger—"by the scoundrels who stole away my mother. I 've been sitting at this window with the light full on him, and—*has* it occurred to you that Mr. Arshag Mesrop Telecjan wears a close-cut dark beard?"

"Great Scott!" cried Jack.

"Furthermore, there 's a fine, white scar running across his cheek, and *he 's got a twisted ear!*"


(To be continued.)

AN UNLUCKY LOOK


BY JAMES ROWE

MA says that she will give to me
A very lovely present,
If through this year I try to be
Obedient, neat, and pleasant.
And so I wear a sunny smile
At breakfast, lunch, and dinner;

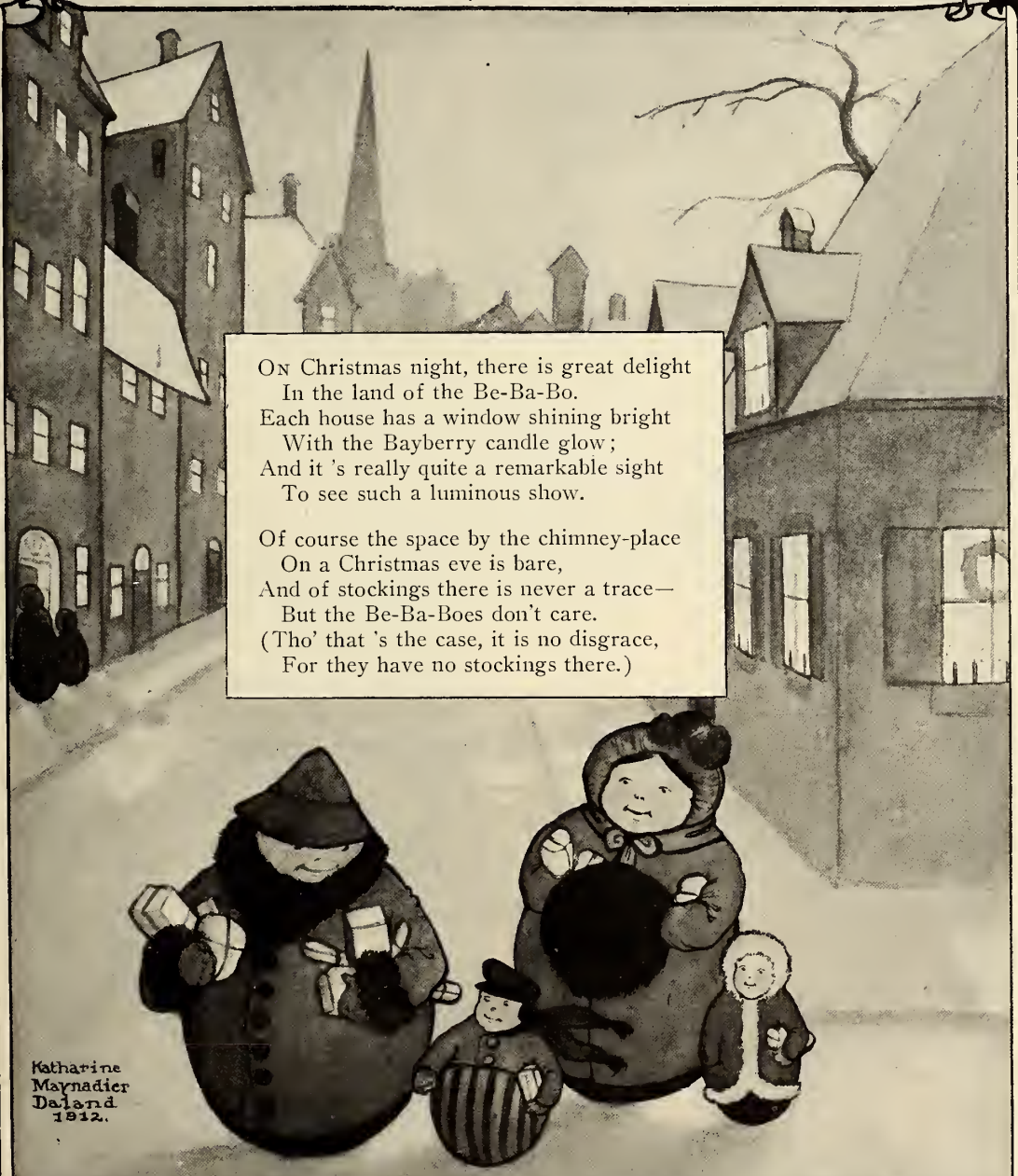
I 'm like an angel all the while,
And hope to be a winner.
And—I 'll just read that "Self-Help" book
Each night before I slumber;
But nineteen *thirteen* has the *look*
Of an unlucky number!



THE CHRISTMAS TREE.



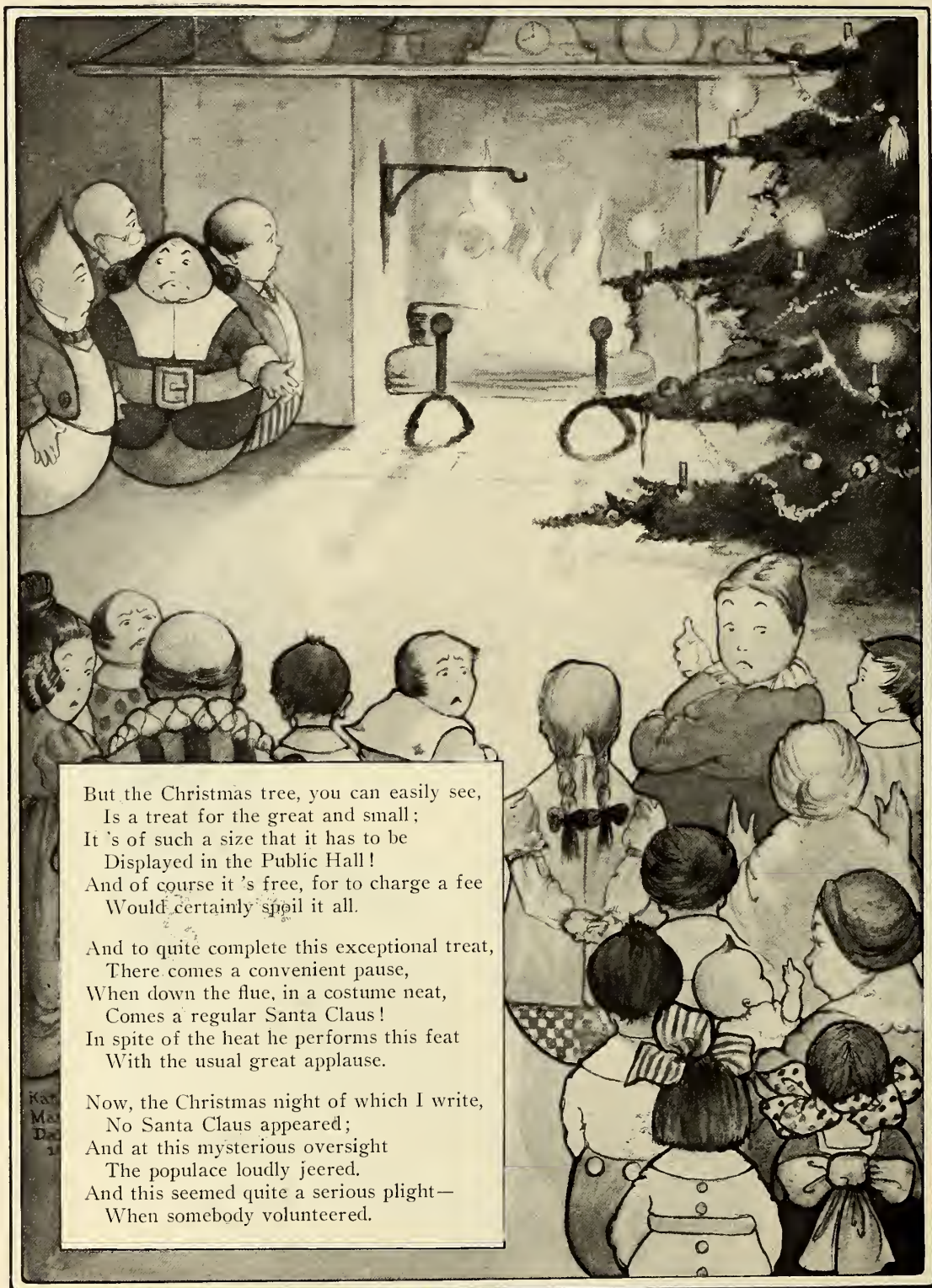
by D.K. Stevens



ON Christmas night, there is great delight
In the land of the Be-Ba-Bo.
Each house has a window shining bright
With the Bayberry candle glow;
And it 's really quite a remarkable sight
To see such a luminous show.

Of course the space by the chimney-place
On a Christmas eve is bare,
And of stockings there is never a trace—
But the Be-Ba-Boes don't care.
(Tho' that 's the case, it is no disgrace,
For they have no stockings there.)

Katharine
Maynardier
Daland
1812.



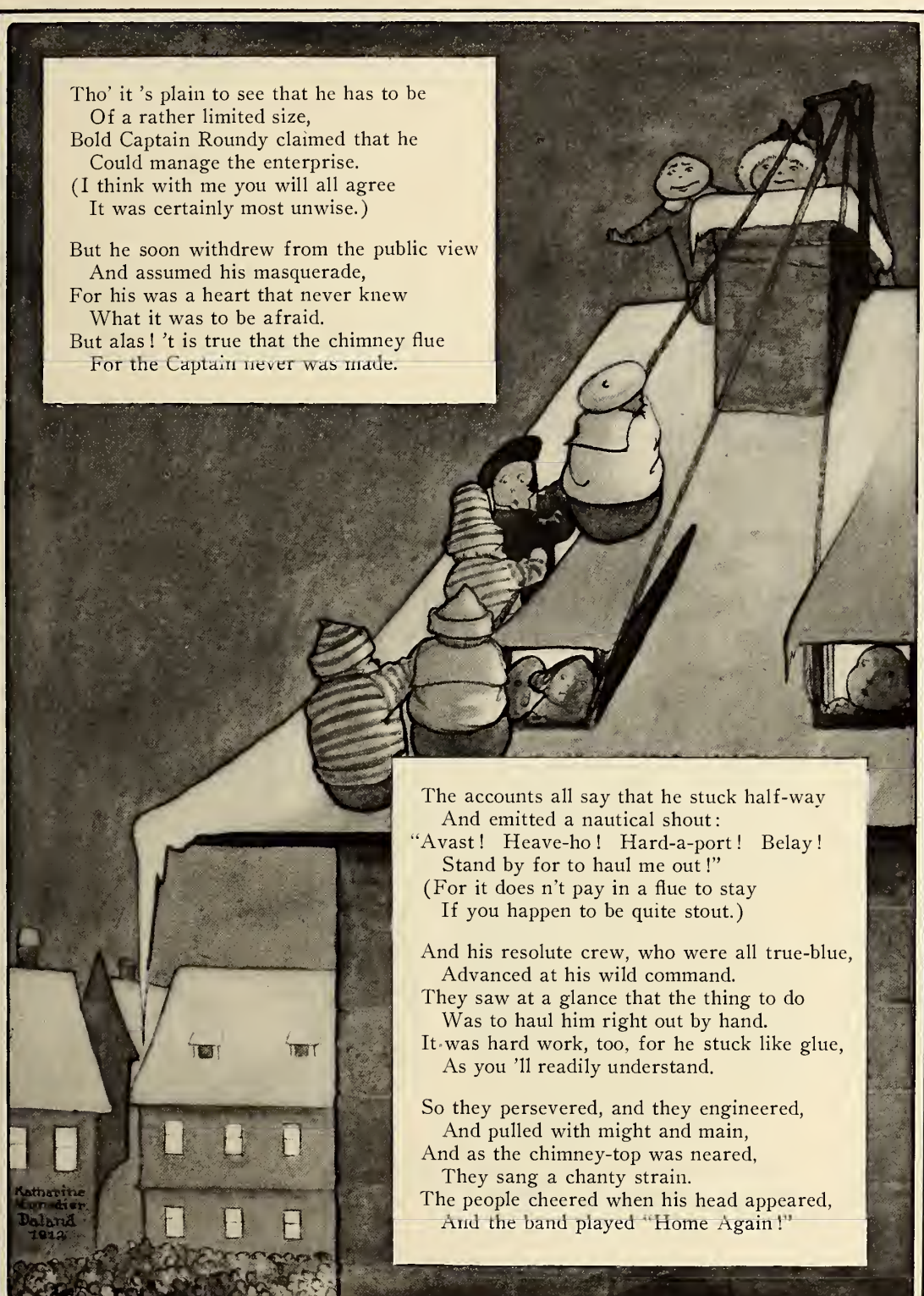
But the Christmas tree, you can easily see,
 Is a treat for the great and small;
 It 's of such a size that it has to be
 Displayed in the Public Hall!
 And of course it 's free, for to charge a fee
 Would certainly spoil it all.

And to quite complete this exceptional treat,
 There comes a convenient pause,
 When down the flue, in a costume neat,
 Comes a regular Santa Claus!
 In spite of the heat he performs this feat
 With the usual great applause.

Now, the Christmas night of which I write,
 No Santa Claus appeared;
 And at this mysterious oversight
 The populace loudly jeered.
 And this seemed quite a serious plight—
 When somebody volunteered.

Tho' it 's plain to see that he has to be
 Of a rather limited size,
 Bold Captain Roundy claimed that he
 Could manage the enterprise.
 (I think with me you will all agree
 It was certainly most unwise.)

But he soon withdrew from the public view
 And assumed his masquerade,
 For his was a heart that never knew
 What it was to be afraid.
 But alas! 't is true that the chimney flue
 For the Captain never was made.



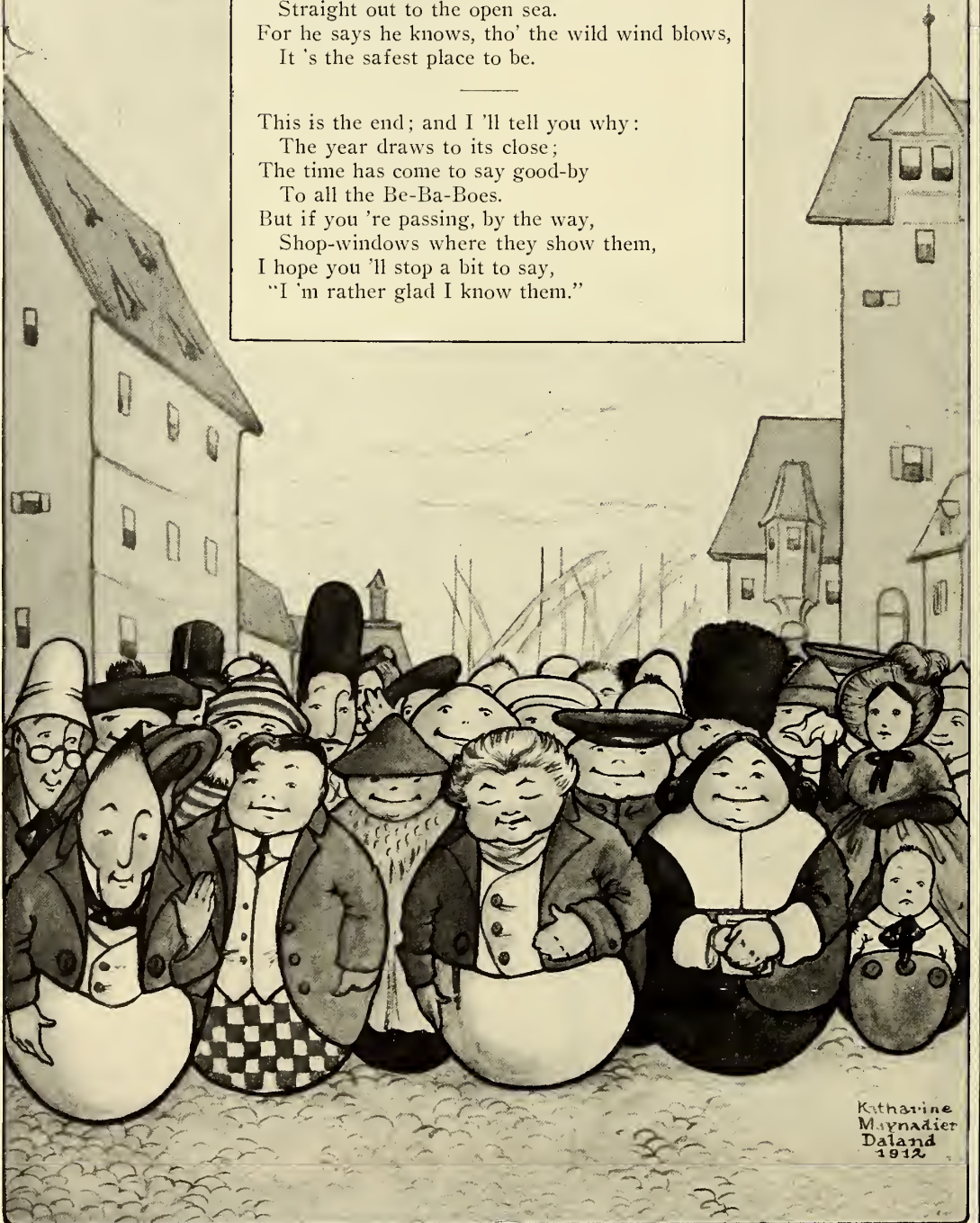
The accounts all say that he stuck half-way
 And emitted a nautical shout:
 "Avast! Heave-ho! Hard-a-port! Belay!
 Stand by for to haul me out!"
 (For it does n't pay in a flue to stay
 If you happen to be quite stout.)

And his resolute crew, who were all true-blue,
 Advanced at his wild command.
 They saw at a glance that the thing to do
 Was to haul him right out by hand.
 It was hard work, too, for he stuck like glue,
 As you 'll readily understand.

So they persevered, and they engineered,
 And pulled with might and main,
 And as the chimney-top was neared,
 They sang a chanty strain.
 The people cheered when his head appeared,
 And the band played "Home Again!"

But don't suppose that the Be-Ba-Boes
 Gave up their annual tree;
 They have it still—but the Captain goes
 Straight out to the open sea.
 For he says he knows, tho' the wild wind blows,
 It 's the safest place to be.

This is the end; and I 'll tell you why:
 The year draws to its close;
 The time has come to say good-by
 To all the Be-Ba-Boes.
 But if you 're passing, by the way,
 Shop-windows where they show them,
 I hope you 'll stop a bit to say,
 "I 'm rather glad I know them."



Katharine
 M. Synadler
 Daland
 1912

OLD FABLES BROUGHT UP TO DATE

(Just for fun, and with apologies to Æsop)

THE SHEPHERD BOY AND THE WOLF



THE MODERN SHEPHERD BOY AND THE WOLF.

THE OLD-TIME FABLE

A SHEPHERD boy who watched a flock of sheep near a village brought out the villagers three or four times by crying out, "Wolf! Wolf!" and, when his neighbors came to help him, laughed at them for their pains. The wolf, however, did truly come at last. The shepherd boy, now really alarmed, shouted in an agony of terror: "Oh, good people, come and help me! Pray come and help me; the wolf is killing the sheep!" but, though they heard him, no one paid any heed to his cries.

MORAL: There is no believing a falsifier, even when he speaks the truth.

THE FABLE BROUGHT UP TO DATE

A SHEPHERD boy had a flock of sheep to watch some distance from the nearest village. He cried "Wolf! Wolf!" but the villagers could not hear him. His master, being informed of this fact, had a "telephone service" installed, with a direct wire to his house. The wolf came! The boy telephoned. The master answered the call, armed himself with a repeating rifle, got into his 40 H. P. motor-car, raced to the pasture, killed the wolf, and thus saved his flock!

MORAL: The "'Phone" is mightier than the Yell.
C. J. Budd.

JUNIOR-MAN

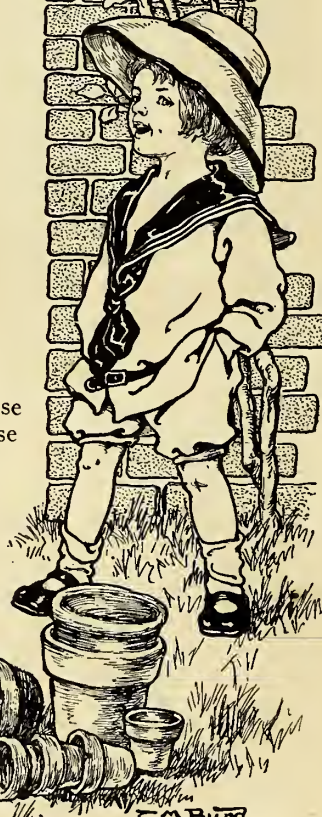
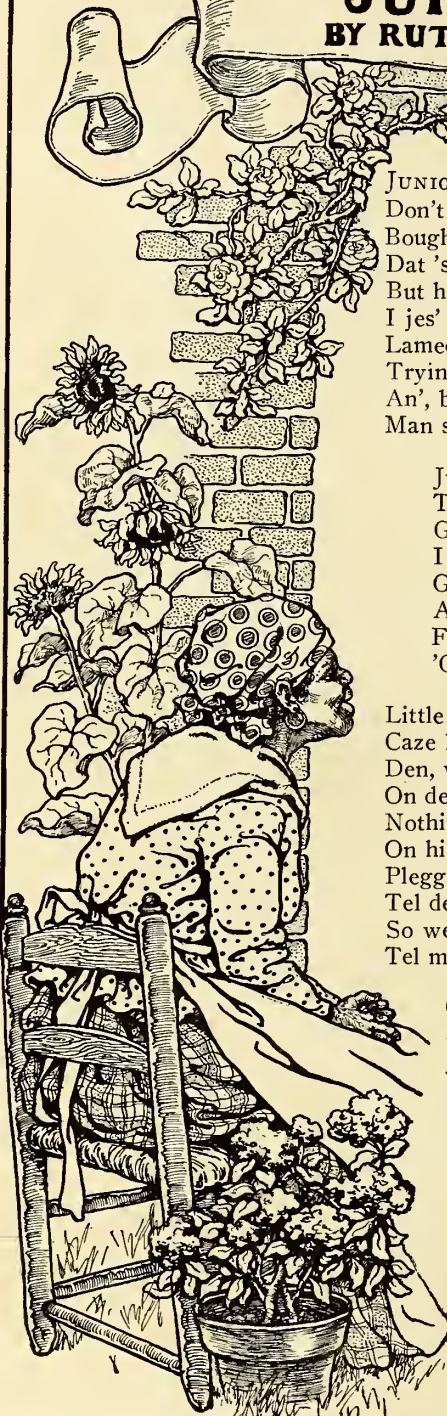
BY RUTH M'ENERY STUART

JUNIOR-MAN is Mammy's boy,
 Don't keer ef he do destroy
 Boughten kites an' 'spensive clo'es,
 Dat 's de way de juniors *grows!*
 But he plays so swif', some days,
 I jes' holds my bref an' prays,
 Lamed hisself las' week, po' dunce,
 Tryin' to ride two dogs at once,
 An', betwix' de two, dey flung
 Man so hard he bit his tongue!

Junior 's on'y gwine on seven,
 Tall enough to be eleven;
 Grows so fas' befo' my eyes,
 I can't keep up wid 'is size.
 Got to rise up tall an' straight
 An' take on a noble gait
 Fit to tote dat Randolph grace,
 'Gin' he takes his papa's place!

Little toes is bruised wid knocks,
 Caze he hides his shoes an' socks;
 Den, when Jack Fros' sniffs aroun',
 On de white-hot crackly groun',
 Nothin' does but red-top boots
 On his little freckled foots;
 Plegged his mama an' his aunts
 Tel dey put 'im in dem pants,
 So we laid his kilts away
 Tel mo' company comes to stay.

One thing sho, his mammy-nurse
 She gwine teach 'im to converse
 Jes' de way she hears his pa
 Set down talkin' wid 'is ma!
 Co'se, I has to do it slow,
 Caze he 's allus runnin' so!

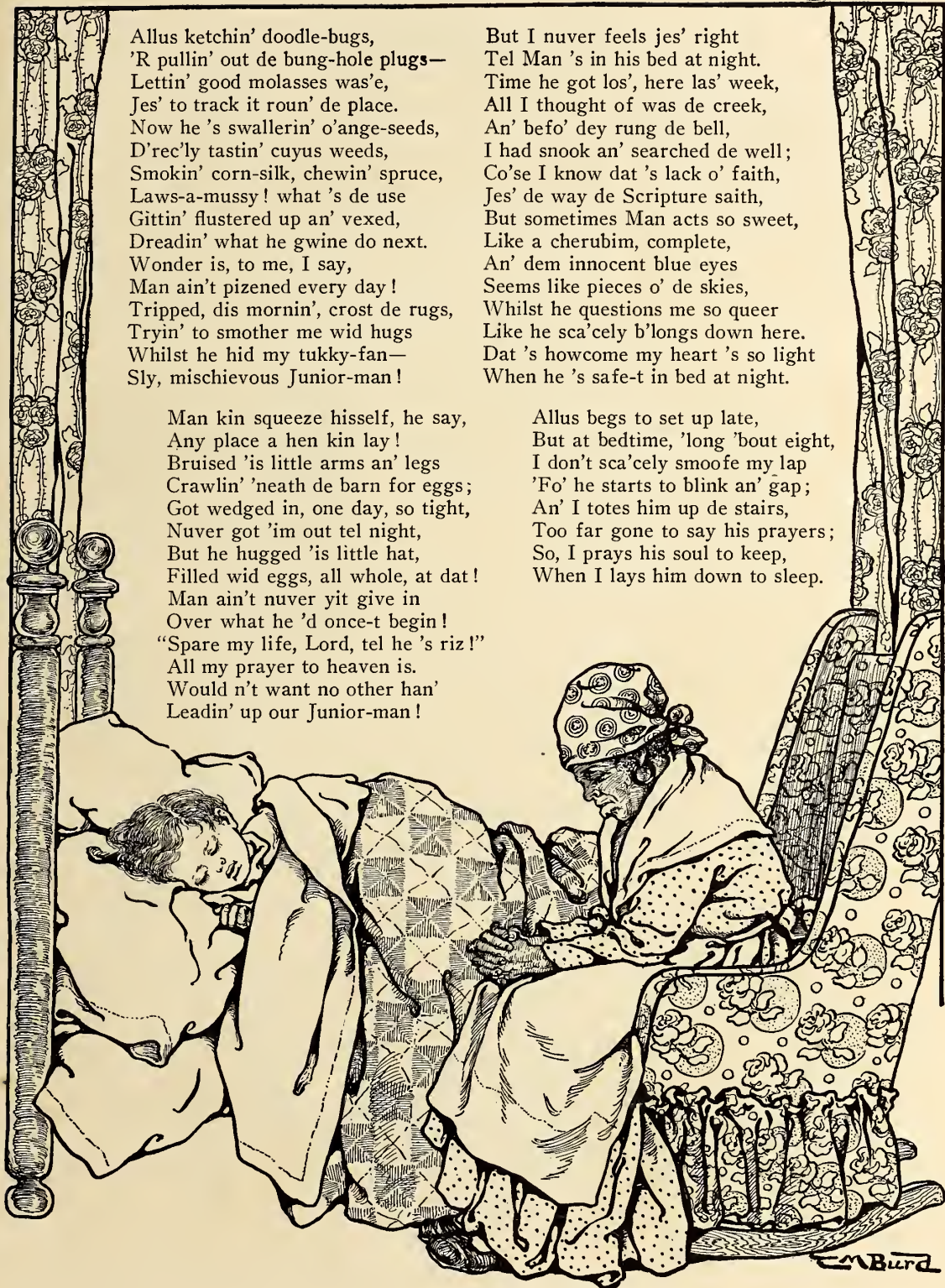


Allus ketchin' doodle-bugs,
 'R pullin' out de bung-hole plugs—
 Lettin' good molasses was'e,
 Jes' to track it roun' de place.
 Now he 's swallerin' o'ange-seeds,
 D'rec'ly tastin' cuyus weeds,
 Smokin' corn-silk, chewin' spruce,
 Laws-a-mussy! what 's de use
 Gittin' flustered up an' vexed,
 Dreadin' what he gwine do next.
 Wonder is, to me, I say,
 Man ain't pizened every day!
 Tripped, dis mornin', crosed de rugs,
 Tryin' to smother me wid hugs
 Whilst he hid my tukky-fan—
 Sly, mischievous Junior-man!

But I nuver feels jes' right
 Tel Man 's in his bed at night.
 Time he got los', here las' week,
 All I thought of was de creek,
 An' befo' dey rung de bell,
 I had snook an' searched de well;
 Co'se I know dat 's lack o' faith,
 Jes' de way de Scripture saith,
 But sometimes Man acts so sweet,
 Like a cherubim, complete,
 An' dem innocent blue eyes
 Seems like pieces o' de skies,
 Whilst he questions me so queer
 Like he sca'cely b'longs down here.
 Dat 's howcome my heart 's so light
 When he 's safe-t in bed at night.

Man kin squeeze hissself, he say,
 Any place a hen kin lay!
 Bruised 'is little arms an' legs
 Crawl' 'neath de barn for eggs;
 Got wedged in, one day, so tight,
 Nuver got 'im out tel night,
 But he hugged 'is little hat,
 Filled wid eggs, all whole, at dat!
 Man ain't nuver yit give in
 Over what he 'd once-t begin!
 "Spare my life, Lord, tel he 's riz!"
 All my prayer to heaven is.
 Would n't want no other han'
 Leadin' up our Junior-man!

Allus begs to set up late,
 But at bedtime, 'long 'bout eight,
 I don't sca'cely smoofo my lap
 'Fo' he starts to blink an' gap;
 An' I totes him up de stairs,
 Too far gone to say his prayers;
 So, I prays his soul to keep,
 When I lays him down to sleep.



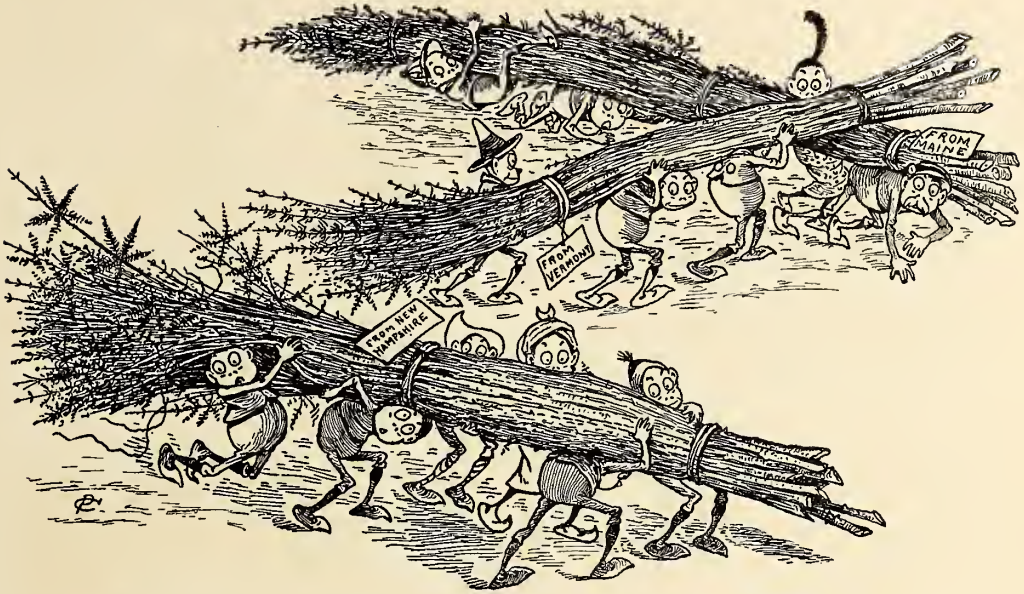


THE BROWNIES AND THE STALLED TRAIN

BY PALMER COX

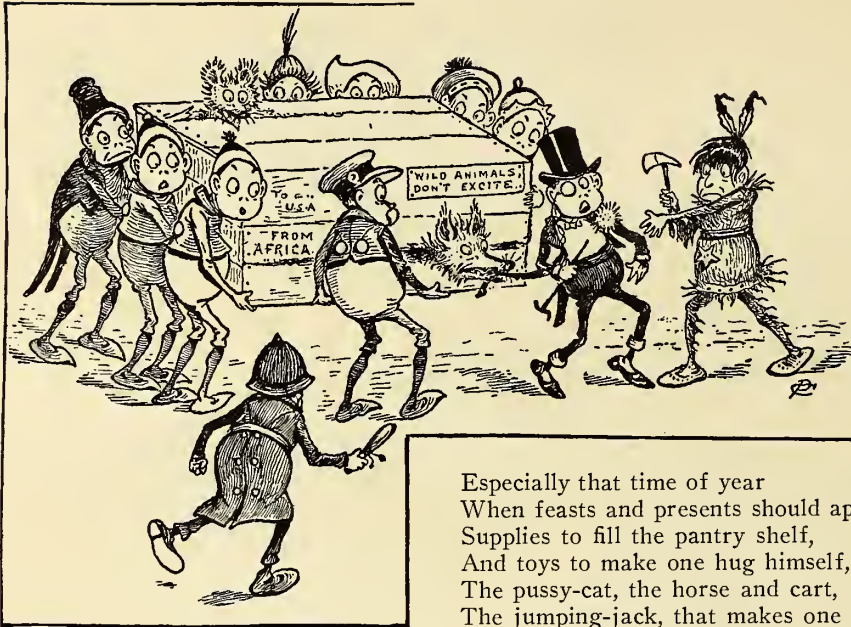
THE train was stalled a mile or more
 From where it should have brought its store
 Of goods, to meet the great demand
 With holidays so close at hand.
 The engine scarcely could be found
 'Mid drifting snow that piled around;
 The engineer had quit his lever
 Until the men made some endeavor
 To give the iron horse a show
 Upon the track beneath the snow.
 By chance the Brownies reached the scene
 At evening, as the moon serene
 Was struggling through the snowy cloud
 That wrapped the mountain like a shroud.
 Said one, "We 'll lay aside our play,
 And turn to work without delay,





For here 's a case will try our powers
 And all the skill we count as ours.
 The minutes let us now improve.
 This engine with its train must move,
 Or, failing this, express and freight
 And baggage must no longer wait,
 Though every Brownie, on his back,
 Shall carry to the town a pack."
 Some tried to dig the engine out
 From drifts that lay in heaps about,
 Though small the promise that the scheme
 Would end in furnace-fire or steam.
 But who can gage or understand
 The power of a mystic hand
 That is not bound by mortal line
 Or limit that its acts confine?





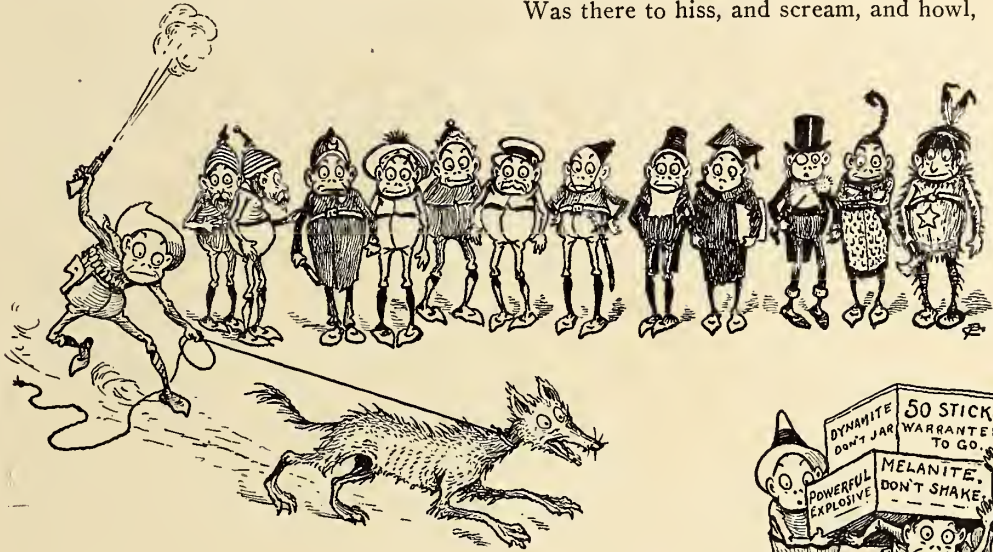
Especially that time of year
 When feasts and presents should appear,—
 Supplies to fill the pantry shelf,
 And toys to make one hug himself,
 The pussy-cat, the horse and cart,
 The jumping-jack, that makes one start,
 The evergreens in bundles all
 Tied up with care for home and hall,
 Some towering tall, some small in size,
 But all to give a glad surprise,
 And bring the clap of childish hand
 And wonder at the scene so grand;
 The pig, presented as a gift,
 To give some farmer friend a lift,
 And proving, by his plaintive squeals,
 'T was rather long between his meals.
 "T is strange," said one, "what things you find
 In cars filled by the human kind;
 Potatoes from Bermuda brought,
 And fish around Newfoundland caught,

A shovel little wonder brings
 When in the human hand it swings,
 But in a Brownie hand—ah me!
 A different touch and go we see,
 And snow-plows, rotary or straight,
 Surpass it only in their weight.
 But all were not with drifts content,
 For some to freight and baggage bent,
 Determined, if no wheel would start,
 The goods at least to move in part;
 They gathered from the cars with speed
 What every town is apt to need,



The broken tackle showing plain
Their elders' lessons were in vain."

It looked as though whatever grew
In Africa, and India, too,
In way of reptile, beast, or fowl,
Was there to hiss, and scream, and howl,



Some things came loose when boxes tipped
That for menageries were shipped,
And, for a moment, it seemed plain
That panic would a foothold gain;
And it took courage of the best
To shove things back into the nest.
For some have daring that will rise
Superior to the shock that tries,
And, as a tonic, give a brace
To others threatened with disgrace.
Said one, "We sometimes reach a scene
Where horrors stare, with naught between,
As if to test the spirit strong
That to a Brownie should belong;
And though some stagger, in the main
We're equal to the greatest strain."

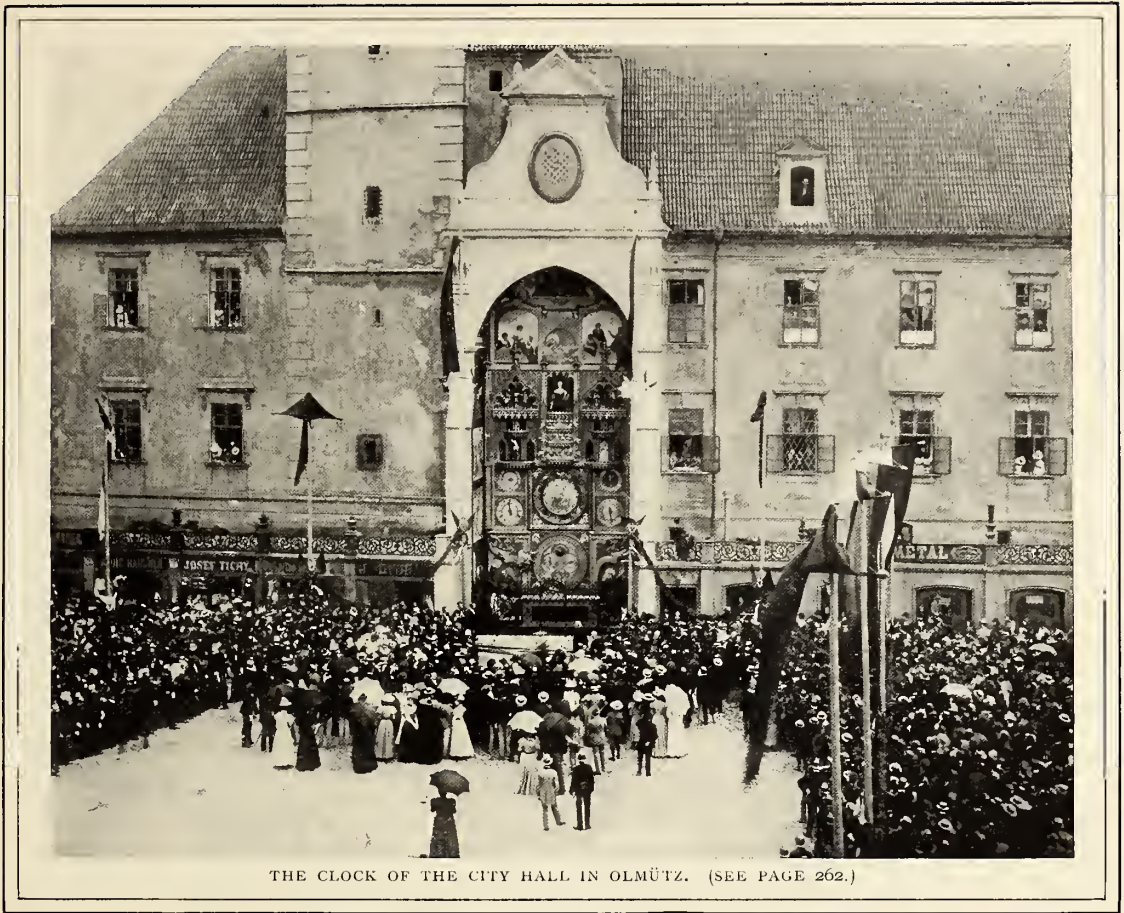




To nothing say of freaks at hand
 That prosper in our native land.
 Brought from a tropic clime, a few
 Were to the zero weather new,
 And, sluggish from the wintry air,
 Made little stir or trouble there,
 While others, roused and stuffed with ire,
 Seemed full of action as of fire.
 Fine fruit was there brought many miles
 In vessels from far distant isles,
 And it went hard, in all their haste,
 To pass it on without a taste,
 Though ere the task was done, in truth,
 Or things beyond the reach of tooth,
 Some had a better knowledge won
 Of fruit that felt the tropic sun.
 "T is well," said one, "the night is long
 Till sounds the cheerful breakfast gong,
 And Brownie hands have much to do
 Before our heavy job is through.

The work, as old traditions tell,
 We undertake, we finish well;
 The time seems fitted to the task,
 And nothing more could Brownies ask."
 So box and bundle, crate and can,
 Were moved according to their plan,
 While in the drifts the engine stood
 Without an action bad or good,
 No bell in front, no "toot" behind,
 Gave warning of a change of mind,
 But at their task the Brownies kept,
 And moved the goods while people slept,
 Till in the station, safely piled,
 With creatures of the wood and wild,
 The merchandise of every name
 Was ready for the owners' claim.





CURIOUS CLOCKS

BY CHARLES A. BRASSLER

MANY of the German cities of the Middle Ages enjoyed great prosperity, which they liked to exhibit in the form of splendid churches and other public buildings; and each one tried to excel the others. When, therefore, in the year 1352, Strassburg was the first to erect a great cathedral clock, which not only showed the hour to hundreds of observers, but whose strokes proclaimed it far and near, there was a rivalry among the rich cities as to which should set up within its walls the most beautiful specimen of this kind.

The citizens of Nuremberg, who were renowned all over the European world for their skill, were particularly jealous of Strassburg's precedence over them.

In 1356, when the Imperial Council, or Reichs-

tag, held in Nuremberg, issued the Golden Bull, an edict or so-called "imperial constitution" which promised to be of greatest importance to the welfare of the kingdom, a locksmith, whose name is unfortunately not recorded, took this as his idea for the decoration of a clock which was set up in the Frauenkirche in the year 1361. The emperor, Charles IV, was represented, seated upon a throne; at the stroke of twelve, the seven Electors, large moving figures, passed and bowed before him to the sound of trumpets.

This work of art made a great sensation.

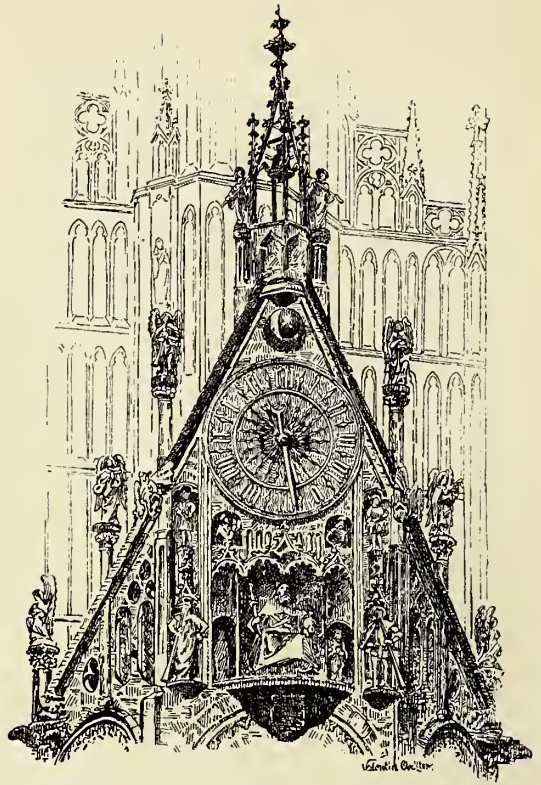
Other European cities, naturally, desired to have similar sights, and large public clocks were therefore erected in Breslau in 1368, in Rouen in 1389, in Metz in 1391, in Speyer in 1395, in Augsburg in 1398, in Lübeck in 1405, in Magde-

burg in 1425, in Padua in 1430, in Dantzic in 1470, in Prague in 1490, in Venice in 1495, and in Lyons in 1598.

Not all, of course, were as artistic as that of Nuremberg; but no town now contented itself with a simple clockwork to tell the hours. Some had a stroke for the hours, and some had chimes; the one showed single characteristic moving figures, while others were provided with great astronomical works, showing the day of the week, month, and year, the phases of the moon, the course of the planets, and the signs of the zodiac.



AN ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK AT PADUA.



THE FAMOUS CLOCK IN THE FRAUENKIRCHE, NUREMBERG.

On the town clock of Compiègne, which was built in 1405, three figures of soldiers, or "jaquemarts," so-called (in England they are called "Jacks"), struck the hour upon three bells under their feet; and they are doing it still. The great clock of Dijon has a man and a woman sitting upon an iron framework which supports the bell upon which they strike the hours. In 1714 the figure of a child was added, to strike the quarters. The most popular of the mechanical figures was the cock, flapping his wings and crowing.

The clock on the Aschersleben Rathaus shows, besides the phases of the moon, two pugnacious goats, which butt each other at each stroke of the hour; also the wretched Tantalus, who at each stroke opens his mouth and tries to seize a golden apple which floats down; but in the same moment it is carried away again. On the Rathaus clock in Jena is also a representation of Tantalus, opening his mouth as in Aschersleben; but here the apple is not present, and the convulsive efforts of the figure to open the jaws wide become ludicrous.

One of the first clocks with which important astronomical works were connected is that of

the Marienkirche in Lübeck, now restored. Below, at the height of a man's head, is the plate which shows the day of the week, month, etc.; these calculations are so reliable that the extra day of leap-year is pushed in automatically every four years. The plate is more than three meters in diameter. Above it is the dial, almost as large. The numbers from 1 to 12 are repeated, so that the hour-hand goes around the dial only once in twenty-four hours. In the wide space between

clock was repaired, some years ago, a very complicated system of wheels had to be devised to reproduce accurately the great difference in the movement of the planets. The work consumed two years. There are a great number of moving figures on the Lübeck clock, but they are not of the most conspicuous interest. In spite of this, however, they excite more wonder among the crowds of tourists who are always present when the clock strikes twelve than the really remarka-



THE CLOCK IN THE ST. MARK'S SQUARE, VENICE.

the axis which carries the hand and the band where the hours are marked, the fixed stars and the course of the planets are represented. The heavens are here shown as they appear to an observer in Lübeck. In the old works the movement of the planets was given incorrectly, for they all were shown as completing a revolution around the sun in 360 days. Of course this is absurd. Mercury, for example, revolves once around the sun in eighty-eight days, while Saturn requires twenty-nine years and 166 days for one revolution. When this astronomical

ble and admirable astronomical and calendar works.

The Strassburg clock has, more than all others, an actually world-wide fame; and no traveler who visits the beautiful old city fails to see the curious and interesting spectacle which it offers daily at noontime. To quote from one such visitor: "Long before the clock strikes twelve, a crowd has assembled in the high-arched portico of the stately cathedral, to be sure of not missing the right moment. Men and women of both high and low degree, strangers and townspeople alike,



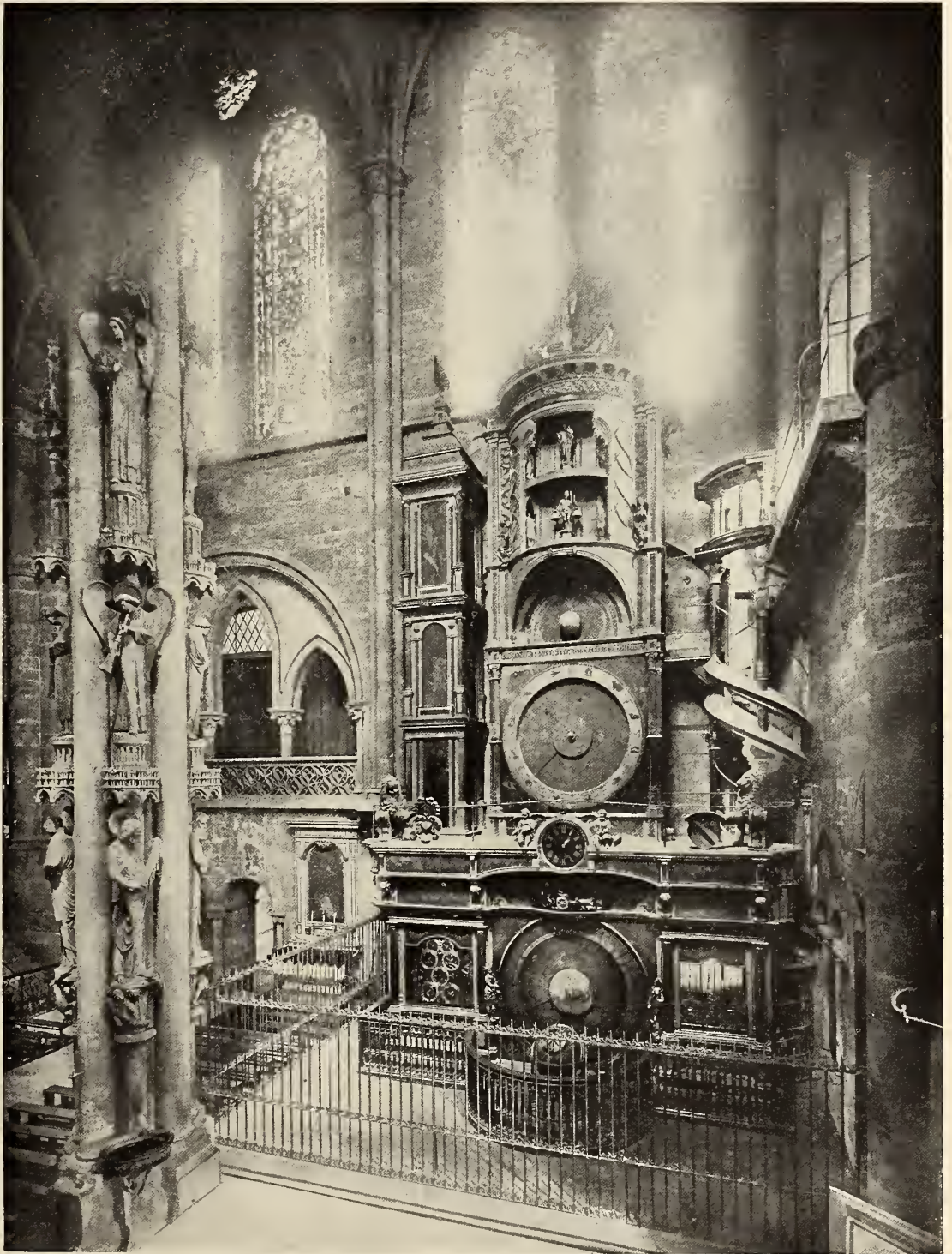
A CLOCK WITH AN OVAL DIAL, IN THE CATHEDRAL AT LYONS.

await in suspense the arrival of the twelfth hour. The moment approaches, and there is breathless silence. An angel lifts a scepter and strikes four times upon a bell; another turns over an hour-glass which he holds in the hand. A story higher, an old man is seen to issue from a space decorated in Gothic style; he strikes four times with his crutch upon a bell, and disappears at the other side, while the figure of Death lets the bone

in its hand fall slowly and solemnly, twelve times, upon the hour-bell. In still another story of the clock, the Saviour sits enthroned, bearing in the left hand a banner of victory, the right hand raised in benediction. As soon as the last stroke of the hour has died away, the apostles appear from an opening at the right hand of the Master. One by one they turn and bow before Him, departing at the other side. Christ lifts His hand in blessing to each apostle in turn, and when the last has disappeared, He blesses the assembled multitude. A cock on a side tower flaps his wings and crows three times. A murmur passes through the crowd, and it disperses, filled with



THE CLOCK IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH, LÜBECK.



THE GREAT CLOCK IN THE CATHEDRAL OF STRASSBURG.

wonder and admiration at the spectacle it has witnessed."

In 1574, the Strassburg astronomical clock replaced the older one. It was mainly the work of Dasypodius, a famous mathematician, and it ran until 1789. Later, the celebrated clock-maker,

In very recent days, the clock of the City Hall in Olmütz, also renovated, has become a rival to that of the Strassburg Cathedral. In the year 1560, it was described by a traveler as a true marvel, together with the Strassburg clock and that of the Marienkirche in Dantzic. But as the years passed, it was most inconceivably neglected, and everything movable and portable about it was carried off. Now, after repairs which have been almost the same as constructing it anew, it works almost faultlessly. In the lower part of the clock is the calendar, with the day of the year, month, and week, and the phases of the moon, together with the astronomical plate; a story higher, a large number of figures move around a group of angels, and here is also a good portrait of the Empress Maria Theresa. Still higher is an arrangement of symbolical figures and decorations, which worthily crowns the whole. A youth and a man, above at the left, announce the hours and quarters by blows of a hammer. The other figures go through their motions at noonday. Scarcely have the blows of the man's hammer ceased to sound, when a shepherd boy, in another wing of the clock, begins to play a tune; he has six different pieces, which can be alternated. As soon as he has finished, the chimes, sixteen bells, begin, and the figures of St. George, of Rudolph of Hapsburg, with a priest, and of Adam and Eve, appear in the left center. When they have disappeared, the chimes ring their second melody, and the figures of the right center appear,—the three Kings of the East, before the enthroned Virgin, and the Holy Family on the Flight into Egypt. When the bells ring for the third time, all the figures show themselves once more.

Clocks operated by electricity are, of course, the product of recent times.

England's largest electric clock was, as our illustration shows, recently christened in a novel manner. The makers, Messrs. Gent & Co., of Leicester, entertained about seventy persons at luncheon on this occasion, using one of the four mammoth dials as a dining-table, a "time table," as the guests facetiously styled it.

The clock was installed, 220 feet above the ground, in the tower of the Royal Liverpool Society's new building, in Liverpool. Each of the four dials, which weigh fifteen tons together, measure twenty-five feet in diameter, with a minute-hand fourteen feet long. The hands are actuated electrically by a master clock connected with the Greenwich Observatory. After dark, they are illuminated by electricity, and are visible at a great distance.

Still larger are the dials of the great electric



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NIGHT VIEW OF THE METROPOLITAN TOWER,
MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY,
SHOWING THE CLOCK-DIAL ILLUMINATED.

Johann Baptist Schwilgué (born December 18, 1772), determined to repair it. After endless negotiations with the church authorities, he obtained the contract, and on October 2, 1842, the clock, as made over, was solemnly reconsecrated.

clock, situated 346 feet high, in the tower of the Metropolitan Life Building, on Madison Square, New York City. They measure twenty-six and one half feet in diameter. The minute-hand is seventeen feet from end to end, and twelve feet from center to point, while the hour-hand measures thirteen feet four inches in all, and eight feet four inches from the center of the dial outward. These immense hands are of iron framework, sheathed in copper, and weigh 1000 and 700 pounds respectively.

The big clock and the ninety-nine other clocks in the building are regulated from a master clock in the Director's Room, on the second floor, which sends out minute impulses, and is adjusted to run within five seconds per month.

At night, the dial, hands, and numerals are beautifully illuminated, of which we present a picture, the enlarged minute-hand showing the length of exposure. The time is also flashed all night in a novel manner from the great gilded "lantern" at the apex of the tower, 696 feet above the pavement. The quarter-hours are announced from each of the four faces of the lantern by a single red light, the halves by two red flashes, the three quarters by three flashes. On the hour, the white arc-lights are extinguished temporarily, and white flashes show the number of the hour.

This takes the place of the bells operated in the daytime. They are in four tones, G (1500



THE TOWN CLOCK AT ASCHERSLEBEN. (SEE PAGE 258.)

pounds), F (2000 pounds), E flat (3000 pounds), and B flat (7000 pounds), and each quarter-hour ring out the "Westminster Chimes," in successive bars. These are the highest chimes in the world, being situated on the forty-second floor, 615 feet above the street level; and they attract much attention from visitors.



A HUGE CLOCK-DIAL USED AS A LUNCHEON-TABLE IN LEICESTER, ENGLAND. (SEE PAGE 262.)



“PARD GLANCED UP INTELLIGENTLY INTO THE FACE OF HIS COMPANION.”

KANE AND PARD

(A tale of Christmas eve)

BY ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON

“HERE we are, Pard,” observed Kane Osborne, looking regretfully after the receding train that had just left him at the isolated mountain station.

Pard, a bright-eyed, alert Scotch collie, glanced up intelligently into the troubled face of his companion, a slender lad of fifteen.

Kane shivered in the chill December air which swept down from the snow-clad peaks, and his somewhat pale face expressed disappointment as he looked up and down the seemingly deserted station-platform.

“No one to meet us, Pard,” he said to the tail-wagging collie. “Maybe he don’t want us—he did n’t write that he did, but Uncle Hi was sure he ’d take us in. It ’s Christmas eve, and we ’re all alone, Pard”; and Kane swallowed hard as his hand stroked the dog’s head. A sympathetic whine was Pard’s response.

“Looking for some one, son?” asked the station-agent, coming forward.

“Yes,” answered Kane, rather bashfully; “we ’re looking for Mr. Jim Moreley.”

“Relation of his going up to the ranch to spend Christmas?”

“No-o-o. Is his ranch near here?”

“About ten miles up Rainbow Cañon,” informed the agent, eying the boy. “Moreley has n’t been down to-day. Going up for a vacation?”

“To live there, if he ’ll keep us,” replied Kane.

“Have n’t you any other place to go but to Moreley’s ranch?” inquired the agent.

“No place. My folks are all dead, and Uncle Hi died, too, about five days ago,” explained Kane, trying bravely to keep the tears back. “There ’s just Pard and me left. A lady offered me a home, but she would n’t let Pard stay. Uncle Hi used to know Mr. Moreley over at Green Buttes, before he came here, so he got the doctor to write that he was sending Pard and me up to the ranch.”

“If you go to live with old Moreley, he ’ll work you to death,” declared the man. “He ’s changed since he lived at Green Buttes. He ’s drinking, these days, and he ’s hard on his help. He has n’t any use for any one who ’s not strong,” scanning Kane’s thin arms and legs in his worn suit.

“Oh, I ’ll be all right when I get to knocking about the mountains,” Kane hastened to assure the agent, resenting the suggestion of physical

weakness. "Uncle Hi," he continued, "was sick nearly four months, and I was shut up taking care of him, and missed my exercise. Before he died, he told me to come up to Rainbow Cañon. He was sure Mr. Moreley 'd be glad to have a boy and a good dog to help with the sheep. I 've worked on a sheep ranch before, and Pard knows a lot about the business."

"Well, I 'm sorry for you, kid, if you 're going up to old Moreley's. Wait a minute." And the agent stepped to the other end of the platform and called to an old man who was unhitching his team from a post in front of a little store near by. "Hello, Thompson! Here 's a boy who wants to go up to Moreley's ranch. Can't you give him a lift as far as your place?"

"Guess so, if he 's spry," the rancher called back in a crisp tone. "I 'm in a hurry!" he explained, climbing into his wagon and gathering up the lines. "There 's a storm brewin' in the mountains, and my sheep are scattered in the cañon."

"All right! Here 's the boy," said the agent. "Good-by, kid, and a Merry Christmas to you!"

"Here, kid!" called the agent, running after Kane with an old overcoat. "Put this on. You 'll need it riding up Rainbow. You need n't mind returning it—it 's too small for me now."

This unexpected kindness brought a lump in Kane's throat, but he murmured his thanks as he slipped into the overcoat. Then he climbed into the wagon. Somewhat impatiently Thompson moved over in his seat to make room for the unwelcome passenger. He puckered his brows into a frown as his sharp gray eyes ran the boy over critically.

"I 'm in a rush," he asserted, starting his ponies off briskly up the mountain road.

"Got a dog, I see," he remarked presently, with something like a sniff, as Pard trotted along by the wagon. "That feller 's attached himself to this outfit with a mighty important air. I ain't no use for dogs ever since Bill Stevens's killed some o' my lambs. They 're a right smart of a nuisance—same as boys. Boys ask too many questions, and stand around and watch the old man do the work. I had one from Denver, but he was no good, and I shipped him back. Gid ap,



"SLIDING BACK THE BIG DOOR, KANE REVEALED A WARM, COMFORTABLE SHED." (SEE PAGE 267.)

"Thank you—the same to you!" returned Kane, hurrying toward Thompson's wagon, Pard following closely at his heels.

Pop-corn!" to one of the ponies. "I had a boy o' my own once," his tone softening as he became reminiscent. "But pneumony took him off—

pneumony goes hard up here in the Colorado Rockies. Sairy, my wife, is always at me to get a boy to live with us, but after my experience with 'Denver,' no boys for me. No, sir, never ag'in!"

Kane felt very uncomfortable as Thompson delivered himself of this speech. At first he stole only a timid, sidelong glance at the man who had no use for boys and dogs. But presently, gathering courage, he surveyed his companion's care-lined face. He decided that Thompson was not as unkindly as his words might imply.

"Moreley some connection of yours?" he asked Kane, after driving for some time in silence.

"No," answered Kane, snuggling his chin down inside the turned-up collar of his newly acquired overcoat; "Uncle Hi thought Pard and I might find a job there."

"Who 's Uncle Hi?"

"A kind old man I lived with after my father and mother died."

"Why did n't you stay with him?" Thompson asked, darting a suspicious glance at Kane from under a ledge of bushy brows.

"He died, too, and it took everything to pay the funeral expenses. Dr. Bently paid my way up to Rainbow. When I earn money enough, I'll pay him back and buy a tombstone for Uncle Hi."

"Well, lad, it 's a world o' trouble!" and the old man sighed deeply. "I was gittin' along tiptop till our boy died. After that I seemed to run downhill, and had to mortgage my ranch to Jim Moreley to keep goin'. But," pridefully, "I got some fine sheep, and if I 've good luck winterin' 'em, I 'll pay out next fall, and be independent ag'in."

As they steadily ascended, the wind grew more chilly and moaned ominously among the pines that dotted the mountain slopes. The keen air made Kane's nose and ears tingle, and he drew closer to his companion.

"Goin' to storm," observed Thompson, squinting toward the sky. "It 's a sure sign when the pines screech that way. Here we are," he announced, turning off on a side trail. "That 's my place," pointing to a homy-looking cottage that stood in a sheltered arm of the wide cañon.

"It 's about three miles up the trail yonder to Moreley's," he explained. "You can eat a bite with Sairy and me before goin' on."

As Kane helped unhitch the ponies, a motherly looking woman called from the house that dinner was ready. She made friends with Pard at once, and brought him a plate of scraps from the kitchen.

"Some Christmas fixin's for you, Sairy," said

Thompson, as he and Kane deposited on the table several packages brought from Rainbow.

In the neat, warm kitchen, Kane, seated between the old couple, ate his share of the good "boiled dinner" with a gusto caused by a keen appetite. More than once he caught Mrs. Thompson's kindly eyes fixed on his face with an almost yearning eagerness.

The meal over, Pard had another feast in the shed behind the kitchen. Then, thanking the couple for their kindness, Kane slipped into the overcoat and prepared for his climb up to Moreley's ranch.

"He reminds me so much of Harry," Kane overheard Mrs. Thompson say in an undertone to her husband. "Why can't we keep him? Moreley's will be such a rough place for him."

Thompson muttered something about boys and dogs being a great deal of bother.

"It seems as if Providence sent him to us," she persisted, "your bringing him here, and on Christmas eve, too! He 's like a Christmas present," with a smile directed at Kane. Then, with a pleading quiver of the pleasant voice, "Do let 's keep him—and that fine collie!"

But Thompson shook his head decisively.

"Well, we can at least keep him overnight—Christmas eve," she pleaded. "It 's three o'clock now, and these short days it gets dark so early in the mountains. It 's going to storm soon," looking out of the window, "and the trail being strange to him, he might miss his way."

"The trail 's all right if he follows it," declared the old rancher, impatiently. "He 'd best to go on, for Moreley 's a crank, and might think we 're tryin' to coax the boy from goin' to him."

From the foot of the steep trail Kane waved his hand to her, as she stood in the doorway watching him start.

"So much like Harry," she murmured tremulously. "God guard him!"

"Just stick to that trail, and it 'll lead you straight to Moreley's," directed Thompson, calling after Kane. "Don't waste any time though. See that cloud rolling over Old Grayback?" indicating a peak, "that means a snow-storm, and my sheep are scattered somewhere in the cañon. I 've got to hustle."

Kane turned to offer the services of Pard and himself to help round up the sheep, but Thompson had hurried away and disappeared down the cañon. So he went on up the trail. To reinforce his courage he began to whistle, but something in his throat choked him, and he became thoughtful.

"Pard," gently squeezing the collie's ear, "if Mr. Moreley don't want us, we 'll be in a fix."

A rapid movement of the tail and a low whine attested Pard's loyal sympathy.

The cloud over Old Grayback soon obscured the entire sky. Presently Kane felt fine particles of snow strike his face, and the path soon became slippery and difficult to keep.

"This is going back two steps to one forward, Pard!" he laughed, recovering from measuring his full length on an icy rock.

The wind, accompanied by a steadily falling

into an unseen gorge. Then there might be a terrible snow-slide from the overladen heights above. He could see scarcely ten yards in any direction, and in spite of the overcoat, he began to feel chilled. He was presently so leg-weary that he felt inclined to crawl under the shelving rocks and lie down.

Realizing how fatal such a step might prove, Kane fought his way across the snow-clad cañon, followed by Pard.



"'I 'VE HAD A FALL AND HURT MY ANKLE,' SAID THE MAN."

temperature, increased in power every minute, driving the now rapidly descending snow before it. Kane pulled his cap down to protect his eyes and struggled on.

The snow soon came down in blinding sheets, entirely blotting out the trail. Pard kept close to his master, frequently whining his disapproval of the storm.

Suddenly Kane realized that he had strayed from the trail and was stumbling along half-blindly down a cañon over rocks and tangled bushes. Here the trees broke the fierce, biting force of the wind. But he had no idea which way to turn to find the path that he had lost. All around and enveloping him was a mass of roaring, smothering whiteness.

Kane had lived most of his years among the Rockies, but he had never before been lost in one of their wild winter storms. He knew, however, that his situation was one of great danger. Unless he could find shelter, he might become buried under the snow, or stumble over a ledge

All at once the collie gave a sharp bark and darted away through the trees, reappearing almost immediately and barking up at Kane as if insisting on his following.

"All right, Pard. Lead on!" directed Kane.

Only a short distance farther, a long shed loomed vague and specter-like in the wild whiteness of the evening. Pushing forward, Kane discovered that it was a rude but comfortable building for stock. It stood in an arm of the cañon with no house in sight.

Thankful for anything that promised refuge from the storm, he advanced hurriedly. At the corner of the building, he halted quickly: a herd of sheep huddled against the closed door.

Kane's appearance was greeted by a plaintive chorus of bleats. In their dumb, beseeching way they accepted him as their belated shepherd.

"All right, sheepsie-baas," he said soothingly as they crowded about him. "Wait and I'll see how things are."

Sliding back the big door, Kane revealed a

warm, comfortable shed for sheep and cattle. In one of the stalls a cow stood munching hay.

"Some one does n't look after his sheep very well, Pard," said Kane. "Bring 'em in."

The well-trained collie needed no second bidding. With an assenting bark, he ran around the shivering flock, which quickly scattered among the bushes. It proved no easy task to house these sheep, for, being unused to a dog, the younger ones were frightened, and at first fled in every direction. But Kane hurried out to direct matters, and Pard, wise and careful in his part of the business, after considerable effort brought them, an obedient bunch, into their fold. Then their self-appointed shepherd filled the low racks with hay, which they began to eat gratefully.

"Well, Bossy," addressing the cow, "we 've invited ourselves to spend Christmas eve with you and the sheepsie-baas. Here, Pard! Where are you?" he called, noticing that the collie had not entered the shed. Off somewhere in the bushes Pard began a spirited barking.

"Some stubborn runaways," thought Kane. "Bring 'em in, Pard," he commanded over the din of the storm.

Pard sent back a quick, answering bark. Kane repeated his order, and again the collie responded with a sharp, imperative bark. Sure that something was wrong, the boy left the shelter of the shed, and again faced the fury of the elements.

"Where are you, Pard?"

Kane bent his head to listen for the dog's bark to guide him. It came, and was instantly followed by the sound of a groan—a human groan!

Quickly Kane groped his way through the underbrush of the cañon. Guided by Pard's persistent barking, he at last reached an object lying among the rocks almost buried in snow. A nearer survey revealed to the lad a man lying prostrate and helpless in a little clump of bushes.

"I 've had a fall and hurt my ankle so I can't walk in the snow!" said the unfortunate man, groaning with pain, as Kane bent solicitously over him.

"Why, it 's Mr. Thompson!" cried Kane, in surprise. "How did it happen?"

"In trying to bunch my sheep, I slipped on a rock and took a bad tumble," explained Mr. Thompson. "I dragged myself through the snow as far as these bushes, then my strength give out. The pain and cold together made me kind of lose my senses, I guess, till the dog roused me."

Half-leading, half-dragging the rancher, Kane managed to get him to the shed. Here, on an improvised couch of hay and empty sacks, the disabled man watched his safely sheltered flock taking their supper in calm content.

"Well, Providence works funny sometimes!" he ejaculated. "There I was, flounderin' in the snow, disablin' myself, and worryin' for fear my sheep 'd all perish; and at last I thought I was a goner myself. And there you was, losin' the trail all for a purpose, to do my work, and save my life."

"It was mostly Pard," asserted Kane, stroking the collie's head. "He drove the sheep in and found you."

"It was the two of you," corrected Thompson, looking gratefully at the boy and his dog. "I 'm not harborin' any more prejudices ag'in' boys and dogs—you two in particular. The storm 's knocked them prejudices all out o' me. The house is jest round the bend of the cañon. The wind 's fallin' now, and purty soon you can go and tell Sairy what 's happened. I ain't goin' to let Jim Moreley have you! You and Pard are Christmas presents for Sairy and me!"

In silent thankfulness, Kane, too happy for words, pressed the rancher's hand. Pard only wagged his tail.



NATURE and SCIENCE *for Young Folks*

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.



PUEBLO COOKING PITS.

Two of these have been sealed up to cook the food in them, and the woman is heating the third by stirring up the fire in it through the poke-hole. Her husband has just returned from the field with some corn, and has stopped to see how the fire is progressing.

COOKING CUSTOMS PAST AND PRESENT

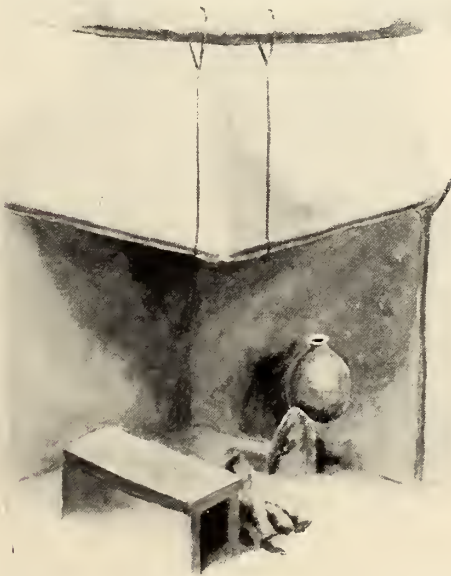
THE earliest methods of cooking about which we know anything definite, as far as this country is

concerned, were carried on by the ancient Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona.

Most of their cooking was done out-of-doors in pits dug in the ground, from eighteen to twenty-four inches deep. These were made in rows, or singly, with rims raised about eight inches above the ground. They were covered with stone slabs and sealed with mud during the cooking operation. A hot fire was first made in them, and, when the desired temperature was attained, all the fire and ashes were taken out, a large pot of corn-meal mush was put in, and the pit sealed for several hours, or until the mush was thoroughly cooked.

Later, when they built masonry houses, they had well-made chimneys and fireplaces. One of the illustrations shows a fireplace with a "hood" to carry away the smoke and the fumes from the cooking—a contrivance that few modern houses possess.

Corn was cultivated and acorns were gathered, this latter usually being done by the women, who also did the cooking. Meal was made from the corn or the acorns, and a batter prepared from this meal was baked in thin cakes on a stone slab directly under the fire hood. The temperature of this stone was kept right for cooking by adding



A FIREPLACE IN A PUEBLO HOUSE OF A LATER PERIOD.

The hood is held in place by ropes about a pole. In the foreground is shown a slab for baking cakes, with place for a fire under it. At the back a stone supports a pot holding it above the fire.

brush to the fire beneath it, and as both ends were open, the draft was all that could be desired.

These ancient Indians were expert potters, and made vessels in which mush and meats were boiled. The pots were often supported by large stones which held the pot against the wall and above the fire.

Other and later Indian tribes of the far West cooked quite differently, or even, before kettles were to be had, ate some of their food raw. The Hupa Indians of northern California wove water-tight baskets in which they cooked acorn-meal mush by dropping several hot stones into the mixture of water and meal. They also baked on soapstone dishes over glowing wood fires. The Indians who could get fish used to cook them on a "spit" over a fire, or boil them with other food in baskets, as already described.

While many Indians were cooking their food out-of-doors, the Eskimos, who had little or no

A drawing of General Washington's camp gridiron is here shown. It was made from the original in the National Museum, at Washington,



AN EARLY INDIAN METHOD OF COOKING FISH.



A HUPA INDIAN OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

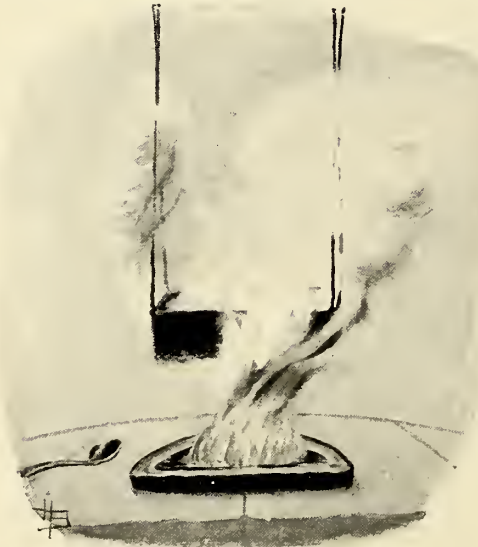
He is lifting the last of five very hot stones, which he will put into the basket where the others have made the mush boil. The stone is so hot it makes the sticks by which he is lifting it smoke and burn.

wood, were cooking theirs over soapstone lamps in their huts of ice, by boiling it in soapstone dishes hung from a grating at the top of the room, though much of their meat and fish was eaten raw. All of these people ate practically one daily meal—at evening—so very little cooking was required. Later, when driftwood could be had, large fires were made outside.

With the early settlers, and their comfortable ceiled log-cabins, came the large stone fireplaces with their great copper pots and iron kettles, swinging upon iron cranes in the chimney-place. The little "Dutch oven" was also used, and was convenient, as it stood on legs and could be covered with hot coals as well as have them under it.

where many of the objects described in this article may be seen.

In those old days in the colonies, many methods were used for cooking, over and before the fire. There were horizontal, and vertically reversing gridirons. The latter would bring both



AN ESKIMO REINDEER STEW.

This is cooked indoors in a large, rectangular, soapstone vessel over a soapstone oil-lamp.

sides to the fire. Fowls were hung on iron rods suspended before the fire with dripping-pans be-

neath them. Muffin-tins were propped up before the great fires so that their contents might get well browned, and, in the south, the old planta-



AN INDIAN'S IRON POT FOR BOILING MEAT.

tion negroes cooked their "hoe-cake" on the blades of their field hoes.

The great fireplaces, with their hanging pots



ANOTHER METHOD OF USING A POT OR KETTLE.

the iron cook-stove had been perfected, came the steel range, and, later, the gas-range, and the oil or gasolene stoves. One little novelty in gas-stoves is worthy of mention. It is the camping- or cooking-stove which pleased Dr. Nansen so well that he took it with him on his polar expedition. It makes its own gas by vaporizing kerosene. A small pump forces the oil by air pressure into the tubes of the stove, where it is vaporized and burned.

Cooking by steam was used on steamships and in large establishments for many years before a practical steam cooker was made for the home.



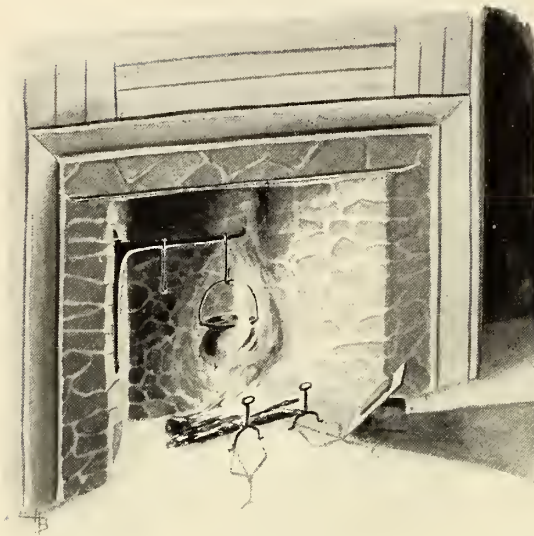
A PLANTATION NEGRO COOKING HOE-CAKE IN HER CABIN.

The great advantage of these cookers is that nothing can burn in them. Food so cooked retains all its juices, and is made tender and appetizing. The cooking is done under steam pressure, as the doors are tightly closed. The one here illustrated is placed over a fire; water in the copper tank below is turned to steam, which circulates about the food and condenses on the conical top, from which it runs toward the sides of the cooker, instead of dripping into the food, and returns to the tank. When the water falls below a certain level, a whistle blows vigorously to call for "more water."

and kettles, were used even after the first crude cook-stoves appeared, about the year 1850. After

About six years ago, the "fireless" cooker made

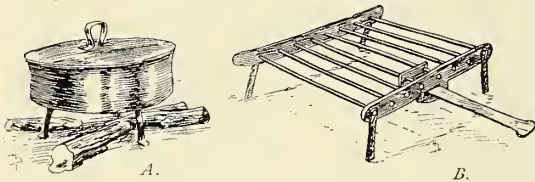
forms. The cast-iron (black) plates seen, one above and another below the cooking vessels, are first heated. When very hot, one or both may be



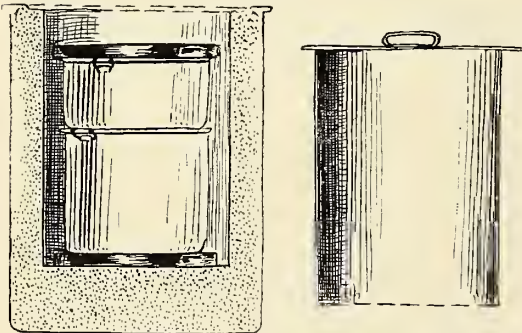
A SETTLER'S STONE FIREPLACE.

This shows the crane and, at the right, a "johnny-cake" being cooked by the hot fire as it is spread in a thick dough on a rough board.

its appearance. It does not cook without fire, but it does retain the cooking heat. Many models are now obtainable, some in box form with



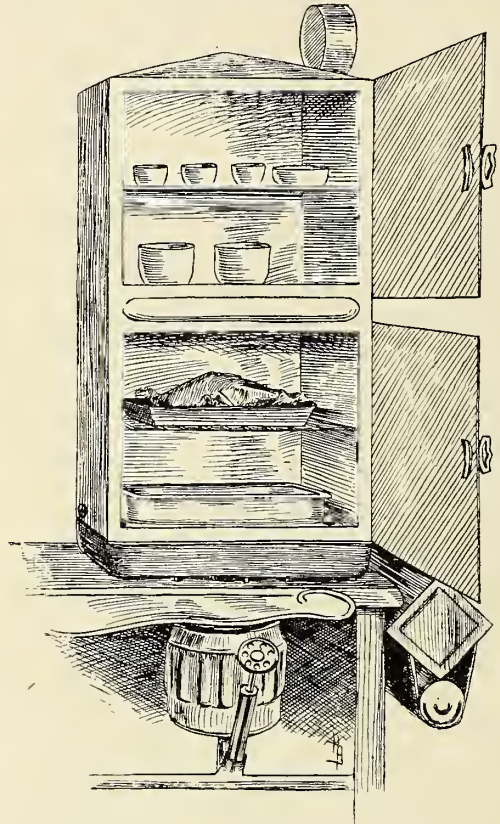
A. THE EARLY DUTCH OVEN. B. GENERAL WASHINGTON'S CAMP GRIDIRON, WITH SLIDING HANDLE FOR CONVENIENT PACKING.



A SECTIONAL VIEW OF A FIRELESS COOKER AND ITS CYLINDRICAL COVER.

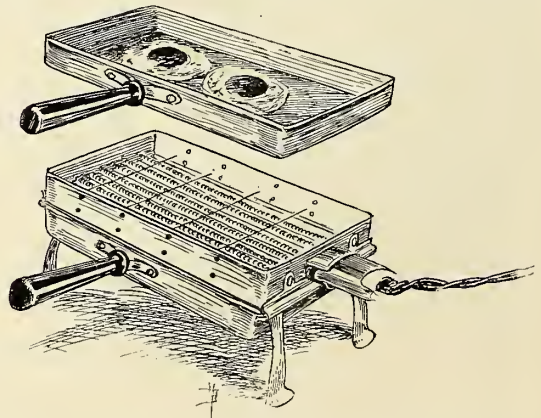
Between the heated cast-iron plates, which show black in the drawing, are two cooking pans.

several deep cooking compartments. The accompanying illustration shows one of the round



A MODERN STEAM COOKER ON AN OIL-STOVE. Note the circular condenser on the top at right.

used and radiate their heat in the apparatus. In this cooker, instead of several pads and a tight-



THE LATEST ELECTRIC COOKER.

Upon this two eggs have just been poached and the pan lifted to show the heating wires. Another cooking pan is underneath.

fitting lid, a large cylinder, closed at the top, is pushed over the iron plates and the cooking dishes, until its top forms the top of the cooker. The heat finds it difficult to get out of this closely fitting cylinder, so it remains to cook the food, which it does to perfection, from meats and cereals to corn-bread!

The inner sides of these cookers are packed with mineral wool—asbestos. In some of them, no heating-plates are used, but the food to be cooked is allowed to boil for a few minutes, and then, set into the cooker and tightly covered, the cooking process continues, until the food is ready for the table. A “home-made” fireless cooker was exhibited recently at the International Hygienic Congress at Washington. It was made by placing a large pail in a box of tightly packed hay, and is said to have cost only one dollar.

Our street-cars have for some time been heated by electricity. Electric cookers are still more modern, but we have electric toasters, griddles, ovens and ranges of various shapes and sizes, up to large cabinet affairs with heat indicators and clocks by which the cooking may be regulated. The principle used in the cooking apparatus is the same as that used in the car. The current from large wires is fed to smaller wires which offer a sudden resistance, and the heat thus produced soon becomes intense.

HARRY B. BRADFORD.

BLOOMS IN DECEMBER

THE so-called Christmas rose (*Helleborus niger*) is not a rose, though somewhat rose-like in appearance. It is a little plant belonging to the

buttercup family, with five-petaled, waxy, white flowers two or three inches across. It is not yet known just how far north this plant is hardy, but it has been grown successfully in Rochester, New York. The accompanying illustrations were taken

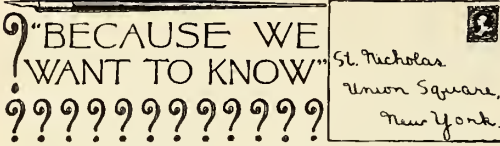


SOMETIMES THE “ROSE” BLOOMS AMID THE SNOW.



THE CHRISTMAS “ROSE.”

by Mr. Nathan R. Graves of that city. We shall be glad to receive reports from our readers as to other northern latitudes in which it thrives and blooms. We hope that our young people will send photographs of the plants when in bloom.



WHY WE CAN SEE SMOKE

IITHACA, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me in "Nature and Science" what smoke is? If it is a gas, how can we see it?

Your devoted reader, A. B.

Smoke is not composed of gases only, but of solid, or perhaps partly liquid, particles, which are mixed with the gases and carried along by them. It is these particles of matter that are visible to the eye, and not the gases themselves.

REMARKABLE TWINING OF HONEYSUCKLE VINE

SANTA ROSA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The accompanying photograph is of a section of an oak-tree about which a wild honeysuckle has



CLOSE TWINING OF HONEYSUCKLE ABOUT
A TWISTED OAK BRANCH.

twined. The vine is about an inch in diameter. It somewhat resembles a mammoth corkscrew.

PETER KIRCH.

DISCOVERED FLOWERS ON ONE-YEAR RASPBERRY "CANE"

CANTON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a black raspberry, or "blackcap," bush near our front porch. The other day I was surprised to see flower buds on one of the canes that had grown up this year. As the berries are usually borne on the two-year-old canes, it seemed that there must have been unusual vigor in the plant or some other reason for this thing. Can you give me any light? I am much interested in berries and berry-growing.

Your reader and friend,

S. MERRILL FOSTER (age 16).

Most of the varieties of black raspberries—in commerce known as "blackcaps"—produce strong canes one season, on which, the following year,

are borne the fruiting branches, after which this cane dies. Unusual conditions, however, often result in unusual developments, so that this rule is not always strictly adhered to in nature, though the normal blackcap raspberry is more regular in this respect than most of its near relatives.

There are a number of red raspberries, for instance, which make a regular practice of fruiting freely in the fall on the terminals of that year's growth. It may be, in the instance you cite, that the stems producing these late flower buds were in reality extra strong shoots borne from near the base of the terminal stems of last year. After all, if this blackcap is a seedling, and shows a tendency to produce flower buds on new canes, it might be worth your while to give it ample opportunity to develop, as it may prove to be a new variety which would have value for garden purposes.

ERNEST F. COE.

HUMMING-BIRDS

CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Outside the windows of my room is a window-box. I often sit and watch the humming-birds which visit the box. One day, I saw as many as six in half an hour. I have noticed that a humming-bird will hover before a flower, and after sipping the honey from it, will fly on to another, and a second bird will come and pause in the air before the flower, about a foot away, and, apparently finding nothing in it, go on to another. Can they see into the flower at that distance, or is it true that they do not get honey but tiny insects from it? If that is so, can they hear the insects so far away?

Your devoted and interested reader,

KATHARINE B. SCOTT.

Humming-birds are known to feed very largely on insects which they gather from the flowers, but whether they can hear insects from a distance, I am sure I do not know.—FRANK M. CHAPMAN, Curator of Birds, American Museum of Natural History, New York City.

CRACKS IN HANDS AND FINGERS

TOPEKA, KANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why cracks get in your hands and fingers when you get them very wet? I would like to know very much.

Your loving reader,

THEODORE MCCLINTOCK.

The tissues of the body have more salts than are usually found in fresh water. When you have more salt on one side of an animal membrane than on the other, nature tries to equalize the amount on both sides. Salts, leaving the tissues of the hands to go into the water, leave the cells partly emptied of their contents. They do not hold together well, and "cracks" result.—ROBERT T. MORRIS.

A HORNET'S NEST IN THE PEAK OF A HOUSE

MONTEAGLE, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending a picture of a large insect nest. The nest was in the gable of a roof of a house,



A HORNET'S NEST IN THE PEAK OF A ROOF.

so I could not see whether there were hornets or wild bees in it, so I drew the picture. It seemed to be covered with gray folds. Will you please tell me what it is?

Respectfully,

FRANK M. HULL.

Hornets are fond of building their nests in the peaks of houses. There is one in the peak of my

office, so, as soon as I received your letter, I went out and took a photograph of it. The nests of hornets are built of the weather-beaten fibers from old fences, boards, or other wood.

A SNAKE HAS POOR SIGHT WHEN SHEDDING ITS SKIN

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Is it true that rattlesnakes are partly blind at this time of the year (August)? If so, will you kindly explain why it is? Are other snakes that way too?

Sincerely yours,

M. COSTER.

Rattlesnakes are at *no time* blind or unable to see well enough to strike with accuracy. The only time when a snake's vision is affected, occurs shortly prior to the shedding of the skin, at which time the eyes are covered with a thin, bluish covering. Even in this condition the snake sees fairly well, although its vision is not so clear as at other times. Snakes usually shed in the early spring, early in July, then late in August.—RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

ELEVEN THOUSAND SEA-URCHINS IN ONE PILE

MONTEREY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The accompanying photograph shows eleven thousand sea-urchins. They were gathered along the shores of Monterey Bay by Japanese fishermen, who sold them to a local curio dealer to be made into jewel-boxes, pincushions, and shell jewelry.

The California sea-urchin (*Toxoneustes franciscorum*) is purplish in color instead of green, like some of the eastern forms. They are found in greater quantities here than in any other place along the coast.

Yours very truly,

HARRY ASHLAND GREENE, JR.



From a photograph by Arthur Inkersley.

ELEVEN THOUSAND SEA-URCHINS DRYING.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

LAST month, as you will remember, our young writers and artists rounded out "a year of glorious life" with an exhibit of contributions that for general excellence has perhaps never been surpassed in all the history of the League. And now this January number fittingly opens another twelvemonth with a list every whit equal to that of December in merit and promise.

It is a pleasure indeed to think of the thousands of homes throughout the land in which the arrival of *ST. NICHOLAS* means not merely the reading of stories and verses, but the writing of them, as well, by the eager-minded girls and boys of the household; not merely the enjoyment of the masterpieces of great artists or illustrators, but also the earnest effort by ambitious young folk to produce pictures for themselves—whether beautiful, or realistic, or "full of fun." For blessed be humor! and *ST. NICHOLAS* readers have, happily, a plentiful supply of it.

It is indeed a rich argosy that comes back to the League harbor twelve times a year—this treasure-trove of youthful inspiration and endeavor.

And in simple justice to the young contestants, the story of their devotion and success ought to be more widely known and appreciated. Not only the parents, but the teachers and friends of these gifted and masterful young folk ought to have the pleasure of contemplating their work. Moreover, the workers themselves should be sure

of having special magazine copies of their own, for preservation, so that in after years they may turn back to these pages and behold again the verse or story, the drawing or photograph that gave a thrill of pleasure to their *ST. NICHOLAS* days, and proved the starting-point of greater achievement, or—who knows?—even of their life-work.

All this, therefore, is merely the introduction to the following

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

BEGINNING with the present number, *ST. NICHOLAS* will hereafter send to every girl or boy whose contribution is printed in the League pages—whether verse, prose, drawing, photograph, or original puzzle—four copies of the number of the magazine in which it appears.

We hope that through these special copies, set apart for our young contributors, many of their friends and relatives, who might not otherwise see it, may be brought into touch with the admirable work of the League girls and boys, and thus insure to it the wider and fuller recognition that it deserves. But a still stronger reason is our wish to express in a more personal way than by general words of commendation, or even by the gold and silver badges, our appreciation of the zealous, persistent effort that the League members are so loyally giving, month by month, to the competitions.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 155

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Mary Kathryn Fagan** (age 14), Savannah, Ga.

Silver badges, **Lawrence Marcinkowski** (age 16), Chicago, Ill.; **James E. Macklin, 2d** (age 11), Kansas City, Mo.; **Archie Dawson** (age 13), New York City.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Elsa Anna Synnestvedt** (age 15), Pittsburgh, Pa.; **Lucile Benton Beauchamp** (age 17), Blossom, Tex.; **Lucile E. Fitch** (age 16), New Orleans, La.

Silver badges, **Grace Olcott Rathbone** (age 17), New York City; **Mary E. Wells** (age 13), Newbury, Vt.; **Helen Hunt Andrew** (age 14), Sodus, N. Y.

DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **E. L. Wathen** (age 17), Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; **Dorothy Hughes** (age 14), Rockville Center, L. I.

Silver badges, **Beatrice Bradshaw Brown** (age 13), Chicago, Ill.; **Frederick W. Agnew** (age 14), Pittsburgh, Pa.; **Frances W. Koewing** (age 17), West Orange, N. J.; **J. Harry McNeaney** (age 15), Hamilton, Ont.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, **Willard Vander Veer** (age 17), New York City; **Clyde N. Kemery** (age 15), Columbus, O.; **Elizabeth Ferguson** (age 16), Central Valley, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Leslie M. Burns** (age 15), Colorado Springs, Col.; **Junior Scruton** (age 15), Sedalia, Mo.; **Mary S. Esselstyn** (age 13), New York City; **Mildred Maurer** (age 13), Alameda, Cal.; **Mary Celeste McVoy** (age 11), St. Charles, Mo.; **Robert C. Harrington** (age 14), Orange, Mass.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Beatrice Wineland** (age 14), West Philadelphia, Pa.; **Anthony Fabbri** (age 15), New York City; **Whitney Hastings** (age 15), Mt. Hermon, Mass.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badge, **Howard Kirby, Jr.**, Saranac Lake, N. Y.



"AROUND THE CURVE." BY LESLIE M. BURNS, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"AROUND THE CURVE." BY PAULINE PIFFARD, AGE 13.

THE AWAKENING YEAR

BY ELSA ANNA SYNNESTVEDT (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

THE bells in yonder steeple chime
 A welcome music, sweet and clear,
 To usher in the new-born year,
 Which, like a book unopened lies,
 Bound with the iron clasps of Time,
 And hidden from our eager eyes.

Its contents are unknown, as yet;
 But, with the year's advancing age,
 'T will open to us, page by page,
 And we shall see, as through a door,
 What griefs and sorrows must be met,
 What joys for us are held in store.



"AROUND THE CURVE." BY WILLARD VANDER VEER, AGE 17.
 (GOLD BADGE.)

Grant that we may have strength to bear
 With fortitude all tests, and learn
 From every gloomy thought to turn;
 So let the bells bring hope and cheer,
 And carry through the wintry air
 Good tidings of the coming year.

THE GREATEST INVENTION

BY LAWRENCE MARCINKOWSKI (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

THE greatest invention of all time is printing. No other one single invention is so essential to our well-being as is this. Take away the telephone, and we still have the telegraph; take away the railway, and we can use the automobile and the horse, and even the aeroplane, when that is perfected. But to take away the art of printing would be to do away with civilization, to make us barbarians, as we were before its coming. By printing, the thoughts and deeds of men are brought down through the ages. The printed newspaper molds our opinions; it discards the element of distance, bringing the doings of the remote parts of the earth to our very door. The printing-press is the dispenser of knowledge and education.

With the fifteenth century came the invention of movable types; this is usually called the invention of printing. No improvements of note were made until 1800, when a man named Napier invented the cylinder-press. Since then the art has been steadily progressing, until to-day there is scarcely a town that does not boast of a newspaper, and of a press which turns out a minimum of six miles of paper in an hour. Printing-

presses used by the big city dailies turn out thirty thousand sheets an hour.

The cheapness of printing to-day has much to do with our progress. Every one reads a newspaper, and books are cheap enough for every home. Libraries are filled with thousands of volumes, within the reach of all. It is the cheapness of printed matter, and the easy access to knowledge, that makes the world as civilized as it is. And it is because of the large part which printing plays, in civilization, that I consider it the greatest invention.

THE GREATEST INVENTION

BY CAROLINE MAC FADDEN (AGE 14)

It seems to me that the greatest invention is the wheel. Not a bicycle, but a common, ordinary wheel. This may seem a small thing, but without it many of the "big things" could not be made. There would be no aeroplanes, bicycles, trains, electric cars, elevated trains, automobiles, or carriages. Most of the modern machinery has some parts that are turned by or connected with wheels. Many of the garden implements, such as the wheel-hoe, wheelbarrow, harrow, plow, lawn-mower, and as many others, are run partly by wheels. A great many of the children's toys are on wheels, and it is generally these that are the most fascinating. So, although it may seem a small thing, the wheel has proved itself the most lasting invention of the age.

THE AWAKENING YEAR

BY LUCILE E. FITCH (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge)

Now flown forever in the gloom of night,
 The year that was, the year that is no more;
 So each lost day, replete with old delight,
 Shall take its place among the days of yore.
 Another era lies beyond the morn,
 Another twelvemonth brings its beauties near;
 And, roused by whisperings of things new-born,
 All tremulously breathes the wakening year.



"AROUND THE CURVE." BY ELIZABETH FERGUSON, AGE 16.
 (GOLD BADGE.)

There is a buoyancy upon the air.
 Across the snowclad earth sly sunbeams play.
 The winter violet, with petals fair,
 Shakes from its jeweled cup the icy spray.
 Off silv'ry branches frozen dewdrops fall
 Into a winding streamlet, crystal clear,
 And o'er the distance comes the wild bird's call,
 Singing the matin of the wakening year.

THE GREATEST INVENTION

BY JAMES E. MACKLIN, 2d (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

It seems to me that the *aéroplane* is the greatest invention.

There are three types of heavier-than-air machines, but only the *aéroplane* has been successful.



"AROUND THE CURVE." BY ROBERT C. HARRINGTON, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

The machine that Fowler crossed the continent in, was at Overland Park, Kansas, and I saw him make a successful flight with a woman passenger.

There are four types of *aéroplane*: the monoplane, biplane, triplane, and multiplane. The triplane and multiplane have flown, but are unsuccessful.

The Curtiss and the Wright machines, both biplanes, are the most noted in America.

In 1906, the Wright brothers patented the first successful *aéroplane*. Since that time, they have changed it, having put both the vertical and horizontal rudders in the rear.

The Wright, and Curtiss machines have the propellers in the back, and the Bleriot and the Antoinette monoplanes have them in front.

By having the propellers in front, it makes the monoplane swifter and steadier, and more easily controlled.

The Curtiss machines are the ones used by the United States Army. They are small and swift, and weigh but little.

The Wright machine has two propellers, turning in opposite directions. The turning of these crank

the motor, and the *aéroplane* goes over the ground until it gets a speed of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, and then it goes gradually upward.

The air was the hardest thing to conquer. It is being conquered now, and that is why I think the *aéroplane* is the greatest invention.



"AROUND THE CURVE." BY MILDRED MAUREK, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE AWAKENING YEAR

BY GRACE OLCOTT RATHBONE (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

The snows of March cling softly to the ground,
Shielding the naked soil of field and hill;
Vainly I listen for a brawling rill—
Each brook lies captive, mute, and fetter-bound.
The trees stoop shiveringly, bleak, uncrowned
With summer verdure. Ice-enwrapped and still
The hushed earth slumbers breathlessly, until
My heart despairs of any stir or sound.

But stay! from off the mountains blue and dim,
A gentle breeze its fitful passage wings,
Bearing a promise, warmth, and fragrance rife;
Grandly the zephyr swells into a hymn,
And as it floods the world, like sunshine, sings:
"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

THE GREATEST INVENTION

(A true story)

BY ELEANOR NAUMBURG (AGE 11)

Mr. HANES was very much interested in wireless telephony, and always said it was going to be the greatest invention of the age.

One nice, bright day, Mr. Hanes walked down to the dock of a New Jersey summer resort to watch some of the sail-boats along the coast.



"THROUGH THE WINDOW." BY LUCY F. ROGERS, AGE 14.

While he stood there, he heard a strange voice, but could not imagine where it came from.

After listening to several messages, he asked where they were coming from. The voice answered and said: "I am speaking from the tower of the World Building in New York, through a wireless telephone."

After convincing himself that all this was really true, he immediately rushed back to the hotel at which he was stopping, to tell the guests that he had received a successful message through the wireless telephone.

Mr. Hanes telephoned to the World Building to inquire all about the wireless telephony, and to ask who had sent the messages. They then informed him that they knew nothing about it.

Later in the day, some of the captains of the boats near by said that they saw a man on the dock who seemed to be working the muscles of his throat. This man turned out to be a ventriloquist. He had known of Mr. Hanes's interest in wireless telephony, and had planned this joke upon him.



BY CLYDE N. KEMERY, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)



BY JUNIOR SCRUTON, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

“AROUND THE CURVE.”

THE AWAKENING YEAR—1913

BY LUCILE BENTON BEAUCHAMP (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge)

O NEW-YEAR, tell me what you bring?
 Now, as we meet upon the verge
 Of that unfathomable Vast
 Whence you emerge—
 O New-year, tell me what you bring?

I see a thousand argosies,
 And ships upon the unknown seas.
 I see the darkness of the past
 Recede before the light at last,
 When purer aims and nobler life
 Have drowned the din of party strife.
 And, 'midst the city's ceaseless toil,
 I see, high o'er its vain turmoil,
 The towering piles the toilers raise—
 Objects of wonder and of praise.
 I see the conquerors of the air
 Coming and going everywhere;
 And steel rails circling all the world;
 And swords all sheathed, and war flags furled,—
 While mankind, in a common good,
 Seeks universal brotherhood.

O New-year, is this what you bring?



“AROUND THE CURVE.” BY MARY S. ESSELSTYN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE GREATEST INVENTION

BY ARCHIE DAWSON (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

FOUR hundred and eighty-four years ago, in a small town in Germany, there was being unfolded one of the greatest events in the world's history. For in that

town, in 1428, Coster was perfecting the printing-press. Little did he think, when he printed his first book, that he was revolutionizing the world. For the force of that little machine has grown into a power that sways nations—the power of the modern “press.”

Gutenberg and Coster well deserve places on the roll of fame. And even more than Morse or Fulton, or any other inventors do, they deserve it. For it was only by the invention of the printing-press that other men obtained the knowledge that enabled them to become inventors.

That wonderful machine has grown into a giant greater than the mightiest army, and second to nothing in the world. And the editor of a daily paper exerts more influence than many kings. For he holds the power of changing people's opinions, a power that not even royal emperors possess.

And we who are using the benefits of this invention should remember with gratitude those wonderful names that will last as long as the world exists—the names of Gutenberg and Coster.



“THROUGH THE WINDOW.” BY J. HARRY MCNEANEY, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE GREATEST INVENTION

BY HEDWIG ZORB (AGE 13)

A FEW years ago, I was living with my parents in a private house located on a rather lonely spot of Brooklyn. Shortly after we got there, we heard that several houses had been robbed in our vicinity, but we did not pay much attention to it except to bar our doors carefully. A few nights later, my father was out of town on business, and my mother, my brother, and I were left alone in the house. About midnight, we heard a crash and then footsteps outside. We jumped to the window, and saw a man, revolver in hand, running along the street.

The next morning, we found that the crash, which had evidently alarmed the burglar and made him flee, was caused by a few heavy boards which had been placed against a small door in the rear of the building, and had fallen down when the burglar opened it to enter the house. I then thought that placing boards against a door was the greatest invention—for keeping burglars out of a house.



"AROUND THE CURVE." BY MARY C. MCVOY, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)

THE AWAKENING YEAR

BY NELLIE ADAMS (AGE 14)

ON the night just before January the first,
We review all our sins of the past that are worst;
And with heart overfull of remorse and of grief,
We declare our intention to turn a new leaf;
So we wait, with a penitent sigh and a tear,
The awakening year.

We promise to drop our bad habits and sins—
Our many resolves are as bright as new pins
(How much better we are than the year gone before,
Is a question that often has puzzled us sore);
Still, we *think* we 'll be good, so we wait, without fear,
The awakening year.

THE GREATEST INVENTION

BY HELEN E. WALKER (AGE 15)

THE telephone, which was invented by Alexander Bell, seems to me, for many reasons, to be the greatest invention.

First of all, that any one should be able to speak to and hear another person, though the person may be miles away, as well as though he were in the same room, seems to me to be marvelous.

In case of sickness or sudden death, where the utmost haste is necessary, the telephone is a great deal quicker than the telegraph.

Then, in business, matters can be explained more quickly and more satisfactorily by telephone than in any other manner. Engagements can be made, or broken, at the last moment, very often saving a long and tedious journey by cars, especially when the long-distance telephone is used, and in many ways this great invention is a most valuable aid to business of every kind.

Last of all, so much time is saved in homes by the use of the telephone, and it makes one's more distant friends seem so near, that in every way I think that the telephone is the greatest invention.

THE AWAKENING YEAR

BY DORIS F. HALMAN (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

ALL the air is just as frost-filled, and the sky is just as gray,
And the snow-drifts coldly glitter, as they did o' yesterday;
But there 's something that is calling, something that I can't quite hear,
Something saying, windward straying, "It 's a new—another—year!"

Underneath the crystal glimmer and the white flame of the snow,
Baby things are born and stirring, in the brown depths far below;
And the something, all assuring unseen life to us so dear,
Sets us knowing, while it 's snowing, it 's a new—another—year.

When the world moves slowly onward, and naught happens day by day,
Somewhere, over land and water, there 's a blessing on its way,
Just as when, in coldest weather, long before the spring is here,
Voices, swelling, take to telling, "It 's a new—another—year!"

THE GREATEST INVENTION

BY MARY KATHRYN FAGAN (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge)

It seems to me that the wireless telegraph is the greatest invention of the present century. It consists in the sending and receiving of messages without the use of wires—hence the name "wireless."

In the Russo-Japanese War, it was used to direct field and naval operations. All United States war-ships are equipped with these outfits. The Germans use them in army manœuvres.

In communicating with ships at sea, it often saves many lives, as was shown in the great *Titanic* disaster, a few months ago.

Recently, a physician in charge of a ship became suddenly and violently ill on one of his voyages. The passengers were inexperienced, and could do little for him, but the wireless operator signaled to another steamer, gave the sick man's symptoms, and received medical directions from their surgeon which enabled him to administer the right medicine; and the doctor was soon out of danger.

One of the unique features of this wonderful invention is its cheapness, as but small apparatus is required. So simple is it, that many school-boys have outfits that send and receive messages over great distances.



"THROUGH THE WINDOW." BY HARRY R. TILL, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

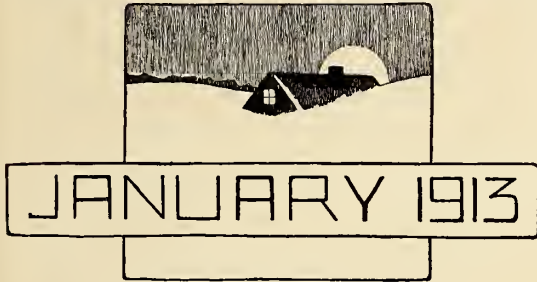
THE GREATEST INVENTION

BY MARGARET E. BEAKES (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

THE wonder of an invention is measured by its strangeness, but its greatness is measured by its usefulness.

There are few cities to-day in which dynamos are not running. What better proof of their greatness can be



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY BEATRICE B. BROWN, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

asked than the fact that, if they ceased running, it would inconvenience practically all of the inhabitants of those cities? For the dynamos, which few of these people have seen and fewer understand, furnish the current which lights the cities, runs its trolleys, the machinery of its factories, its telephones, its elevators, and a multitude of less important things.

We consider any one of these things wonderful: the turning of a switch flooding city streets or houses with light; trolleys carrying people to and fro without animal strength; great machinings saving the labor of hundreds of men; voices carried over a wire and bringing parts of a business, stores and customers, friends, cities, into close contact; elevators rising from floor to floor. Surely the dynamo, which makes possible all of these things, and still others, is the greatest of inventions.

THE AWAKENING OF THE NEW-YEAR

BY MARY E. WELLS (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

THE moon, high over the eastern hill,
Shone, an orb of golden light;
The sad wind moaned in the tree-tops tall,
On this starlit New-Year's night.

The tall trees nodded their gaunt, gray heads,
On the hillside white and drear;
High over the moonlit, dream-wrapped town,
And sang a song to the dying year.

"On this drear hillside, for many a year,
We 've kept our vigil aright;
And for many a year we 've heard the chimes
Of the bells on New-Year's night."

The hillside shone in the starlight sheen,
The shadows swayed on the snow,
And, borne on the sighing, sobbing breeze,
Came a chime from far below.

"Now welcome, New-year," the trees sighed low;
"Be kind to us, unknown year."

"The New-year is come," the chimes rang out,
And the old trees murmured, "Here."

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THE NEW-YEAR

BY ELEANOR E. CARROLL (AGE 15)

CHURCH bells ring and people shout,
Waiting for him to appear.
What is all this noise about?—
The New-year.

The New-year, a tiny lad,
Is about to come on earth.
Therefore every one is glad
At his birth.

Ne'er have kings of royal blood
Welcomed been as this wee thing
Coming in as bursts a bud
In the spring.

Former sins aside are laid;
Good-will reigns o'er Christian men.
All the dear old world is made
New again!

THE GREATEST INVENTION

BY MURIEL W. AVERY (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

ANOTHER year has passed; another mile-stone in the progress of humanity; and, as we pause in the work of the busy world, and look around us, we behold the marvelous things that through the centuries have been



"THROUGH THE WINDOW." BY DOROTHY HUGHES, AGE 14.
(GOLD BADGE.)

conceived in the mind of man, and wrought by his hand. But, accustomed to them, how little thought we give to their constant service. How many of us, when we pick up our own St. NICHOLAS, think of the wonderful machine that transforms miles of spotless paper into thousands of magazines, exactly alike, containing, on their printed pages, thoughts educational, elevating, and amusing? Yet it is safe to call the modern printing-press man's greatest achievement.

Over four hundred and fifty years ago, John Gutenberg, a German, printed the first book, the Bible, written in the Latin tongue, and bound in two huge volumes. Gradually, year by year, with Gutenberg's idea of using movable type as a basis, the press has been developed, until to-day it nears perfection.

But the importance of the printing-press does not depend more on the intricacy of the machinery than on its effect upon the world. It has been a recognized power in the spreading of Christianity, for, through its medium, the gospel of love and of truth has been brought into the homes of every land. It has raised man from the depths of superstition and ignorance to the highest level of education and refinement; it has strengthened his intellectual ability; it has taught him to think higher thoughts, do nobler deeds, and stands now ever at his command: his servant, his teacher, his greatest invention.



"THROUGH THE WINDOW." BY E. L. WATHEN, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE AWAKENING YEAR

BY HELEN HUNT ANDREW (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

SWING bells!	White snow,
Ring bells!	Light snow,
Greet the child New-year.	Fall in softest flakes
Bells of time,	Upon the ground
Sweetly chime!	Without a sound,
Midnight draweth near.	When the little year awakes.

Bright stars,	Swing bells!
White stars,	Ring bells!
Shed your radiant light!	Chime out sweet and clear!
Stars above,	Silver bells,
Stars of love,	In heavenly swells
Guard him all the night!	Greet the glad New-year!

THE AWAKENING OF THE YEAR

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

THE snow lies on the ground,
The world is stilled.
Where summer roses budded, bloomed, and died,
Now winter fairies in the snowflakes hide.
Where robins trilled,
There echoes ne'er a sound.

The summer sky of blue
Is silver now;
Where autumn turned the leaves to red and gold,
Now all the trees are lifeless, stark, and cold;
But soon each bough,
In spring will bloom anew.

The year awakens, dear,
For in the air,
We breathe the sweetness of forgotten springs;
We hear in memory songs the robin sings;
Oh, life is fair,—
Awakening the year!

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.

PROSE, 1

Ambrose Duggar
Ruth G. Merritt
Mary Daboll
Harold B. Slingerland
Edgar Gibbs
Marion E. Thorpe
Eleanor S. Cooper
Helen Walker
Ruth Stromme
Mary J. Le Clair
Watson Davis
Margaret Finck
Janet Koch
Theodora R. Eldredge
Henry Greenbaum
Charles Bayly, Jr.
Ruth E. Flinn
Jacques Souhami
Mary S. Rupert
Winifred Stoner, Jr.
Rebecca H. Wilder
Muriel Irving
Susan Lazarus
Gustav Diechmann
Elsie Terhune
Frances D. Etheridge
Elmer H. Van Fleet
Doris Rowell
Leonore Lemmler
Elizabeth Virginia
Kelly
Mildred Worth
Thyrza Weston
Katherine H. De
Wolf
Vida Cowin
Mary Nash
Lois W. Kellogg
Marian B. Caufield
Fredrika W. Hertel
Mary L. Lesser
Valeria M. Gregg
Marguerite Adams
Edward A.
Walarwitsky
Helen G. Rankin

Ione Cocke
Joseph I. Cohen
Eliza A. Peterson
Elinor P. Childs
Elizabeth Kales
Knowlton Mixer, Jr.
Margaret E. Wade
Sara B. Pope
Helen B. Walker
Rupert Emerson
Halah Slade
Lois M. Weill
Helen Bull
Elsbeth MacLaren
Eleanor Lourey
Katharine Peck

VERSE, 1

Bruce T. Simonds
Eleanor M. Sicksels
Marian Thanouser
Elsie L. Richter
Grace N. Sherburne
Katherine E. Albert
Miriam Carpenter
Hazel K. Sawyer
Mabel Mason
Renée Geoffrion
Loretto Chappell
Mildred Willard
Betty Humphreys
Rachel L. Field
Elsie E. Glenn
Mary C. Williams
Alice Trimble
Janet Hepburn
Mary E. Hale
Josephine N. Felts
Margaret Duggar
Dorothy L. Morton
Frances C. Duggar
Helen Beeman
Helen M. Campion
Marian R. Priestley
Myrtle Doppmann

VERSE, 2

Hazel M. Chapman
Dorothy M. Cook
Elizabeth Hale
Buchanan Bernardin
Grace C. Freese
Nellie Gutzke
Louise Hammon
Harriet A. Fera
Virginia Read
Marion Jones
Annie H. Potter
John Watson
Katherine Daves
Hannah Ratisher
Josephine Smith
Alma A. Stevens
Louise Dittmore
Gwynne A. Abbott
Clarinda Buck
Margaret M. Caskey

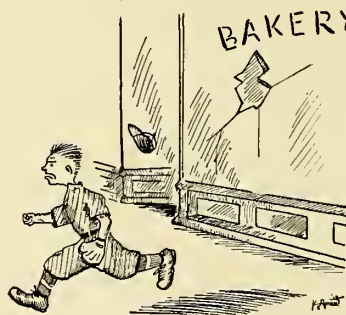
DRAWINGS, 1

Lily E. Nadan
Kathleen Murphy
C. C. Campbell
Agnes I. Prizer
Catharine M. Clarke
Ruth S. Thorp
Isabella B. Howland
Marjorie B. Kendall
Robert Riggs
Lucie C. Holt
Marjorie MacNonnies
Genevieve Farmer
Grace Brown
Richard S. Cutler
Walter K. Frame
Mildred Davenport
Marjorie Flack
Ruth Genzberger
Ethel W. Kidder
Welthea B. Thoday
Edward Shenton

DRAWINGS, 2

Elsie Stybr
Susie Scheuer
Livingston McEwan
Robert Osborn
Mary H. Howes
Robert C. Mare
Edith M. Howes
Edith Derry
Burnie Steward
James Sinclair
Lois C. Myers
Elen Thomas
Dorothy L. Todd
Martha P. Lincoln
Marie L. Muriedas
Margaret Ager
Margaret Thomas
Vera M. Monteagle
Elizabeth E. Joy
Edward E. Verdier
Helena E. Perin
Logan Simpson
S. Dorothy Bell
Frederick A. Brooks
Harry G. Hauffer
Harry R. McLeneghan
Esther Hill
Jennie E. Everden
Dorothy Walter
Ruby Boardman
Copeland Hovey
Anne Hewlett
Jean Dorchester
Florence W. Billstein
Edna M. Guck
Jessie Wilson
Margaret F. Knight
Louis E. Tilden
Isabel Pearce
Rose Cushman

"Through the Window"



"THROUGH THE WINDOW." BY FREDERICK W. AGNEW, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Elizabeth Finley
Betram Gumpert
Nell Upshaw
Ethel M. Feuerlicht
Catalina Ferrer
Edith M. Levy
Kathryn A. Trufant

Katharine W. Ball
Elizabeth Pratt
Florence E. Foggett
Margaret C. Bland
Emily S. Stafford
Lenny Cameron
Lucy Mackay
Emmy Hofmann
Dorothy C. Snyder
Elsie Lustig
Elsie A. M. Grande
Angela Porter
Mary J. Smith
Mary S. Benson

PROSE, 2

Meyer Fineberg
Naomi Lauchheimer
Henry W. Hardy
Henry Williams

Genevieve K. Hamlin
Albin Y. Thorp
Howard H. Jamison
Amy G. Robinson
Cecile Baer
Dorothy Schwarz
Marga et V. Metcalfe
Margaret M. Horton
John Argens
Marie Schmadeke
Catharine H. Grant
Jeanne Dartigueuane
Maybelle Whiting

Marion L. Rhodes
Salvador Ros
Stephen R. Johnson
Phoebe S. Lambson
Alice Moore
Emilia C. Ros
Flora Ros
Catherine Hedrick
Esther R. Harrington
Raimund W. Adams
Clarice Lewis
Mary Fisher
George H. Lewis
Harriette Harrison
Margaret Sherman
Kenneth D. Smith
Laurencia Vradenburg
Fanny Juda

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1
Doris Grimble
Laurence C. Andrews



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY FRANCES W. KOEWING, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

Nancy Bartlett
Marjorie Roberts
Lucile C. Wolf
Rose B. Jacobs
Robin Hood
D. M. Beach
Violet Seligman
Charlotte McNarg
Susan B. Nevin
Dorothy Coate
Edwin P. Pond
Elizabeth M. Duffield
Esther T. Derby
Charlotte M. Clark
Margaret M. Benney
Manley Davis
Marjorie Corbett
Addie E. Smith
Charles M. Smith, Jr.
Jane Wells Bliss
Martha Cutler
John A. Townley
Hartwell Wade
Margery Woods
Henry M. Justi, Jr.
Richard Bartlett
Horton Hansaker
Helen Simpson
Adelyn Johnston
Alexander Scott

Robert G. Hooker, Jr.
Gladys E. Livermore
Richard L. Cooch
Irwin Epstein
Frances Vandburg
Carlton F. Bogart
Dorothy Coykendall
Mary McNally
Elizabeth Griffiss
Alice A. Hoge
Gymaina Hudson
Elsie Nichols
Elizabeth N. Hand
Mary D. Huson
Marion Phillips
Joseph J. Pugh

PUZZLES, 1

Wyllys P. Ames
Katherine Browne
Duncan Scarborough
Edith P. Stickney
Marjorie K. Gibbons
Alfred Curjel
Jessie I. Derickson
Eleanor K. Newell
Elsa S. Ebeling
Elizabeth M. Brand
Dorothy Wilcox
E. Clarence Miller Jr.
Jean F. Benschwanger
Betty Rice
Loyal A. Lee
Elisabeth Turner
Ben Hulley
Caroline F. Ware
Edith Lucie Weart
Charlotte Otto
Ethel J. Earle
Margaret A. Bingham
Hannah M. Ruley
Mary Flaherty
Beatrice Maule
Margaret Miles
Fanny Ruley
Catherine C. Lowe
Walter Weiskopf

PUZZLES, 2

Mary S. Rice
James Stanisewsky
Hobart Goewey
Abr. Shapiro
Louisa G. Wells
Carl Fichandler
Elizabeth S. Moore
Hilda V. Libby
Doris A. Libby
Donald Simpson
Jack Falenwider
Elisabeth Elting
Marian Haynes
Esther Wessinger
Samuel Lustig
John Q. Palmer
Mabel Olsen
Harriet M. Wales
Matthew Hilton
Frank L. Mason
Jennie Westcott
Rufus C. Price
Henry G. Payne
Sarah J. Parker
Elizabeth Homan

INSUFFICIENT ADDRESS. Freida Silberman, Ruth White, Agnes Smith, Olyve Graef, William Schustersohn.

NOT INDORSED. Paul McDonald, Mildred Oppenheimer, Edward C. Heymann, Ruth Feedman, Gertrude Stevens, Mac Clark, Katharine Chamberlain, Clinton B. Seeley, Claire A. Hepner, A. W. Lienaw, Helen Kimbrough, Frank P. Sheehan, Ruth Tyler, Constance E. Fahys.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES OF PAPER. Dollie Criss, Paul C. Rogers.

IN PENCIL. Alexander Laing.
TOO LONG. Eleanor A. Porter.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 159

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 159 will close **January 10** (for foreign members **January 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **May**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Maytime," or "A Song of Spring."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Family Tradition."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Along the River."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "My Best Friend," or a Heading for **May**.

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. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

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 who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

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 notes 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.



"THROUGH THE WINDOW." BY BEATRICE B. SAWYER, AGE 16.

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition.

NO AGE. Katherine Palmer, Elizabeth Macdonald, Jean Patterson, Ethel Polhemus, Emil Thiemann, Helen F. Smith, Elverton Morrison, Lillia Lyman.

LATE. Ruth E. Wing, Mabel Wing, Louise Graham, Alex Lipinsky, Minnie Margolius, Lois Newton, Anna R. Payne, Lloyd W. Dunkelspiel, Sarah M. Bradley, Mary Smith, Mary Colton, Elizabeth Lee Dodge, Fred Sloan.

WHAT SANTA

CLAUS

BROUGHT

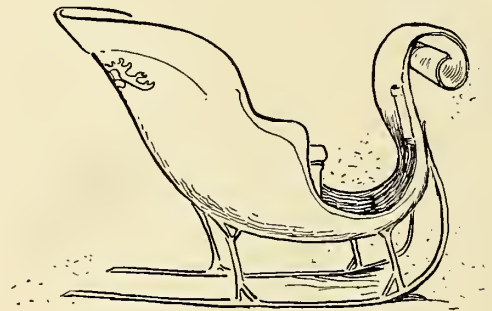
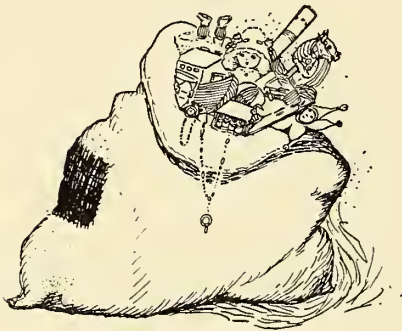


BY IDA KENNISTON

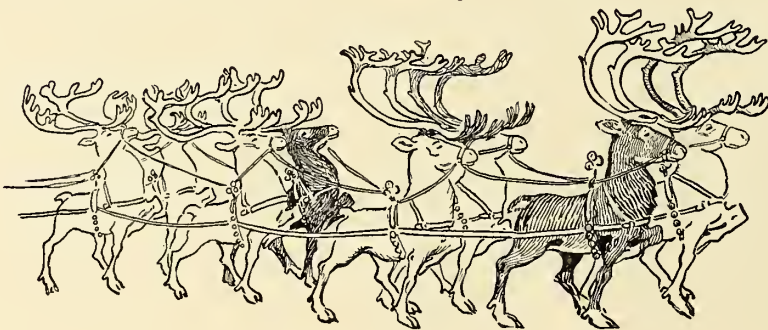
WITH PICTURES BY FANNY Y. CORY

This is the Pack
That Santa Claus brought
at Christmas.

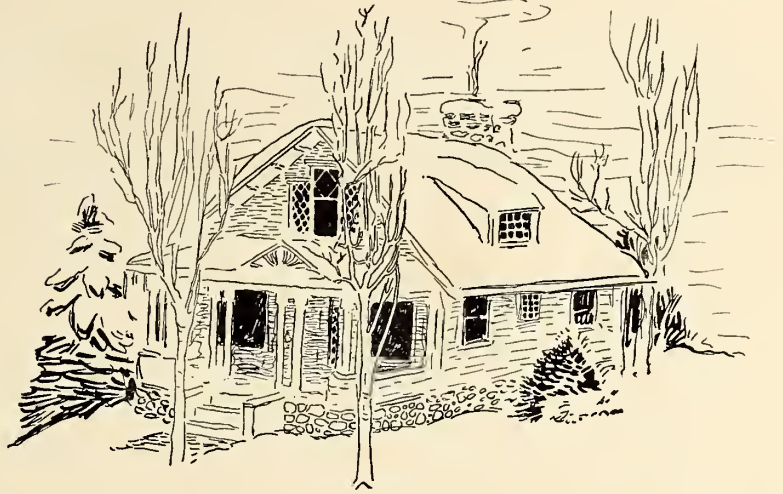
This is the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas



These are the Reindeer
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.

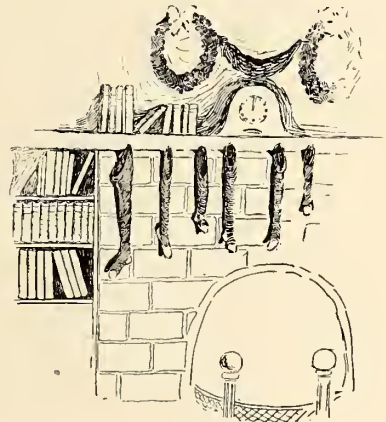


This is the House
Where the Reindeer
stopped
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus
brought at
Christmas.



This is the Chimney big and wide
That Santa Claus climbed down inside
At the House where the Reindeer stopped
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.

This is the Hearth, where, all in a row,
The stockings hung waiting for Santa, you know ;
They hung by the Chimney big and wide
That Santa Claus climbed down inside
At the House where the Reindeer stopped
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.



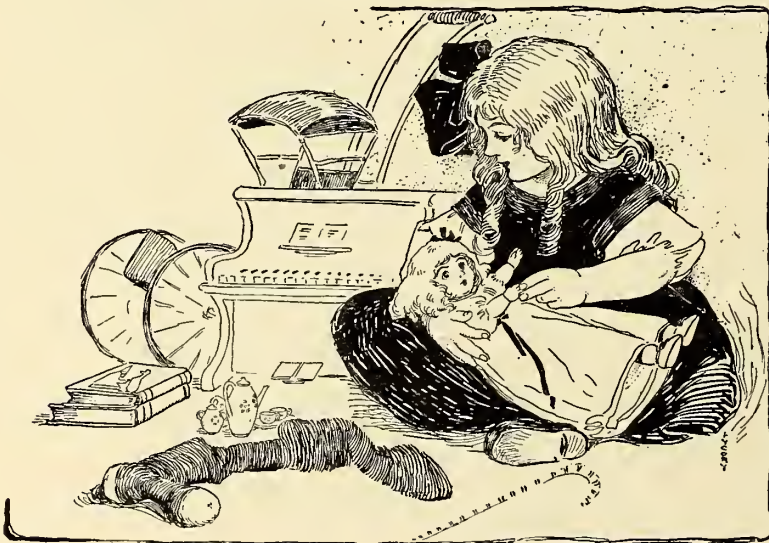
This is the Stocking long and fine
That the little girl hung at the end of the line
There by the Hearth, where, all in a row,
The stockings hung waiting for Santa, you know ;
They hung by the Chimney big and wide
That Santa Claus climbed down inside
At the House where the Reindeer stopped
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.

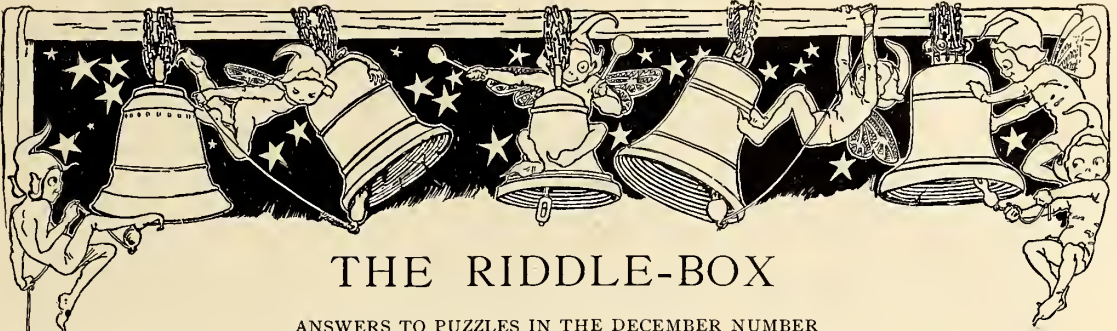
FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



This is the Doll with the pretty blue eyes
 That Santa Claus brought for a sweet surprise
 And put in the Stocking long and fine
 That the little girl hung at the end of the line
 There by the Hearth, where, all in a row,
 The stockings hung waiting for Santa, you know ;
 They hung by the Chimney big and wide
 That Santa Claus climbed down inside
 At the House where the Reindeer stopped
 That drew the Sleigh
 That carried the Pack
 That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.

And this is the Girlie dimpled and gay
 Who was made so happy on Christmas Day
 When she found the Doll with the pretty blue eyes
 That Santa Claus brought for a sweet surprise
 And put in the Stocking long and fine
 That the little girl hung at the end of the line
 There by the Hearth, where, all in a row,
 The stockings hung waiting for Santa, you know ;
 They hung by the Chimney big and wide
 That Santa Claus climbed down inside
 At the House where the Reindeer stopped
 That drew the Sleigh
 That carried the Pack
 That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.





THE RIDDLE-BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive."

GEOGRAPHICAL ZIGZAG. South Carolina. Cross-words: 1. Seattle. 2. Mombasa. 3. Ecuador. 4. Whitney. 5. Lanchau. 6. Morocco. 7. Messina. 8. Algiers. 9. Formosa. 10. Iceland. 11. Arizona. 12. Ontario. 13. Atlanta.

DIAL PUZZLE. One line is drawn from the edge of the dial between ten and eleven to the opposite edge between two and three; the second line from between eight and nine to between four and five.

ILLUSTRATED NOVEL ACROSTIC. Scrooge, Tiny Tim, in Dickens's "Christmas Carol." Cross-words: 1. Asters. 2. Icicle. 3. Arnica. 4. Coyote. 5. Bottle. 6. Ogives. 7. Temple.

PYRAMID OF SQUARES AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. Assess. 2. Scenic. 3. Setter. 4. Entire. 5. Sierra. 6. Scream. II. 1. N. 2. Yes. 3. Never. 4. See. 5. R. 1. R. 2. Mad. 3. Rapid. 4. Die. 5. D. III. 1. Amen. 2. Mole. 3. Ella. 4. Near. 1. Rear. 2. Ezra. 3.

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 Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received before October 10 from Harold Kirby, Jr.—Claire Hepner—"Midwood"—Theodore H. Ames.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received before October 10 from Gavin Watson, 10—A. W. Lienaw, 10—Helen M. O'Brien, 10—Hamon B. James O., and Glen T. Vedder, 10—Alfred Hand, 3d, 10—Thankful Bickmore, 10—"Queenscourt," 10—Judith Ames Marsland, 10—"Dixie Slope," 10—William Fickinger, 10—Lothrop Bartlett, 9—Catherine Gordon Ames, 9—Marion E. Thompson, 9—Julius F. Muller, 9—E. T., 9—Katharine Keiser, 8—Madeleine Marshall, 7—Harry R. Swanson, 7—Virginia Park, 6—Margaret B. Silver, 6—Guy R. Turner, 6—Dorris Davidson and Dorothy Dorsett, 5—George James Smith, 5—Beatrice Stahl, 4—Katharine Herrick, 3—Jack Fuller, 3—Frances Eaton, 3—Henry G. Cartwright, Jr., 3—Helen La Fétra, 2—Ethel Kent, 2—Dorothy Hackney, 2.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from J. T.—A. W.—R. P. E.—B. L. B.—R. M. R.—M. K.—B. K.—A. S.—C. M. B.—V. M. T.—L. D.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



In solving follow the above diagram, though the puzzle has fifty cross-words.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. In article. 2. Yellowish-brown. 3. A song of joy. 4. A peer. 5. A South American mammal. 6. An ant. 7. A lofty nest. 8. A diadem. 9. Upright. 10. An oak fruit. 11. A rude path. 12. Nothing. 13. Defamatory writing. 14. One affected by leprosy. 15. A line above or below the musical staff. 16. Kingly. 17. Mad. 18. The largest gland. 19. To hinder. 20. Carousal. 21. A riddle. 22. Pertaining to the moon. 23. A glossy fabric. 24. A large stream. 25. At no time. 26. Insurgent. 27. Exudes from trees. 28. Black and blue. 29. Potassium nitrate. 30. To delay. 31. Memorial. 32. A gun. 33. To ascend. 34. A cinder. 35. To infatuate. 36. Pertaining to Rome. 37. A hoofed tropical mammal. 38. An alcove. 39. A geometrical figure. 40. To lay in surrounding matter. 41. To hem in. 42. The evil spirit. 43. Cowardly. 44. Boundary. 45. A finger. 46. A large beast of prey. 47. Lukewarm. 48. Severity. 49. To put on. 50. In article.

ANTHONY FABBRI (age 15).

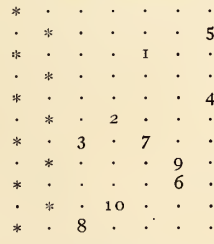
ANAGRAMMATIC ACROSTIC

EACH one of the following anagrams spells the name of a poet. The initial letters of these poets' surnames spell the surname of another poet.

1. Sammy bought bail to Canaan.
2. Joe Galen, win!
3. Grew forty hewn hollow lands.
4. Nanny L. does fret.
5. N. Ford scans great goose.
6. Hen, whom Jenny ran.

ELEANOR HUSSEY (age 16), *League Member.*

NOVEL ZIGZAG



CROSS-WORDS: 1. A small hawk. 2. To flow in a small stream. 3. Very foolish. 4. An ancient country. 5. A relative. 6. Eccentric. 7. Base. 8. Burdensome. 9. Brave. 10. A defect. 11. Pride resulting from success.

The zigzag of stars spells a name, and 1 to 10 an object, loved by German children.

DOROTHY S. MANN, *Honor Member.*



Weather Wisdom

To take the edge off the weather and prevent it cutting, biting or piercing you—to keep your skin smooth, clear, comfortable, and healthy under all weather changes—use Pears' Soap. As famed for its protective influence over the skin as for its complexion beautifying effects

Pears' Soap

possesses those special emollient properties that act like balm upon the surface of the skin, and while making it soft and velvety to the touch, impart to it a healthy vigor that enables it to withstand the weather vagaries of our changeable climate.

*Pears is the Soap for all Weather and all People.
Matchless for the Complexion.*

The Great English
Complexion Soap

"All rights secured"

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST

If there be any Value
in Quality

If there be any Value
in Prestige

If there be any Value
in Good Company

Consider

The unusual excellence
in literature and art, in
engraving, typography,
printing, and paper
continually exhibited in

THE
CENTURY
MAGAZINE



Speed

Also strength, beauty and flint-hard runners that stay sharp longest. Skates to rely on—and to win on.

WINSLOW'S Skates

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Special models for all skating. Winslow's Hockey Skates are official and cannot be surpassed in design or make-up. Used by experts all over the world. Write for new catalogue No. 6, containing rules of leading Hockey Associations.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.

Factory and Main Offices: Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

Sales Rooms: New York, 84 Chambers St. Pacific Coast

Sales Agency: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., San Francisco.

Stocks to be found at LONDON, 8 Long Lane, E. C.; PARIS, 64 Avenue de la Grande Armée; BERLIN; SYDNEY and BRISBANE, Australia; DUNEDIN, AUCKLAND and WELLINGTON, New Zealand.

*Makers of the Famous
Winslow's Roller Skates*

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

IN San Francisco, California, work is being rapidly pushed for the exposition to take place there in commemoration of the opening of the great Panama Canal; while in Washington, D. C., work is being done on the new two-cent stamp to be issued for the same purpose. Rumor has it that the new stamp will be oblong, similar in size to those issued in 1904 in commemoration of the "Louisiana Purchase." The central design is an engraving representing the Locks at Gatun. In the background are palm-trees and the hills of the isthmus; in the foreground a steamship is emerging from one lock, while a second ship is being raised in the other. The words "U. S. Postage" appear at the top of the stamp, while beneath are the words, "San Francisco, 1915." In the corners are branches of olive and palm, typifying peace and the tropics.

A NEW ENGLISH STAMP

THE first postage-stamp was issued by Great Britain in 1840. It bore the word "Postage," and the value, "One Penny," but the name of Great Britain did not appear. Nearly all of the other great nations also omitted their names from their first issue of stamps; indeed, Brazil has no lettering at all



OLD.



NEW.

upon her earliest stamps—nothing but a series of numerals expressing value. In 1843, Switzerland issued the Cantonal Series; and while there is no national name upon these stamps, the name of the canton is given. This suggestion was amplified in the first issue (1847) of the United States, which shows the letters "U. S.;" and in the same year, the stamps of Mauritius were issued with the name of the country printed in full for the first time. Since then, all of the great nations, with the exception of Great Britain, have gradually adopted this practice. Germany was the last to fall in line. It is possible that some countries using the Slavonic alphabet, such

as Russia, Bulgaria, or Montenegro, have not done this. We are not sure. But of all the nations using the English alphabet, Great Britain alone has no national name upon her stamps. Because of this fact, a new issue of English stamps always brings to St. NICHOLAS a number of queries. The stamps bear no name, and, naturally, many young collectors do not know where to place them in their albums.

We, therefore, take time by the forelock, and illustrate the new penny stamp of Great Britain. Upon the coronation of King George V, the first imperial stamp-collector, the fraternity expected great things of the coming stamp. Not only were stamp-collectors doomed to disappointment, but the general public as well, for the new stamp was by no means a thing of beauty. Public criticism at length brought about a modification of the design, and what is called the second type appeared. The dissatisfaction was still so great that one of the English philatelic societies backed its protest by

obtaining, through prize competition, what it called a "perfect" design, which it submitted to the authorities. The government did not accept this, but engraved an entirely new plate, and one which is certainly a great improvement upon its predecessor. A glance at the two pictures on this page will show how greatly the design is changed. The head on the new stamp is much larger; a firmer, clearer, better portrait. It is in profile, instead of three quarters, as before. The general appearance of the entire stamp is lighter and less crowded. The "hungry lion" has disappeared, the "one penny" is shortened, and the numerals dropped so that they rest on the lower line. "Postage and Revenue" is in a straight line at the top instead of a curved label. The heavy, cumbersome wreaths at the side of the old stamp have been replaced with a light, artistic border, at the bottom of which are small clusters of laurel and oak leaves. We believe that this new stamp will meet with popular approval.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS

THE readers of St. NICHOLAS send in to this department many queries, and this is as it should be. We wish to help our readers all we can, and our knowledge of stamps is at their disposal. The requirements of publishing so large a magazine as St. NICHOLAS are such that the subject-matter for all pages must be in hand some time before it is issued. Therefore, if a prompt reply is desired, or if the query is not one of general interest to our readers, a stamped self-addressed envelop should be inclosed. Always be sure to give addresses in full; do not use initials only. We have before us a query without address, to which only a general reply can here be given. "M. L. G., Bradford," asks the value of a stamp bearing the head of Andrew Jackson, and issued in the year 1862. It is always difficult to give the value of any stamp unless the particular specimen is before us. So much depends on its condition. Is it used or unused? Nicely perforated or badly centered? If unused, has it gum? If used, is it lightly or heavily canceled? Only a stamp-collector can appreciate how important all these points are to the value of a stamp. St. NICHOLAS has a large number of advertisers who are constantly buying as well as selling stamps. A full and complete description of any stamp for sale would, if submitted to them, doubtless bring a prompt and courteous reply. But when writing to them or to us, always be careful to give your full address.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

IMPERFORATE and part-perforate stamps usually have a value, and are well worth saving. It is especially desirable to have such in pairs and blocks. This applies to current stamps as well as old issues. The rare stamp of to-day was once the current issue. ¶ By thin and thick paper is meant the difference in thickness or weight. It would take more sheets of thin paper than of thick to weigh a pound. For instance, tissue-paper is very thin and ordinary blotting-paper very thick. Porous paper is one which is soft and coarse-grained, not highly glazed or finished, and which readily absorbs moisture.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

TWENTIETH CENTURY ALBUM

(NEW) contains spaces for all stamps issued since January 1, 1901. Prices from \$2.25 up—post free.

NEW DIME SETS—Price 10c. per set:

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139 different dime sets, also Packets, Sets, Albums, and Supplies in our 84-page Illustrated Price-list. Send for it to-day—free—and get sample copy of Monthly Stamp Paper.

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THE NEW ENGLAND STAMP MONTHLY

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43 WASHINGTON BUILDING BOSTON, MASS.

STAMP ALBUM with 538 genuine stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., only 10c. 100 dif. Japan, India, N. Zld., etc., 5c. Agents wanted 50%. *Big Bargain list, coupons, etc., all Free!* We Buy Stamps. C. E. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., DEPT. I, ST. LOUIS, MO.



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BARGAINS EACH SET 5 CENTS.

10 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Crete. Lists of 6000 low-priced stamps free.

CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

5 FRENCH COLONIAL STAMPS, 2c.

1000 Different Foreign Stamps, \$1.75. 10 Different Foreign Coins, 25c. 25 Beautiful Embossed Post-cards, 10c. Buying list coins, 10c. Sample "Stamp & Coin Collector" free. A. H. KRAUS, 409A CHESTNUT STREET, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

RARE Stamps Free. 15 all different, Canadians, and 10 India, with Catalogue Free. Postage 2cents. If possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. Special offers, all different, contain no two alike. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U. S., 2c.; 10 Paraguay, 7c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 20 Turkey, 7c.; 10 Persia, 7c.; 13 Sudan, 5c.; 10 Chile, 3c.; 50 Italy, 19c.; 200 Foreign, 10c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 50 Africa, 24c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 20 Denmark, 5c.; 20 Portugal, 6c.; 7 Siam, 15c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 7 Malay, 10c.; 10 Finland, 5c.; 50 Persia, 89c.; 50 Cuba, 60c.; 6 China, 4c.; 8 Bosnia, 7c. Remit in Stamps or Money-Order. Fine approval sheets 50% Discount, 50 Page List Free. MARKS STAMP COMPANY, DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA.



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Mississippi stamps, 5c. 100 foreign, no two alike, incl. India, Newfoundland, etc., only 5c. 100 U. S. all dif. scarce lot, only 30c. 100 fine mixed, 15c. Agts. wd., 50%. List free. *I buy stamps.* L. B. DOVER, D-6, ST. LOUIS, MO.



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No Revenues or trash.
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200 " .09 Mozambique, '92 " 9 " .50
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10 " Bosnia .05 Nymania Giraffes, '01 " 13 " .25
9 " Prussia .10 Rumania Jubilee, '06 " 11 " .55

Gold California \$4, each 35c; \$3, each 65c; 25 diff. Foreign Coins, 25c.; Roman (Caesar) silver, 45c. U. S. \$1 Gold, \$2.25.

J. F. NEGREEN, 8 EAST 23d STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

70 DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS FROM 70 DIFFERENT

Foreign Countries, including Bolivia, Crete, Guatemala, Gold Coast, Hong-Kong, Mauritius, Monaco, Persia, Reunion, 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." QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., 7 SINTON BLDG., CINCINNATI, O.

STAMPS FREE, 100 ALL DIFFERENT

For the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 20 different foreign coins, 25c. TOLEDO STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO, U.S.A.

STAMPS 100 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE. Postage 2c.

Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

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. 1 buy stamps. C. STEGMAN, 5941 COTE BRILLIANTE AV., ST. LOUIS, MO.



DANDY PACKET STAMPS free for name, address 2 collectors,

2c. postage. Send to-day. U.T.K. STAMP CO., Utica, N. Y.

STAMPS 105 China, Egypt, etc., stamp dictionary and list 3000

bargains 2c. Agts., 50%. BULLARD & Co., Sta. A, BOSTON.

!! FREE TO BEGINNERS !!

An old stamp of Peru, worth 30c., to any one sending for our splendid approval selections at 50% discount.

New Chile 1c., 2c., 5c., 10c., 15c. 5c.
New Mexico 1c., 2c., 5c., 10c., 20c. 6c.
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5 VARIETIES PERU FREE.

With trial approval sheets. F. E. THORP, NORWICH, N. Y.

STAMPS. Packet of 200, Album, Hinges, and List, all

for 8c. 1000 mixed stamps, 15c. 50% to agents. PAYN STAMP CO., 138 No. WELLINGTON ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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1 heller to 2 kr., 15 values. FREE

Packet of all different foreign stamps. These stamps from all parts of world. FREE

Packet of 50 all different U. S. stamps, including revenues, but no post-cards. FREE

A leaflet describing and illustrating those United States envelopes, 1853-1900. FREE

Your Choice of the above premiums if you send 10c. for 10 weeks' trial subscription to

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You cannot afford to collect stamps without a stamp paper and MYKEEL'S is the oldest, largest, and best in the world. Full of

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282 Pages. 2561 Articles described. 788 Illustrations. 67 Color Plates. Every Musical Instrument. Superb Quality. Lowest Prices. Easy Payments. Mention instrument you are interested in. We supply the U. S. Government.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.

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CLASS PINS

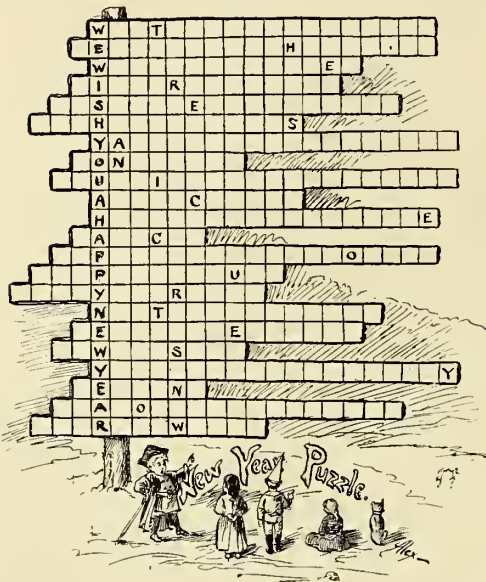
For School, College or Society. The right kind are always a source of pleasure. Why not get the right kind? We make them. Catalog free. No pins less than \$5.00 per dozen.

FLOWER CITY CLASS PIN CO., 666 Central Building, Rochester, N. Y.

PATRONIZE the advertisers who use ST. NICHOLAS—their products are worthy of your attention.

Time to hand in answers is up January 10. Prize-winners announced in March number.

1913.



We feel inclined to suggest as a puzzle in this department "What are we going to do about that boy Alexander the Little?" He takes so keen an interest in the making of puzzles that we do not altogether like to discourage him (and sometimes he *does* make pretty good ones, we admit), and yet we do not wish him to think that he is the only one able to turn out puzzles that are attractive. He has brought in a good one now about New Year's, and we are going to print it. He tells us that it is the best ever, but we should think more of this opinion if it came from some one else. However, you will find it in this number. The explanation is Alexander's own.

There are twenty-two things advertised in the December ST. NICHOLAS which, when they are rightly chosen and written in the squares above, will just fill them, each filling a line across, and the letters, now so placed in the squares as to spell out the two sentences which you can read from top to bottom of the diagram, will come in correctly in the advertisement.

In six of them you will see that the first

letter is given; and in each you can tell the number of letters by counting the squares straight across the diagram.

To guess the puzzle, you have to find the list of things and write them in the same order that they are in the diagram, numbering them from 1 to 22 inclusive. Write each as it appears in the advertisement.

While your answers should be neatly written, prizes will not be awarded on the basis of handwriting, or age, or upon other conditions than those mentioned. Of course you may get help from other members of the family.

The letter to be sent in this month with your solution of Alexander's puzzle ought to be easy for you boys and girls. Some advertisers think you are not responsive to their announcements, so we are going to ask you to write a short, clear note telling just what advertisements attracted your attention, and why; also how far you were influenced by them. In case of equally correct lists, the letter will determine the rank.

As usual the prizes will be:

One First Prize, \$5.00 to the sender of the correct list and the most convincing letter.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each to the next two in merit.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each to the next three.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each to the next ten.

Here are the rules and regulations:

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 list give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (133).

3. Submit answers by January 10, 1913. Do not use a pencil. 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. 133, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.

(See also page 32.)

Another talk to mothers whose girls and boys have to be made to practice

“If I thought I could learn to play like Aunt Ruth I’d practice.”



WHEN Aunt Ruth comes, or whoever your visitor is who plays so beautifully, watch your children—watch those hungry eyes, intent upon the marvelous fingers that unlock a very garden of music with the cold ivory keys. Are these the same children to whom you said this morning:

“No, you’re not through practicing yet. Five minutes more and then you may go out and play.”

Yes, they’re the same children—in love with music, as they’ve always been.

“If I thought I could ever play like that I’d practice hours a day!” they exclaim.

“You could, if you’d practice hard,” you say, and they resolve to practice hard.

Perhaps they do for a day or two.

But the effect wears off—the visits of the wonderful player are infrequent. So many other things happen in between. Practice becomes *labor* again. The children lose sight of the *end* to be obtained.

But, suppose this gifted visitor lived right in your home and played for your boys and girls every day.

“She doesn’t,” you say.

No, but her counterpart, as far as music is concerned, *may*—and *should*.

Yes, we mean the Pianola. Even if it were Carreno, or Fannie Bloomfield, Zeisler or Paderewski himself, who came to your home, you would have at least the equal of them *all*, in your own Pianola—not merely in accuracy of touch, but in technique, in tone, in intelligent phrasing and expression and color.

And you’ll have this world of beautiful music every day—there will be no opportunity for your boys and girls to lose interest.

Practice? They will practice as they *never* would have practiced without the Pianola to keep the *end to be attained* constantly before them. You *need* the Pianola-Piano.

Take your children with you to hear the Pianola-Piano. But, be sure it is *the* genuine PIANOLA Player-piano that you hear—not just *any* player-piano. You will recognize the difference when you have been shown such important features as the Metrostyle and Themodist—which even the highest priced among other instruments cannot offer you, yet which are part of every Pianola-Piano—even the least expensive at \$550.

We suggest that you read “*The Pianolist*” by Gustave Kobbé—on sale at all book stores—or if you will write us we will send it with our compliments. Address Department “D”

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

Aeolian Hall New York

Why Experiment?

Use a
Standard Brand
of Cocoa.

BENDSORP'S

is
Absolutely
Pure.



Requires only



as much
as of other makes
because of its

BENDSORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA

DOUBLE STRENGTH

Always in Yellow Wrapper. Sample on request.

STEPHEN L. BARTLETT COMPANY, Importers, Boston

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 131

It seems so trite every month to say "The judges were pleased with the interesting answers," and yet you boys and girls are continually surprising us with your clever ideas and quaint ways of expressing them. You are at your very best when you don't try too hard. Just be yourself—nobody but you can be.

The first prize was awarded to a ten-year-old lad who wrote about a Calvert School advertisement. His letter was a silent tribute to this excellent institution. The other prize-winning letters are so meritorious that each prize-winner mentioned below should take particular pride in having his or her name appear in this issue.

You who did not receive prizes should not feel discouraged. Some of you did excellent work, but forgot some of the rules. Watch these carefully. Then, too, it would be much easier for the judges if you wrote on one side of the paper only.

Now let's all work with might and main on the puzzle in this number, because it is a good one, even if Alexander did invent it.

Here are the victors:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

William Wootton Ladd, age 10, Alabama.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Paul Olsen, age 15, Washington.
Al. Schrier, age 15, New York.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Mary Maud Hollington, age 14, California.
Persis L. Whitehead, age 11, Illinois.
Thyrza Weston, age 15, Ohio.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Eugenia Consigny, age 11, Nebraska.
Aaron Cohen, age 17, Illinois.
Manola Coburn, age 14, Maine.
Thurston Macauley, age 11, North Carolina.
Sarah Roody, age 13, New York.
Margaret Conty, age 16, New York.
Helen Stalnacke, age 16, New York.
Mary McNally, age 8, New York.
Marjorie Berdan, age 13, New Jersey.
Dorothy M. Rogers, age 18, Massachusetts.

Honorable Mention:

Gladys A. Doloff, age 13, Maine.
Clara Hawkins, Texas.
Louise Corey, age 13, New York.
Harriet Crawford, age 10, Illinois.

(See also page 30.)

**1/2 PINT
1/2 DOLLAR**



Buy the big Household or Factory Size 3-in-One and get 8 times as much oil for your money.

3-in-One keeps almost everything in home, office or store perfectly oiled—also as clean and bright as a new silver dollar.

Always use 3-in-One on sewing machines, typewriters, razors, cameras, talking machines, furniture, bath room fixtures, guns, reels, and hundreds of other things.

The 3-in-One Dictionary, with every bottle, shows you scores of ways this good oil makes hard work easy.

FREE Generous sample bottle sent on request. Try before you buy.

SOLD AT ALL GOOD STORES



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Housewives—Try 3-in-One for Dusting.



A morning beverage that is delicious—with any meal—anytime—for growing children—every member of the family. Highly nourishing for invalids, and easily digested. Finely flavored, and always healthful.

At All Leading Grocers

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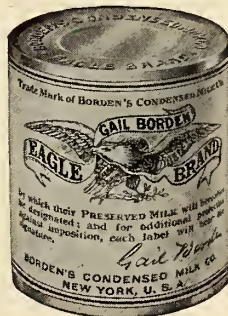
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Afternoon tea served in the Luncheon Restaurant, three to six.



Since 1857
**BORDEN'S
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK**

Has been the
Leading Brand
for Household Use
and Nursery



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Milk Co.**

New York

Send for Recipe Book
Send for Baby's Book
"LEADERS OF QUALITY"

St. Nicholas Pet Department

Announcements of reliable advertisers only are accepted. The Department will gladly give advice to all those interested in pets. Address "PET DEPARTMENT," St. Nicholas, Union Square, New York.

Easy to Buy and Keep.

A SHETLAND PONY



A Child's Delight

is an unceasing source of pleasure. A safe and ideal playmate. Makes the child strong and of robust health. Highest type—complete outfits—here. Inexpensive. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for illustrated catalog.

BELLE MEADE FARM
Box 9, Markham, Va.

Established 1875

PETS

All kinds, and everything for them

Send for Catalogue "R"

William Bartels Co.
44 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

IRISH TERRIERS

The best "youths' companion." Strong, hardy pups always for sale.

Bay Shore Kennels, "Clifton," Shelburne, Vt.

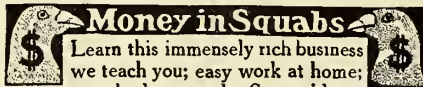


THE BEST DOG

for a companion or watch-dog is the Collie. Alert, intelligent, faithful, handsome, he meets every requirement. We have some fine specimens to sell at low prices. Send for a copy of "Training the Collie," price 25 cents.

F. R. CLARK, Prop.

SUNNYBRAE KENNELS (Registered)
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Money in Squabs

Learn this immensely rich business we teach you; easy work at home; everybody succeeds. Start with our Jumbo Homer Pigeons and your success is assured. Send for large illustrated Book. Providence Squab Company, Providence, Rhode Island.



Airedale Terriers

Most popular dog of the day

The Airedale is the best companion, watch-dog, and all-round hunting-dog. Ideal pets for children, faithful, kind, and wonderful intelligence.

Puppies from \$25 up.
Beautiful booklet free.

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Do you love dogs?

Send stamp for "Dog Culture" to

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THIS IS WANG

a darling Pekingese puppy, the little dog with a big bark, a big heart, a big brain. Pekingese are unexcelled in their affection, intelligence, and sturdiness. Small enough to hug, big enough to be a real comrade and playfellow. The Ideal Pet. Others like Wang waiting to be your pet. All ages and colors, prices reasonable.

PEKIN KENNELS

Jericho Turnpike Mineola, L. L., N.Y.



BULL TERRIERS

Do you want a dog like this for a companion and playfellow? I am now booking orders for puppies that are sons of this dog, who is one of the biggest prize-winners of 1912. Also older stock for sale. Photos, testimonials, prices, etc.

Eugene E. Thomas, Attleboro, Mass.

West Highland White Terrier Pups



By Ch. Glenmohr Model.

Ex. Talisker Twinkles.

Address

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Care D. B. Merriam

Lyons Falls, New York

WHETHER it be jolly old winter, joyous springtime, soft warm summer, or crisp bracing autumn, your good times will be all the better if you have a pet of your very own to share your good times with you. Whatever you like best, be it a sturdy Shetland pony, a soft, fluffy kitten, a loving, faithful dog, or beautiful birds of one kind or another, the Pet Department can help you to get the very best. We are here to tell you all we know about all kinds of pets, and their care and feeding. We want you to ask questions and will try to help you all we can. We believe the people who advertise in our Pet Department are absolutely reliable, and if you don't get what you want from them, please let us know. Can we help you now?

1847 ROGERS BROS.  CROMWELL PATTERN

Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., of the highest grade carry the above trade mark.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Guaranteed by the largest makers of silverware.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.
Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Send for catalogue "A-5."



Advertising Rates
Effective with issue of January, 1913

St. Nicholas Magazine
Established 1873

One page	(5½" x 8")	\$150.00
Half page	(5½" x 4" or 2½" x 8")	75.00
Quarter page	(5½" x 2" or 2½" x 4")	37.50
Less than quarter page	at line rate	1.00

DISCOUNTS
10% on 3 pages within 12 months.
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FEBRUARY, 1913

ST. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



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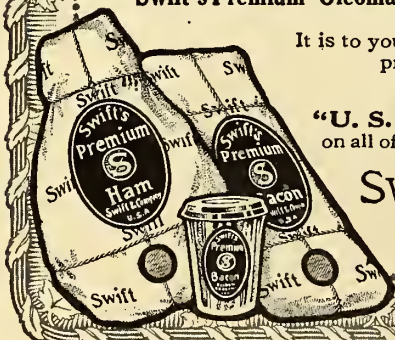
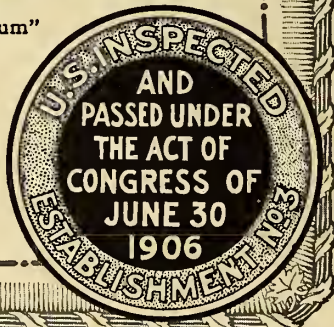
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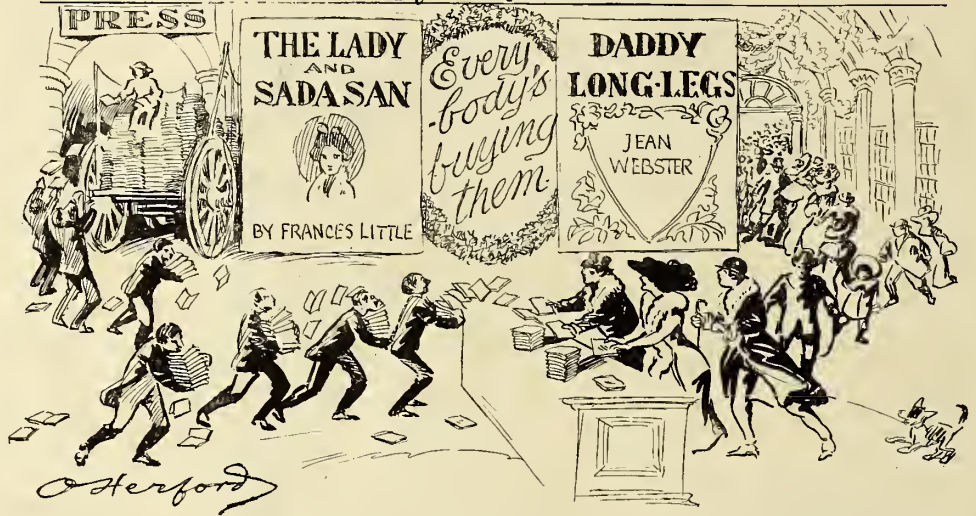
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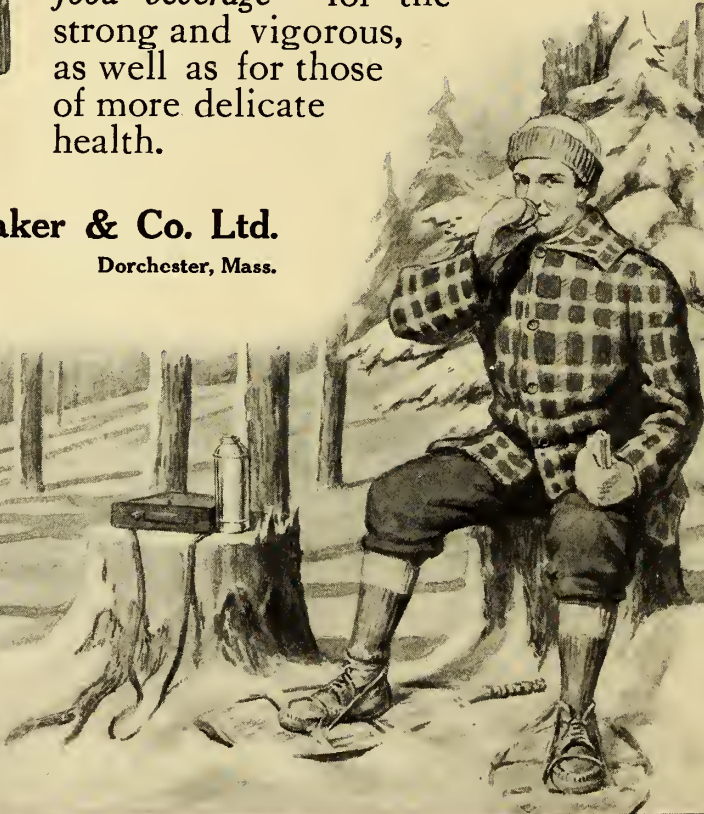
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ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XL

FEBRUARY, 1913

No. 4

THE ADVENTURES OF YOUNG GRUMPY

SECOND STORY OF THE SERIES ENTITLED "BABES OF THE WILD"

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

UNCLE ANDY tapped his pipe on the log beside him to knock out the ashes, and proceeded thoughtfully to fill it up again. The Babe seated himself on the grass, clasped his arms around his bare, little, brown, mosquito-bitten knees, and stared upward hopefully, with grave, round eyes, as blue as the bluebells nodding beside him.

"Speaking of woodchucks," began Uncle Andy presently, "I've known a lot of them in my time, and I've almost always found them interesting. Like some people we know, they're sometimes most amusing when they are most serious.

"There was Young Grumpy, now, as sober-minded a woodchuck as ever burrowed a bank. From his earliest days, he took life seriously, and never seemed to think it worth his while to play as the other wild youngsters do. Yet, in spite of himself, he was sometimes quite amusing.

"He had the good fortune to be born in the back pasture of Anderson's farm. That was where the Boy lived, you know. And it was rather lucky to be born there,—except for weasels, of course."

"Why not for weasels?" demanded the Babe.

"Well now, you ought to know that yourself," replied Uncle Andy, impatient at being interrupted. "The weasels are such merciless killers themselves, that both Mr. Anderson and the Boy always made a point of putting them out of the way whenever they got a chance."

"I should think so!" agreed the Babe, severely,

resolving to devote his future to the extermination of weasels.

"Young Grumpy's home life," continued Uncle Andy, "with his father and mother and four brothers and sisters, was not a pampered one. There are few wild parents less given to spoiling their young than a pair of grumbling old woodchucks. The father, who spent most of his time sleeping, rolled up in a ball at the bottom of the burrow, paid them no attention except to nip at them crossly when they tumbled over him. They were always relieved when he went off, three or four times a day, down into the neighboring clover-field, to make his meals. The little ones did not see what he was good for, anyhow, till one morning, when the black-and-yellow dog from the next farm happened along. The youngsters, with their mother, were basking in the sun just outside the front door. As the dog sprang at them, they all fairly fell, head over heels, back into the burrow. The dog, immensely disappointed, set to work frantically to dig them out. He felt sure that young woodchuck would be very good to eat.

"It was then that Old Grumpy showed what he was made of. Thrusting his family rudely aside, he scurried up the burrow to the door, where the dog was making the earth fly at a most alarming rate. Without a moment's hesitation, he sank his teeth into the rash intruder's nose, and held on.

"The dog yelped and choked, and tried to back

out of the hole in a hurry. But it was no use. The old woodchuck had a solid grip, and was pulling with all his might in the other direction. Panic-stricken, and half smothered by the dry earth, the dog dug in his hind claws, bent his back like a bow, and pulled for all he was worth, yelling till you might have thought there were half a dozen dogs in that hole. At last, after perhaps two or three minutes—which seemed to the dog much longer—the old woodchuck decided to let go. You see, he did n't really want that dog, or even that dog's nose, in the burrow. So he opened his jaws, suddenly. At that, the dog went right over backward, all four legs in the air, like a wooden dog. But the next instant, he was on his feet again, and tearing away like mad down the pasture, ki-yi-ing like a whipped puppy, although he was a grown-up dog and ought to have been ashamed of himself to make such a noise. And never after that, they tell me, could he be persuaded under any circumstances to go within fifteen feet of anything that looked like a woodchuck hole."

"I 'm not one bit sorry for him," muttered the Babe, in spite of himself. "He had no business there at all."

"The mother of the woodchuck family," went on Uncle Andy, "was not so cross as the father, but she was very careless. She would sit up on her fat haunches in the door of the burrow while the babies were nibbling around outside, pretending to keep an eye on them. But half the time she would be sound asleep, with her head dropped straight down on her chest, between her little black paws. One day, as she was dozing thus comfortably, a marsh-hawk came flapping low overhead, and pounced on one of the youngsters before it had time to more than squeak. At the sound of that despairing squeak, to be sure, she woke up, and made a savage rush at the enemy. But the wary bird was already in the air, with the prize drooping from his talons. And the mother could do nothing but sit up and chatter after him abusively as he sailed away to his nest.

"But to return to Young Grumpy. While he was yet very young, his sleepy mother, who had seen him and his brothers and sisters eating grass very comfortably, decided that they were big enough to look out for themselves. Then she turned them all out of the burrow. When they came presently scurrying back again, hoping it was all an unhappy joke, she nipped them most unfeelingly. Their father snored. There was no help in that quarter. They scuttled dejectedly forth again.

"Outside, in the short pasture-grass and scattered ox-eyed daisies, they looked at each other

suspiciously; and each felt that, somehow, it was the other fellow's fault. Aggrieved and miserable, they went rambling off, each his own way, to face alone what fate might have in store for him. And Young Grumpy, looking up from a melancholy but consoling feast which he was making on a mushroom, found himself alone in the world.

"He did n't care a fig. You see, he was so grumpy.

"For a week or more, he wandered about the pasture, sleeping under stumps and in mossy hollows, and fortunately escaping, by reason of his light rusty-gray color, the eyes of passing hawks. At last, chance, or his nose for good living, led him down to the clover meadow adjoining Anderson's barn-yard.

"It was here that his adventures may be said to have begun.

"Just as he was happily filling himself with clover, a white dog, with short-cropped ears standing up stiffly, came by and stopped to look at him with bright, interested eyes. Young Grumpy, though the stranger was big enough to take him in two mouthfuls, felt not frightened, but annoyed. He gave a chuckling squeak of defiance, and rushed straight at the dog.

"Now this was the Boy's bull-terrier, Major, and he had been severely trained to let small, helpless creatures alone. He had got it into his head that all such creatures were the Boy's property, and so to be guarded and respected. He was afraid lest he might hurt this cross little animal and get into trouble with the Boy. So he kept jumping out of the way, stiff-leggedly, as if very much amused, and at the same time, he kept barking, as if to call the Boy to come and see. Young Grumpy, feeling very big, followed him up with short, threatening rushes, till he found himself just at the open gate leading into the farm-yard.

"Parading solemnly before the gate was a tall, gray gander with only one eye. That one eye, extra keen and fierce, caught sight of Young Grumpy, and probably mistook him for an immense rat, thief of eggs, and murderer of goslings. With a harsh hiss and neck outstretched till it was like a snake, the great bird darted at him.

"Young Grumpy hesitated. After the manner of his kind, he sat up on his haunches to hesitate. The gander seemed to him very queer, and perhaps dangerous.

"At this critical moment, the white dog interfered. In his eyes Young Grumpy belonged to the Boy, and was, therefore, valuable property. He ran at the gander. The gander, recognizing



"HE WAS TEARING AWAY LIKE MAD DOWN THE PASTURE,
KI-YI-ING LIKE A WHIPPED PUPPY."

his authority, withdrew, haughty and protesting. Young Grumpy followed with a triumphant rush—and, of course, took all the credit to himself.

"This led him into the farm-yard. Here he promptly forgot both the dog and the gander. It was such a strange place, and full of such strange smells. He was about to turn back into the more familiar clover, when, as luck would have it, he stumbled upon a half-eaten carrot which had been dropped by one of the horses. How good it smelled! And then, how good it tasted! Oh, no! the place where such things were to be found was not a place for him to leave in a hurry!

"As he was feasting greedily on the carrot, the Boy appeared, with the white dog at his heels. He did not look nearly so terrible as the gander. So, angry at being disturbed, and thinking he had come for the carrot, Young Grumpy ran at him at once.

"But the Boy did not run away. Surprised at his courage, Young Grumpy stopped short, at a distance of two or three feet from the Boy's stout shoes, sat up on his haunches with his little, skinny, black hands over his chest, and began to gurgle and squeak harsh threats. The boy laughed, and stretched out a hand to touch him. Young Grumpy snapped so savagely, however, that the Boy snatched back his hand and stood observing him with amused interest, waving off the white dog, lest the latter should interrupt. Young Grumpy went on blustering with his muffled squeaks for perhaps a minute. Then, seeing that the Boy was neither going to run away nor fight, he dropped on all fours indifferently, and returned to his carrot.

"There was nothing pleased the Boy better than seeing the harmless wild creatures get familiar about the place. He went now and fetched a saucer of milk from the dairy, and set it down beside Young Grumpy, who scolded at him, but refused to budge an inch. The yellow cat—an amiable soul, too well fed to hunt even mice with any enthusiasm—followed the Boy, with an interested eye on the saucer. At sight of Young Grumpy, her back went up, her tail grew big as a bottle, and she spat disapprovingly. As the stranger paid her no attention, however, she sidled cautiously up to the milk, and began to lap it.

"The sound of her lapping caught Young Grumpy's attention. It was an alluring sound. Leaving the remains of his carrot, he came boldly up to the saucer. The yellow cat flattened back her ears, growled, and stood her ground till he was within a foot of her. Then, with an angry *pf-f-f*, she turned tail and fled. The stranger was

so calmly sure of himself that she concluded he must be some new kind of skunk—and her respect for all skunks was something tremendous.

"Having finished the milk and the carrot, Young Grumpy felt a pressing need of sleep. Turning his back on the Boy and the dog, as if they were not worth noticing, he ambled off along the garden fence, looking for a convenient hole. The one-eyed gander, who had been watching him with deep disfavor from the distance, seeing that he was now no longer under the protection of the white dog, came stalking up from the other end of the yard to have it out with him—thief of eggs and murderer of goslings, as the wrathful bird mistook him to be! But Young Grumpy, having found a cool-looking hole under the fence, had whisked into it and vanished.

"As matters stood now, Young Grumpy felt himself quite master of the situation. His heartless mother was forgotten. Farm-yard, clover-field, and cool, green garden were all his. Had he not routed all presumptuous enemies but the Boy?—and the latter seemed very harmless.

"It was not till after several days of garden life that, lured by the memory of the carrot, he again visited the barn-yard. At first it seemed to be quite deserted—and there was no sign of a carrot anywhere. Then he caught sight of the yellow cat, and scurried toward her, thinking perhaps it was her fault there were no carrots. She fluffed her tail, gave a yowl of indignation, and scurried into the barn. Neither the white dog, nor the Boy, nor the one-eyed gander, was anywhere in sight. Young Grumpy decided that it was a poor place, the barn-yard, after all.

"He was on the point of turning back to the green abundance of the garden; but, at this point, the one-eyed gander came stalking up from the goose-pond. He was lonely and bad-tempered. Young Grumpy looked at the big, gray bird, and recalled the little unpleasantness of their previous encounter.

"'Oh, ho!' said he to himself (if woodchucks ever do talk to themselves), 'I'll just give that ugly chap beans, as I did the other day.' And he went scurrying across the yard to see about it.

"To his immense surprise, the gander at first paid him no attention whatever. You see, he was on the side of the gander's blind eye.

"Now Young Grumpy was so puzzled by this indifference that, instead of rushing right in and biting the haughty bird, he sat up on his haunches at a distance of some five or six feet, and began to squeak his defiance. The gander turned his head, and stared for about three seconds. Then he opened his long, yellow bill, gave vent to a hiss like the blowing off of an escape pipe, stuck out

his snaky neck close to the ground, lifted his wide gray-and-white wings, and charged.

"Before Young Grumpy had time even to wonder if he had been imprudent or not, the hard elbow of one of those wings caught him a blow on the ear, and knocked him head over heels. At the same time, it swept him to one side; and the gander rushed on, straight over the spot where he had been sitting.

"Young Grumpy picked himself up, startled and shaken. The thing had been so unexpected! He would have rather liked to run away. But he was too angry and too obstinate. He just sat up on his haunches again, intending to make another and more successful attack as soon as his head stopped buzzing.

"The gander, meanwhile, was surprised also. He could not understand how his enemy had got out of the way so quickly. He stared around, and then, turning his one eye skyward, as if he thought Young Grumpy might have gone that way, he trumpeted a loud *honka-honka-honk-kah*.

"For some reason, this strange cry broke Young Grumpy's nerve. He scuttled for his hole, his jet black heels kicking up the straws behind him. As soon as he began to run, of course the

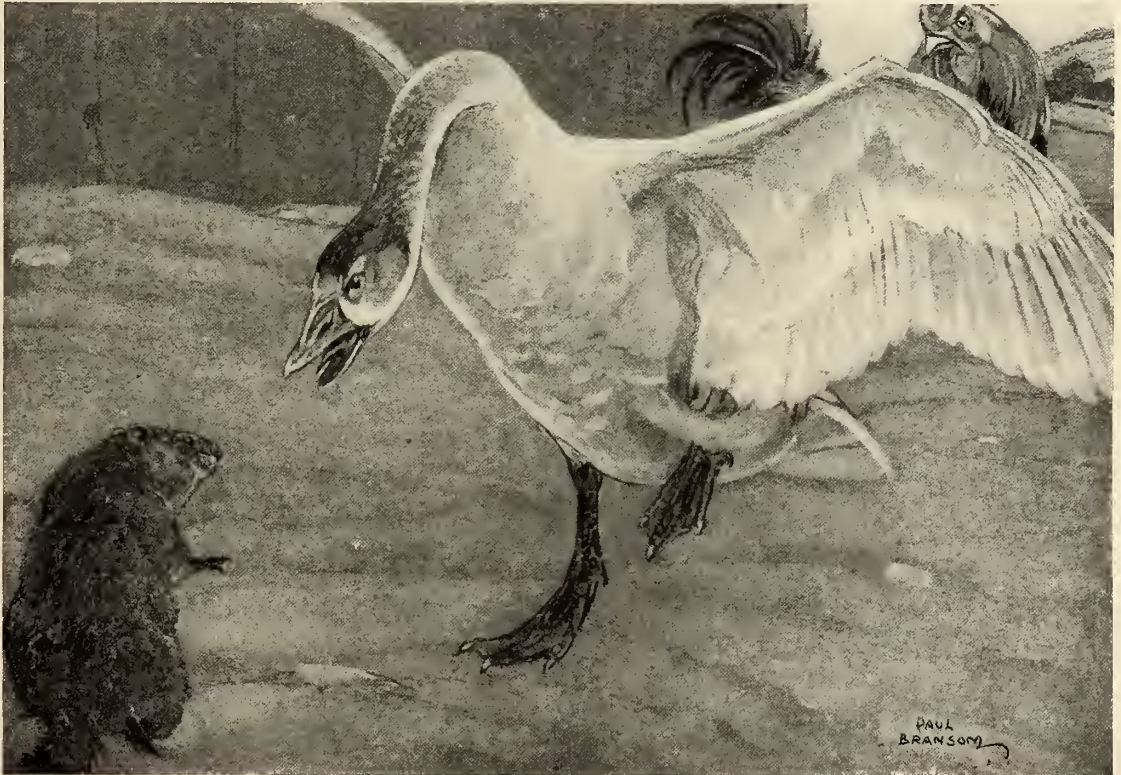
gander saw him, and swept after him with a ferocious hiss. But Young Grumpy had got the start. He dived into his hole just as the gander brought up against the fence.

"Now the moment he found himself inside his burrow, all Young Grumpy's courage returned. He wheeled and stuck his head out again, as much as to say, '*Now* come on if you dare!'

"The gander came on, promptly,—so promptly, in fact, that the lightning stroke of his heavy bill knocked Young Grumpy far back into the hole again.

"In a great rage, the gander darted his head into the hole. Chattering with indignation, Young Grumpy set his long teeth into that intruding bill, and tried to pull it farther in. The gander, much taken aback at this turn of affairs, tried to pull it out again. For perhaps half a minute, it was a very good tug of war. Then the superior weight and strength of the great bird, with all the advantage of his beating wings, suddenly triumphed, and Young Grumpy, too pig-headed to let go his hold, was jerked forth once more into the open.

"The next moment, another blow from one of those mighty wing-elbows all but stunned him,



"HE LIFTED HIS WIDE GRAY-AND-WHITE WINGS AND CHARGED."

and his grip relaxed. He made a groping rush for the burrow; but in that same instant, the gander's great bill seized him by the back of the neck and lifted him high into the air.

"This was very near being the end of Young Grumpy, for the one-eyed gander would now have bitten and banged and hammered at him till he was as dead as a last year's June-bug. But, happily, the Boy and the white dog came running up in the nick of time. The gander dropped his victim and stalked off haughtily. And poor

Young Grumpy, after turning twice around in a confused way, crawled back into his hole.

"The white dog opened his mouth from ear to ear, and looked up at the Boy with an unmistakable grin. The Boy, half laughing, half sympathetic, went and peered into the hole.

"'I guess you 'd better keep out of Old Wall-Eye's way after this!' said he.

"And Young Grumpy did. Whenever the one-eyed gander was in the yard, then Young Grumpy would scurry and scuttle away to the garden."

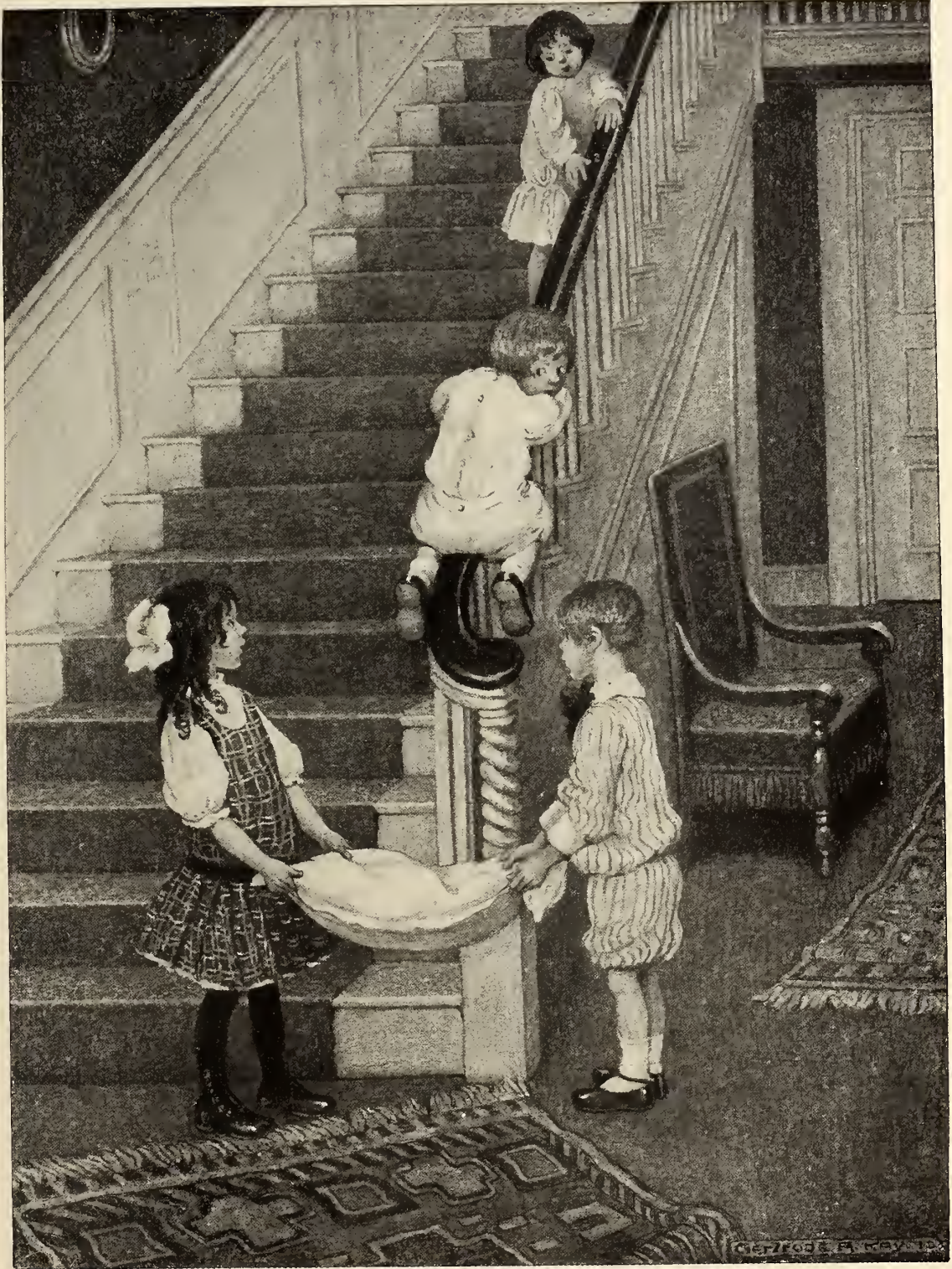


WHEN MOTHER 'S VISITING

PICTURES BY GERTRUDE A. KAY



"WRITING TO MOTHER."



"THE MONORAIL."

NÖLL And ANTOONJE

And How They Entertained The Beggars



BY

Mrs. Ernest Atkins



“WHAT A FINE COAT YOU HAVE,

ANTOONJE sat by his own hearthstone one Monday evening, enjoying his supper. It was a good supper. “The cheese has a great smell,” thought Antoonje, sniffing. He was glad that he was a rich man and could buy such cheeses as that. And the firelight danced on the silver teaspoons which Lys kept so bright and shining.

“A fine thing to have real silver teaspoons,” thought Antoonje.

He lifted his cup, noticing how fine it was, with the rosy light of the fire glowing through it.

“A fine thing to have such chinaware as that,” said Antoonje to himself. He rose from the table, and stretched himself and yawned. How he hated to leave the warm fire! Lys helped him on with his greatcoat, and he opened the door.

Whisht! how the wind blew! B-r-r-h-h! how cold it was! It made Antoonje shiver, although his coat was lined with fur. He turned up his collar and tramped off over the snow to the barns. The cows and sheep were huddled together for warmth.

“A fine thing to have such a grand lot of sheep and kine,” said Antoonje.

“That it is, sir,” said a voice.

Antoonje gave a start of surprise. He lifted his lantern, and there, huddled up in a corner, was a beggar man, who looked like nothing so much as a bundle of rags, with a red-nosed face sticking out of the top.

“Well, old rags and bones!” said Antoonje, curtly. “What are you doing here, I ’d like to know?”

“What a fine coat you have, Mynheer!” said the beggar. “I should like to be hugging it round *me*. Summer-time is the beggars’ holiday, Mynheer—what with the good sun a-shining and costing ne’er a penny, and the warm breezes fluttering and flapping the rags and tags so gaily; with berries on every bush, and a concert in every tree-top! Yes, summer-time is the beggars’ holiday, Mynheer Antoonje. But winter ’s a bad time.”

“What ’s all that got to do with me, I ’d like



MYNHEER!" SAID THE BEGGAR."

to know!" said Antoonje, in his harsh voice. "There are poor and there are rich in this world, and I 'm this and you 're that. Move on, now! I can't have a strange fellow in my barn."

"Here I am in a pretty fix," said the beggar, cheerily. "And all because of having such a tongue in my head! 'T is better to shiver in a barn corner than to be wandering across the snow with your toes like ice in your shoes."

"Some have warm shoes and some have n't," said Antoonje. "It 's the way of the world. I 'm going in and to bed now. But first I 'll see you gone, and the barn door locked. Go over there and toast your toes at Nöll's fire, if you like!"

And with that, Antoonje gave the poor beggar a shove with his foot, and turned him out-of-doors.

"B-r-r-h-h!" said Antoonje, as he turned toward the house. "How cold it is—cold enough for two coats!" He was glad to get indoors again and sit by the fire with his pipe between his teeth, and

watch Lys knitting warm stockings for the children. Antoonje and Lys had four children. They were early tucked in bed with warm coverlets over them up to the tips of their noses, so that they dreamed it was summer-time, and that they were running races down the hot, dusty road.

"Nöll is a silly!" said Antoonje.

"His children have no best frocks for Sunday," said Lys, scornfully. "I am glad we are so well off, Antoonje, and that you are so clever."

Now the beggar trotted across the snow toward the light gleaming in Nöll's window. The wind flapped his rags of garments, and whistled down his collar, and played a tune in his long, loose hair. Nöll's house was a small one, not at all as fine as Brother Antoonje's. The beggar went up to the very front door and knocked. Nöll stuck his head out.

"Come in! come in! whoever you are!" roared he, in his hearty voice. "Such a night to be out in!"

You might have thought the beggar was a real prince in a velvet dress, so hospitable was Nöll.

"Kaatje! Kaatje!" he called, "bring in the hot tea and a loaf of bread, for here 's a man who 's been playing tag with Jack Frost!"

And pulling up the best chair to the fire, Nöll brushed the snow off the beggar's shoulders. In bustled Kaatje with the tea and the loaf.

"Eat all you can," said Nöll, "and warm yourself without and within."

"Too bad we have n't a bit of cheese, is n't it, Nöll?" said Kaatje.

"You should have stopped at my brother's house over yonder," said Nöll. "He always has a cheese as big as a house in the larder, with the grandest smell to it."

Just then, the door opened a little, creaking on its hinges.

"Ho! ho! who is this?" said the beggar, for there was a little head in the crack.

"Dortchen! Dortchen!" exclaimed Mother Kaatje, with uplifted finger; "why are you not in bed and asleep, along with your sister Franzje?"

"My toes are so cold, Mother," said Dortchen. "I dreamed I was walking barefooted in the snow. Franzje is not in bed, either!"

And she stepped into the room with Franzje just behind her.

"Franzje! Franzje!" said her mother; "why are you not in bed and asleep? Your brother Piet is a good boy."

"My ears are so cold, Mother," said Franzje. "I dreamed the north wind was whispering to me, and his words froze in my ears. And Piet is not in bed, either!" And she crept up to the fire, with Piet following.

"Piet! Piet!" said his mother; "why are you not asleep? Little Jan is the best of you all, for he sleeps till cockcrow."

"My nose is so cold, Mother," said Piet. "I dreamed I was a snow man. And little Jan is not in bed, either!"

"Oh, little Jan," said Mother Kaatje; "why are you not sleeping?"

"My hands are so cold, Mother," said little Jan. "I dreamed I had icicles as long as *that* on every finger."

"What naughty children you are!" said Kaatje, with her face all laughing wrinkles.

She let them curl up on the warm hearth, and their eyes grew large and round as they watched the beggar. It seemed as if they could not stop looking at him. At last Piet said, "What makes the bright light round your head?"

The beggar laughed. "The glow from the fire, I suppose," he said. "It makes your own hair shine like gold, Mr. Snow Man."

"And you have on gold shoes!" cried Dortchen. "Your own toes are warm now, little Dortchen," said the beggar, "and you are now dreaming warm dreams instead of cold ones!"

"I thought you were a beggar," said Franzje, breathlessly. "But you are wearing grand clothes that shine like the rainbow! How your cloak rustles! Like Aunt Lys's silk gown on Sundays!"

"What nonsense!" said the beggar, chuckling. "I think you must move nearer to the fire, for you are not yet awake. The north wind still whispers in your ears, and pretends he is a silk cloak."

Then little Jan had something to say.

"I felt your cloak," said he, "when you were n't looking: It is silk inside and velvet outside, like the grand parlor curtains at my uncle's house over yonder."

"Ho! ho!" said the beggar. "How can a boy with icicles on every finger-tip know the difference between silk and velvet, I 'd like to know! Let us make more room for little Jan by the fire. For his dream, like yours, is not yet over!"

"'Sh, 'sh, 'sh!" said Mother Kaatje. "You have all talked more than you should. And such fancies! No wonder you 're half awake!"

And, addressing the beggar, she said: "I would not tell it to many,—but you, perhaps, are even poorer than ourselves. The coverlets are so thin! Poor children! Wood is to be had for the cutting, summer and winter, but blankets do not grow on the trees. Pile on more logs, Nöll. If we are to keep warm, we must sit up all night by the fire. What a night it is! Do you not hear the wind roar?"

"The children are asleep," said the beggar. "What eyes they have, for seeing what is not—gold shoes and the like!"

"Yes, yes," said Kaatje. "Their nonsense keeps us merry in spite of hard times."

Soon all was quiet, except for Nöll snoring in his chair. A log fell crumbling into coals and made Kaatje start in her sleep. The children did not stir, they were so warm and comfortable. Yes, all were asleep—all except the beggar.

"What a pity it is," said he to himself, "that men can't see the fairies—only little children now and then, before the dust of the highways has got into their eyes. I should like to know what Kaatje thinks of the cut of this cloak, for instance. She 's a woman of sense. She 'd know whether rainbow silk would wear as well as plain rose-color!"

He walked up and down the room in the dim firelight, the fairy who, to most dull eyes, was only a poor ragged beggar with a nose red from the cold. His clothes glittered with fairy jewels,



and his velvet cloak was lined with rainbow silk, which rustled ever so gently. And his shoes were of gold, as Dortchen had said. He was as busy as could be about something—lifting a chair-cushion here and a table-cover there, and opening boxes and cupboards.

Then he settled himself down to nap in his chair. How the wind roared down the chimney! It stirred the fire, and blew a sprinkling of warm ashes out upon the hearthstone.

"What good folk Nöll and Kaatje are!" said the beggar, looking at their kind, sleeping faces.

Then he curled his legs up under him, and leaned his head upon his hand, and slept, like anybody else, while the fire glowed warm and red.

door, Nöll," said Kaatje. "It would help to keep some of the cold out."

"That is so," said Nöll, "though there 's little choice between the best coat and the worst, if the truth is told. But such as it is, you are welcome to it, and God speed you!"

He helped the beggar into the coat, saying, "It had been best for you had you stopped at Brother Antoonje's house over there. He has warm great-coats and to spare, Antoonje; a new one every winter, and each one finer than the last."

So the beggar went away (at least Nöll and Kaatje thought he was a beggar). But the children knew better.

"He is a fairy prince," said they to each other.



"SHE KNOCKED OVER A LITTLE VASE ANTOONJE HAD GIVEN HER."

HE had thought himself just asleep when the dawn came, and the cock crowed.

"I must be going on now," said he. "The sun is shining, and the wind has died down."

But they would not let him go until he had eaten a good bowl of porridge.

"Your clothes are none too warm, my man," said Nöll.

"There is your other coat hanging behind the

Now Mother Kaatje said to herself: "The sun is shining. I will take up the carpets and give them a good beating. Then I will open all the windows wide, and do a little scrubbing. It is a pity to waste such a fine house-cleaning day." So she began to bustle about, humming to herself.

Then something quite astonishing happened! She lifted a cushion and found five gold coins underneath it.

"What 's this, Nöll?" she cried, for she could hardly believe her eyes.

Here was enough to buy bread and cheese for all the rest of the year.

Nöll was quite as astonished as Kaatje was. He went to the cupboard to get his tobacco jar. He knew it was almost empty. He was saving what was left for a special occasion. Truly this *was* one! He lifted the lid and stuck his hand in, and his fingers touched gold coins. The tobacco jar was filled up to the top with them.

"Kaatje! Kaatje! Luck has come to us!" cried Nöll.

"Oh, deary me!" said Kaatje, and she went to the chest of drawers to get a clean handkerchief, for she was near weeping.

And right on top of the clean clothes was a pile of money too. At that, Kaatje sobbed aloud. And in putting her handkerchief to her eyes, she knocked over a little vase Antoonje had given her on her wedding-day. Out of it rolled scores of bright coins, falling upon the floor with a great clatter.

Even Nöll was frightened. His tongue became so parched that he could hardly swallow. So he bethought himself of a drink of water, and went to the shelf to get a cup. The cups were all filled with money, even little Jan's birthday mug!

"Why, we are richer than Antoonje!" cried Kaatje.

"Ten times over!" said Nöll.

"Just to think of it, Nöll!" said Kaatje, wiping her eyes.

"Are we dreaming, or is this real gold?" said Nöll. "Where did all this money come from?"

"I 'm sure I don't know what to think," replied Kaatje. "But let us call the children, Nöll. They will know whether or not we are awake."

When the children came in, they were amazed to see their own mother sitting there with a lapful of gold money.

"Is this real?" cried she. "Are my eyes open or shut? Pinch me, Dortchen, for I am afraid I am still asleep."

"This is real money," said Piet, "and gold money, too. Uncle Antoonje once let me hold a gold coin in my hand, and it was just like this one, with the picture of the king on it."

"Where did the money come from, Mother?" said Dortchen. "And can we have new dresses?"

"The money was lying here and there about the house," said Mother Kaatje. "New dresses—yes! And shoes, too!"

"Why, we can get lots of things," said Franzje, jumping up and down. "Dolls, and gold rings, and tulip bulbs, and lace caps, and cheese, and warm covers for our beds!"

"But however in the world this money came to us, I cannot guess!" said Nöll.

"I know, Father," said little Jan. "It was the fairy prince!"

"What are you talking about, little Jan?" said Kaatje, taking his fat round face between her two hands. "Are you children dreaming, too, after all?"

"It 's the beggar man Jan means," said Franzje. "If you had only looked, Mother! Or listened! It *was* a velvet cloak with a silk lining!"

"And such pretty gold shoes!" exclaimed Dortchen.

"And shiny hair!" said Piet.

WELL, the fact of the matter was, the money was there; and it was real money which did not vanish overnight, either. Nöll and Kaatje could not stop wondering that such good fortune had come to them, and all because they had warned a poor beggar by the fire on a cold night. Said Kaatje: "To think that he was really a fairy!"

"To think of giving my second best coat to a fairy prince!" exclaimed Nöll. "Think of the patches, Kaatje! And bread without cheese, too!"

"'T was little, Nöll," said Kaatje, "but it was the best we had, after all."

The next day, Kaatje put on her bonnet and went into the town. She bought some of the things she had longed for all her life, and presents for everybody all around.

And of course the news got to Brother Antoonje, over in the great house, that Nöll had come upon prosperous days.

"He was always a silly!" said Antoonje to Lys.

But he put on his hat to go over and see wherefore and whence Nöll had got his good fortune.

So he knocked at Nöll's door, and it was the first time in many years. For Antoonje was n't one to go hunting up poor relations, not he! But this was a different matter, when Brother Nöll had dropped a gold coin in the plate at church on Sunday; and Kaatje was wearing a new cap with real lace frills; and the children in new frocks, and shoes that squeaked all the way up the aisle. This was worth looking into, thought Antoonje.

He came in and sat down by the fire, and said: "'T is a fine day, truly. We 'll soon be thinking of crops—that is, if you 're at all interested in crops, Brother Nöll! Perhaps you 're too rich now to care whether the season is good or bad!"

And he drummed on the arm of the chair, and waited to hear what Nöll had to say.

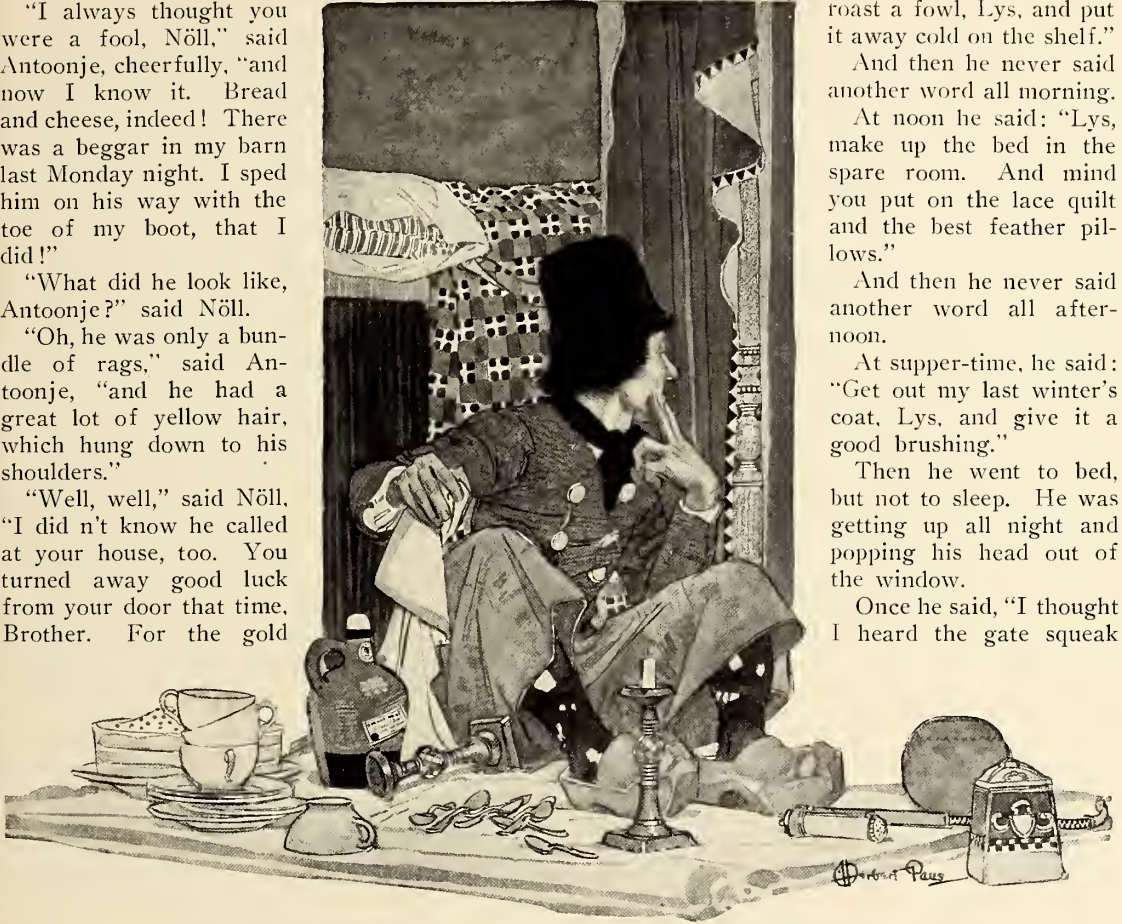
"Oh, there 's plenty of use for money in this world," said Nöll, "if only to keep bread and cheese in the pantry for the beggar who knocks at your door."

"I always thought you were a fool, Nöll," said Antoonje, cheerfully, "and now I know it. Bread and cheese, indeed! There was a beggar in my barn last Monday night. I sped him on his way with the toe of my boot, that I did!"

"What did he look like, Antoonje?" said Nöll.

"Oh, he was only a bundle of rags," said Antoonje, "and he had a great lot of yellow hair, which hung down to his shoulders."

"Well, well," said Nöll, "I did n't know he called at your house, too. You turned away good luck from your door that time, Brother. For the gold



"ALL THE TIME, HE GLANCED ABOUT WITH HIS SMALL, KEEN EYES, SO THAT HE SHOULD N'T MISS ANYTHING." (SEE PAGE 304.)

was real gold, and 't was he who left it at this house. That beggar was a fairy prince, Antoonje! And we gave him bread, plain bread without cheese, and my second best coat!"

"You don't say so!" said Antoonje, six times over.

He was *that* crestfallen to think that he had kicked out good luck at the toe of his boot!

He went home as glum as could be, and drove the cat out-of-doors, and scolded the children, and grumbled at the supper. And all because he envied Nöll his good fortune. He sat in the chimney-corner that night and never said a word. Lys knew better than to ask him what he was thinking about, too. No, he did n't say a word that night.

But the next morning, he said: "Buy the best and biggest cheese in the market—and a cake with white frosting—and a jug of schnapps. And



on its hinges." And another time he said, "The dogs barked. They always bark at beggars."

And the next time he said, "Was that a knock at the door?"

And then it was morning.

Lys bustled about her tasks. But Antoonje sat on the gate all day long, swinging his heels, and looking up and down the road, as if there was nothing else quite so important. Then, just as Lys was setting the table for supper (with the fine linen cloth, and the silver teaspoons, and the china cups and saucers), the door opened, and in walked Antoonje, arm in arm with a beggar!

"What have we for supper?" cried Antoonje, jovially. "Bring in the cold fowl, Lys, and the cheese, and the frosted cake, and the schnapps."

Then he called little Willem to fetch his own warm slippers, and bade the guest put them on.

roast a fowl, Lys, and put it away cold on the shelf."

And then he never said another word all morning.

At noon he said: "Lys, make up the bed in the spare room. And mind you put on the lace quilt and the best feather pillows."

And then he never said another word all afternoon.

At supper-time, he said: "Get out my last winter's coat, Lys, and give it a good brushing."

Then he went to bed, but not to sleep. He was getting up all night and popping his head out of the window.

Once he said, "I thought I heard the gate squeak

"What a shabby coat, man!" said Antoonje, turning the beggar about.

And he sent Daughter Neltje running to the clothes-press to bring out his Sunday suit for the beggar to wear. Mother Lys was a little surprised at that, I can tell you. But she was a wise woman, and kept her own thoughts to herself. As for the beggar, all he did was to grin behind his hand.

So they sat down to supper, and it was an extra good supper—what with the fine cheese and the cold fowl and the frosted cake and the jug of schnapps. Antoonje was n't doing things by halves, either. He treated the beggar as if he were a real prince.

It was, "Have this, sir," and, "Have that, sir," and every time Antoonje spoke, the sly beggar grinned behind his hand. But all the same he ate a good supper.

Afterward as they sat by the fire, Willemin spoke up. Her eyes were as round as saucers. "What makes you look like our cat, just when she 's going to catch a mouse?"

"Go to bed, Willemin," said Antoonje, crossly. "The very idea! I can't think what 's come over the child!"

"But you do look like one," cried Neltje. "A tiger-cat!"

"Not another word!" roared Antoonje, stamping his foot.

"I tell you what you look like," said Blaas, jumping up. "You look like a pirate! I should n't wonder if you had a gun on you! Tell me, are you a pirate?"

"Hold your tongue!" shouted Antoonje. "Off with the whole pack of you!"

"Oh, he is n't a pirate, Father," said little Mies, sticking his head in at the door. "He 's a robber, for he does n't make any noise when he walks!"

At that, Antoonje leaped to his feet.

"Off to your beds!" he fairly screamed.

They were gone, scampering along the passage. Antoonje wiped his forehead.

"I hope you 'll overlook this, sir," he said politely. "What things children do say. Dear me! I hope this has n't caused you too much annoyance."

"Oh, no," said the beggar, grinning behind his hand.

He stuck out his toes to the warm fire. He felt warm, and comfortable, and happy. He liked being treated like a prince, I can tell you. He was so contented that it made him sleepy, and he began to yawn great, wide yawns.

"Ah, bed 's the best place," said Antoonje.

He led the beggar off to the spare room, and lit the candles and turned down the covers.

"Happy dreams, sir," said he, politely.

And then he, too, went to bed with great satisfaction.

As he turned over and pulled the covers up to his ears, he said to himself, "Nöll is n't the only one who invites good luck in at the front door!"

Then he went to sleep.

Now when all was quiet in the middle of the night, the beggar jumped up (he had gone to bed wearing Antoonje's best Sunday suit), and he spread Lys's handsome lace quilt on the floor. Then he went out to the kitchen as if he were walking on eggs, and took the rest of the big cheese and the frosted cake, and went back and laid them down on the lace quilt.

Then he tiptoed into the parlor and had a look around. He took a pair of silver candlesticks off the table, and a branch of pink coral, and a gold ink-pot, and the gold snuff-box which had belonged to Antoonje's grandfather. And back he trotted and laid them down on the lace quilt.

Then he went to the sitting-room and took all the fine silver teaspoons, and the linen tablecloth, and the china cups and saucers. Then he went to the cupboard and took Antoonje's tobacco jar and his best pipe; and to the linen press, where he took all of Lys's best handkerchiefs and her lace cap. And these, too, he added to his store.

All the time, he grinned and grinned, and glanced about with his small, keen eyes, so that he should n't miss anything. He did look like a cat, as Willemin and Neltje had said, and he moved quite as softly in his stocking-feet, right into Antoonje's bedroom, where he took the gold watch from under his pillow, and the big silver ring off his finger, and all his savings in the left-hand corner of the second bureau drawer. And out of the top drawer, he took Lys's gold hoop ear-rings and her big agate brooch.

"Now I 'll be moving along," said he.

So he drank all the cream off the top of the milk, and buttoned Antoonje's best Sunday suit over his chest, and took his fur-lined greatcoat off the hook in the hall. And he put on his wooden shoes again, and off he went across the fields with the handsome lace quilt and all the good things it contained in a bundle over his shoulder.

Yes, he looked like a robber, and he *was* one, too, as you know without being told.

WHEN the cock crowed next morning, Antoonje jumped out of bed. "Now we 'll see," said he, "whether Brother Nöll is the only fellow who knows how to entertain a fairy prince!"

Then he felt under his pillow for his gold watch to see the time of day. And of course the watch was gone! Then he missed his silver ring, and his hair rose on his head, for he was smart enough, was Antoonje, to see which way the wind was blowing.

"Lys! Lys!" called he, as he opened the second bureau drawer, and turned all the clothes topsyturvy. "Where are all my savings, Lys?"

(But he knew without being told where they had gone.)

"And your ear-rings and agate brooch?"

So they began to fly around the house and find that one thing and another were gone.

"The silver candlesticks, Lys!"

"The frosted cake, Antoonje!"

"My tobacco jar, Lys!"

"My best handkerchiefs, Antoonje!"

"And my gold ink-pot!"

"And my lace cap!"

"The silver teaspoons!"

"And the cream for breakfast!"

They shouted about the house until they were hoarse, for, truth to tell, there was n't much of anything that had n't gone off bundled up in that handsome lace quilt.

The children came to see what was the matter.

"There! I said he was a cat," said Willemin.

"I said he was a tiger-cat!" said Neltje.

"I told you he was a pirate," cried Blaas.

"But I was right," said little Mies. "I *knew* he was a robber!"

"I've a mind to give every one of you a good beating!" shouted Antoonje.

That was *his* way of taking things.

WHEN Nöll heard the news, he came over the way and knocked at Antoonje's door.

"How do you do?" said he, when Lys opened it.

But all Lys said was, "My best table-cloth!"

"Well," said Nöll, sitting down in a chair, "I hear your beggar was n't a fairy prince, Brother Antoonje."

"It 's all your fault!" said Antoonje, crossly.

"How so, Brother?"

"Oh, you know well enough."

Nöll thought for a long time. Then he said aloud what was in his mind.

"You asked that beggar in to sup and sleep not so much because your heart was warm, but because you thought to profit by it, Antoonje!"

That was a blunt speech for Nöll, to be sure.

"Maybe yes, and maybe no," said Antoonje.

But all the same he knew Nöll was right.

"Hist! What is that?" said Nöll.

"Only the children crying," said Antoonje.

"I've promised them a good beating. I'll give them something to cry *for*!"

"Antoonje," said Nöll, "why do you beat the children when it 's only your own ill temper? Look here! I've a bargain to strike with you. Half my gold money if you'll let them off without a whipping. Don't you know they see what 's what sometimes, and know a robber from a fairy prince? As for the money, I'm not used to having so much lying about the house, and that 's the truth. It clutters up things!"

"How silly you are, Nöll!" said Antoonje. "I always thought you were a fool. Now I know it!"

That was the way he had always talked to Brother Nöll. But, all the same, he accepted the bargain and the gold money that went with it.

Nöll went home as well pleased as could be, because he was kind and generous, and knew that it was more fun to go halves than to keep everything for himself.





BIRDS OF THE YEAR

THE BLUEBIRD

(Spring)

WHEN the snow is vanishing,
 And the sun is banishing
 Ice and snow, that held the earth in thrall,
 Then, without one word of warning,
 Early on some breezy morning,
 We are wakened by the bluebird's call:
 "Come along,
 With a song!
 Life and love together
 Bring the light
 Out of night,
 And clear the cloudiest weather!"

THE BOBOLINK

(Summer)

WHEN the sky is bluest blue,
 And the clouds are whitest white,
 And the meadows laugh anew,
 With a wide-awake delight,
 Comes bobolink a-lilting
 The lovely ways along—
 If e'er a leaf were wilting,
 'T would brighten at his song.
 Says bobolink, "Don't you think
 There 's a kink
 In the minds of any
 Who can stay glum to-day? Anyway,
 Hope there are not many!"





BOB-WHITE

(Autumn)

WHEN the days are growing shorter,
 And the nights are growing chill,
 And the green turns red and gold,
 In the wood, and on the wold,
 O'er the meadow, and the hill,
 Then, to hearts for summer sad,
 Sounds a message brave and glad:

"All 's light,
 All 's bright,
 All 's right,
 Bob-white."

THE CHICKADEE

(Winter)

WHEN the air is filled with snowing,
 And the stormy winds are blowing,
 And every flower has been hidden long,
 There 's a merry little neighbor
 Comes to cheer us in our labor
 With a very merry, cheery, little song.
 "Chickadee-dee!" says he;
 "Never mind me!" says he;
 "Let it snow,
 Let it blow to and fro,
 For I know
 With me 't will agree!" says he.

Minnie Leona Upton.



MORE THAN CONQUERORS

BY ARIADNE GILBERT

THE MATTERHORN OF MEN



Photo. by Underwood & Underwood.
THE MATTERHORN.

In the corridor of one of our American high schools, two great pictures hang as companions: that craggy peak among mountains—the Matterhorn; that craggy peak among men—Abraham Lincoln. The outline of his life, better known to young Americans than any other life, need not be given

child, and one of many that this man must meet as part of his necessary training in hardihood.

Another kind of training was to come to him in bearing his father's shiftlessness. Lincoln honored and loved his young mother almost to the point of worship, not only through the first nine years of



Statue by St.-Gaudens.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

boyhood, when he had her teaching, companionship, and steady love, but to the last hour of his life. His father he accepted as he would the weather, or any other unpreventable fact. As good-hearted as he was indolent, Mr. Thomas Lincoln was one of those thriftless men who blame circumstances for their own failures; and though, of course, he never knew it, he was a problem in the household as long as he lived. In his contented blindness he would say comfortably, "If Abe don't fool away all his time on his books, he may make something yet."

Moreover, being a true frontiersman, Mr. Lincoln always wanted to "move on." Accordingly, when Abraham was seven years old, he took a notion to move into Indiana,—a rough journey by raft and on foot through unbroken wilderness, and hard on his small family. They had to cut their way through the forest with axes, and cross the unbridged streams as best they could. Like the Indians, who were their only fellows, and by one of whom Abraham's grandfather had been killed, they shot or fished for their breakfasts, or gathered berries, like the robins and the bears.

Nevertheless, this journey offered young Abraham more novelty than hardship. New birds flashed and sang among the trees; new animals scurried away to shadowed safety. But the new home in the wilderness was poorer and rougher than the old, and Lincoln's memory of his three

except as we remember that all things are new to every one *once*, and that, to some, even the bare facts of Lincoln's great life may be new.

Abraham Lincoln was never ashamed of the log-cabin in the Kentucky woods where he was born, on February 12, 1809; nor was he ashamed of his famous coonskin cap with the tail hanging down behind, his bare feet, his ill-fitting, homespun clothes, or the hard farm work to which he was "raised." His home training helped him more than school; and that one-roomed Kentucky cabin was a real home, for the young mother at the head of it, fresh-faced and energetic, told her children Bible stories and fairy stories, and all she had ever learned in her narrow life.

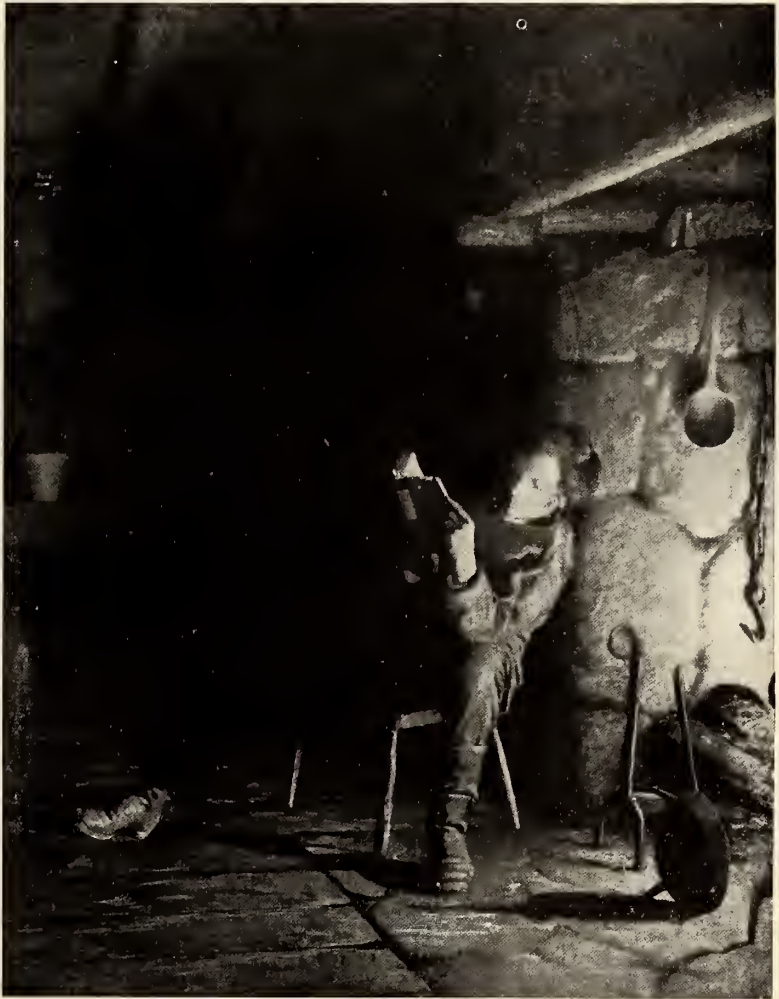
Rock Spring Farm, as Lincoln said, "lay in a valley surrounded by high hills and deep gorges." Almost as soon as Lincoln was out of babyhood, he began to help his father on their three fields, picking berries, carrying water or tools, and sturdily plodding through the daily work. His strongest memory of Rock Spring Farm was of one Saturday afternoon when he was sent to drop pumpkin-seeds. "I dropped two seeds every other hill and every other row," he said. "The next Sunday morning, there came a big rain in the hills; it did not rain a drop in the valley, but the water, coming down through the gorges, washed ground, pumpkin-seeds, and all clear off the field." It was only a child's disappointment, but big for a

years of life there was not happy. That other one-roomed cabin, back in Kentucky, had, at least, a door and a window. For a long time, this Indiana one had neither; it did not even have a floor. Lincoln slept on a heap of dry leaves in a kind of loft reached by a ladder of pegs driven into the wall. The furniture was made of "rough slabs of wood." Since the forest was rich in turkeys, wild ducks, and deer, and since the streams fairly leaped with fish, it was easy to get meat; but there were never any vegetables except potatoes; and once, when Mr. Lincoln asked a blessing over a "mess" of these, his son added, with more truth than reverence, "They 're mighty poor blessings."

The lack of petty comforts, however, held no place in the boy's heart beside the great agony of his Indiana experience—the death of his mother. Though Lincoln's father could not read, and knew no more of writing than to struggle through his own name, his mother fairly yearned to enlarge her own and her children's world of thought. There was a satisfying sympathy between her and Abraham which made the boy feel as if life itself was taken away with her life. Indeed, the rude home was darkened for all of them, used to her steadfast light. At first, Mr. Lincoln dragged about, helplessly lonely; but within a short time, in 1819, when Abraham was ten years old, he married Mrs. Johnston, a widow with three children. If she had been less fine and strong and tender, less, we might almost say, like Lincoln's own mother, we can imagine how painful her coming might have been. But she was a capable, warm-hearted, understanding woman, whose love answered Abe's longing from the very beginning, and lasted till the very end. "His mind and mine—what little I had," she said, "seemed to run together." Mrs. Lincoln not only contributed to the home "one bureau, one table, one set of

chairs, one large clothes-chest, cooking utensils, knives, forks, bedding, and other articles," all novelties to her little stepson, but she had the thrift and heart of a real home-maker. It was easier for the boy to wield the ax and sickle, thresh the wheat, or plow the tawny earth, when his tired home-coming would be welcomed by her smile.

Meanwhile, he went to school "by littles," as he said. "In all, it did not amount to more than a year." If, as is likely, he was looked on as the



From a copyrighted photograph by Rockwood, of the painting by Eastman Johnson.

YOUNG ABRAHAM LINCOLN READING A BORROWED BOOK BY FIRELIGHT. (SEE PAGE 310.)

homeliest, gawkiest boy at school, he was also, perhaps, the funniest and the warmest-hearted. In his own plain story to the Hon. J. W. Fell, he said nothing, of course, of his tremendous love of reading, inherited from his mother, his rare ap-

plication, his tenderness, or his honor, known at last to all the world. Since "readin', writin', and cipherin' to the rule of three" were the only requirements of a teacher, he was mainly self-taught.

A few fine books, well-known, like a few fine friends, are worth more than many mere acquaintances. The Bible, Æsop's Fables, "Robinson Crusoe," and "Pilgrim's Progress" were Lincoln's real friends. He used to lie on the floor and laugh over the "Arabian Nights." When his stepmother saw that books meant a great deal more to him than they did to any of her own children, she took "particular care," as she said, "not to disturb him till he quit of his own accord." She honored his private bookcase between the logs next his bed, and the big fires he used to build to read by at night. She knew that he carried a book out to the fields so that he could read while his horse was resting, and often she would find him copying out, with his turkey-buzzard pen and brier-root ink, some favorite part to remember. "A boy like that deserves to have his chance," she would say to herself.

With as much pride as if he had been her own, she hugged the thought that, learning to spell by the good old syllable method, he won in all the village spelling-matches; won, indeed, so regularly that, at last, he was ruled out altogether. And she delighted in the further knowledge that, as Miss Tarbell puts it, he could "outlift, outwork, and outwrestle" any one. In the little village, he was the center of the husking-bees, and "raisings," and all the rustic social life. While he helped pare apples, shell corn, and crack nuts, he would keep the whole crowd laughing at his funny stories and practical jokes.

Abraham was a man now, a great, "lathy, gangling" fellow, with, according to his Uncle Dennis, "suthin' peculiarsome" about him. He stood six feet four in his stocking feet, and was a very giant for strength. "He could sink an ax deeper into the wood than any man I ever saw," said one friend. "If you heard him fellin' trees in a clearin'," said another, "you would say there were three men at work by the way the trees fell." To conquer the stubborn soil, to master resisting timber, that was the task of his youth; and it was this conquering and mastering that made the farmer's way majestic.

In Lincoln's mind, the important event of 1830 was not his twenty-first birthday, but another move, this time to Illinois. And in this move the important thing was not the long caravan journey (three families of them, with all they owned, leisurely joggng along in ox-wagons), but the hard parting from all the old associations of his

youth, and, dearest of all, his mother's lonely grave.

Filled as he was with crowding memories, nevertheless he manfully grasped, as always, the practical side of the journey. The road led onward, and he must follow it with a forward look. As a little boy he had taken no small share of life's load; as a man he must give the needed help. Accordingly, he laid in a stock of knives, forks, pins, needles, etc., and peddled them to the farmers along the road.

That first year of acknowledged manhood was marked, like many other years, by his turning his hand to various things: now he was vigorously splitting hundreds of rails to earn his brown jean trousers; now tossing the scented hay; now, in a dugout canoe, he fought the roaring spring currents; now ran a flatboat down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Arrived there, far from being fascinated by the city life, the forest boy, who had just come into a man's rights, reflectively turned away.

The next year, when Lincoln returned from New Orleans, he went on doing odd jobs; this time in New Salem, Illinois. He got a position as clerk at the polls because, when some one asked if he could write, he said, "I can make a few rabbit-tracks." For his own sake, he ground away at grammar; for money's sake, he surveyed, or worked in a sawmill; for the country's sake, at twenty-three, he became captain, in the Black Hawk War, of the company from Sangamon County—quite an honor for so young a man. But he did not rise without interruption. As he said, he was "familiar with disappointments" and the hurts of failure; he had almost grown to expect them. If he was gratified to be unanimously elected captain just because of his "personal qualities," that gratification was to be balanced by failure in the election for the Illinois State Assembly. After this defeat, he settled down, apparently, to keeping a grocery-store in New Salem, later changing his occupation, first to postmaster, and then surveyor, and even thinking, for a while, of using his immense strength as a blacksmith. Meanwhile, in his inner hopes, he was looking forward to practising law, though the longed-for profession seemed almost too far off to gain. Still, as there had been time to read while the horse rested from plowing, and to study grammar when he was not surveying, so, when there were no customers, there would be time for law. He used to study for hours "stretched on the counter with his head on a cracker box," or sprawled under an oak-tree just outside the store, and "grinding around with the shade."

He read for recreation too; for pure joy. En-



Oscar F. Schmidt.

"HE DID HIS OWN MARKETING, WITH A BASKET ON ONE ARM, AND A CHILD PATERING ALONG BESIDE HIM." (SEE PAGE 313)

deared by use, his meager stock of books fed him more richly than whole libraries feed others. Reading with mind and heart, so deeply did he know the "Life of Washington" that it was part of his own fiber. It is no wonder that he had a lifelong love for the Bible, being, as he was, moved by its literary beauty and sustained by its spirit. And it is no wonder that he loved Burns and Shakspere.

As for Burns, he and Lincoln were mates in a great many ways: one born in a clay hut, the other in a log-cabin; one schooled in the Scotch hills, the other in the forest and the prairies,—those schools of trees, and starlight, and wide spaces, teaching that men are brothers to the creatures of the grass. Surely Lincoln and Burns were kindred spirits in their tenderness, though one was so much stronger than the other in moral muscle. There was the Scotch plowman, sorry to uproot the mountain daisy and scatter the field-mouse's nest; sorry to scare the water-fowl from the dimpling Loch; heart-wounded when he saw the wounded hare; and waking at night in the whirling snow-storm, thinking of the "ourie cattle and silly sheep," and the "wee, helpless," cowering birds. There was the Illinois woodsman with his hundreds of unrecorded sympathies, for he left no poems to tell them. No one will ever know how often he scorned a chance to rob a nest or bring down with his gun a feathered mate; or how often, instead of the thought of cruelty, there fluttered over his rough face that look of tender understanding which always came when wood-creatures or men were at his mercy. The boy Lincoln had argued, "An ant's life is as sweet to it as ours to us," and, as his first incensed boy-speeches had been against cruelty to animals, now, as a man, he would stop to hunt up a nest from which two young birds had fallen because he could not have slept otherwise; or pull a pig out of the mud "to take the pain out of his own mind." These stories are more important than they seem, because they point to Lincoln's greatest life-work,—the setting at liberty those that were bound. Had the New Salem grocer never felt, as he did, the little pains of little things, it is hardly believable that he would have shared the great pain with that immensity of suffering.

To go back, now, to his tradesman's prospects. Before long, Lincoln and Berry's grocery-store showed every sign of "winking out"; no wonder, when New Salem had only fifteen houses to three grocery-stores. The position of postmaster offered Lincoln more chance than this tottering business, and, as he was a man who used what was handiest, for a while he carried the mail from door to door in his hat. With the same simplicity,

he stowed away what little money he had in an old blue sock; used a "long, straight grape-vine" for surveying because he could not "afford to buy a chain"; and, after he became a lawyer, wrote a deed with a tree-stump for his seat and an old shingle for his desk.

On the surface, the man who follows many trades seems to lead a drifting life; but Lincoln's use of spare moments proves that he never drifted. Though he found time to help people in hundreds of little ways, to chop a neighbor's wood, lift a mud-locked wheel, or rock a baby in its home-made cradle, he left time to educate himself in the hours which other men would have wasted. He never lost sight of his purpose.

It might be called an accident, and would commonly be called luck, that he who had thought of being a blacksmith should be, instead, a lawyer, because one day, while he was still a storekeeper, he bought, for fifty cents, to help another man out, a barrel of old books and papers, and found at the bottom of the barrel Blackstone's Complete Commentaries.

By speeches in the old log school-house, the town "square," or the harvest fields, Lincoln began his political life. Clear-grained truth shone in every word. Sometimes, seeing such a powerful speaker spring up, as it were, from nowhere, the keen country people would question his powers as a man; and then Lincoln would have to prove those powers by lifting weights, or wrestling, or cradling the russet grain in a near-by field.

In 1834, when he was twenty-five years old, he was elected to the Illinois legislature, and he was reelected to the next assembly; but he made no particular mark. Life gave him, as yet, no promise of greatness.

To drop surveying for law, to give up a dependable income for a doubtful one, this was a hard decision for a poor man. However, in 1837, when he was twenty-eight, Lincoln made this decision; and, to further his opportunities, moved from New Salem to Springfield, where he had a chance at a law partnership. His entrance into Springfield was at once funny and pathetic. One night, on a borrowed horse, he rode to Mr. Joshua Speed's country store, and, coming in with his clothes in two saddle-bags, asked the price of a single bed, blankets, and sheets.

"Seventeen dollars," answered Speed, after a few minutes' figuring.

"That 's cheap enough, I guess," said Lincoln, "but it 's more than I can pay. If you could trust me till Christmas, and I should succeed at law, maybe I can pay you. But if I fail in this," he added sadly, "I do not know that I can ever pay."

While he spoke, Speed had studied the careworn face and honest eyes. "I have a large room with a double-bed which you are very welcome to share with me," he said.

"Where is your room?"

"Up-stairs," and Speed pointed to a flight of winding stairs that led from the store.

Lincoln took his saddle-bags and mounted. Presently he came down, empty-handed, and with a broad smile announced, "Well, Speed, I 'm moved."

This was the beginning of a lasting friendship. There was, perhaps, no man on earth in whom Abraham Lincoln confided as he did in this understanding storekeeper who had helped him when he was very far down.

In this humble way, with little hope and no confidence, Lincoln began his twenty-four years of life in Springfield. Slowly he worked up a practice and gained the trust of the people. Meanwhile, he was never free from a heavy financial burden. The abandoned store had left him with a big debt which he was determined to pay. Besides this, being the man he was, he was bearing other burdens than his own. Back in Coles County, the "folks" were looking to him for help and trusting to his prosperity.

In October, 1842, he married Miss Mary Todd. Strangely enough, Stephen A. Douglas, from a near-by town, Lincoln's future political rival, was, for a time, his rival in love.

Lincoln, the lawyer, prospered; not that he became suddenly rich—by his fellows he was rebuked for "pauperizing the court"—but that his clear brain and his integrity were recognized. "For a man who was for a quarter of a century both a lawyer and a politician, Mr. Lincoln was the most honest man I ever knew," was one testimony. "Some things that are legally right are not morally right," was his motto. When one of his clients asked him to secure six hundred dollars, to which Lincoln thought he was not entitled, he answered coolly:

"You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man. I would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars some other way."

Once, while he was collecting testimony for a murder case, he blurted out to his associate: "Swett, the man is guilty; you defend him; I can't."

Perhaps the Armstrong murder trial is the best known of all his cases. "Duff" Armstrong, son of Jack and Hannah Armstrong of New Salem, and a boy whom Lincoln had rocked in his cradle, had got into a fight with Metzker, after which a man named Norris had hit Metzker with a heavy ox-yoke; from this last blow, in three days, Metz-

ker died. The case was called, and Lincoln was the counsel to defend his old friends' boy. The most damaging testimony was given by a man named Allen, who declared that he had seen Armstrong strike Metzker between ten and eleven o'clock on the night of the row. By cross-questioning, Lincoln led Allen to go into details, and, among other things, to say that he had seen the fight by moonlight. This testimony sounded so clear and certain that, for a long time, every one in court believed Armstrong guilty. Then, when Armstrong's outlook was most depressing, Lincoln took out an almanac and proved that, at the time Allen had named, the moon, in its first quarter, had set. As the jury passed out, he turned to old Mrs. Armstrong, who was rocking back and forth in an agony of fear, and said, "Aunt Hannah, your son will be free before sundown." When the longed-for verdict, "Not guilty," had been brought in, and Mrs. Armstrong, sobbing with joy, asked the charge, Lincoln held out both his hands to her in the old way, and said: "Why, Hannah, I sha'n't charge you a cent—never. Anything I can do for you I will do willingly and without charges."

If we had followed this soft-hearted lawyer to his white house with its green lawn and children's voices, we should have found that he who had cared for fallen birds, and rocked the neighbors' babies, was the loveliest kind of a father. Little fingers explored the roughly tender features and patted the bristly black hair. No doubt he took his turn at putting the children to bed. There were three of them, all boys: Robert, William, and Thomas. Little Edward had died in babyhood. The others, better known as Bob, Willie, and Tad, will all come into this story.

On bright summer mornings, he used to draw Bob up and down in a child's gig; and on cold winter ones, wrapped in a huge gray shawl, he did his own marketing, with a basket on one arm, and a child on his shoulder, or else pattering along beside him to keep up with his long strides.

The years rolled on, and, with them, pattering feet gained poise. Robert Lincoln was fifteen, Willie twelve, and Tad five in 1858, when their father took his stand in the famous debates against Stephen A. Douglas. The Democrats had named "The Little Giant" (Douglas) for a second term as United States Senator from Illinois; the Republicans had chosen a new candidate, Abraham Lincoln. And so, from August 21 to October 15, the State of Illinois had the rare treat of hearing these opposing candidates in the same town on the same day; and never were two speakers more strikingly different: Douglas was "short and compact," Lincoln "long and ungainly";

Douglas handsome, Lincoln homely and rough; one had a voice of wonderful richness, the other's was very sharp; one had been a groceryman, the other a school-teacher. When Douglas drove to one of the debates in a coach with four white horses, Lincoln followed along in a "prairie-schooner." And when the two candidates spoke, one had an air of promising assurance, while the other, a good twelve inches taller, stoopingly shambled forward, his long hands hanging out of his too short sleeves, his knees a little uncertain. How rustic he looked by comparison! But blessed be sincerity! "I was born in Kentucky, raised in Illinois just like the most of you," Lincoln captivantly began, "and worked my way right along by hard scratching." And presently, as he came to set forth his principles, the fervor of his strong heart straightened the lank body, and the homely face was lighted to beauty by the depth of inner earnestness and by the shadows and sparkles that chased each other in those deep gray eyes.

He won another audience by humor: "My friend, Mr. Douglas, made the startling announcement to-day that the Whigs are all dead. If this be so, fellow-citizens, you will now experience the novelty of hearing a speech from a dead man.

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound."

Another time he began with a confidential twinkle, "Now I'm going to stone Stephen!" (And generally his stones hit.)

Such bits of fun, however, were only a small part of those intensely serious debates. A short time before this contest, Douglas had introduced a bill to grant the people of Nebraska and Kansas the right, if they chose, to have slaves. It was this bill that had brought Lincoln from the "court-room to the stump." By Douglas, this right to establish or reject slavery was called "the sacred right of self-government."

Years before, Lincoln had proved that he had no prejudice against the southern people; he had no prejudice now; and he had no prejudice to the day of his death. "They are just what we would be in their situation," he had said. "If slavery did not now exist among them, they would not introduce it. If it did now exist among us, we should not instantly give it up. When southern people tell us they are no more responsible for the origin of slavery than we are, I acknowledge the fact. It exists," he added, "and it is very difficult to get rid of it." . . . "I surely will not blame them for not doing what I should not know how to do, myself."

The key-note of Lincoln's argument, then, was not the abandonment of slavery; he was not coping with this problem yet. It was, if slavery is a

bad thing, it ought not to spread. If it spreads to the territories of Nebraska and Kansas, it will spread farther still.

Packed in the stuffy room sat boys and farmers, with mouths agape. "Old Abe's got a *clear* way of puttin' things," they said. "It's hard to foller Douglas."

Indeed, Lincoln's self-trained clearness, that language of almost Bible-simplicity, was counting with those country listeners.

"I felt so sorry for Lincoln while Douglas was speaking," said one, "and then I felt *so* sorry for Douglas when Lincoln answered."

"Lincoln's a dangerous man, sir!" stamped an old Democrat. "He makes you believe what he says in spite of yourself."

Before long came that famous plea—the "House Divided against Itself"—with all its daring outspokenness. "That foolish speech of yours will kill you, Lincoln; will defeat you in the contest," said one of his friends.

"Well, doctor," was the prompt reply, "if I had to draw a pen across and erase my whole life from existence, and I had one poor gift or choice left as to which I should save from the wreck, *I should choose that speech* and leave it to the world unerasable."

This was not indifference; Lincoln was eager to be senator. But he forgot his own ambition in his fervor for the cause. At the end of the debate, he folded his hands wearily, as if he knew he had already lost.

"My friends," he said, "it makes little difference, very little difference, whether Judge Douglas or myself is elected to the United States Senate; but the great issue which we have submitted to you to-day is far above and beyond any personal interests or the political fortunes of any man. And, my friends, that issue will live, and breathe, and burn, when the poor, feeble, stammering tongues of Judge Douglas and myself are silent in the grave."

The outcome of the debate was what might have been expected: the cautious Douglas had taken the safe course, and given his words one interpretation in the south, another in the north; while Lincoln had uttered his belief with boldness, in the clear truth that was rooted in his heart. "Lincoln," as Mr. Francis F. Browne puts it, "won a victory for his cause and for his party, but not for himself." By a small majority, Douglas was reelected.

"Abe, how do you feel after the election?" asked a friend.

"Like the boy that stubbed his toe. It hurt too bad to laugh, and he was too big to cry."

But Lincoln's friends were less discouraged

than he. Even now they had set their hopes on him for President. They had heard

The hisses change to cheers,
The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise.

They believed in him more than ever, and, two years later, when he was nominated to the highest office in the land, they were not surprised.

We need to imagine ourselves back there in Springfield when the telegraph clicked out his nomination. The whole town went mad with joy. Amid roaring cheers, tooting horns, and a rush of hand-shakes, Lincoln exclaimed: "Well, gentlemen, there is a little woman at our house who is probably more interested in this despatch than I am." Then, with the crowd piling along beside him, he hurried home. "Come right in, as many as the house will hold," was his cordial invitation as he reached his door.

"You 'll have a larger house in Washington," roared the crowd.

Up-stairs, two or three at a time, sprang Lincoln, and, the good news delivered, sprang down again to talk with the eagerly waiting mob, till little Tad squirmed his way to his father's side, and, standing on tiptoe, whispered behind his hand:

"Ma says come to supper."

"It 's plain this young man cannot be trusted with secrets of state," laughed Lincoln, knowing that the loud whisper had been heard. And so the crowd, still cheering, moved away; the meal schedule was sacred in Mrs. Lincoln's eyes.

Election followed nomination; but when the day came for good-by, Lincoln's fellow-citizens were more sad than proud.

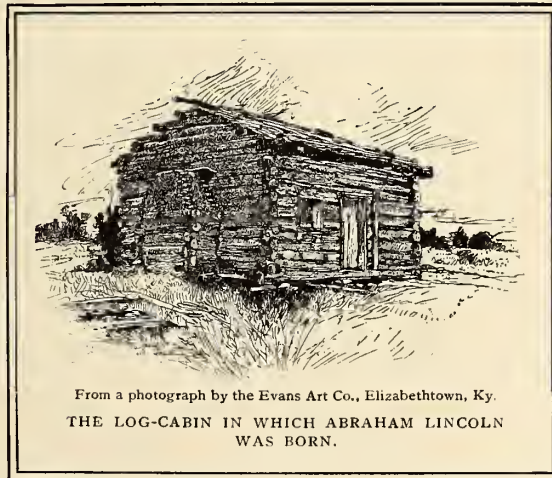
"Billy," he said to his law partner, taking Herndon's hand in both of his, "you and I have been together more than twenty years, and have never 'passed a word.' Will you let my name stay on the old sign till I come back from Washington?" That simplicity was like him! With proud affection Herndon left the sign.

From the car platform, in the pouring rain of a February morning, Lincoln said good-by to Springfield. A cold, drenched crowd thronged the station for a last word. He paused for a moment, and looked down on the mass of bobbing umbrellas as if to take it all in,—the pelting rain, the numbers, the love. Then, sharing their wetness, hat in hand, he uttered that greatly tender and almost prophetic farewell:

"My friends, to this place and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

There was a long whistle, a puffing cloud of black smoke, and the train slid away, taking with it Springfield's greatest treasure for the nation's need.

(To be concluded.)



From a photograph by the Evans Art Co., Elizabethtown, Ky.
THE LOG-CABIN IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN
WAS BORN.

Sir Christopher J. Jones and his fierce fight with the big, bounding, bad Automobilicuz



by
Frederick
Moxon

At a period when knights were as common as
days

(A pun that is somewhat rheumatic),
They pranced and cavorted on chestnuts and
grays,

On milk-white Arabians, and beautiful bays,
(Equestrian bays, not aquatic).

And foremost of all in the deeds of a knight,
Chivalric, dashing, and fearless,

Down-putting the wrong and up-setting the right,
The paragon champion, the peerless,

And smiter of Saracen bones,
Was Sir Christopher Jenkinson Jones.

Now "Chris," as his intimates called him for short,

(If *very* familiar, "Chrissie"),
Considered the sportiest game of all sport
Was tackling wild monsters of every sort,

Which kept him most hustlingly busy;
For dragons, and griffins, and hippogriffs grim,
Were thicker than flies in that region;

They carried off people, fat, medium, and slim,
To forest, and mountain, and cavern-holes dim,
In numbers amounting to legion.

And roused by their captives' loud groans,
Was Sir Christopher Jenkinson Jones.



One evening, when wearied with toils of the chase—

An evening of bright hunter's moontime—
Our hero drew rein in a still, woodsy place,
Where fain would he rest him, and slumber
a space,

Having slain ninety monsters since noontime.
His chestnut he tied to a horse-chestnut tree,
(A natural bond of connection),

Then, having his armor-canned body pried free,
His limbs he outstretched, and with yawns, one,
two, three,

Set forward in Nodland's direction;
And soon, in rich baritone tones,
Snored Sir Christopher Jenkinson Jones.



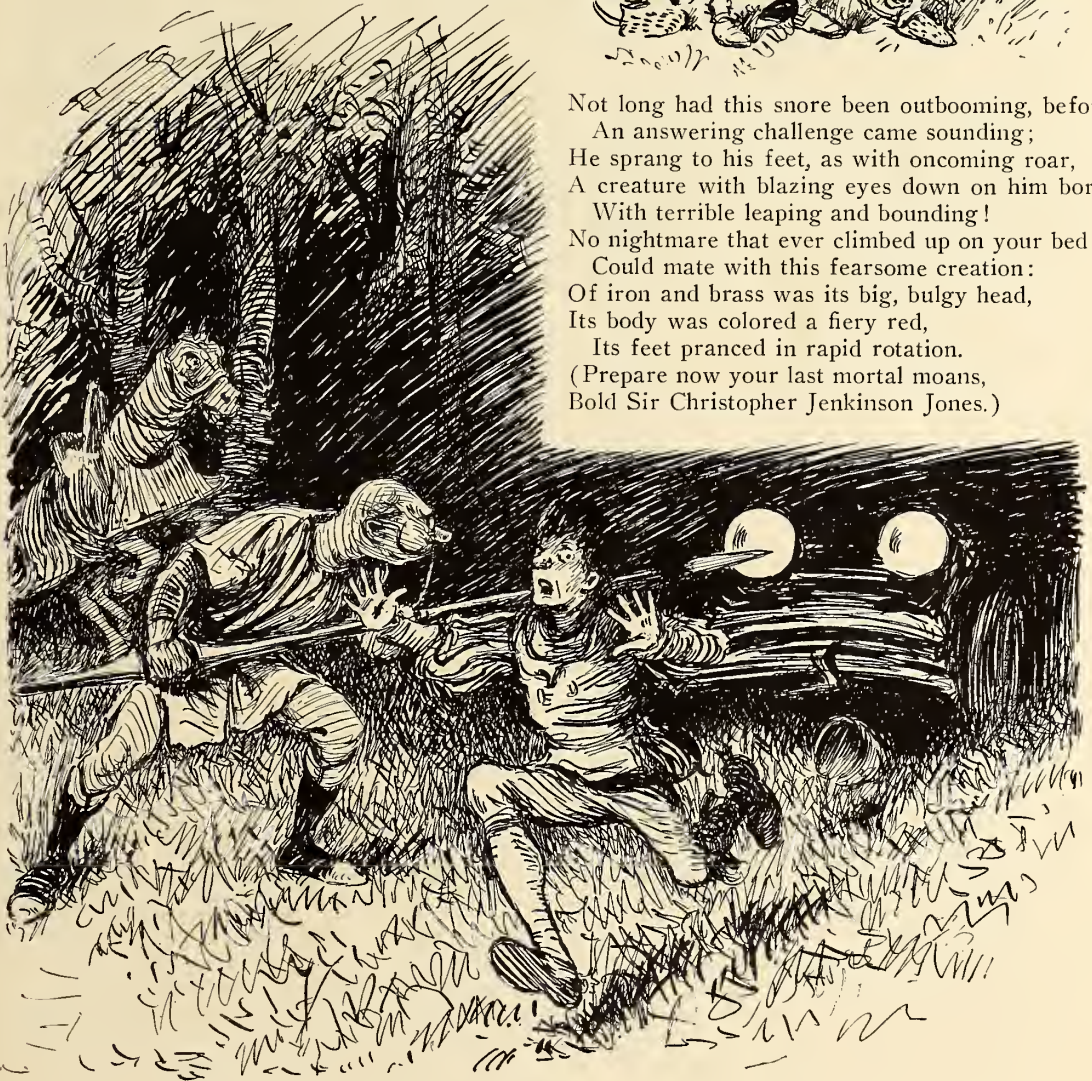
Not long had this snore been outbooming, before
An answering challenge came sounding;
He sprang to his feet, as with oncoming roar,
A creature with blazing eyes down on him bore,
With terrible leaping and bounding!

No nightmare that ever climbed up on your bed

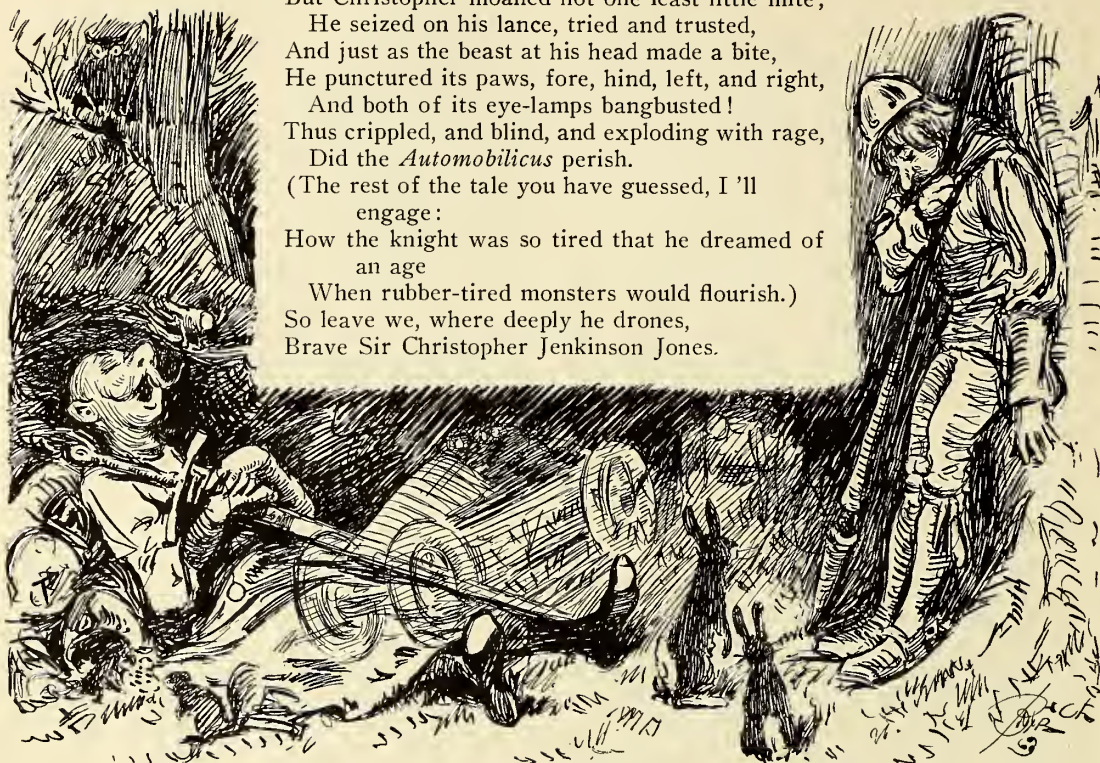
Could mate with this fearsome creation:
Of iron and brass was its big, bulgy head,
Its body was colored a fiery red,

Its feet pranced in rapid rotation.

(Prepare now your last mortal moans,
Bold Sir Christopher Jenkinson Jones.)



But Christopher moaned not one least little mite;
 He seized on his lance, tried and trusted,
 And just as the beast at his head made a bite,
 He punctured its paws, fore, hind, left, and right,
 And both of its eye-lamps bangbusted!
 Thus crippled, and blind, and exploding with rage,
 Did the *Automobilicus* perish.
 (The rest of the tale you have guessed, I 'll
 engage:
 How the knight was so tired that he dreamed of
 an age
 When rubber-tired monsters would flourish.)
 So leave we, where deeply he drones,
 Brave Sir Christopher Jenkinson Jones.



LOOKING AT THE STARS

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER

RALPH WALDO EMERSON said in one of his wise essays, "Hitch your wagon to a star"; by which he meant that sometimes the only way to make a thing go is to tie it on to something above it. "Hitching our wagon to a star," means that our lives often run slowly or come to a dead stop, unless we find something above us to lift them upward. It is this that we need when we feel discouraged.

In olden days, the study of the stars was very common, and for a long time they were the only lights that people had at night. But to-day we have so many other lights after dark, that the poor stars are neglected and forgotten.

What I want to do in our talk together is to see if we are not mistaken in our heedlessness about the stars. As important as the North Star

is to sailors are some of those which I have now in mind.

One of the first stars is ambition. "Oh," some one will say, "if a boy is ambitious, he may want to get ahead in school or athletics by some wrong means." Certainly, that is true. But in that case his ambition is not a star. A real ambition never guides us slantwise, or crooked, but straight ahead. It will not let us win our way unless we win it fairly. One of the saddest things to say about a person is, "He has lost his ambition." That means that his sky is dark, his head is down, and he does not see the stars above him.

I cannot now stop to name all the noble ambitions that we may have. Yet for each of us there ought to be some one ambition greater than all the others, so that we can use it as the sailor

uses the North Star. He may see all the stars, but only one guides him. If we let one splendid ambition take hold of us, it will direct us. An ambition does not mean merely getting ahead of some one else. It means that we seek to do one thing and to do it well. Then we learn its secrets. It opens out to us not only its own heart, but the heart of the whole world.

Put in your sky this star of ambition. It will always tell you that there is something for you to do and to be.

Another star is purpose. This is not the same as ambition, but it is a strong star. I may have an ambition without having purpose. I may want to learn a great deal, but forget to ask what I hope to do with my knowledge. An ambitious person who has no purpose will find that his one star means very little. If I have purpose, my ambition has another star to keep company with it. I may sometimes see that I cannot fulfil my ambition, but I need never give up my purpose. For instance, I know a man of great ability whose ambition was to be a physician. But his real purpose was to help people. It happened that this friend had great misfortune, and was never able to study medicine. You might say he had to give up his star of ambition. Yes, but he never gave up his purpose to help people. And to-day he does more good than almost any man I know. He finds poor children who need medical care, and he sees that they get it. We can all hitch our wagon to that star of purpose, for it is not out of the reach of any of us. If you have an ambition, be sure you ask what purpose lies behind it.

Now I see another great star. It is hope. "Oh," you say, "young people do not need to hear about hope. They have plenty of it." Well, I wonder if they have? And even if that is so, hope is a very easy thing to lose. It is really a very strange star; but a star, nevertheless. How often we fall back on the phrase, "I hope so." Hope is meant to help us over the present moment of doubt and discouragement. We need it after success just as truly as we need it after defeat. A great victory may rob us of hope just as much as a failure. Hope is a little star that shines in front of ambition and above purpose. Its light comes and goes. When we are very busy, we do not need it so much, but when we sit down to ask just what it is that we are busy about, hope comes out and says, "Here I am; this is the reason you are busy." It would be almost better to give up both ambition and purpose than to give up hope. We have all heard the old saying, "While there 's life, there 's hope."

That does not refer to sick people. It means that any one who is truly alive keeps on hoping. Hope is the everlasting sense that we are coming out somewhere. Hope tells us that our self-improvements, the great world, all the labor of men and women, that all of this has actual value.

Set the star of hope in your sky. Have great hope of yourself and of the people around you. Put hope in your work, in your study, in your present, and in your future.

Now just one more star. And that is—wonder. But what a strange star, wonder! And yet you know when people stop wondering, it will be a still stranger world that we live in. We go to school to learn things, but we go still more to increase our wonder. The great scientist Agassiz could wonder for days over some little stone which I would perhaps just look at and say, "Oh, it 's only a pebble." He knew so much about stones that every common rock was full of wonder for him. The more we know of our life and our world, the more wonderful they are. It is only the wise person who knows how to wonder, and only the ignorant person who gives up wondering. This star of wonder is sometimes called imagination, but the name we give it matters little. Milton had a great capacity for wonder, and Shakspeare; and all the men who have said or done wonderful things. They saw so much in the simple, common things that they refused to call them simple and common. What I mean by this is that the world is very old and dull and uninteresting to some people, not because it is really so, but because they have called it so. They have forgotten to wonder. They have put out one of the brightest stars in their whole sky. Be sure to look for this star. Wonder tells us that this is a very marvelous world to all who will set themselves to learn about it; a wonder-full world is the only right way to describe it. Wonder will give us more than money can ever buy for us. Wordsworth could say,

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

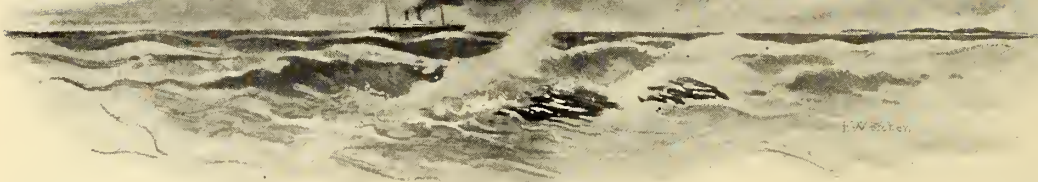
Wonder told him that. It kept any flower from being commonplace.

Now do you see what I mean by looking at the stars? Does n't the wagon get lifted out of the ruts when we hitch it to a star? Don't let the stars go out! Nor let the other lights make you forget them.

Ambition, purpose, hope, wonder! All of these and many others are still shining. Follow the stars!

The Outer Reef.

By Grace E. Craig.



PAULINE and Priscilla Allen stood on the dock and watched the little steamer, crowded with merry excursionists, as it swung about and puffed away across the turquoise waters of the harbor, leaving behind a wake of pink-tinted foam.

"It 's a shame!" Priscilla declared.

"It 's cruel!" Pauline cried, stamping her foot.

Priscilla, her hands deep in the pockets of her white serge jacket, continued to peer from under her drooping Panama hat after the fast receding boat.

"It 's too bad Uncle Billy planned to go fishing on this particular morning," she said.

"Of course that could n't be helped, but it was perfectly absurd of Aunt Elizabeth to say we could n't go on the reef excursion without him. As if we could n't take care of ourselves! What 's the good of being fifteen, I should like to know?"

"Oh, Paul, I should n't have liked going alone."

"Then you 're a goose, Priss Allen!"

Priscilla flushed a little, but she answered, good-naturedly, "Well, there 's no use in staying here. Let 's go back to the hotel. Aunt Elizabeth said we might hire a donkey-cart, and we shall have just time for a drive to the lily fields before luncheon."

"It 's too hot to poke around behind a donkey. I 'm dying to get out on that lovely, purple-blue, greeny-pink water. And I do so long to see the sea-gardens! I don't understand how you can take it so quietly, Prissy. There may not be another day calm enough for the trip while we 're in Bermuda. They said at the hotel this morning that such perfect weather is almost always followed by a bad storm."

"I know, but perhaps it won't come for a day or two. Surely there 's no sign of it yet. Come along now! We 'll have a drive, and you know there is to be a band-concert in the park this afternoon."

Pauline turned reluctantly away from the gleaming harbor and, with a gloomy face, followed her twin across the square. But it is really very difficult to be melancholy on a golden Bermuda morning, with the sky blue overhead, the sea-winds blowing softly, and jolly brown picaninnies peeping at one around every corner. Once in the shady street leading up through the fascinating town of Hamilton, the girls forgot their disappointment. They strolled slowly along, pausing now and then to look into the tempting window of a little shop, or to admire the riotous bloom in a garden. By the time they entered the hotel grounds, they were chattering as gaily as usual. In the winding path, which climbed through luxuriant shrubbery to the great building, they came face to face with a tall, merry-eyed, freckled boy of sixteen, who paused in surprise.

"I thought you two headed for the reef steamer a half an hour ago," he said. "Did n't she go out after all?"

"Yes, she 's gone. We went down to see her start," Priscilla explained. "We wanted dreadfully to go out to the reef, but there was no one to go with us to-day. Aunt Elizabeth hates the water, and before the notice of the excursion was posted in the hotel office, Uncle Billy had promised to go fishing with some friends."

"And we do so want to see the sea-gardens!" Pauline added, her face doleful again.

"Have n't you been there yet?" the boy asked.

"No. Every time the steamer has gone out, something has happened. Don't you remember? Once Aunt Elizabeth had a headache and needed us, and another day Uncle Billy wanted to see a cricket match."

"Oh, yes! I remember now. Hard luck, is n't it?"

"But Uncle Billy has promised faithfully to take us to-morrow," put in Priscilla.

"Every one says there 's a storm coming to-morrow," wailed Pauline.

"Don't you believe it. This fine weather often holds for weeks."

"Oh, Foster Amory! Does it really?"

The lad grinned cheerfully.

"Sure! You can go to-morrow all right. Come on now! I 'll take you for a sail down the bay."

The Amory family, Boston neighbors of the Allens, visited Bermuda each winter, and, because of these annual sojourns, Foster was considered by the twins an authority concerning the islands and the sunny waters about them. On arriving in Hamilton for a month's stay, they had found this old friend, already established there, a great comfort. But for his companionship they might, indeed, have been a bit lonely sometimes, for Professor William Allen was often occupied with his dignified friends, and pretty, delicate Aunt Elizabeth, who had mothered the two girls from their orphaned babyhood, seldom left the hotel except in a comfortable carriage.

Already, on several occasions, the two girls had been passengers in Foster's stanch little sloop, a gift from his father on his last birthday, and christened *The Dream*. They had spent

at the seaside, had learned to swim well and to manage a boat, their elders readily consented to these excursions.

The sloop was always a tempting plaything, but the beautiful Bermuda lilies were just now in their glory, and Priscilla delighted in the acres of snowy blossoms.

"We were planning to drive out to the lily fields," she demurred.

"I 'd rather go sailing," Pauline declared decisively. "You can do as you like, of course, Prissy."

Priscilla yielded, as she usually did in any contest with her more determined twin.

"Oh, I 'd love a sail!" she said gaily. "I 'll run right up and tell Aunt Elizabeth we 're going out with Foster." And she scampered away.

The pair left behind sat down upon the grass to wait.

Foster studied his companion critically.

"You twinlets," he suddenly burst out, "grow to look more alike every day. I could n't tell you from Prissy just now, until I peeked under that big Panama hat and saw your red hair. But you 're not one bit alike, really. Prissy is as placid as Grassy Bay in a calm, while you 're—well, a good



"'THE DREAM' PLUNGED ABOUT, EVERY NOW AND THEN CAREENING DANGEROUSLY." (SEE PAGE 323.)

happy hours floating over the bright, mirror-like surface of Hamilton harbor with, now and then, a swift dash out into the wider reaches of the bay. As all three young people, during summers

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deal like the Gulf Stream between here and New York. I suppose a temper always goes with fiery locks."

"Foster Amory! If you say another word

about red hair and temper, I 'll not go one step in your old boat, so there!"

"Oh, yes, you will!" Foster replied, with equanimity. "It will be great on the water this morning. Here comes the other 'sweet P' now. All aboard!" and he sprang to his feet.

The turquoise harbor at the foot of the street smiled enticingly, and a soft breeze stole up from it, lifting the curls under Pauline's wide hat. She ceased pouting, and quietly followed the others down to the dock.

Once afloat in *The Dream*, her good nature returned, and she joined merrily in the talk of yesterday's cricket match, the picnic to be held later in the week on Saint David's Island, and the lawn-fête soon to be given for the benefit of the hospital.

As the sloop drifted lazily by the Princess Hotel, Foster held up a wet forefinger.

"Wind 's changing," he remarked. "It 's breezing up from the south."

"And that means a storm!" Pauline cried. "I know it does. Oh, dear!"

Foster scanned the heavens intently.

"Guess it does," he admitted; "but it 's a long way off yet."

"I just know it will get here by to-morrow, and then the reef steamer may not go out again while we 're in Hamilton. We 're going home next week." Pauline's face was flushed, and her blue eyes were full of tears. "If I don't see the wonderful sea-gardens, I shall be heartbroken."

Foster meditated.

"Of course," he said, "if there is a storm, the steamer won't go out for several days. It 's always some time after a big blow before the water calms down enough to make a visit to the gardens worth while. I tell you what I 'll do," and his face brightened, "I 'll take you to the reef to-day in *The Dream* if you 'll go. There 's a jolly breeze springing up."

Priscilla's eyes were wide with astonishment.

"But, Foster, have you ever sailed *The Dream* so far?"

"Not quite, but I 've been out past the dockyard often."

"But she seems so little."

"She 's bigger than the pilot-boats. Guess you 're scared, Priss."

"I 'm not," she flashed; but Pauline interrupted.

"You 're a duck to think of it, Foster. Of course we 'll go!" she said.

"But—" Priscilla hesitated, and Pauline again interposed.

"It would be a shame to waste this lovely morning," she insisted. "Don't be a 'spoil-sport,' Prissy."

Foster looked up approvingly.

"You 're a good fellow, Paul!" he said; and Pauline flushed with pleasure.

Priscilla forced back the quick tears. She said no more, and *The Dream* was soon flying before the freshening breeze past Ireland Island and the dockyard, and out toward the jagged coral reef which closes around the Bermudas on every side, leaving only narrow gateways, through which incoming steamers steal cautiously, guided by skilful negro pilots. The smooth, blue-green surface of the bay was beginning to break into rippling waves, tipped with pale pink ruffles.

"The steamer 's coming back," Foster informed his companions.

She swept by their little craft, raising a wash which lifted it high and dropped it again roughly. In her wake trailed the glass-bottomed boats, into which the excursionists were transferred for a view of the sea-gardens. The negro musicians on her deck twanged their banjos merrily; the passengers, leaning over her rail, waved their handkerchiefs. The young people felt a little lonely after she had passed. Between them and Hamilton town stretched several miles of shining water; before them lay the reef, beyond which the Atlantic surf broke noisily, sending up great cataracts of snowy foam.

Foster, with Pauline's assistance, lowered his sails, and the sloop floated upon the quiet water just within the reef.

"Now look down, twinnies!" he said.

The girls hung over the side, entranced. Far down in the clear depths, white, branch-like growths of coral waved back and forth, purple sea-fans and rose-colored sea-anemones grew side by side, and gaily tinted fishes, blue and silver, ruby and gold, flashed to and fro.

"Oh, it 's wonderful!" breathed Priscilla.

"Are n't you glad you came?" and Pauline smiled into her twin's rapt face.

Minutes passed, a half-hour, an hour, and the young occupants of the sloop were only roused when the bright colors of the fairy world beneath them suddenly faded.

Then they raised their eyes to find that black, scudding clouds had rolled across the sun. Crowding up from the southward was a heavy bank of gray.

"Hi!" cried Foster. "See what 's coming!"

"The storm people have been talking about?" Priscilla asked quietly.

"Looks like it. We 'd better be getting back to Hamilton," and he caught up an oar. "I 'll scull out into open water. You girls have the mainsail ready to run up. Unless we hurry, we 'll have a nasty time beating up the bay."

The sky grew darker and the water became dull slate color. All the southern warmth was gone from the air. Pauline and Priscilla shivered in their light jackets.

"Now help me get the sail up, Paul," Foster

swamping, sailing before the wind. Look out!" as another wave came aboard.

The lad stared stupidly.

"Don't lose your head," Priscilla ordered sharply. "Let go that halyard! Paul, come here



"SHE WAS LIFTED UPON THE LONG, HEAVY SURGES OF THE OPEN OCEAN."

shouted above the rising wind. "And you, Prissy, take the wheel and be ready to put her hard over."

The gale increased every moment. *The Dream*, even under a closely reefed sail, plunged about, every now and then careening dangerously. But she seemed to make little headway. At the end of ten minutes, the dim outlines of Spanish Point were as far away as ever. Pauline's face, to which her auburn curls clung dejectedly, was white. When a wave slapped over into her lap, she began to cry wildly.

"We can't keep this up," Foster said at length, turning to Priscilla, who still kept her place at the wheel.

The girl gave him a swift glance.

"I know it," she answered calmly.

A fiercer blast struck the little boat.

"It's getting worse every minute," she added.

"But what shall we do?" Foster looked about helplessly. "If we let her drift, we'll go on the reef."

"We must get her about and run along the north shore," his companion answered with decision. "We sha'n't be in so much danger of

and help me! When I tell you, put the wheel over hard! Now!! Keep it there! Do you hear?"

There was one terrifying instant when the little *Dream* buried her nose in the waves, and came about. She trembled from stem to stern, and her sail flapped madly. Then it filled, and she went skimming in a wide circle back toward the reef. On she raced, as if pursued by demons, and, indeed, all the wildness of a sudden, tropical storm was upon her. The wind howled, and a soaking rain began to fall. Leaving Priscilla to steer, Pauline dropped down, sobbing bitterly.

"The rocks!" cried Foster. "We'll go on them, sure, Priss."

"I—think—I can—keep her—in the—channel," gasped Priscilla, struggling with the wheel. The girl's hat was gone, and her mass of fair hair had escaped from its blue ribbons, and was blowing about her flushed face. Her eyes, dark with excitement, were upon the tossing waves ahead of *The Dream*.

Here and there the gray water showed dusky patches where hidden shoals approached the surface. Once the boat's keel grated upon the tooth of a submerged reef, but only for a moment was

her flight checked. On she sped, always keeping to the tortuous channel between the hungry rocks, and at last a clear passage opened before her, and she was lifted upon the long, heavy surges of the open ocean. On the right lay the northern coast of Bermuda, on the left leagues of angry sea spread away toward the shores of North America.

"Oh, we 'll be drowned! We 'll be drowned!" wailed Pauline; but Priscilla's face had lost its look of keen anxiety.

"I think we 're all right now," she sighed.

"All right! Prissy Allen! What do you mean? Do you like being way out here on the Atlantic in a teeny sail-boat?" And Pauline lifted streaming eyes. "In a storm, too?"

"Don't cry, dear," her twin comforted. "We 're really quite safe. You see, we can lower the sail now, and drift without being in danger of going on the reef."

"But we 'll be carried out to sea!" complained Foster, his lips still pale.

"*The Bermudian* is due to-day, and we 're right in her course. She ought to pick us up soon. Take the wheel, Foster, please. My arms ache."

"You 're a wonder, Priss!" Foster declared fervently, as he sprang to her side.

However, it was several long hours before the drenched and exhausted young people descried, in the north, a small object, showing black against the gray of sky and sea. The black dot grew gradually larger, until it resolved itself into a great, looming hull, topped by two huge smokestacks. Darkness was now falling fast, and Pauline began to shed tears afresh.

"Oh, they 'll never see us! They 'll pass us!" she wept.

Foster had collected his scattered senses, and was watching the ship closely.

"She won't pass us," he assured Pauline. "She 's on the lookout for her pilot. There 's her search-light now."

Upon the pale young faces the light glared for a moment and then faded, but *The Bermudian* came steadily on, looking, as she drew nearer, like a brightly illuminated castle afloat upon the stormy ocean. Again the search-light flared out. Foster stood up and waved an oar, and, an instant later, the ship changed her course and bore straight down upon the sloop.

"They see us!" cried Pauline.

"They see us! Hurrah!" echoed Foster.

Priscilla was sobbing softly.

It was not long before the big steamer was slowing down within hailing distance, and her crew lost no time in rescuing the occupants of the small boat from their cramped quarters. Sturdy

sailors, directed by the captain himself, bore the three young mariners up the swaying rope ladder to the deck of the liner, whence they were hurried down to warm state-rooms, given hot drinks, and tucked snugly into comfortable berths.

"The pilot-boat has taken your boat in tow," a sympathetic stewardess informed the twins. "And the captain 's sent a wireless to Hamilton to tell your people you 're safe."

WHEN *The Bermudian* docked at Hamilton at seven o'clock, it was still storming wildly. All night the wind shrieked and screamed, and the Bermudas were swept by rain and the salt spume of the sea; but, with the coming of day, the sun shone out brilliantly, and the fairy islands of the Atlantic were more enchanting than ever.

"Your aunt was late in falling asleep after her day of anxiety," Professor Allen said, as he joined his nieces on the hotel veranda after breakfast. "I think she will rest until luncheon-time. What do you say to a drive this morning, children? You too, Foster," he added, as that youth hesitated awkwardly beside them.

The quartet were soon in a carriage, rolling by Victoria Park, where the grass was like velvet and the foliage of palms and oleanders vividly green, through sleepy Cedar Avenue, and out upon the smooth north-shore road. On one side were gardens, ablaze with gorgeous flowers, on the other the sea smiled and dimpled in the sunlight, shading from pale green near the shore to deep purple where, far out toward the horizon, the reef showed its cruel teeth.

Pauline, gazing upon that distant black line of rock, shivered, and slipped her little hand into her uncle's big, comforting one.

"Oh, it 's so beautiful to be alive!" she said. "And just think of—yesterday! You know it was all my fault, Uncle Billy, going to the reef, and getting almost drowned, and everything! I was selfish and horrid, and urged the others on."

"Oh, no!" cried Foster. "It was n't your fault at all, Pauline! It was mine. Father says I should have known better than to venture so far in *The Dream* with a southeast gale rising. He says I was *criminally* careless, and don't deserve to own a boat. Of course he 's right, and I know you 'll never trust the twins with me again, Professor Allen."

"I certainly credited you with more discretion, my lad," Uncle Billy replied; but the manly confession had pleased him, and the eyes which he turned upon Foster's honest, freckled countenance were kindly. "However, I am sure you will not err in the same way again."

"You can just bet I won't!" Foster declared

sincerely, if inelegantly, with a grateful glance into Professor Allen's face.

Priscilla sat up straight. Her eyes were bright. "I was just as much to blame as any one," she announced.

"Why, Prissy! You did n't want to go at all,

should have seen her steer *The Dream* around that reef. She was splendid!"

"I 'm sure of it, and I 'm very proud of her," said Uncle Billy. "But Prissy means, and she is right, that a higher courage is required to meet ridicule than to face stormy winds and waves."



"UPON THE PALE YOUNG FACES THE LIGHT GLARED FOR A MOMENT."

You only consented because Foster said you were afraid and I called you a spoil-sport."

Pauline was staring at her twin in amazement. And Priscilla went on:

"That 's just it! I need n't have gone because of that. I was a coward!"

"A coward!" Foster exploded. "Why, Priss, if you were n't the bravest girl in the world, we—we should n't be here now. Professor Allen, you

"Dear Uncle Billy," she whispered, "I 'm never again going to mind being laughed at."

"And I," Pauline said earnestly, "mean to learn to give up to others. I 've been hateful!"

"It 's a fine thing," their uncle commented, looking out across the brightly tinted waters, "to find the dangerous reefs in one's character. If they are once charted, it is far easier to keep clear of them, you know."

Fine Feathers

by *Carolyn Wells*



MISS VIOLA GWENDOLYN GLADYS
VON SCHATZ

Had boxes and boxes of beautiful hats,
Trimmed with ribbons, and laces, and
buckles, and feathers,

For all sorts of places, and all sorts of weathers.
There were jet hats, and lace hats, and velvets,
and straws.

There were hats made of beaver, and hats made
of gauze;

There were sailors, and beehives, and turbans,
and toques,

There were gipsies, and Gainsboroughs, mush-
rooms, and pokes,

With feathers upstanding, and feathers hung
down,

With flowers on the brim, and with flowers on the
crown.

Yet, what do you think? Miss Von Schatz would
declare,

In petulant tones, she had no hat to wear!

She tried on a blue one, then tossed it aside,

Exclaiming, "That brim is six inches too wide!"

Then an emerald green she decided to try,
But threw it off, pouting, "That crown is too
high!"

The brown was too dark, and the pink was too
light;

The purple too dull, and the scarlet too bright.
The white one had no style at all, she declared;
And the black cavalier had its brim too much
flared.

She tried on a lovely "crushed strawberry" straw,
But flung it off hastily, crying, "Oh, pshaw!
Those trimmings don't suit me! Those shapes
are not right!

I won't wear a hat that just makes me a fright!"
She tossed the hats angrily up on a shelf;—
But *I* think the faults were all due to herself.
Her hats *were* becoming, both narrow and shady,
But her temper was quite unbecoming a lady.
The hats fitted finely, both large ones and small;
But her comment on them was not fitting at all.
And to judge by the unpleasant things that she
said,

The trouble was inside, not outside, her head.



THE CONDUCTOR OF THE CONDUCTOR

OR, THE PLACE WHERE THINGS WENT
THAT ANNOYED HER

BY ELIZABETH C. WEBB

ONCE there was a conductor whose conduct was perfectly frightful. He never stopped the car to let people on, and he never stopped the car to let

Now the motorman would have liked to stop, but he was afraid of the conductor. So he just turned his head the other way, and pretended that he did n't see. Then the old woman waved her umbrella at the conductor, and he did n't even pretend not to see. At this the old woman got very angry, and pronounced some strange, weird, wild words. And immediately there was a bang! And the conductor disappeared.

And all the people in the car said, "Ouf-f!" and stretched themselves out and wondered where the conductor went, and hoped he was n't coming back. And the biggest man in the car said he'd be conductor for the rest of the trip, and everybody was pleased.

Everybody was pleased, that is, except just one small boy. His name was William Augustus, and he had been riding in the car at the time of the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the conductor. And when he heard the conductor disappear, he was filled with consternation, confusion, indignation, and seventeen other emotions, which at once crystallized into a purpose; and when the purpose was set, he asked the biggest man in the car to please let him off, and ran back to where the old woman had been standing.

She was still there, on the corner, and still raging round and shaking her umbrella in a fearful, frightful temper. But, nothing daunted, William Augustus strode up and took off his cap politely.

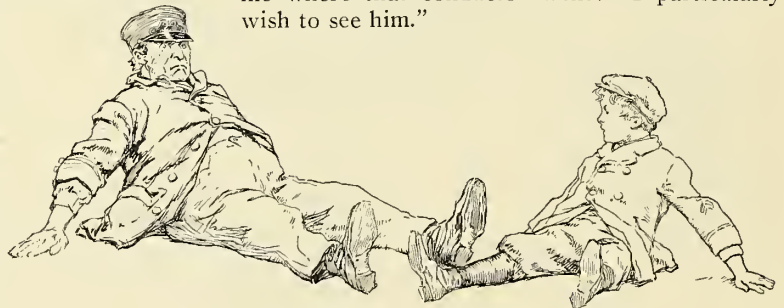
"Good morning, madam," said he, "can you tell me where that conductor went? I particularly wish to see him."



"WILLIAM AUGUSTUS HEARD A BANG, AND FELT HIMSELF DISAPPEAR!"

people get off; he was the crossdest, crabbedest, ill-temperedest conductor there ever was. The company that he worked for was not fond of him, and the company that rode in the car was not fond of him, and he was n't fond of himself, so he kept on getting crosser and crosser every day. Consequently, everybody heaved a sigh of relief when, one morning, he disappeared right off the back platform of the car. The car was going at full speed, too, and he had n't been spilled overboard either.

It was like this: the car was tearing down the street, and the motorman was clanging his bell to make all the grocery wagons get off the track, because the conductor would never allow him to slow down, when he saw, standing on the street corner, an old woman with a steeple-crown hat, and a queer old-fashioned dress, and a big basket, and a big green umbrella, which she waved at him as a signal to stop.



"THE FIRST THING HE SAW WAS THE CONDUCTOR."

At the word "conductor" the old woman turned around suddenly in the most fearful, frightful temper you can imagine, and she shook her umbrella at William Augustus, and cried: "Don't



"THE WITCH'S BLACK CAT CAME FLYING THROUGH THE AIR."

you dare to talk to me about that conductor!" And then she said more strange, weird, wild words, and William Augustus heard a bang, and felt himself disappear! Now, if you've never felt yourself disappear, you don't know what a shock it gives you. Poor William Augustus found himself whisked through the air at a tremendous rate, until he landed somewhere, suddenly. He sat up to get his breath, wondering where he was, and the first thing he saw was the conductor, also sitting up, and looking much astonished.

"Hello!" said William Augustus. "I wanted to ask you—"

But at that, the conductor jumped to his feet and began raging around.

"Don't you talk about asking me things after the shock I've had this morning!" he cried in such a ferocious tone that William Augustus thought it would be wiser to wait until he was in a milder mood.

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"Let's walk around and see where we are," he said, in a soothing manner. "What a strange place this is! And what a queer collection of things there are around. Why, there's a rocking-chair, and a rug that's turned up at the end, and a footstool lying on its back, and here's an umbrella"—picking it up—"but it does n't open very easily. And there's a door, just standing up by itself. Let's go and see where it leads." So they walked to the door, but when they tried to open it, they found that it stuck, and they had to pull hard. And when it finally did fly open, there was nothing but the same collection of odds and ends on the other side.

"Well, this is a strange place!" said William Augustus to the conductor. "Where do you suppose we are?"



"THAT'S JUST WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL THE THINGS UP HERE," EXPLAINED THE LITTLE GIRL." (SEE PAGE 330.)

But before the conductor had time to suppose, there was a bang, and the witch's black cat came flying through the air and landed on its feet be-

side them. William Augustus and the conductor were much surprised, but the cat was more surprised than either. Its tail was erect and bristling, and its eyes were like two moons.

"Well, well!" said the conductor, "I wonder what will arrive next?"

"That 's just what happened to all the things up here," explained the little girl; "that rug was turned up, and she tripped over it. That door was stuck, and she could n't open it. She stumbled over that stool, and lost her temper because that umbrella would n't go up. Things keep arriv- ing all the time, and since I 've been here, I 've lived mostly on burned porridge that she gets annoyed with. I never thought she would send her cat here, but perhaps it got in her way when she was cross. She gets annoyed with so many things that pretty soon the place will be just cram full."

At this moment, there came



"WILLIAM AUGUSTUS SEIZED ONE HAND OF THE CONDUCTOR AND ONE HAND OF THE LITTLE GIRL, SO THAT THEY ALL WENT OFF TOGETHER."

He spoke so pleasantly, that William Augustus thought he might venture again to ask his question. "I wanted to ask you—" he began. But just at that moment, there came a patter of footsteps, and around the corner of the door peeped a little girl—a pretty little girl with brown curls, wearing a pink dress and a checked apron.

"Good morning," she said, "I heard you all come."

"Oh, little girl!" said the conductor, "where are we, and how can we get back again?"

The little girl shook her head. "I can tell you where you are," said she, "but I don't know how you can get back again. This is the place where things go that annoy her. She 's a very old and very cross witch, and I used to live with her and do all the housework, until one morning I burned the porridge. Then she said some strange, weird, wild words—"

"Why, that 's just what happened to us!" cried the conductor and William Augustus both together.

a bang louder than any of the bangs they had heard before, and when they turned to see what had arrived, they found before them the witch herself! And she was looking (if possible) crosser than when they saw her last.

"My goodness gracious me!" she said. "I never saw such a cross place as the world! Everybody and everything are as cross as can be! I 'd have sent the whole world up here, but there was n't room. The only thing for me to do is to send all the things that annoy me back to the world, and stay here by myself!"

Then she got up, and said again the strange, weird, wild words, and immediately the rocking-chair went off with a bang, and the footstool went off with a bang, and everything and everybody

went off with bangs, till it sounded like the biggest Fourth of July you ever heard.

Now when William Augustus heard the witch's idea, the first thing he did was to seize one hand of the conductor and one hand of the little girl, who was holding the cat in her other arm, so that they all went off together, and landed together on the sidewalk, just at the corner where the witch had stood.

"Well!" said the conductor, as soon as he had recovered his breath, "I see how uncomfortable it is to have cross people around. I think sometimes in the past I have been a trifle hasty. I feel as if I had, perhaps, been almost irritable with the passengers, and I am resolved that in future I'll stop the car to let them on and off."

"Then," said William Augustus, rejoiced at this softened frame of mind, "may I ask you a question? I went all the way to the place where things go that annoy her to ask you, but you would n't listen to me."

"What is your question, my boy?" said the conductor, cordially.

"It 's only this," said William Augustus, much relieved, "will you please give me a transfer?"

"My dear boy," said the conductor, genially, "take a transfer! Take two transfers!" And he pulled them out of his pocket and offered them to William Augustus.

"Thank you," replied William Augustus, gratefully, "but I only need one."

Now it so happened that, at this moment, one of the directors of the company was going by, and he was so touched by the change in the conductor's manner, that he raised his salary on the spot, so that he was able to buy a little white cottage with green blinds, and to adopt the little girl, who did n't know to whom she belonged, and the witch's black cat as well.

And from that time, he was a changed man, and continued to grow so in the favor of his employers and the public that, when next Christmas came, as a token of their appreciation, they presented him with a conductor's cash-register made of solid gold, or, if it was n't, it looked like it; and so the directors, and the passengers, and the conductor, of course, were perfectly satisfied and contented; and the passengers always smiled sociably at one another whenever the conductor used it to ring up a fare.



FLOSSY'S WAY

BY JOHN E. DOLSEN

OUR little Flossy, through one term of school,
Observed, without a single break, the rule
Forbidding her to whisper.

"Oh," said she,

In speaking of it afterward to me,

"It seemed at first I never could succeed—

A whole long term! It did look hard indeed.

But, when I came to think about it, I
Saw all I had to do was just to try
One minute at a time to keep on guard.
And after that it was n't very hard."

I think that Flossy's reasoning would be,
For all of us, a good philosophy.

BEATRICE OF DENEWOOD

(A sequel to "The Lucky Sixpence")

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

CHAPTER VII

ATOP THE GARDEN WALL

WE went into the barn again after looking about outside, satisfied that both Peg and I had but imagined that we saw some one spying upon us, and Bart sat down to count the notes.

"Two thousand four hundred pounds, I make it," he said finally. "There 's more than enough to buy my commission, and General Washington will be right glad to have it."

"Nay, B-B-Bart," Peggy put in, "y-y-you gave it all to B-B-Bee, you know you d-d-did!"

"Aye, that 's so," Bart admitted, all the joy dropping out of his voice. "You have found your fortune indeed, Bee. 'T is a lucky sixpence you carry"; and he would have given me the money, but I pushed it away from me.

"What manner of maid think you I am, Bart?" I cried indignantly. "Do you expect me to hold you to a word spoken in jest? 'T is yours, of course, and now you will have your commission."

"B-b-but with all that m-m-money, B-Bee," Peg said soberly, "you c-c-could go b-back to England and help your b-b-brothers."

"Aye, if the money were mine!" I answered, "but it belongs to the cause. If Bart wants to pleasure me more than I can say, he will let me have enough to buy Mark Powell's time as a bound boy from his master. That will not be robbing the cause, for it will provide it with a good soldier, I 'm sure."

"'T is well thought of, Bee!" exclaimed Bart, all smiles again; "there 's enough and to spare. Now take it and put it in safety"; and he placed the bundle in my hands.

I folded the notes and wrapped them again in the silvered paper, then, putting all inside the parchment, I stowed the packet in my bodice.

We gathered the quilt together again and hid it with the coffer in the hay, until we could make up our minds how to explain our find to Mrs. Mummer. This done, I went to the house with the intention of putting the money in a safe place, but, as I entered the door, I ran straight into Mrs. Mummer.

"La, child!" she exclaimed at sight of me, "what 's wrong? You look fair mazed!"

"There 's naught wrong," I answered, though I understood well enough that my face was still flushed with excitement, and was in two minds

whether or not to tell her all about it; but, as the secret was not mine alone, I held my tongue.

"Then," said Mrs. Mummer, a little crossly, for she knew, I think, that I was hiding something from her, and liked it not, "then off to the garden with you, and pick me some apricots for preserves. If I send Clarinda, I am like to get naught but mushy fruit, and, beside, I need her to pound the loaf sugar. Pick them carefully, Miss Bee, for the Denewood preserves require the choicest fruits."

I should have liked well to rid myself of the money in my bodice, but that would have made necessary some explanation to Mrs. Mummer, who was keen enough to scent a secret; and so, without further talk on the matter, I took up a basket and ran to the garden, intent upon finishing my task as quickly as possible.

The lower garden, or the "Old Garden," as we sometimes called it, because it was planted years and years ago, was set upon the crest of the far hillside, so that it was warm and sunny at all seasons. High brick walls had been built about it in the English fashion, and on these were trained our choicest grapes and wall-fruit. In the beds grew Mrs. Mummer's stock of simples; lavender, dill, rosemary, sage, spearmint, and peppermint all flourished there beside the fragrant stocks and wallflowers. It was a most lovely place. The scent of it brought back to me, as nothing else in America did, my old home across the sea, and my thoughts strayed to Granny and my two brothers.

A ladder stood against the wall beside the apricot-tree, and I mounted it, only half thinking of what I was doing, being lost in a dream of days gone by. Half-way up, I stopped to eat an apricot, so tempting and luscious did it look, and as I took my first bite, I heard the door in the far wall open and shut, quietly. I did not turn at once, thinking it was one of the gardeners, or perhaps Bart, but, hearing no further movement, an uneasy feeling came over me, and I looked to see who had come in.

Had I not had my teeth in the apricot, I should have cried out as I recognized the tall, lank form of Schmuck, with his son beside him, coming toward me in a half-crouching attitude, as though they stalked game. 'T was certain the Magus had been watching us since we left him in the woods, and his was the hand I had seen on the barn door! Doubtless he knew I had the money.

I was alone, so far from the house that calling for help would be useless, and quite at the mercy of a man who surely must be desperate to have followed me like this.

As they crossed the garden, father and son separated, thus cutting off any escape from the opposite sides of the inclosure, and my heart sank as I saw that I was trapped. I did not hide from myself the fact that Schmuck was a dangerous man, who was like to have little compunction as to how he gained his ends.

But, though I was frightened, it had never been my way to stand helpless without making an effort in my own behalf, and so, scarce reasoning why I did it, I scurried up the ladder and stepped on the top of the wall. There I saw I could not well be reached if only I were able to drag the ladder up after me, for the wall was all of twelve feet high. I seized and tugged at it with all my strength. At that, Schmuck, seeing what I was about, gave a low cry, and started on a run toward me, his son following suit; and, though I tugged my hardest, it was plain that I would fail in my attempt; for not only was the ladder heavy, but the awkwardness of my position on the top of the wall gave me but small standing-room for handling so long an object.

I was quite sure that the Magus would reach me ere I succeeded in my task, when, by great good fortune, one of his huge feet caught in a black-currant bush, and he fell flat.

His son stopped to raise him, and was well rated for his pains.

"At her, you fool!" cried the Magus, seeming not to care how much noise he made. "At her, for, if she raise the ladder, how can we reach her?"

At that, the lad came toward me with redoubled speed, but I had been hard at work, dragging the ladder up inch by inch. Just before he reached me, it struck a balance, the lighter end rising high off the ground as he leaped into the air to catch it, like a dog after a bone. A moment later, I swung it around and stood looking down, safe for the time being at least, and not a little excited and proud that I had outwitted them.

The Magus, getting slowly to his feet now that there was no necessity for haste, came toward me rubbing his thin hands together, and smiling up at me with a fine show of graciousness.

"The boy has turned into a young miss," he said, in a winning, obsequious way, which alarmed me more than his frank anger. "I hope you do not think we meant to harm you?"

"Nay, I'm sure of it," I replied, with as much bravado as I could put into my voice.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," he went on, still

rubbing his bony hands together and grinning up at me. "It seemed to me you were somewhat hasty in mounting the wall, as if, perchance, you were afraid."

"Nay, I'm not afraid," I returned promptly, "and the garden makes a fine show from the top of the wall."

"And the ladder atop insures a safe descent," he put in, with a little sneer which he tried to hide.

"And also gives me leave to choose my company," I retorted. "But come," I continued, putting on a bold front, "what are you here for? Out with it, and let's have done with this fooling."

"I come but for my due," he answered civilly enough. "'T is only just that I have a fair share of the treasure we found."

"A fair share!" I cried back at him; "you would have kept all the money, an you had had your way. Had you been less eager for the whole, you might have had a share."

"Nay, 't is not the money I want," he answered sharply. "That you may keep for all of me. Give me the map, and I shall not bother you further."

"The map?" I echoed. "I have no map!"

"Nay, do not tell me a falsehood," he broke in harshly, finding it difficult to keep to his friendly rôle. "'T was with the package, and *that* I saw in your hands. Moreover, you still have it, for I have been watching you every minute. Come, give it up, and you will see the last of me."

"You are altogether mistaken," I told him. "There was naught in the package save the money, and that you shall not have."

"I tell you I don't want the money!" he fairly screamed, losing all control of himself in a second. "Keep the money, but the map I'll have if I'm forced to drag it away from you."

He had thrown off all pretense now, and, as he ended, he leaped up in an effort to scale the wall, but he could not grasp the top, and dropped back, fuming.

"Stay you here," he shouted at his son, "and see that she does not escape! I'm going outside."

He started off to the gate, but 't was plain he knew not the lay of the land, for outside of the garden wall the ground fell away sharply, and there was near twenty feet fall below me. Otherwise I might have dropped down and so away to safety before either man could catch me.

The Magus needed but a glance outside to show him the uselessness of coming at me from there, and he pushed through the gate again so furiously that, feeling safe enough, I was ready to

smile. But my elation was only momentary, for the man had stopped at the gate and was regarding it intently.

At once I saw what was in his mind. Here was a possible means of gaining the top of the wall. The door had a strong latch and stout cross-bars, and was a good enough stairway for an active man.

The Magus wasted no time, but ordered his son to climb while he stood watch on me. The boy demurred, but his father, furious by now at the difficulties he was encountering when he thought all would be swift and easy, cuffed him over the head, and the lad ran off, whimpering, to do as he was bidden.

Now, indeed, was my position perilous, and I looked about me rather hopelessly for a chance to escape. The Magus, noting my dismay, called out to me.

"Give me the map, young miss, and you 'll see the last of us I tell you!"

"But I *have* no map!" I made answer, stamping my foot with impatience and vexation.

Again the Magus broke out into a furious rage, vowing to have what he searched for, come what might, and threatening me with all sorts of bodily hurts. The man was fairly beside himself, and his anger was so high that I knew his threats were not idle ones, and if I fell into his clutches, I was likely to suffer.

As I looked about me for a means of escape, I realized that there was none, and that my only salvation was to keep the lad from gaining the wall. This I prepared to do at any cost, and, picking up my basket, I hurried along the broad coping.

It was impossible for me to prevent the boy from reaching the top of the gate, but while my strength held out, I was determined to keep him off when he tried to swing to the wall. Once above him, I knelt, to make my position the more secure, and arranged my only weapons, the basket and two apricots, where I could reach them easily.

The Magus had followed my course, and now all three of us were at the gate.

"Up with you!" he cried to his son, who had been making but ineffectual efforts to mount, and, indeed, showed plainly that he liked not the business. "Up with you, while I hold the gate!"

There was a menace in the man's voice that nerved me to do my best.

I waited breathlessly while his son climbed slowly up, and, as his head topped the gate, I let fly one of my apricots with all the strength I possessed, and was lucky enough to hit him squarely in the eye.

"'T was over-ripe for preserves," I cried, laughing a little hysterically, as I saw the boy with a wry face loosen his hold and drop to the ground.

But he received scant consideration from his father.

"Why have you let go?" shrieked Schmuck. "Up with you again! Art afraid of a hussy on a wall?"

"Go up yourself," the lad muttered sulkily, wiping his face free of the apricot pulp. "Perchance you 'd like an eye shut with soft fruit. I doubt not she 'll knock me in the head next time."

"Aye!" I called down to him, and assuming a courage I was far from feeling; "come up and have it over with!"

"Nay, I 'll not come!" cried the lad.

"And I 'll lay my stick about your shoulders an you stay here!" shouted his father. "Which think you, dolt, can strike the shrewder blow?"

Truly I found it in my heart at that moment to be sorry for the lad, who, though he would have left me in peace, was forced to be my enemy.

Up he started again, the Magus giving him a boost, and I threw my last apricot—and missed! I could not bring myself to hit his bare hand, though, as I hesitated, he reached out and tried to seize me. I drew back hastily, and at the same moment, the Magus swung the gate in to the wall, and his son, with a hitch upward, brought his head and shoulders to a level with me. I jumped to my feet with the intention of retreating along the wall, but, ere I started, I meant to make one last effort; so, picking up the basket, I brought it down over the head of the boy, bonneting him.

With an effort to dodge the descending basket, the lad leaned forward, and, in so doing, lost his balance, and sprawled across the top of the gate, with the basket hanging over his head and his arms striking out wildly into the air like a swimmer's.

At the same moment, there came a shout, and, to my great surprise and relief, I saw Brother John running toward us at top speed, his drawn sword clutched in his hand.

But I was not the only one who saw him. The Magus, too, had looked about him, and, with the snarl of a beaten dog, he whipped through the gate and ran across the field to the wood beyond, at an amazingly rapid rate.

The boy, however, still sprawled across the gate when Brother John came up.

"Now what 's the meaning of this?" he cried in a great voice; and, had I not stopped him, would have dealt severely with the lad I doubt not, for he saw that I had been in danger.

"What is the meaning of this?" he repeated; "tell me!" and, reaching up, he grabbed the boy by the leg and pulled him to the ground, none too gently.

"T was the other who was at the bottom of it," I hurried to tell him, for in truth Brother John was much wrought up and in no mood for trifling. "Do not harm him, brother. He would not have hurt me, I am sure."

As if in answer to this, there came a long wailing sort of groan from under the basket, which still stuck to the boy's head, and so funny did it sound, though withal so piteous, that we could not help but laugh; and that put an end to Brother John's fierce anger.

"What does all this mean?" he asked again. "But first come down from that wall before you fall off and mayhap break your neck. How did you get there and—"

"Nay, do not fret about me," I interrupted, "I'll be with you in an instant." Running back to the ladder, I slid it to the ground, and a minute later, I was beside Brother John, who still stood guard over the Magus's son.

"Let us go to the house," I said. "I have a long tale to tell you."

CHAPTER VIII

THE MAGUS AND HIS MAP

A GROAN from under the basket reminded us that there was another matter to decide before I could tell my tale, and Brother John looked down at the Magus's son with a smile. The basket still covered his head, and he lay flat on the ground, giving forth monstrous pitiful sounds of distress.

"Suppose we have a look at him," John proposed. Leaning down, he tugged at the basket, and, after some trouble, removed it, disclosing a thin, red face much swollen from weeping.

Now that I saw the lad in a good light, the resemblance to his father was striking, but he did not have the evil countenance of his elder; moreover, I knew that his part had been forced upon him, so that I was sorry for the boy. As the basket came off his head, he rose to his knees and held up his hands to me.

"Save me, miss; save me!" he begged in most piteous tones. "I am sore afraid."

"He will not harm you," I answered, indicating John, for I thought, of course, the reference was to him.

"T is not the gentleman I mean," he pleaded, "but my father. Save me from my father!"

Both John and I echoed the words in surprise, and the boy hastened to explain.

"My father will half kill me for this day's

work. He grows worse daily, and since the British came, he has stopped at nothing. A year ago, he was honest enough, and, though I sometimes played the spook, in order to excuse his failures when naught was found—as how should there be, considering that he is but an ordinary man—it was not as it was last night, when my father meant to seize the treasure."

"But the wand moved," I broke in. "It bent down to the ground and seemed a thing alive. Is there no virtue in it?"

"Nay," answered the boy, "'t is done with the palms of the hands. T is a trick that dozens know. But 't was innocent enough, and sometimes they really did find water in the places he made the wand point to. But of late he has been mad to find the map he told you of. What 't is about I know not. Some evil men in the British army have urged him on, and he vows he will be rich beyond his wildest dreams an he find that for which he seeks. I pray you save me from him. He is no longer the man he was."

"But what can I do with a lad like you?" exclaimed John, half amused and half perplexed.

"I would go for a soldier," cried the boy, still blubbing; and though I was sorry for him, he looked so absurdly unlike a fighter that I could not help laughing.

"Nay, I am not afraid of bullets!" protested the boy; "'t is only my father and his calling that make me tremble. I could make a soldier—or, if not that, I could be your servant," he added, appealing directly to Brother John.

"What is your name?" asked John, in a more kindly tone than he had yet used toward the boy.

"My father christened me Cagliostro," came the hesitating answer; "but, please, sir, 't is such a silly name that I'd liefer be called Bill."

At this there was another laugh, in which the boy joined, in spite of his embarrassment.

"Bill it shall be," agreed Brother John, "so come along with us, and we'll decide what is to be done with you."

We turned the boy over to Mrs. Mummer to be fed, and, after finding Bart, settled ourselves in the great hall to tell Brother John of the night's adventure. T was not without misgivings that I began the tale, and Bart, too, was by no means sure how John would view the matter. We told him all just as it happened, though his face became graver as we proceeded. At last it was out, and we waited for the scolding we felt would come; but, with a shake of his head, Brother John rose to his feet and took a turn or two up and down the room before he spoke. It was plain that he was, indeed, much upset. At first he seemed little interested in the story itself.

"Bart," he began at last, and his voice trembled a little in his earnestness, "this matter is done with, and I am not one to bluster at what might have happened; but, for the future, remember if you have any hair-brained adventures afoot, go elsewhere for help in them. Do you understand, sir, what I mean?"

"Yes, Cousin John," answered Bart, meekly; "but the treasure was worth the finding."

"Nay!" Brother John exclaimed roundly, "all the treasure in the world is not worth the risk of anything happening to Beatrice. Think you there is gold enough in all the earth to replace her? No, sir, she is all I have, and when I think what might have happened to her with that desperate man, Schmuck,—for he is desperate,—I scarce know how to contain myself."

"Oh, Brother John," I said, going up to him and taking his hand, "I'm all right, and—and it was n't all Bart's fault. I wanted to go."

He looked down at me earnestly, and then breathed a deep sigh.

"Well, we will not say anything more about it, but you must promise me, Bee, that you will not go off again on harum-scarum adventures of this sort. I should be fit for nothing if I thought that the minute my back was turned you would be putting your life in danger on some fool's errand. Come now, promise!"

"But, Brother John," I protested, "you see, Washington *does* need money—and am I never to do anything for the cause? Indeed, I feel that sometime you yourself might tell me I could go."

"Nay, I doubt that," he answered; "but, if such a time should come, ask yourself, 'Would Brother John tell me to do this?' and if you can honestly answer, 'He would,' then you may go. But let it be understood once and for all that such permission would not include wild hunts with Bart for pirate treasure along the Wissahickon."

I made the promise he asked, and we shook hands to bind it.

"And now to settle this matter of the two boys," he went on. "Where is Mark Powell? He is a good lad, and I shall take him into my company. I owe him much for his work this night."

"He is hiding in the smoke-house," said Bart; "shall I fetch him in?"

"Aye," answered Brother John, and Bart ran off eagerly.

'T was fine to see the welcome John gave Mark Powell, shaking him by the hand and promising to give him his wish to serve the cause. And Mark, too, was fine, and stood straight and tall before Brother John. I noted that they were much of the same build, and, though the boy was

younger, his face looked older than he was, because of the hard life he had been forced to live. Indeed, he had grown most wonderfully since we first saw him in the Jerseys.

Upon inquiry, we found that he had not eaten since noon of the day before, so off he, too, was sent to Mrs. Mummer, with instructions that he was to be well fed in the shortest possible time.

"And now," said Brother John, "let us get at what may be the most important part of this business. Where is this map that the Magus demanded of Bee?"

"I saw naught of any such thing," I answered, bringing out the package; "but he seemed so certain I had it that perhaps it's here after all."

I laid the notes, still wrapped in the parchment and silvered paper, on the table, and, while Bart and I looked on, Brother John began to search carefully through the bundle.

Nothing showed upon the parchment covering, and then the silvered paper was examined. The underside of this was white, and might have served the purpose, but, though we scrutinized it carefully, no mark was visible upon it.

Next Brother John took up each note in turn, thinking something might have been drawn thereon; but nothing was found.

"The Magus was mistaken," I said, as he laid the last one down.

"Nay, be not so sure of that," answered John, "we have n't yet finished our inspection"; and he began again to take up the bills one by one and hold them to the light.

"Why are you doing that?" asked Bart.

"Because," explained John, "it is sometimes possible to split such notes and conceal a thin bit of paper between the halves before they are pasted down again. I've known of despatches sent that way by spies."

This gave a new interest to the search, but it came to nothing. No scrap of anything that could be described as a chart, naught save the notes themselves and the silvered wrapper, could we discover.

"Was there any other paper?" asked John.

"There was some brown paper and some cord," I answered.

"That's in the barn," said Bart.

"Fetch it," commanded Brother John; but when he had returned with the outside wrapper, we were again disappointed, for there was naught upon it save a spot or two of dirt left by Schmuck's muddy fingers when he took the package from the tea-caddy.

"I think your Magus must have been trying to impress you for some reason or other," was Brother John's final conclusion.



He picked up the notes, stuffing them into the pocket of his coat, and was about to throw the piece of silvered paper into the fireplace, when I stopped him.

"Let me have that, brother," I said. "'T will cut up into fine jewelry for Peg's dolls."

"Aye, so it will," he answered, and handed it to me.

That was the end of the talk about our adventure, and later on I carried the piece of silvered paper up-stairs with me, and put it under a cut-glass bottle on my dressing-table to keep it from being blown away, and there it lay for a time, forgotten.

Brother John took the two boys away to Philadelphia with him that same afternoon,

"Nay, brother," I insisted, "I have no doubt at all that the Magus believed that I had what he sought, and that 't was not the money. He said I might keep that, and I feel sure he would not have taken the risk he did unless it was for something of vast importance. 'T is very mysterious," I ended.

"Nay," laughed Brother John, "there 's no mystery here. Good Bank of England notes are plain enough for all to read. But what is to be done with them?"

"They 're Bee's," answered Bart, so ruefully that we all laughed.

"'T was my plan, brother," I explained, "to pay off Mark Powell's bond and let him go to the war as my substitute, seeing that I cannot go myself. The rest will purchase Bart's commission."

"'T is a good plan," agreed John, "and I will think about it. But in the meantime I will keep the notes, and, if your Magus turns up again, send him to me. I should love to meet him for, say, five minutes. I warrant he would be a more honest Magus thereafter."



"PICKING UP THE BASKET, I BROUGHT IT DOWN OVER THE HEAD OF THE BOY, BONNETING HIM."

and Mark, when he was told of the plan that he was to serve as a substitute for me, regarded the matter much more seriously than I did. To me it was half a joke, but he looked at it otherwise.

"Miss Beatrice," he said earnestly, just before he started out, "you need not fear that your substitute will not do his duty."

McLane, who was with Washington outside New York.

So, with one thing and another, the days passed quickly enough, and I thought no more about the Magus and his mysterious map.

One evening, however, the matter was brought back to me in a startling way. I went up to my



"MARK STOOD STRAIGHT AND TALL BEFORE BROTHER JOHN."

"Nay, I have no fear of that," I answered, giving him my hand, "and, Mark," I added, "I trust you to look after my brother as I would were I there."

"Aye, with my life!" answered Mark, and I knew that he meant it.

"And I'll shine his boots till he can see his face in them," said Bill Schmuck, who was wholly delighted at the decision that he was to go as John's body-servant.

There was no trouble in arranging for Mark's freedom from service, and a day or two later, word came to me from John that my substitute was on his way to join the troop under Captain

room, and, as I opened the door, I gave an exclamation of surprise and dismay. Everything was in the utmost confusion. Littered from end to end were the contents of my presses, drawers, and closets; frocks, shoes, ribbons, and I know not what else were strewn helter-skelter about the chamber. Every pocket was turned inside out; no box was too small to be emptied; even the bed was pulled apart and the mattress drawn half-way off, showing how thorough had been the search. My dressing-table was stripped of its bottles and brushes, and the cover slipped off. Nothing was injured, yet everything was displaced; and I knew not what to make of it.

I called Mrs. Mummer, who came with Clarinda, both of them so dumbfounded that they could not speak for some moments.

"'Deed, Miss Bee," murmured Clarinda, at length, "looks lak you had a big wind in here to you'self!" And that was a true description of what the place looked like.

Mrs. Mummer, more practical, was seeking an explanation.

"There cannot be a thief in this house!" she murmured, half to herself, though, indeed, such a thought was almost impossible.

"Let us see if anything has been taken," I suggested, as we began to put the room in order.

It took a good hour of hard labor, but at length most of the things were in their proper places, and yet nothing was missing.

"'T is passing strange," said Mrs. Mummer. "I cannot understand it."

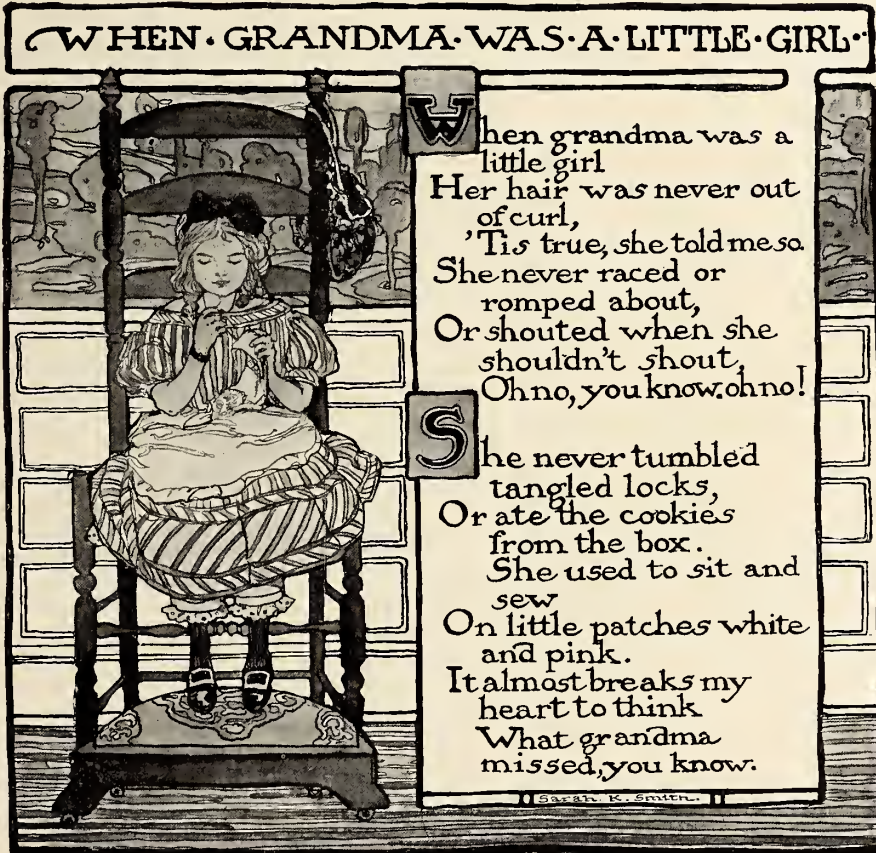
"What 's dat shinin'?" asked Clarinda, pointing to a spot of light that shone on the boards far back under the bed.

"Fetch it out," said Mrs. Mummer, and Clarinda got to her knees and scrambled on the floor.

"'T is piece of silvered paper, ma'am," came the muffled voice from under the bed, and, at that, there popped into my head an explanation of what it all meant.

"The Magus is hunting for his map," I thought to myself; but aloud I said, "Give me the paper, Clarinda"; and when she had done so, I looked at it again carefully, but there was naught upon it, and I replaced it upon the dressing-table.

(To be continued.)





HON. JEAN JULES JUSSERAND,
Ambassador of France to the
United States.

Photograph by Pach Bros.
THE LATE JOHN BIGELOW.

Photograph by Brown Bros.
JAMES MCCREA,
Ex-President of the Pennsylvania
Railroad.

“ THE BOY AND THE MAN ”

CONCLUSION OF THE BRIEF “TALKS WITH BOYS” TAKEN FROM THE SERIES COLLECTED
BY HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG FOR THE GILMAN SCHOOL AT BALTIMORE

(See ST. NICHOLAS for January, page 227)

THE READY MEANS OF HAPPINESS

BY HON. JEAN JULES JUSSERAND

WHEN you leave school and enter life, if you have in any way profited (as I doubt not you have) by the tuition received in your young days, you will be struck by the easy accessibility, to men of good will, of most of the things that make happy lives, and the inanity of many supposed causes of happiness—supposed to be such only because rare and difficult to reach. The really best, those upon which a happy life most depends, were always accessible. They are more so now than ever; or, rather, to these perennial causes of happiness causes of pleasure of the highest order have been added, and placed within the reach of every one who chooses. Those fundamental causes of happiness lie, most of them, in ourselves, and depend, to a very large extent, on our temper, character, our manners, our comparative disinterestedness, and upon that sense of duty which places within reach, at every moment, the keen pleasure of duty fulfilled. All this reacts on our neighbors, and increases our chances of avoiding the sadness of solitude, and of learning what sweetness there is in friendship and in love. No better arms than those, I assure you, with which to fight “bad luck.” Mind you do not start without being well provided with them. In this, again, your school education will prove an immense boon to you. And as for those

pleasures to which I alluded, that add so much flavor to more solid happiness, they are now accessible to all who care for them: pleasures of the mind formerly reserved for the happy few, at the time when manuscripts were rare, libraries private, and instruction a kind of privilege; while now the smallest sum will purchase the masterpieces of the rarest genius, libraries abound, open to all comers, and centers of instruction, more and more accessible, multiply everywhere.

The same is the case with many arts, now more accessible to the multitude than ever before: music, painting, sculpture. To-day, there are public museums in every town, while not one existed in the Middle Ages. Innumerable inventions have multiplied the means of having in the poorest house, if not an original masterpiece, at least a reminder of it—a copy which the owner’s mind will readily endow with the beauty of the real picture or object.

One other thing will strike you deeply as you enter active life; that is the part played by duty in a man’s existence. I must confess that, when a boy, duty seemed to me a most honorable but rather gloomy sort of ideal, the observance of which was obligatory, to be sure, but not exactly exhilarating. Experience shows that it is precisely the reverse: it is not gloomy, it is inspiring; it gives interest and zest to actions, the very repetition of which would cause them to be beyond endurance, but for this consideration of

duty. Duty is the salt of life. And it is so convenient too; such an easy guide; such a solver of difficulties. When you are well convinced of it, most of the difficulties, uncertainties, and doubts in actual life vanish. The infallible oracle is at hand.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS

BY THE LATE HON. JOHN BIGELOW

HERE are a few suggestions which my experience has commended to my favor, and which I hope a careful perusal and some reflection will commend to yours:

Do the most important thing first, then the second most important thing will become the most important, and in turn the first.

To attempt doing more than one thing at a time results often in finishing neither, and oftener in doing neither well. By doing the most important thing first, you will do everything you have to do more to your satisfaction and in less time than if you undertake more at the same time.

You must be very careful to make no mistake about what is the most important thing. That is a mistake school-boys are very prone to make, their inclinations so frequently conflict with their duty.

If you have some trouble in selection, I would suggest that you would think for a few minutes of what your parents have incurred the expense of sending you to school for. Try to answer that question conscientiously, and you will be likely to make a wise selection.

Never allow yourselves to call any of your school-fellows offensive, opprobrious, or disrespectful nicknames.

It will seem to you, perhaps, a right and proper enough thing to do, but it is neither right nor proper for you ever to do. The one to whom you apply such names, however indifferent he may seem, will never forget it nor forgive you for it, though he may never have the sensibility or courage to resent it. It is to be hoped that you all desire the respect of your comrades. To entitle yourselves to it, you must begin by always treating them with respect.

A good example on the benches of a school-room will exert more influence upon the pupils than a cart-load of precepts from the professor's chair.

It is like the ripple projected by a pebble thrown into the harbor of Baltimore, which is not exhausted even when it breaks upon the remotest beach of the ocean on the other side of the world. Every pupil instinctively, if unconsciously, feels respect for, and to some extent imitates, the ex-

amples of his comrades, and, throughout the rest of his life, will spread through the world the quota of that influence which he was so fortunate or unfortunate as to appropriate. Where that influence finally terminates it is as impossible to determine as where the ripple projected by the impact of the pebble in the Baltimore harbor will come to a rest.

Remember that it is what you do for others that makes friends for you; not what they do for you.

When you can give one of your classmates a little timely help in his lessons, it will be more profitable to both of you than the lesson you assisted him with would be likely ever to be. It might open the eyes and heart of your comrade for the first time to the beauty of the doing as you would be done by. That would contribute to make a more desirable companion, a happier man, and a better citizen.

At the colleges, universities, and military and naval academies of your country, it is the practice in their competitive base-ball games for the partizans of the team that makes "a hit," as it is called, to make the welkin ring with their shouts and huzzas.

That always seems to me painfully bad manners, and utterly inconsistent with what purports to be gentlemanly sport. One of the teams is presumably the guest of the other, invited to come, and test and teach their skill, respectively. What can be more rude and ungentlemanly than to hurrah and yell when your team makes a good hit, and to observe utter silence when your guest makes as good a hit? Here is an opportunity for your school to set the more venerable institutions of learning in the country an example in good breeding, and to confer an honorable distinction upon your junior institution.

LESSONS NOT LEARNED OUT OF BOOKS

BY JAMES MC CREA

As a result of my own experience, and the observing of others, I have concluded that the best single piece of educational advice that I can give boys is to cultivate the habit of seeing, and making unconscious mental note of things seen or heard; in other words, to learn to keep your eyes and ears open. To illustrate how this can be done: at the end of a day, a walk, or a ride, try and remember what you have unconsciously observed, no matter how trivial, such as:

The name on a delivery wagon that passed by; a broken rail in a fence; a defect in a sidewalk; the color of a girl's dress; a remark accidentally overheard.

At first you will be surprised how few things you can remember outside of those in which you had an interest. Later on, as your powers of observation develop, you will be astonished at the number of things you have unconsciously noted.

Having acquired the habit of keeping your eyes and ears open, you will naturally (or should do so) drop into making unconscious deductions based on what you have seen and heard, and again unconsciously storing them away in your memory to be drawn upon when sudden demand for such knowledge is made upon you.

Other things being reasonably equal, it is the young man who has a developed faculty for observing and reasoning quickly that is always ready for the place ahead and who pushes past his competitors. This is true in almost every profession or line of life, be it the church, the army, the navy, railroading, medicine, law, manufacturing, or politics.

The lessons must be self-taught, but can be better learned and made more interesting through organization created by yourselves. Properly worked out, say in the form of what students call a "Quiz Class," it can become a good school activity, and one that will pay for the trouble.

I think that if Sir Baden-Powell's reasons for organizing "The Boy Scouts" were traced, it would be shown to be founded on his realization that to make good soldiers the youth of the British Empire must be specially trained to keep their eyes and ears open.

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA

BY REV. ENDICOTT PEABODY

FIRST, I am grateful that I am an American. For nine years I lived in a European country. There I have many intimate friends, and I love their land. But, in an older nation, institutions and customs are fixed. They have been established for years; and it requires time and men of unusual ability to bring about reforms.

With us it is different. We have many faults—serious faults—but when they are pointed out, we are eager to overcome them. And owing to this willingness to see things as they are, and, when we find them wrong, to remedy them, there is a better chance for the life of an ordinary man to tell in America than anywhere else.

And, second, I am glad that I have been born at this time.

It is a perplexing and at the same time a most interesting epoch.

And the reason is that we are entering upon a new era. Until to-day, we have been living un-

der the system of feudalism of the Middle Ages. The well-to-do man was a lord; the laborer was the lord's man. He owed his lord allegiance; he was subject to him. That system, imported from Europe, continued in a modified form in this country, even after we had become an independent nation and a republic. We have never yet been really democratic. Feudalism has lingered. The less fortunate members of the community—those who have been obliged to work with their hands or to serve the well-to-do—have been in a sense subservient. They have been obliged to please those in authority over them, because they were dependent upon them for a livelihood.

Now this is all being overturned. The laboring people have come to realize that they possess as much power as any class in the community. And these coming years are going to see a readjustment of relations.

There are those who compare these times to those preceding the French Revolution of 1789. But they are different; for then the people were utterly downtrodden, and it seemed to them that only by bloodshed could they get their rights. With us the change, which is likely to amount to a revolution in its result, can be effected peacefully, if the different members of the community try to understand each other, and to work together along religious and scientific lines.

For this purpose, there must be raised up a race of men who shall have in their hearts love of country, faith in their fellow-men, and insight into the working of great economic principles.

The call is for leaders, and every man can be a leader; but the leadership must be of the kind such as Christ defined: "Whosoever would be great among you, let him be your servant."

A readiness to serve and a desire to learn! If a boy has these qualities, and develops them, there are splendid possibilities before him. For the world is expecting a new and great development of human life on a much higher level, and, if we will, this nation can help in bringing it to pass, and those who are boys to-day can lead the march.

On to the bounds of the wastes,
On to the city of God!

THE CHALLENGE OF LIFE

BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

IT has been said that, on very quiet nights, the challenge of an English sentry, flung out to sea by the rock on which Gibraltar stands, can be heard across the Mediterranean on the coast of Africa.

The challenges of life, which meet a man at

every turn of the road, are not the less peremptory because they are unspoken. The man himself does not hear them, and often does not know that he has answered and passed on. Many young men, who are making themselves comfortable instead of making themselves ready, deceive themselves with the idea that when the opportunity comes they will get ready for it. The trouble is that the opportunity comes when they do not expect it, and is gone before they know that it has come. The challenge has been spoken, but they have not heard it. Opportunity always meets those who are ready for it, because readiness creates opportunity. Men who count do not wait for opportunity—they make it. If the wind is against them, they handle the boat differently, but they sail in the teeth of the wind as readily as they sail before it, and often get more fun matching their skill against an unfriendly breeze than in making speed without effort. But a man must know his boat to manage it well in bad weather.

At any turn in the road, life stands and halts a man with its ringing challenge, "Are you ready?" If a man can answer with a quick "Ready!" he is free of the road, and can go swiftly on until he is met with another challenge.

When is a man ready? Many people think he is ready when he is willing. Now, willingness is the right attitude for a man to take when he finds himself in the presence of opportunity; but one must be able to do something more than stand at attention—he must know how to do the work before him. A thousand men may be willing, but only fifty may be ready. To be ready one must be competent to use the tools, to shape the materials put in his hand. Good work is never done

by men who have not prepared for it; greatness of achievement is never a matter of chance.

One quiet summer afternoon a steerage passenger jumped into the sea from the deck of an ocean steamer. The ship was instantly put on a great circle, and the men sprang to the rail to be ready to lower the boats. There was a German gentleman standing beside me on the upper deck, watching the swing of the steamer. Suddenly we saw the head of the drowning passenger at a little distance. The man beside me instantly loosened his shoes, threw off his hat and coat, sprang to the rail, made a beautiful dive into the sea, struck out for the struggling man; a boat shot to their rescue from the ship's side, and both were soon on deck. It was the swift deed of a hero, but it would have been impossible if he had not been an expert swimmer. Many men on the "liner" were willing; he was ready.

The men who find life interesting and make it worth while for others are the men who are always in some kind of school, for the school is the place in which we get ready. And business men are looking for college-bred men to-day, because they have found out that men who really go through college, and do not merely spend four years in a college town, are ready.

There is nothing more disappointing than to be chased through vacation by work that ought to have been done in term time. This means that when the challenge comes on the first day of vacation, "Are you ready?" you cannot answer, "Ready!" The unready man not only misses the opportunity of life, but misses the fun also. For the secret of real fun, with no string tied to it, is to have your work all behind you.



Photograph by Notman Co.

REV. ENDICOTT PEABODY,
Headmaster of Groton School.

Photograph by Rockwood.

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE,
Associate Editor of "The Outlook."



TED, NED, AND THE SLED

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON

A LITTLE boy called Ted
Had a jolly little Sled,
And another little boy named Ned had none.
Said merry little Ted:
"That is n't fair to Ned—
But I think I see a way to have some fun.

"For I will just divide;
And every other slide
I'll make him take—and I'll have those between."
So that 's the way they did,
And slid, and *slid*, and *SLID*,
The gayest pair of coasters ever seen.

While one flew down the hill,
The other, with a will,
Would shout, "Hurrah!" as if he 'd never stop;
Then, when he started back,
Would scamper down the track,
To help him draw the Sled up to the top.

So neither got a ehil
From standing stiff and still,
Nor wasted half a minute, as you see;
And I have heard it said
That Ted, Ned, and the Sled
Had better times than any other three!



THE FIRST INVENTIONS

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

It is well known that many of the great inventions of man find their counterpart in nature, and while he may not have stolen his patents direct from the great living world about us, he must have been influenced more or less by observations of these natural objects. Some of the most common things in use to-day have an obscure origin, and their history shows that they must have developed slowly rather than sprung suddenly upon the world.

Hinges, for instance, are so old that the basic patent of them could never have been filed in any patent office. The first perfect hinge was probably that of the oyster. The thorny oyster of the Pacific coast has its two shells joined together by a hinge as good as any found in any hardware shop of the country. There are other hinges found in nature, but that of the oyster reaches the highest perfection. We have made little advance upon this device in all of our years of patenting and inventing.

The lobster's claw is said to be the original gas-fitter's pincers. There are many other pincer-carrying animals, especially the scorpions, and among these we can find nearly as great a variety as in the hardware shop. Shears and scissors are very similar in operation to the pincers, and we find a number of creatures carrying such tools. The earwigs, for instance, carry a pair of forceps as skilfully constructed as any a dentist uses. The power of the big pincers of a crab's or lobster's claw is well known, and some of the modern instruments used for gas-fitting are based on principles of construction somewhat similar.

The first pump ever invented was the heart of a man or animal, and it is to-day one of the most perfect pumps in use. The heart as a pump is decidedly up-to-date, and engineers unanimously agree that its principles of construction for the highest efficiency are correct, and that it is not surpassed by any pump invented by man. It is not only a powerful force-pump of incredible efficiency, but it is self-repairing and self-renovating. While the mechanism is in action, it cleanses and purifies itself. For its size and work, it is the greatest pump of the age.

The principle of the ball-and-socket joint is used as the basis of many of our tools of to-day, but the first invention of this kind was that of a shoulder or leg or spine of some animal. The snakes, for instance, have long chains of balls and sockets working in perfect harmony, so that

their bodies have the most wonderful flexibility of any living thing. Most of the legs of animals and insects are fitted with ball-and-socket joints, giving them great powers of flexible movement.

Long before the electric light was invented, Nature had her own invention on the market. She anticipated the ages by a good many thousands of years. She invented the perfect storage battery and the light without heat—the ideal of the modern illuminating engineer.

The electric eel and torpedo ray carry around with them batteries that can be charged with sufficient electricity to kill or render unconscious their enemies. The electrical plates of the torpedo ray often number as many as half a million, and these are arranged like the metallic portions of a voltaic pile. The plates are separated from each other by very thin, delicate membranes. The electric organs of the eel are even larger than those of the torpedo ray, and it can deliver a shock that will cause suffering to man or fish.

The lantern-fly of tropical America is the original "electric lamp," which gives a bright light without heat. Even our common fireflies may be studied with profit in showing how Nature anticipated man's efforts to illuminate the night with his lamps and torches.

We have all sorts of boxes in use to-day, and some of these are of clever design and workmanship; but Nature invented the first box, and also one of the most perfect. The stout shell or box in which she packs her Brazil-nuts beats any of the Chinese puzzles. The nuts are packed in this box, and when removed by man, it is impossible to restore them to their original place. There seems insufficient room for them in the stout shell, and it is a puzzle that has not yet been solved, how to get the nuts back again.

But even more wonderful is the shell of the tortoise, which is so marvelously adapted to the living creature within, that it is called the box of boxes. It is perfect in construction, and when the tortoise is inside, it fills every bit of space.

In recent years, a good deal of work has been given to the construction of boxes or other round things that would not roll off the edge of a flat surface. Now the egg of the hen is notorious for its tendency to roll off a shelf and break. We have to-day all sorts of round things so ingeniously constructed that they cannot roll off. They simply roll round and round in the same spot, and therefore they are perfectly safe, laid

anywhere on a flat shelf or table. But Nature knew all about that trick years ago. She built the egg of a sea-bird called the murre on this principle. Place one of these eggs on the edge of a table, and it will not roll off. If disturbed, it simply rolls round and round in nearly the same spot. Nature evidently designed the eggs of the murre in this way because the bird had a habit of laying them on shelving rocks where a slight wind might easily blow them off. It was a protective precaution that saved the birds many unpleasant tragedies.

The first bottle ever invented was the gourd. Among the gourds we find several of the different-shaped bottles invented by man. We may have taken the gourd as a guide for these, and made water-bottles accordingly.

The first spinning-machine was that of the moth, whose caterpillar spins the cocoon. We have perfected the spinning-machine only after years of effort and study, and we have succeeded in producing wonderful fabrics from these machines, but, after all, none of them excels in beauty and delicacy the work of the earliest spinner. The silent spinner of the cocoons is equaled only by the spider spinning his thread. We have tried to equal the spider's thread in size and delicacy, but so far have failed. The silkworm is another spinner whose work was begun long before man ever invented his spinning-machines.

The first seamstress was the tailor-bird, which stitches the leaves of her nests together so neatly that one is surprised. The primitive Eskimos and Kafirs bored holes in pieces of hide, and then pushed the thread through. This was the primitive method of sewing among the savages. But long before the needle was invented by man, the tailor-bird was busy sewing the leaves together in a manner that excites our admiration to-day. The bird did not invent the modern needle, but it did do far better sewing than primitive man, and if he had been more observing, he might have improved greatly upon his art.

The first hypodermic syringe ever invented was given by Nature to the mosquito. It is provided with saws and lances to puncture the skin, and then a tube through which the insect sucks the blood of its victim. The poisonous serpents carry about an even more perfect hypodermic syringe. It is the poisonous fang, which is hollow, and through which the poison is injected when the point of the sharp tooth has entered the skin. These fangs are slender and needle-like, so that a hypodermic injection can be made at one stroke.

The swordfish carried the first sword, and its power of penetrating several inches of solid oak

wood is not surpassed by any similar weapon of steel.

We all know that the first airships were the birds, beetles, and insects, and man learned to construct his flying-machines by a study of the flight of birds. It is true that we have made changes in our airships so that their flight through the air is quite different from that of the bird; but the reason we do this is that we have never yet actually solved the problem of wing-flying. Our airships do not fly, as we technically understand that word, for they are not propelled by their spreading wings, but in time we may solve the actual problem of wing-flying.

We imitate the shapes and forms of the birds and insects in constructing our airships. We have found that they offer the least amount of friction to the air, and we cannot improve much upon them. Further study in this direction may eventually reveal to us new ideas and inventions.

The first balloon was not made by man. In the tropical seas, the so-called globe-fish are veritable balloons. These strange creatures of the deep dilate their gullets with air, and their bodies swell up in the shape of a globe, or balloon. In this inflated condition, they rise to the surface of the water, and each passing wind blows them along. It is believed that they do this to escape from their enemies in the water below them.

The pneumatic peg, cup, and other like contrivances that one frequently sees to-day, may have had their origin in the suckers of the octopus. The principle of the vacuum cup, or peg, is to exhaust the air from the inside, and the suction will then hold it firmly to any flat surface. A pneumatic peg can thus be pushed against the side of a wall, and it will stay there indefinitely by the suction force. The octopus uses this same principle in holding its enemies or in clinging to rocks under the water. The power of the suction of one of its tentacles is so great that the strength of two men will often fail to pull it loose.

Of course, many of these peculiar devices were partly or wholly concealed from the eyes of the primitive man. It required the invention of the magnifying-glass to enable him to study the intricate mechanism of the mosquito's bill, for instance, but the magnifying-glass itself was already waiting for him in a drop of water. A drop of water makes a perfect magnifying-glass. It cannot be utilized as such, but it is an interesting secret of nature.

On the other hand, savage races did imitate the methods of nature in many cases. They used the gourd for bottles before the commercial bottle was ever invented and manufactured. They used

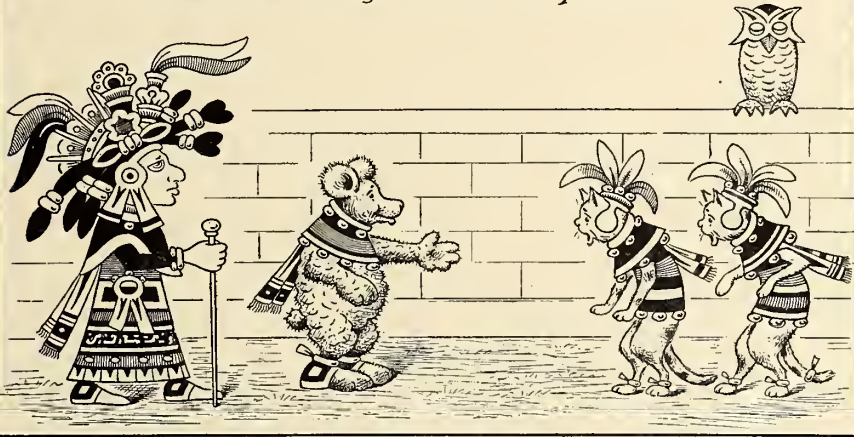
the shells of the oyster and clam also by substituting leather thongs in place of the material Nature gave to the bivalves for their hinges.

The more we study nature, the greater the number of devices we find that are similar to important engineering inventions in use to-day.

In his upward progress from savagery to civilization, man did not grasp many of these inventions by observing nature. Most of them he had to learn by hard study and experiment. Yet all the while the principle was there, waiting for him to take notice of it.

The Jovial Judge

At first it gave the Cheerful Cats a scare
To meet the Aztec Judge and Woolly Bear.




But when the Judge transferred his wig
Gird with the Bear performed a jig,
They proved to be a most diverting pair.



WHAT THE KETTLE SINGS


BY
MARGARET
VANDEGRIFT



I love to hear the kettle sing
In winter when the wind is blowing,
It somehow makes me think of spring,
Though it is snowing.

A little sort of chirp comes first,
And then a gentle drowsy humming,
That seems to say, "We're through the worst!
Yes, spring is coming!"


I know quite well, outside the room,
What isn't snowy must be icy,
And yet I dream of fruit and bloom
In Islands spicy,—



And little running, laughing streams,
And dear green woods, with vines and mosses,
And sunny places full of gleams,
When the wind tosses.

The leafy branches all about
Make just another sort of singing;
And little furry things come out,
Leaping and springing.

And always, when I get to this,
And feel a sort of pleasant creepy,
My Mother wakes me with a kiss,
And "Oh, how sleepy!"



Albertine
Randall
Wheeler

THE LAND OF MYSTERY

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Author of "Careers of Danger and Daring," "Through the Wall," "The Battle," etc.

CHAPTER X

THE HOLY CITY

THAT evening, in their Jerusalem quarters (two large rooms at the Grand Hotel, facing David's tower), the boys held a council of war on this new situation. So already there was an enemy in camp, a shrewd, unscrupulous man sent to spy upon them. Mrs. Evans was right—they had been watched from the moment they left Cairo.

"A smooth proposition, Brother Mesrop; eh, Sandy? He 'd have worked his scheme all right, if it had n't been for your mother's letter."

"No wonder he did n't want any wages," muttered Harold.

"Reckon he laughed when we tried our scheme of calling you Mr. Harold."

"Question is, what shall we do about it? Tell him and fire him, or—what?" And Harold thought a moment.

"Jack, we *must n't* tell him. We must n't let him know we suspect anything. It 's part of the game. As long as he thinks he 's got us, he won't be so much on his guard, and we 'll have some chance of getting *him*."

"How do you mean 'getting him?'"

Sandy's lips tightened.

"I mean almost anything by way of getting the best of Mr. Arshag Mesrop Telecjian. He 's the man who tricked my mother and—started this trouble. I think we 'll—hand him a few things."

Jack nodded.

"Yes, we just will. And, meanwhile, we 'll keep him as our guide?"

"Sure! keep him, and keep an eye on him, but don't let him know it. Next time he sends a telegram, we 'll find out who it 's to. And so on. See? Besides, I 'll tell Deeny to watch him, and—when Deeny watches a man, *he 's watched!*"

"What shall we do about the Greek monk?"

"We must n't do anything—yet. For Brother Basil 's our mainstay. We must n't go near him until we know it 's safe. We must n't speak his name or try to find him or anything."

"What *shall* we do?"

"Hold to the picture game. Say we 're in a hurry to get back to America. That 's true enough. We are!"

So it happened that, for a week, the boys went about Jerusalem apparently absorbed in taking

pictures, and neither by word nor act did they give any hint of their real purpose. Day after day, the eloquent Telecjian followed them about, ready with assistance and with information on all subjects. And day after day Nasr-ed-Din (who rarely spoke) kept a tireless but unobtrusive eye on the smooth-tongued Syrian.

Up to the time of this visit, Jack McGreggor's conception of the holy city had been gained chiefly from two hymns that he had learned at Sunday-school, "Jerusalem the golden, with milk and honey blest," which was hard to sing on account of a high F sharp, and "O mother dear, Jerusalem," which he liked much better, especially when they set it to the fine marching tune.

"That was the *heavenly* Jerusalem they were talking about," explained Sandy when Jack complained of the sad contrast between this Sunday-school picture and the actual fact.

"I know," said McGreggor, "but it does surprise you to find *no* water, *no* trees, *no* honey, and only goat's milk in the coffee."

"I saw a tree yesterday."

"One solitary palm!"

"There are olive-trees."

"All covered with dust! They look like paper-trees. I wrote Dad that this town had no fire-department because there 's nothing in it to burn. And the dirty streets!"

"It 's a noisy city, though," reflected Harold.

"That 's because it 's got so many different kinds of people in it," explained Jack. "Say, professor," he turned to the coin collector, "how many languages are spoken in Jerusalem?"

Telecjian thought for a moment.

"On a guess, young gentlemen, I should say about thirty. There are pilgrims from every corner of the world: Turks, Jews, Armenians, Egyptians, Persians, Abyssinians, Greeks, Arabs, Sudanese, Levantines, Kurds, Copts, and all the nations of Europe."

"And all of 'em in the streets together," added Jack, "all jabbering at once, without counting donkeys braying, and camel bells jangling, and dogs howling, and geese quacking, and parrots screaming, and buffaloes bellowing, and fourteen other kinds of animals mixing it up in the chorus!"

In their first excursions through these tumultuous streets, the boys felt themselves lost in a

labyrinth whose key was beyond their finding. The ways went continually in curves and zigzags, with up and down slantings over the four hills of the city. And the house walls were so high and so close together, that only now and then could they get sight of a landmark to steer by.

"It beats all, the way a Jerusalem street will break into stairs, like a stream into rapids!" remarked Harold. "Then, the first thing you know, it dives underground through a black archway, and does n't come up again for two or three hundred yards."

Thanks to Telecjian, however, they soon learned to find their way.

"It 's a small city, young gentlemen!" the Syrian explained, "only a mile across; and it is surrounded by high walls, so, whatever happens, you have only to walk straight ahead, and, within ten minutes, you will either reach this encircling wall—with its eight massive gates that you will recognize—or you will come into David Street, which runs east and west, and is tolerably wide—"

"About wide enough for two camels to pass," put in Jack. "And the way they bump into you!" "Or else you will come to Christian Street, which runs north and south, and is wider still."

Jack said he had no use for a city where you could n't find a band-concert on the green or a glass of ice-cream soda; but he was forced to admit that Jerusalem offered fine opportunities for taking pictures. What types and costumes in these swarming streets! A great photographic hunting-ground! And all day long, the boys roamed over it with kodak and moving-picture machine, for Sandy, too, caught the fever.

"We 'll come near to paying a month's expenses with the picture stuff we 'll pick up here," Jack declared.

It was not without difficulties, however, that the boys got what they wanted, for they found that, according to his religion, a Mohammedan may not have his picture taken. It is forbidden, as Telecjian had told them. But many things that are forbidden may be had and done in this land of bakshish.

Often, too, the boys learned to win by strategy. They would wait until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun was looking straight down David Street. Then they would station themselves at the Jaffa gate, past which the Jews would soon be streaming. And while Harold held the kodak carelessly under his arm (but ready), Jack would point enthusiastically toward David's tower, or toward a passing camel train, or would show extraordinary interest in some close-veiled nun or Turkish soldier in his sentry-box; and all the time he would be saying under his breath:

"Steady, now, Sandy! Watch the mouth of David Street. Don't hurry! Plenty to pick from! Ah! There! Get him on the finder. Time enough yet! He 's watching *me*. The sun 's squarely on him. Fifteen feet. *Now land him!*"

And the click of the shutter would register another addition to their collection of human types.

In this way nearly a week passed, the boys refraining from visiting the Holy Sepulcher or from inquiring about the Greek monk, Basil. On the evening of the sixth day, their patience was rewarded by a startling discovery. They were in their rooms making plans for the morning, when there came a tap at the door, and Nasr-ed-Din appeared and said something rapidly in Turkish.

"*Peck-eyi* (Very good)," nodded Harold. "Excuse me a minute, Jack. Deeny has something to tell me." And he followed the Turk from the room.

Ten minutes later, when Harold returned, his face wore a troubled look.

"What do you think?" he began. "Here we 've been taking a lot of pains to keep this Syrian scoundrel from knowing anything about the Greek monk, and here—he knows *all* about him."

"He does?"

"He has sent him a letter, and he 's been to see him—*to-day!*"

"You mean Telecjian has been to see Basil?"

"He certainly has. Deeny followed him to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher—you know the Greek monks live right next to it—and he saw Telecjian leave a letter, and—afterward he went in and stayed ten minutes."

"With the Greek monk?"

"Yes. A Turkish soldier who took the letter in told Deeny."

McGreggor pursed up his lips and pulled at his chin in perplexity.

"*Can* you beat that? Our biggest enemy goes to see our best friend. Maybe there 's some mistake. Maybe there are *two* Greek monks named Basil?"

Harold shook his head gloomily.

"No. This one has a carpenter shop in the church tower. He does n't work in it much, but he 's got it. Deeny says so. He 's the man Father meant all right, and—the worst of it is—"

"What? Go on!"

"You 'd think this Basil would be a friend—to us, would n't you?"

"He must be. Your father sent us to him."

"You 'd expect him to be a good, kind man?"

"Sure! What 's the point?"

"Well, he 's about the biggest hypocrite and faker in Jerusalem!"

"Basil is? Are you sure of all that, Sandy?"

"Yes. He turns out all sorts of relics supposed to be made from olive-trees cut on the Mount of Olives; but they have n't cut an olive-tree there in fifty years, I'm told."

"Did Deeny tell you that?"

"It 's a fact. Everybody knows it. Oh, he 's made a lot of money."

"But he 's the man your father said we must see?"

"That 's the man. And we 're to ask him—there you are, we don't know *what* to ask him."

The boy threw up his hands in discouragement.

"Sandy, old chap, we 're certainly up against it!" sympathized Jack.

Their perplexity was increased the next morning, as they were standing in front of the hotel, by a remark of the American consul, a man who had lived in Palestine for thirty years.

"Here comes one of the most powerful and one of the wickedest men in Jerusalem," declared the consul; and he pointed down the street.

"Who is it?" asked McGregor.

"The Greek monk, Basil," said the consul.

With fascinated interest, the boys observed a tall, powerfully built, black-bearded man who strode by, wearing the square black hat and the black silken robes prescribed by the Greek church. His eyes were cruel, his manner was overbearing. Two gaudily dressed servants ran before him to drive the crowd away. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, and would have passed without seeing the boys had not Telecjian coughed slightly at this moment.

And now an extraordinary thing happened. The Greek monk glanced up, and, as his eyes fell on the Syrian, he started violently. In an instant, his arrogant manner vanished, and there came into his eyes a submissive, almost supplicating, look. Then, bowing to the coin collector with the utmost respect, and mumbling some words that the boys did not understand, the monk strode on.

CHAPTER XI

UNDER THE DOME

As soon as the Greek monk had disappeared, the boys questioned Telecjian about this singular happening; but the Syrian merely shrugged his shoulders and insisted that the monk must have been paying his respects to the American consul.

Harold's eyes narrowed, and he was about to make a hot reply which would have swept aside the Syrian's whole structure of false pretense, when McGregor nudged him in the arm, and, with a meaning look, reminded his friend of the need of caution, whereupon Sandy swallowed his wrath and said nothing.

"By the way, Arshag," said Jack, good-naturedly, "I wish you 'd go up to the room and fetch me down a couple of extra rolls of films. They 're on the little table. I b'lieve we 're going to land something good this morning." Then, when they were alone, "Don't be a fool, Sandy. Don't give yourself away. Remember what your mother said."

"But we can't go on with this fellow—now."

"Why not? Strikes me this is the time to go on with him—until we know where we 're at. That was your idea—to watch him, was n't it? Well, why should we let him get away from us just because he 's turned out to be a bigger rascal than we thought he was?"

The wisdom of this reasoning at once appealed to young Evans, and he agreed that the thing for them to do was to go ahead with their picture-taking, as if nothing had happened.

"It gets me so stirred up, Jack, but—you 've said it, we 've got to lie low."

"That 's the talk, Sandy. Let this Syrian go ahead with his program—he 's got the day planned out. I think he 's booked us for the Mosque of Omar."

"All right, but—something 's going to break loose, Jack, pretty soon. I feel it."

And something did break loose much sooner than the boys imagined. It was the most serious something that had yet befallen them.

"I say, professor," asked Jack, briskly, when Telecjian returned, "what is this Mosque of Omar you are going to show us?"

The Syrian shook his head sadly.

"You like your little joke, Mr. McGregor. I 'm sure you have read about the Mosque of Omar. It is one of the most beautiful, one of the most wonderful architectural monuments in the world."

"Sorry, old man, but the first I ever heard of it was the other day—from you. How about you, Sandy?"

"Why, I—I 've heard of it, but—I don't remember much about it. Built by the Turks, was n't it?"

Telecjian sighed wearily.

"It was built by the Phœnicians, by the Babylonians, by the Greeks, by the Israelites, by the Romans, by the Crusaders, by the Saracens. It was built by everybody and destroyed by everybody. It 's been built and destroyed a dozen times. The Mosque of Omar stands on the débris of ten civilizations. Far below the vaults and caverns that underlie it, I can show you stones such as have never since been quarried by the hand of man, single stones, thirty or forty or fifty feet long, and ten feet square."

As he spoke, the Syrian's eyes burned with a strange, quiet fire, and, in spite of themselves, the boys hung fascinated on his words.

"You don't consider the Mosque of Omar more beautiful than—*what* is that church in Venice?" questioned Jack.

"St. Mark's? Yes, I do. And more beautiful than the Doge's Palace. I have studied them both."

"How about St. Peter's, in Rome?"

"It lacks the vastness of St. Peter's, but it has a grandeur of its own and a unique charm. You'll see for yourselves. The Mosque of Omar is the most *mysterious* monument in the world."

"Not more mysterious than the Great Pyramid?" challenged Harold.

"Yes; because, after all, the Great Pyramid is only a tomb, but the Mosque of Omar is—*who* can say what the Mosque of Omar is? Once it was Solomon's temple. And, before that, it was Abraham's rock of sacrifice."

"Are we going to see all this to-day?" asked Harold.

The Syrian bowed.

"I have made complete arrangements. And I beg you young gentlemen to exercise great caution in taking pictures. In fact, I must advise against taking pictures at all."

"Oh, I say!" protested Jack.

"I wish I could make you young gentlemen realize what a serious matter this is. There is nothing in the world more sacred to Mohammedans than the Mosque of Omar, not even their black rock at Mecca, which Christians are never allowed to see. They would fight for this mosque; they would die for it. They have done so in the past and may again. So I beg you to use caution. We shall have two Turkish soldiers to protect us—I have seen to that—but, even so,—you know Mohammedans consider it a sin to take pictures."

With such admonitions, they set forth, making their way down a narrow and filthy street at the first turn of which Telecjian paused to point out the grayish dome of the holy mosque rising imposingly before them. High it towered over the flat-roofed houses of Jerusalem, and, on the east, looked across the sad Valley of Jehoshaphat, with its unnumbered graves, toward the Garden of Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives.

"What makes the Mosque of Omar different from all other temples," explained the Syrian, "is the fact that it is literally built on—I should say over—a huge rock that has never been cut or polished or finished in any way except as nature finished it, millions of years ago. Above this rock the great dome rises. Encircling this rock are

the octagonal marble walls that support the dome. And within these marble walls are twelve exquisite columns that encircle the rock still more closely. Everything is for the rock, the whole leveled space that covers the hill—Mount Moriah—where the mosque stands, the paved courtyard, the colonnades, the cloisters, the fountains, the pulpits; all of these serve but as leading up to this rock. Careful now, young gentlemen! I beg you to be careful. We are near the entrance."

At the outer threshold of the temple, several white-turbaned Moslem priests came forward gravely and offered felt slippers, which the boys were required to draw on over their boots, lest their unbelieving feet contaminate the hallowed ground. Then, preceded by two soldiers and several mosque attendants, they crossed the wide courtyard, and presently found themselves under the lofty dome, the "Dome of the Rock," as the Turks call it.

For a minute or two, neither spoke; they *could* not speak, but stood in hushed and reverent contemplation. The wonderful stained glass of the high encircling windows, the inlaid gold of the dome itself, the marble walls patterned in ancient mosaics, the Persian rugs spread around the graceful central columns, and the countless glittering lamps—all these appealed strongly to the boys' imagination.

"Sandy, it's *great!*" whispered Jack. "This beats anything I *ever* saw."

Harold nodded in silent agreement. It was very wonderful.

And now they moved forward softly to the circle of columns, and, over a gilded railing, looked upon the great, gray rock, "Es Sakhra," that has been revered as a sacred altar for thousands of years. It is a shapeless mass that spreads out sixty feet in length and forty in width, and rises some twelve feet above the floor. A crimson canopy hangs over it.

"Ever since the days of the patriarchs and perhaps before," continued Telecjian, "this rock has been a place of prayer and sacrifice. The Moslems believe that Abraham and David and Solomon came here where we are standing for spiritual communion with the Most High."

"Did they—did they sacrifice animals here?" asked Sandy.

"Certainly. Sheep and goats—all the temple sacrifices. The upper surface of the rock is concave, like a basin, and an opening to carry away the blood of the victims has been cut down through the rock into a cavern underneath. Mohammedans call it the 'Well of the Souls.' We will go to this cavern now. Please do not speak!"

He turned sharply to McGreggor. "My dear



"AS HIS EYES FELL ON THE SYRIAN, HE STARTED VIOLENTLY."

“sir, you must not *think* of using your camera here. It would be absolute madness!”

Madness or not, this was precisely what John



VIEW OF JERUSALEM. THE DOME OF THE MOSQUE OF OMAR IN THE CENTER OF THE PICTURE.

McGreggor *was* thinking of; in fact, he was slyly getting his kodak ready even as a frowning Moslem priest pointed out a spot in the rock, calling it a footprint of Mohammed. And, as the priest produced a golden casket containing two hairs from the prophet's beard, Jack was deciding how long a time exposure to give in this dim light.

Just what happened next was never quite distinct in the boys' minds. They were standing in the cavern underneath the great rock, and a Moslem priest was explaining a marble tablet that commemorated some miraculous happening. Then Telecjian pointed to a narrow downward slanting passage that ran from the cavern to a series of vaults underlying the mosque, and from these, he said, into vast subterranean quarries that had supplied the stone for the temple.

“It is a strange underground region, something like the catacombs of Rome. I don't know that you young gentlemen would like to see it.”

There was a suppressed eagerness in his tone that made Harold vaguely uneasy, but McGregor, who was quite in the exploring spirit, insisted that they certainly must have a look at these quarries.

“Very well,” said the Syrian. “Here are candles. I will go first.”

He made his way down a slippery passage followed by the boys, who, in their turn, were followed by one of the mosque attendants.

The downward slant continued for about a hundred feet, then the passage widened and continued on a level until, presently, it ended in a heavy iron-bound door.

“This leads into the quarries,” said Telecjian, and, with a creaking of rusty iron, he swung the door open upon what seemed like a black abyss. And from this a blast of damp air blew in.

“Hold on, Jack,” called Sandy. “I don't like the looks of this.”

“It 's all right,” came the Syrian's voice out of the shadows. “Careful of the steps.”

For a moment, Harold saw McGregor, who was in the lead, stand hesitating in the black square of the doorway, then his friend seemed to stumble and plunge into the darkness beyond. There was a heavy fall, then silence.

Young Evans sprang after him in alarm.

“Jack!” he called; but there was no answer. “Jack!”

At this moment, Harold felt himself pushed violently from behind, and a crashing blow on the head hurled him forward through the doorway.

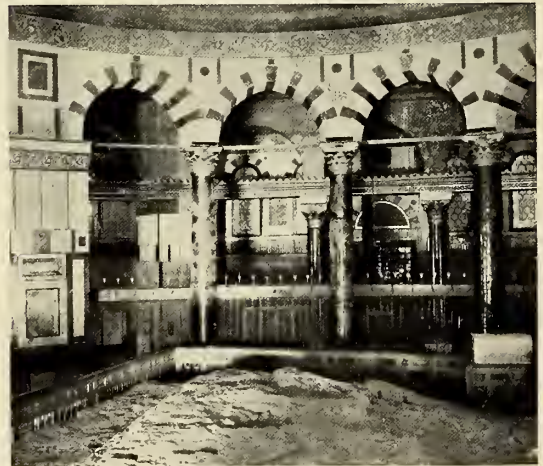
CHAPTER XII

THE QUARRIES OF JERUSALEM

AFTER a period of unconsciousness—he had no idea how long it lasted—Harold came painfully to himself again, and, opening his eyes, tried to see where he was. Absolute darkness. Absolute silence. But he could *feel* that he was lying on a rough rock surface. And his body was bruised, and his head was throbbing with pain.

“Wonder where Jack is. Poor old chap! I s'pose he 's about done for, too,” the boy reflected.

Harold lifted himself slightly and rested on his



Photograph by Bouffis.

THE GREAT ROCK UNDER THE DOME.

elbow. He must get up and do something—go somewhere—try to find Jack. Um-m! His head did hurt!

And, suddenly, as his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, he made out vaguely the shelving outline of a cavern roof, and it seemed as if dim shadows were playing over it, very dim shadows.

Harold turned his head and saw that the shadows were more strongly marked in this direction. There was no doubt about it—somewhere near there was a light.

The boy rose to his feet and groped his way weakly and cautiously for perhaps a dozen yards along the cavern floor. Then he saw distinctly before him the outline of what appeared like the huge black trunk of a tree, rising from the floor and reaching to the roof of the cavern. It was evident that the light, whatever it was, was just behind this tree-trunk. The question was, would this light prove friendly or unfriendly? It might be the light of his enemies.

For a long time, Sandy Evans stood still, pondering this question, scarcely daring to breathe. Then he sat down and silently took off his shoes with the slippers over them—after all, stocking feet were better over rocks—and then, without a sound, he stole to the left so that he could look *around* the tree-trunk and see what was on the other side of it.

The first thing he saw was Jack McGregor lying flat on his back with his head slightly lifted as if it was resting on something, and his face very white in the light of a flickering candle. And bending over Jack was Arshag Mesrop Telecjian in his shirt-sleeves, bathing the boy's forehead with a wet handkerchief, and apparently trying to restore him to consciousness.

Harold came forward out of the darkness.

"Hello there! What are you doing?" he demanded.

The Syrian lifted a warning hand.

"Not so loud, please, Mr. Harold."

McGreggor opened his eyes weakly.

"Is that you, Sandy?"

"Yes, old boy."

Harold knelt anxiously beside his friend.



"HE STOLE TO THE LEFT, SO THAT HE COULD LOOK AROUND THE TREE-TRUNK."

"I'm feeling about all in, Sandy. I—I got an awful crack on the head."

"I know, Jack. I got one, too. You'll feel better pretty soon. I did."

He took his friend's hand and stroked it comfortingly. Then he whispered to the Syrian,

"Why must n't I speak loud? Is any one else here?" He peered suspiciously into the surrounding darkness.

Telecjian turned and pointed to the iron-bound door, twenty feet behind them, and now tight shut.

"Well?"

"The Moslems went back after attacking us."

Harold stared at him in surprise. "Attacking us? You mean they—they attacked you, too?"

The Syrian pointed to a cut and bruise on his forehead.

"What happens to me is of no consequence, but I regret exceedingly that you young gentlemen have suffered. I did my best, sir, but they were three to one, and—the attack was so sudden. It's a great pity you tried to take those pictures."

Jack stirred uneasily and breathed a long sigh.

"We must do something for him," said Harold. "He looks to me badly hurt. He needs a doctor. He's got to have a doctor. Can't you make these Turks open that door?"

"Make them? No. And, if they did open the door"—the Syrian showed his white teeth in a sinister smile—"if they *did* open the door—it's a miracle, sir, that we're alive at all."

"Well, is n't there *some* way out of here?"

"Yes. There's an opening out of the quarries near the Damascus gate, but—you understand these quarries underlie the whole city of Jerusalem. It is hard to find one's way."

"We *must* get a doctor somehow, and get him mighty quick," insisted Harold, now thoroughly alarmed as he saw Jack lying so pale and still.

Telecjian rose and said quietly: "Very well, I will go for a doctor."

Harold eyed the man in half suspicion. He felt sure the Syrian was a traitor, yet, in their present distress, he could not neglect this one chance in a hundred to save his friend.

"Go on! Go on then! And—listen, Telecjian, if you get a doctor soon, you will not lose by it."

The Syrian bowed gravely. "I will do my best. Fortunately I have two other candles and—this."

He drew a ball of twine from his pocket and proceeded to tie one end of it securely around a large loose stone.

"What's that for?" asked Harold.

"To lead me back to you. There may be half a mile of underground passages between this spot and the Damascus gate. I cannot be back in less than two hours. I will leave my coat—it's folded under your friend's head."

Harold looked anxiously at Jack, who had not moved or opened his eyes for several minutes.

"Please don't wait any longer. Go as fast as

you can and bring a doctor back. Never mind what it costs."

The Syrian bowed as before, and it seemed to Harold that the suspicion of a smile played about his lips, as he said: "I will leave this pistol. I trust you will not need it, but—here, sir."

In some surprise, Harold took the pistol, which he saw was loaded. He had several times regretted leaving his own at the hotel.

"Thanks," he said. "Now go—go!"

Telecjian bowed for the last time and moved away, unrolling the ball of twine as he went. Fainter and fainter grew the light of his receding candle, until it vanished in the far distance among the shadows. And Sandy sat alone by his friend.

He sat there for a long time, thinking. What was going to happen next? Would the Syrian come back with a doctor? Was he an absolute scoundrel? Had he himself planned this attack or been a party to it, and if so, what was his motive? If he wanted them killed, why had he taken care of Jack and gone for the doctor? Why had he left the candles and the pistol, and this line of string that might lead them safely to daylight?

Sandy studied Telecjian's pistol as if seeking enlightenment in its shining barrel. Was it possible the Moslems had done this whole thing because of their hatred for Christians and their anger over the desecration of their great mosque by impious picture-taking? Was it possible the Syrian was innocent? Had he really been attacked, as he claimed? There certainly was a cut and a bruise on his forehead.

At this moment, Jack spoke, and his voice sounded stronger than before. "Say, Sandy!"

"I'm here, Jack. What can I do to help you? I wish I could do something."

"You have. You've shown that—you care."

"I do, Jack."

"Thanks, old boy."

He held out his hand, and Sandy took it, clumsily, saying, "I hope he gets that doctor here."

"I'm not going to need any doctor. Honest, I'm not. I was out for a while, but—I'm all right. And, anyway, there won't be any doctor."

"What?"

"Our friend won't come back. He's skipped. I *know* he won't come back."

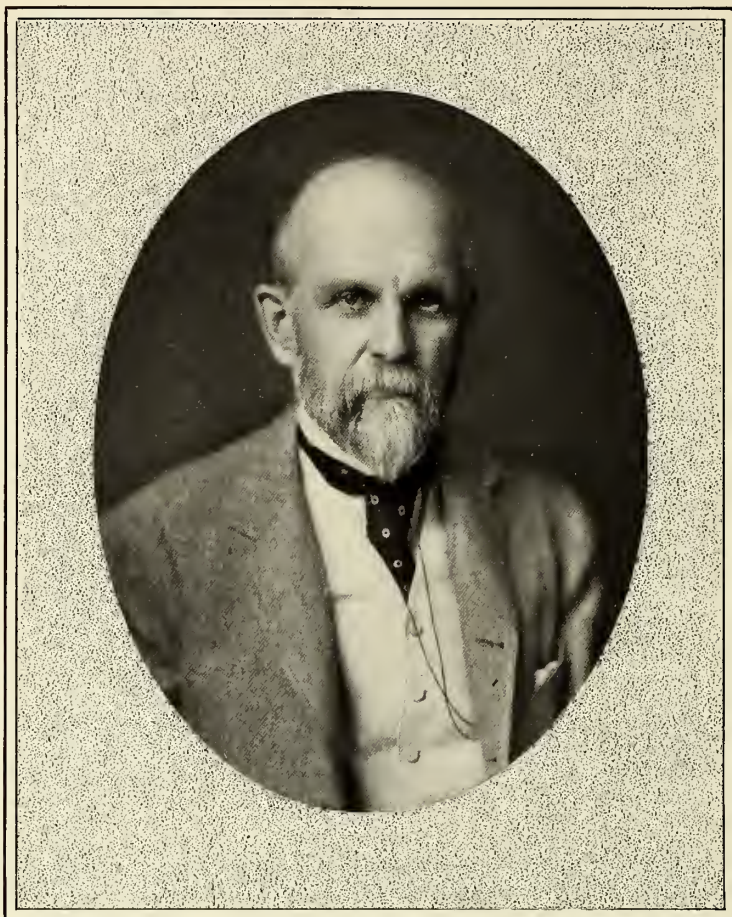
"You can't know it, Jack."

"Yes, I can. Arshag Mesrop Telecjian won't come back because he's got what he wanted. You called me easy one day. Well, we're both easy now. That Syrian has done us up. It's tough to be robbed twice in one week, but that's what's happened to us. *He's got our money, Sandy.*"

(To be continued.)



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.—FROM THE PAINTING BY JULES GUÉRIN.



IN MEMORY OF FRANK HALL SCOTT

THE fact that *ST. NICHOLAS*, like all monthly magazines, has to be made up far in advance of the date of publication, is familiar to most of our readers; and the January number had gone to press when, on November 25, 1912, a grievous loss befell this magazine, in the sudden death, which we here sorrowfully record, of Mr. Frank H. Scott, the president of *The Century Co.* To his fellow-workers, it was the loss of a leader who had long been held in homage and affection. For his business career began with that of the company itself; he had enlisted in its service when it was first formed, and in his earliest manhood; with the ardent pride of youth, he took part in the issue of the very first numbers of *THE CENTURY* and *ST. NICHOLAS*, some forty years ago. From that day onward, he was a loyal helper and wise counselor of both magazines—their staunch supporter and far-seeing business adviser, whose

judgment, capacity, and devotion grew with their growth; and he rose so rapidly to great and ever greater responsibilities that, for the last twenty years, he has been the honored president of the company which publishes them, and the directing head of all its varied enterprises.

Mr. Scott was born at Terre Haute, Indiana, on the seventh of April, 1848. He was educated in the public schools of Richmond, Indiana, and at the Pennsylvania Military Academy; and while still a school-boy, he displayed keen judgment and the power of thinking for himself. Before reaching his twenty-first year, he had shown decided literary gifts, and some of the stories which he contributed to local papers at that time are still cherished by his friends as ample proof that he could have made his mark as a writer. But the claims of a publishing career had a stronger attraction for him than those of authorship. At the

age of twenty-two, he came to New York and entered the business department of the newly formed firm, Scribner & Co. Under its auspices, the magazine then called "Scribner's Monthly" (now *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*) was launched in 1870, with Roswell Smith at the head of its business department, and Mr. Scott as his lieutenant and confidential associate. In November of 1873, the first number of *ST. NICHOLAS* was issued, with Mary Mapes Dodge as editor. In 1881, the name of "Scribner's Monthly" was changed to *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*; a new company was formed, called "The Century Co.," and Mr. Scott became its treasurer. The new corporation continued to publish *ST. NICHOLAS*, as well as *THE CENTURY*, and, within a few years, vastly enlarged its prosperity by the publication of *The Century Dictionary* and of miscellaneous books. In all this development of a great business, Mr. Scott took an active, responsible, and prominent part, and upon the death of Roswell Smith, in 1892, succeeded to the presidency of the company. He was soon widely known and held in high regard by other publishing houses; he became a director of the American Publishers Association, and for three years its president; a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce; a founder of the Aldine Club, and once its president; and a vestryman of the Church of the Ascension. These honors and many others came to him unsought, and were but the spontaneous recognition of his exceptional worth as a gifted, upright, high-minded business man.

Nothing short of the just solution of every problem, by lofty standards, satisfied him. "I think it is a publisher's duty," he often said, "to seek earnestly for the best that can be found, and to bring out the best. Good books are sound education, and the intimacy of good books is like the intimacy of strong and good friendships."

And with such ideals, he was naturally a good citizen, who made his own progress in influence and station increasingly of service to his fellow-men. He entered with zeal and steadfastness into the struggle for good government in his city and State, responding to every call when needed; and he won notable civic victories, frequently prevailing over the opposition by his sound reasoning and remarkable persuasive powers.

His clear judgment and keen insight also added immeasurably to his delight in fine pictures and music, and his carefree days were happily filled

With beauty, art, taste, culture, books, to make
His hour of leisure richer.

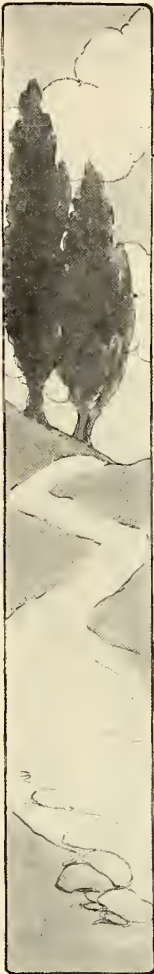
But of all recreations, he enjoyed most, perhaps, those that were devoted to long journeys in home

or foreign lands. Fond of the world of men and affairs, he was also a born traveler, who loved to indulge his taste for strange sights and unfamiliar ways, and the bracing contact with men and types altogether alien to the routine of his life. There was scarce a corner of our country or of Europe that he had not visited; and, only two years ago, the lure of the Orient drew him across the Pacific to Japan and China, on a holiday that was a succession of golden days.

It is possible to condense into a few sentences the chief events of any life, but the things that count most are not to be enumerated in "brief biographies." And no summary of Mr. Scott's career can give more than the merest hint of those rare qualities of mind and heart that endeared him to his fellow-workers. With a gentleness and dignity that were seldom even ruffled, he combined a winning speech and manner that made every one he met a friend, and every intimate friend a lasting comrade. Fair-mindedness was one of his strongest traits. His love of justice insured to each and all a patient hearing and thoughtful consideration. He was always and in all circumstances the kindly, cultivated gentleman.

For his associates, and those who knew him well, his own character and all that he achieved are his best memorial. He believed, with Emerson, "that the reward of a thing well done is to have done it." His own successes were uniformly the outcome of unassuming faithfulness and quiet mastery. But *ST. NICHOLAS* owes him a debt of gratitude; and even if gratitude could be kept from flowing out upon the page, it is due alike to him and to our readers that we should here record how largely this magazine entered into his life-work and shared the benefits of his practical activities. He had a special pride in *ST. NICHOLAS*—a real love for it—which made him a tireless helper in every measure for its success and betterment.

It is one of the best rewards of a life such as he lived that it leavens all other lives that are in close touch with it or fortunately brought within its influence, and lifts their thoughts to higher levels. For American boys there is abundant inspiration in the history of Mr. Scott's progress by his own endeavor to a position of commanding influence and distinction in the publishing world. And the benignant wisdom, sweetness, and serenity of his daily life are at once a beautiful memory and a lasting inspiration to all those who worked with and under him, to whom he was always courteous, kindly, friendly, just, and by whom he was so well beloved.



-Blanche Fisher Wright-

DOLLY'S LULLABY

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

SING, I must sing to my dear dolly, sing,
And tell her the stories of everything.
She is tired of my singing just "Sleep, dear,
sleep,"

She is tired of the song about Little Bo-Peep,
Of Little Miss Muffett, and all of the rhymes
I have sung from my picture-book dozens of
times.

*Sing, I must sing to my dear dolly, sing,
And tell her the stories of everything.*

Slumber, my dolly! I'll tell you to-night
Of trees that are blossoming rosy and white,
Of brooks where the ripples of brown water
run,
And tinkle like music and shine in the sun;
Of nests where the baby birds sit in a heap,
And the mother sits over them when they're
asleep.

*Sing, I must sing to my dear dolly, sing,
And tell her the stories of everything.*



The summer is green and the winter is white,
There is sunshine by day and starshine at
night;

The stars are so many it cannot be told;
The moon is of silver, but they are of gold;
The clouds are like ships, and the sky like
the sea,

Only turned upside down over dolly and me.

*Sing, I must sing to my dear dolly, sing,
But I never can tell her of everything!*



WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SQUIRREL FAMILY

BY JULIA JOHNSON



MR. AND MRS. SQUIRREL and the little squirrels lived in a big hollow tree 'way out in the woods. Their front door opened right on the ground, which was very nice indeed, as the roots of the tree made the prettiest little porch, where Mrs. Squirrel could sit with the children.

One morning, Mr. Squirrel said to Mrs. Squirrel:

"I believe I'll go and see how Mr. Owl is. He's been quite sick for the last few days."

"Yes, indeed! I certainly would," said Mrs. Squirrel. So Mr. Squirrel put on his hat, took his cane, and started off.

Mrs. Squirrel sat on the porch a few minutes with the children after he'd gone. All of a sudden she looked up, and saw that the sky had become very black, and that the wind was beginning to blow.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Squirrel, "I believe there's going to be a storm. We'd better be going in. I do hope Mr. Squirrel won't get wet."

So Mrs. Squirrel and the children went inside and shut the door, and then pulled down all the windows.

The rain came down hard for a while, then stopped all at once. Mrs. Squirrel thought she'd go out and see if Mr. Squirrel was coming. But when she tried to open the door, it wouldn't open! She ran to the window and looked out, and what do you suppose had happened? The wind had blown a great big broken branch right in front of the door!

Mrs. Squirrel sat down and began to cry.

"What shall I do? Mr. Squirrel can't get in, and I can't get out. Boo hoo! hoo! hoo! hoo!"

Then the little squirrels saw her crying, and they began to cry too.

Now when Mr. Squirrel had started off to Mr. Owl's, he had n't gone very far when he noticed that big black cloud.

"That looks like a bad storm," said Mr. Squirrel to himself; "I think I'll stop at Mr. Sparrow's until it is over."

So he went to Mr. Sparrow's and knocked, and Mr. Sparrow was very glad to see him.

As soon as the storm was over, Mr. Squirrel hurried home instead of going to Mr. Owl's, as he was afraid Mrs. Squirrel might be worried. And then, when he got there, he found that great big branch right in front of his door! He heard Mrs. Squirrel crying, and called to her not to be frightened, as he 'd get it away somehow. Mr. Squirrel pulled and pulled, but he was so small, and it was such a big branch, that he could n't pull it away. Just then Mr. Rabbit walked up.

"What 's the matter, Mr. Squirrel?"

"Oh, Mr. Rabbit!" said Mr. Squirrel, "this branch has fallen right in front of my door, and I can't get it away."

"Why, I 'll help you," said Mr. Rabbit.

So Mr. Squirrel pulled, and Mr. Rabbit pulled, and they pulled, and pulled, and pulled, but they could n't get that branch away.

"What 's the matter?" said a voice behind them, and there stood Mr. 'Coon.

"Oh, Mr. 'Coon!" said Mr. Rabbit, "this branch has fallen right in front of Mr. Squirrel's door, and we can't get it away."

"Well, I 'll help you," said Mr. 'Coon.

So Mr. Squirrel pulled, and Mr. Rabbit pulled, and Mr. 'Coon pulled, and they pulled, and pulled, and pulled, but they could n't get that branch away.

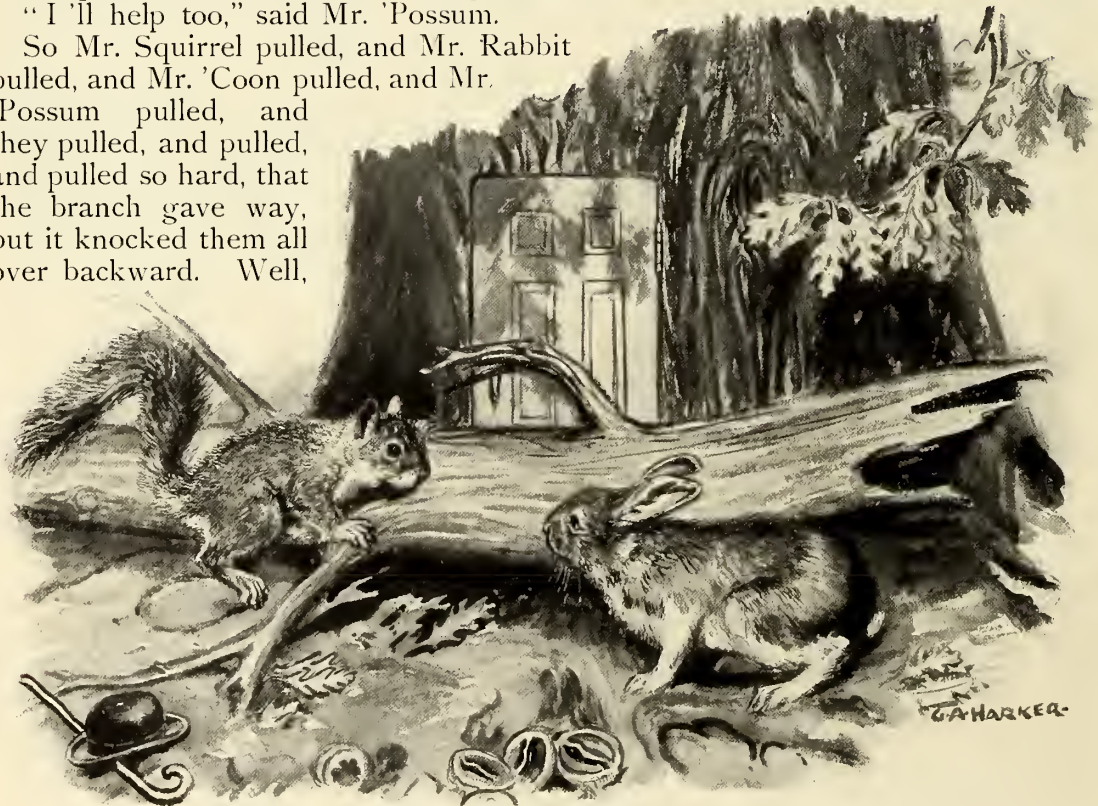
"Dear me, what 's the trouble?"

They turned around, and there stood Mr. 'Possum.

"Oh, Mr. 'Possum!" said Mr. 'Coon, "this branch has fallen right in front of Mr. Squirrel's door, and we *can't* get it away."

"I 'll help too," said Mr. 'Possum.

So Mr. Squirrel pulled, and Mr. Rabbit pulled, and Mr. 'Coon pulled, and Mr. 'Possum pulled, and they pulled, and pulled, and pulled so hard, that the branch gave way, but it knocked them all over backward. Well,



"OH, MR. RABBIT! THIS BRANCH HAS FALLEN RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY DOOR."



"THEY PULLED SO HARD THAT THE BRANCH GAVE WAY."

Mr. Squirrel picked himself up, and Mr. Rabbit picked himself up, and Mr. 'Coon picked himself up, but Mr. 'Possum was so fat, he could n't get up. The others stood around and laughed at him; then they all helped him up.

Mr. Squirrel invited them all into the house, and Mrs. Squirrel gave them the best nut-pudding with chestnut sauce that they had ever eaten. Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel and the little squirrels thanked Mr. Rabbit, and Mr. 'Coon, and Mr. 'Possum again and again for helping to move the branch; and when their visitors left, the entire squirrel family stood on the porch to wave good-by to them.





JUNCOS (IN FOREGROUND AND IN FLIGHT AT THE RIGHT) AND TREE-SPARROWS THAT MAKE MANY FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF BIRDS' FEET

WHEN our common winter birds are writing their autographs on the light coverlet of snow, is a good time for us not only to learn to distinguish as many different kinds of birds as is possible by the tracks that they make, but



"THE WOODPECKER'S FOOT IS NICELY ADAPTED FOR CLINGING."

In the winter the foot of the grouse is much like a snow-shoe, the toes acquiring a comb-like fringe on the sides, while in the summer the toes are bare and slender.

to give a little careful consideration to the meanings of the different forms of birds' feet.

We pay so much attention to the charm of its song, the grace of its flight, its interesting habits, and the beauty of its plumage, that seldom, if ever, do we even think of those important parts of the bird's body, the feet and legs. Indeed, so far as most persons are concerned, wild birds might have no legs at all, so slight is the notice given to them. Occasionally, however, some conspicuous tracks in the snow, or the remarkable adaptation of the foot of the ruffed grouse, with its fringe which forms a sort of snow-shoe, compel our special attention. The professional ornithologist regards the feet and legs as important parts in his classification of birds, and in his study of their habits. Most of us have a general knowledge of the foot of the ordinary domestic bird, as, for example, the common chicken; but how many can tell, without examining a chicken, how many toes there are, in what position they are when walking, and how many of them project forward on the roosting perch, and how many toward the back? If you were to hold up a chicken and it should firmly grip your finger, could you now tell, though you may have many times held a chicken in this way, how many claws would be on one side of the finger, and how many on the other? We leave this for you to investigate, and now call your especial attention to some interesting characteristics that may lead to the study of others.

The woodpecker's foot is nicely adapted for clinging. All four of the toes are well developed. Two point forward and two backward, thus giving a powerful grasp on the bark to which the bird clings when searching for insects. But in striking contrast to this is the foot of the fish-hawk, with strong, curved, sharply pointed nails, spreading widely in four directions, so that the bird may grasp its slippery prey at points as far apart as possible. In addition to the sharp, curved

nails there is a pad covered with horny spikes on the inner surface of the claws, that undoubtedly adds much to the ease with which the flying bird can hold the fish.

Remarkably different from this is the jacana, a bird found in Asia, Africa, and South America, whose long, slender toes and nails enable it to pass over the water on the leaves of aquatic plants. The weight of the bird depresses these leaves slightly beneath the surface, but not enough to lessen the impression that the jacana is walking on the water. When these birds go on land, as they occasionally do, they are able to run at great speed, but have a peculiar rocking motion from side to side, like a top-heavy omnibus, because, when each foot is lifted, it must be raised high in order to clear the ground. Though it has great speed on land, its movements are awkward, because it spends most of its time on the water-plants to which its foot is especially adapted.

Birds like the sparrow-hawk, which seize their

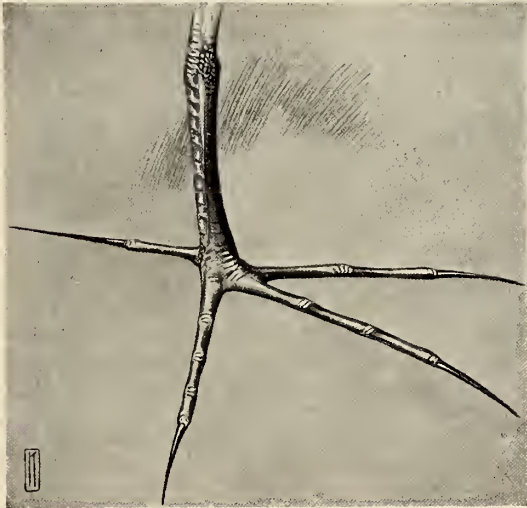
on the little animal and clinches with its sharp claws, the mouse turns to bite, but bites only this tuft of feathers.



THE FOOT OF THE FISH-HAWK.

With its strong, curved nails, the horny spikes covering the inner surface of the toes, and the partly reversible outer toe, the fish-hawk can grasp his slippery prey at four different points.

But such a feathery tuft would be a disadvantage to a bird like the fish-hawk. As its food is seized in the water, the feathers would become



THE JACANA'S FOOT.

This has very long toes and toe-nails, so that the bird can pass over the water on the leaves of aquatic plants. These leaves sink beneath the surface, thus giving the impression of the bird walking on the water.

victims, have long legs and claws, while those like falcons, which strike the flying bird in mid-air, have short stout feet with a powerful hind claw. The old falconers were accustomed to refer to the deadly "heel" because the bird, dropping suddenly past its victim and striking it with the curved hind claw, cut through skin and muscle like a razor. In marked contrast to this is the foot of the owl, as, for example, that of the snowy owl, which has a dense coat of feathers on the legs that protects them from the teeth of the mice upon which the owl preys. When the owl springs



THE FOOT OF AN OSTRICH.

This has but two toes and is used as a weapon. It can deliver a blow which will knock down a man.

wet and slimy. Consequently the fish-hawk's feet and legs are bare.

Birds which wade, like the heron, have long legs to keep the body out of the water; while

strengthen the hold of the feet upon the water, while others have saw-like appendages for cutting through the water-weeds. For example, the foot of the grebe is paddle-toed with a saw-edged shank for cutting through these aquatic plants, while that of the coot is lobed, or divided into sections, thus enabling the bird to walk on land as well as to swim. It is an interesting fact that the legs of the grebe bend sidewise in swimming, and thus enable it to move in shallow water with the wide strokes of a frog. At every stroke the long, wide paddles on each toe open and close. Every boy knows that it is difficult to swim among water-plants, for nature has not provided him, as it has the grebe, with a leg edged with saw-teeth sharp enough to cut the plants.

The ostrich has a foot with only two toes, but when it is used as a weapon, it can deliver a blow that will knock down a man. It also is admirably adapted for swift running, in that respect somewhat resembling the hoof of the horse.

The feet and legs of birds can be much better studied in the winter than in the summer, because the foot is not so obscured by the leaves of the tree. We suggest to our young people that they watch the habits of the various birds that seek insects in the crevices of the bark, and also observe the feet of the common domestic fowls and the swimming habits of ducks and geese.



From a photograph by C. William Beebe.

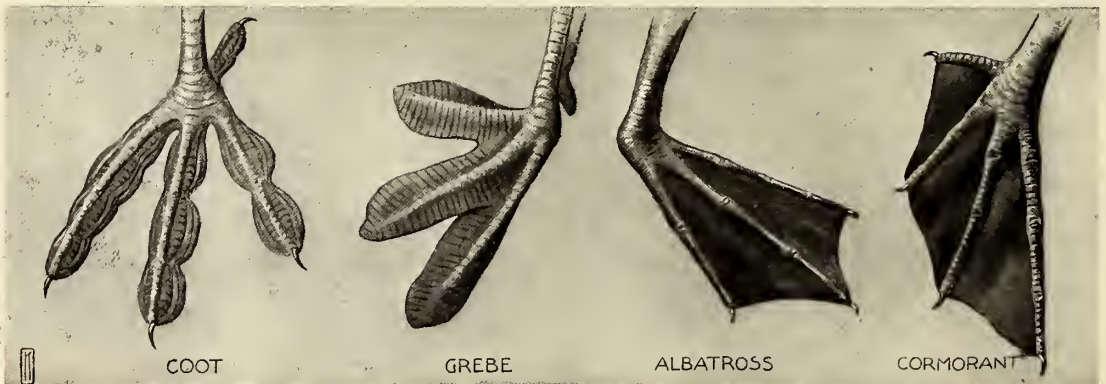
THE FOOT OF THE SNOWY OWL HAS A DENSE COAT OF FEATHERS.

those that swim, like the wild duck, have short legs to prevent their feet from becoming tangled in the water-weeds. Indeed, the presence of weeds in those places where aquatic life abounds and where the birds consequently go for food, has been a very decided factor in determining the shape of the bird's foot.

Among the swimming birds there are also marked differences, some having pads to

SOME LITTLE CLAY JUGS

ATTACHED to the under side of a protecting leaf and gently rocked by the summer breezes, hang three little jugs. They resemble Mexican water-bottles, but are not made by human hands. Strange as it may seem, they are the work of an insect, the potter-wasp, and are really mud cells that serve as the nest, or home, for the young wasps. While those shown in the illustration were fastened to a maple leaf, they are not al-



SOME EXAMPLES OF THE "PADDED" FEET OF SWIMMING BIRDS.

ways so found, but often are attached singly to twigs.

These little jugs are made of wet clay which the parent wasp gathers for the purpose, and, when thoroughly dry, are hard and enduring. When a jug is finished, it is filled with small spiders or caterpillars, that are first made dormant by the sting of the wasp, but not killed, and in each jug an egg is laid, after which the opening is sealed with a little clay cork.

In a few days, the egg hatches, making a small grub with a big appetite which it at once begins to satisfy with the dormant spiders. The feast



EUROPEAN PLUME-MOTH (*ORNEODES HEXIDACTYLA*).

of microscopes, a new and entrancing world would open to our vision. Brilliant colors, exquisite delicacy, and wonderful forms are revealed when some of our very small insects are magnified. They call forth expressions of delight and amazement from every one whose attention is directed to them.

Methods of photographing these tiny forms many times their original size are now practised, and there are many treats in store for those young



PLUME-MOTH (*ALUCITA PENTADACTYLA*).

naturalists who wish to engage in this most interesting pastime.

By using special photographic lenses, beautifully accurate enlargements, many times the size of the original, can be obtained.

The accompanying pictures of some tiny plume-moths, one of them like an exquisite fairy fan, reveal what beauty may be seen in insects slightly more than half an inch in the spread of their wings.

J. G. SANDERS.



THE CURIOUS NESTS OF THE POTTER-WASP.

continues for about two weeks, when the grub, now grown to a good size, spins a cocoon, and in this state remains for perhaps a few weeks, after which it changes to a full-fledged wasp, and, being no longer content in its confined quarters, it deliberately pushes out the little clay plug that has closed the jug, and goes into the world to take up its work in the great realm of nature. And the little jugs are left deserted and empty.

GEORGE A. KING.

TINY INSECTS MOST BEAUTIFUL

If our natural eyes had the power to greatly magnify the tiny creatures about us without the aid

THE IMPATIENT TOUCH-ME-NOT

HERE is a plant about which the botanist and the young people agree. The scientific name is *Impatiens*, which is simply the Latin for impatient. The young people call the same plant touch-me-not, because the plant is, indeed, nervously impatient when its seed pod is touched, and responds with a snap that throws the seeds to a distance of many feet. It is startling, on first acquaintance, to have the seed pod pop—go to pieces—double itself up into a lot of spirals, and throw its contents in every direction. It is fascinating, too, to touch the ends of one pod after another as they hang from the branches in some lowland place. The plant is particularly fond of a brookside. It



THE PODS OF THE TOUCH-ME-NOT AS WE FIND THEM IN LATE AUTUMN.

may be imagination, but it has always seemed to me that *Impatiens* is particularly fond of any structure that crosses a brook, as a bridge or a fence, especially an old stone wall. At the edge of the bridge, or on one of the projecting stones of the old wall, I have often amused myself by touching these irritable pods. No matter how many times you may have done it, you want to try just once more, and invariably they startle you, though you may know just what they will do. They pop so suddenly that no amount of anticipation will find you prepared for the explo-

sion. Their conduct is the more fascinating because they look so innocent; they appear to have no intention other than that of any sedate seed-vessel, but, at a certain stage of their develop-



AS "INNOCENT" AND HARMLESS IN APPEARANCE AS A CARTRIDGE.

ment, a touch sends them into a convulsion. Yet, if you take a pair of tweezers or scissors, and hold the stem carefully just behind the pod, you may cut it off and lay it on a piece of paper or a plate. When you get several in a row, like the three shown in the accompanying illustration, for instance, ask one of your friends to touch one. It is somewhat like touching the first of a row of bricks, where each one, falling upon its neighbor, knocks it down. As one pod explodes, it usually sets off the next. The third illustration



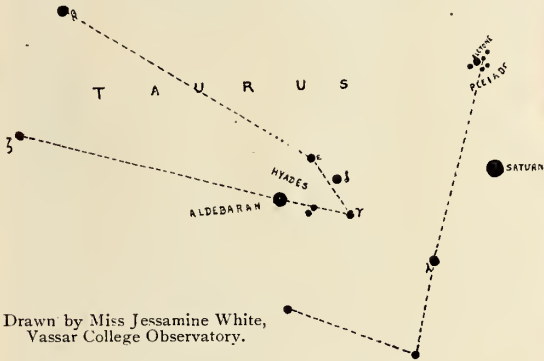
BUT TOUCH JUST THE TIP OF ONE, AND IT "EXPLODES" AND THROWS ITS SEEDS IN EVERY DIRECTION.

shows some of the strange forms into which this impatient touch-me-not contorts itself.

A BEAUTIFUL FEBRUARY CONSTELLATION

You can easily find this group of stars in the sky if you face the south, turn a little toward the east, and then look up. You will see first a V-shaped figure with a bright reddish star at one end of the V. This is called Aldebaran, and is imagined to be the eye of the Bull. The two left-hand stars joined to the V in the map are the tips of his horns.

The group of stars close together on the right is called the Pleiades. Six stars can easily be seen



Drawn by Miss Jessamine White,
Vassar College Observatory.

MAP OF TAURUS, THE BULL.

in this group, but, on a very clear night, four more can be seen if you have good eyesight. Directly underneath the Pleiades can be seen the planet Saturn. To the eye, this appears like a star, but viewed with a telescope, it will show a round globe surrounded by a ring seen somewhat aslant.—CAROLINE E. FURNESS, Professor of Astronomy, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

SATURN AND THE PLEIADES

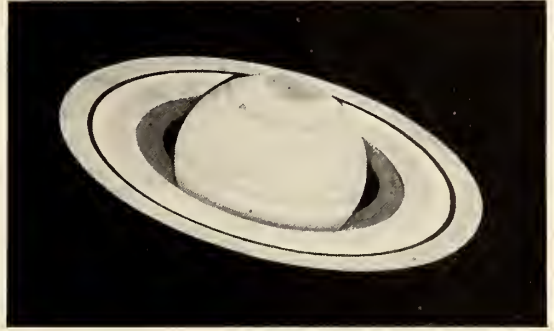
“THE drawing shows the planet Saturn, which is now shining in the constellation Taurus—the Bull—as a bright yellowish star, between the Hyades and the Pleiades.

“Saturn is a great globe some 76,000 miles in diameter, and encircled by thin, broad rings 170,000 miles in diameter. Many considerations tell us that these rings are made up of myriads of bodies so minute and so distant that they cannot be seen individually with any telescope.

“The planet and rings shine by reflecting the light of the sun to us. Though they form immense circles, the rings are never opened wider than shown in the drawing, which closely represents the appearance of the planet at the present time. Every fifteen years these rings are presented to us on edge, and they are then too thin to be seen from the earth, and the planet appears for a day or two shorn of its beautiful appendages. This occurred last in 1907.

“The distance of Saturn from us on February 1, 1913, will be 841,000,000 miles.

“As will be seen by the photograph, the prin-



A DRAWING OF SATURN.

Made by the aid of the Great Telescope of the Yerkes Observatory, by E. E. Barnard.

cipal stars of the Pleiades are involved in dense gaseous matter, called nebulosity, which fills the entire cluster with wispy, shredded patches and masses of light.

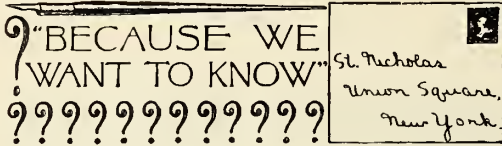
“The entire cluster is slowly drifting across the sky toward the south and east. We say



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PLEIADES.

Made with the ten-inch lens of the Bruce Photographic Telescope of the Yerkes Observatory, by E. E. Barnard. Exposure three hours, forty-eight minutes.

slowly, because it takes some years of careful observation to detect this movement, but the real motion must be at least many miles a second.”—EDWARD EMERSON BARNARD, Astronomer of the Yerkes Observatory, University of Chicago.



DOES HOLDING THE BREATH PREVENT A BEE FROM STINGING?

PORTLAND, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to know why it is that a bee cannot sting a person when the person holds his breath. I remain,

Your interested reader,
JACK WALPOLE.

A bee can sting a person whether that person is holding his breath or is not, although there are some, even those with extended experience, who will tell you the contrary. The error is deeply imbedded in the human mind. Some go so far as to say that various spells, such as repeating collections of strange words, will have this effect. I have even seen it seriously maintained in print. It is an interesting fact that all these false and absurd notions are based on jokes. The secret is this: drone honey-bees and drone wasps may be picked up without risk, because the drone has no sting. Many a boy has waved his hand over a collection of wasps, and many a bee-keeper over a cluster of honey-bees, just to play a little joke upon his friends, and to say, "See, I can pick them up in safety if I hold my breath, or say these magic words." Then he picks up a drone, and calls on the beholder to repeat the trick. And that bystander, not having noticed the difference between the insects, may pick up a drone. Then the experimenter says, "Why, you can do it as well as I can," but he keeps that person trying until, finally, he gets the wrong bee. Then he says, "You have not learned this trick quite so well as I have. You need more practice."

William Hamilton Gibson, in his book "Sharp Eyes," tells "How to Handle a Wasp." Among many interesting things he slips in this joke:

Creep up slyly, hold your open palm within a foot of the insect, and murmur to your inmost self the following brief sentiment:

Polistes! Polistes! bifrons! proponito faciem!

and wait until the insect turns toward you, which it is more or less certain to do; then, with a quick clutch, grasp your prize. It is not necessary to hold your breath or wet your fingers, as is commonly supposed; the above classic charm will work quite as well without. After holding the insect in the hollow of your hand for a moment, take him boldly between your fingers, roll him, pull him, squeeze him, and twirl him as you will; no amount of abuse will induce him to sting. Perfect faith in the above will enable any one to handle a wasp with impunity.

P. S. I almost forgot to mention that it is always safest to experiment with *white-faced* wasps, as these are *drones*, and have no sting.

A HORNED TOAD AS A PET

ALBION, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In "Nature and Science" of ST. NICHOLAS for September, I read a letter about an experience with horned toads.

A former pupil of Papa's sent us a horned toad from Oklahoma. At first we were rather afraid, but in a little while we became much attached to him. He learned his name, and would come when we called him. One day he was up-stairs. After a while, we could not see him, and, after looking for him, we found him on the landing of the stairs. He had gone down five steps to get there. He seemed to enjoy music, for when any one played on the piano, he would raise his head and listen. He lived for seven months after we received him. Once or twice we saw him catch a fly or a small beetle and eat it.

Very truly yours,
MARGARET EARLE.

ARE THERE PEOPLE ON MARS?

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please answer a question? Are there people living on Mars?

G. P. LUDLAM, II.

In regard to the question of the possibility of there being some form of life on the planet Mars, the truth is that nobody knows anything whatever about it. If life on our own world has gradually developed into the forms we know through long and slight changes throughout the ages as conditions here have continually and gradually changed, we can, of course, form no conception of what might have come about if these changes had been in a different direction from what they were. It is quite conceivable that, in that case, life might have continued to exist, even though the final conditions became such that all life as we know it would be impossible.

If it be asked whether any known forms of life might exist if they were transferred to Mars, the answer is equally unknown to us. Both on account of its small size and of its distance from the sun, the temperature of that world should be very low, unless what air there is there is a far better "blanket" than our own. This is, of course, not impossible, but we have absolutely no evidence one way or the other.

Mercury, Venus, and Mars are the only three solid worlds in our solar system beside our own; the other four are doubtless so hot that they are still in the form of vapor. Of these three, it is more probable that the life of our world could continue to exist better on Venus than on either of the two others, but we have no evidence in regard to any of them.

Speculation as to whether life could be developed in the absence of much that seems to us essential for it, is for the biologist rather than for the astronomer.—PROFESSOR ERIC DOOLITTLE, University of Pennsylvania.

WHY DROPS OF LIQUID ARE SPHERICAL

LITTLE COMPTON, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why almost any liquid, when it drops, takes the form of a sphere?

Your interested reader,

FRANCES KINGHORN.

In order to explain the tendency of drops of liquid to become shaped like a sphere, it will be necessary to speak of a peculiarity which every liquid surface possesses. This is its power of



DROPPING ALCOHOL BETWEEN TWO STICKS TO WEAKEN THE SURFACE FILM OF THE WATER.

contracting. If you will dip a camel's-hair brush into water and then withdraw it, you will see that the slender bristles are all drawn down together to a point. This is due to the fact that the water clinging to the brush is drawn inward by the contracting of the outside surface film. We make use of this phenomenon when we moisten the end of a thread before putting it through the eye of a needle.

Now, the film of water which makes a soap-bubble, pulls the bubble into just as small a volume as it can. It contracts until the air within the bubble has such a shape as to require the least surface film to inclose it. Now this form is always a sphere. So the surface film of a water-drop will contract until it has forced the water inside into such a form as to have the smallest outside area. Hence the spherical form of drops.

Many interesting experiments can be made upon this remarkable characteristic of liquids.

For example, cut a small, boat-shaped piece of cardboard or wood about an inch and a half long. In a V-shaped notch, cut in the stern, place a piece of camphor gum slightly larger than the head of a pin. Now lay the boat carefully upon the surface of the water, being sure the camphor touches the liquid. If everything is correct, the boat will move forward as though a tiny thread were pulling at its bow. The dissolving camphor lessens the contractive force of the water at the rear of the boat, and so the force of contraction at the bow pulls the boat ahead.

Another way is to float two wooden toothpicks or small bits of wood about half an inch apart on water, and then, with a medicine dropper, allow a small drop of alcohol to fall in the space between the toothpicks. These pieces of wood will immediately fly apart as though a miniature explosion had taken place. The alcohol, upon mixing with the water, weakens the contractive force of the water surface between the bits of wood. The force here is no longer able to balance the contractive force on the outside trying to pull the pieces apart. Hence the objects are pulled suddenly away from each other.

Our daily experience is filled with cases of the action of this force, which is known to scientists as *surface tension*. The action of water in laying dust is due to surface tension. The form of dew-drops and a small globule of water on a smooth piece of paper is due to this same force.—

PROFESSOR F. R. GORTON, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

The particles of which liquids are made up can move rather easily. This distinguishes liquids from solids, where the particles stick together more or less firmly. But even with liquids there is a little tendency for the particles to stick together, and to hold each other. Drops are formed when small amounts of liquid fall through the air because the particles hold together strongly enough to overcome the resistance of the air through which they are passing. Drops are spherical because all parts of the liquid in them attract each other equally, and because the particles are free to move. A drop cannot be made larger than a certain size, and this size varies with different liquids according to their stickiness. If you dip a match stick into water and then withdraw it, you will find that the drop at the end will fall when it reaches a certain size. If you use alcohol, you will find that the drops are smaller, and with a thick liquid, such as tar or honey, the drops will be larger. This shows that it is the stickiness of the liquid which helps the forming of drops, and that all liquids have some of this property of "stickiness."—PROFESSOR H. L. WELLS, New Haven, Connecticut.



R. LIPINSKY, 1912

"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY ALEXANDER LIPINSKY, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

MUCH has been written and sung about "The Call of the Wild" since Mr. Jack London's story made its title a familiar phrase, but the League pages this month give ample proof that it offered an inspiring theme for our young poets. Several of the pieces of verse received are really notable, such as the fine sonnet on the opposite page, and the two poems on page 377—one the weird lament of a caged wolf, and the other a ringing ballad. And then, too, there are some very clever valentine verses, showing daintiness, sentiment, humor, or all combined. In truth, this is a banner month for our young rhymers, who have done exceedingly well. And the editor feels it a personal grievance, a cause of keen regret, that many little poems almost equaling these in merit or charm were crowded out by lack of space.

There has been a close race, also, in this February number, between our pictorial contributors—the artists and the camera lovers. The talented young draftsmen of the League supply some very clever drawings, clever not only

on the technical side, but also in idea or design. Naturally enough, many of our girl and boy photographers took the subject "A Flying Start" quite literally, and as a result we have several admirable and unusual pictures of flying-machines or hydro-aëroplanes just beginning their flight.

The prose-writers also win their full share of the honors of this month's competition by a series of excellent essays on "My Favorite Character in Fiction"; and the contributions covered a wide range of good literature.

There seems to be an uncertainty in the minds of some new League folk as to the term "Honor Member." An Honor Member is a contributor who has won both the gold and the silver badge. But as to these prizes, we must explain, again, that the silver badge must be won *first*. Whenever the sender of a poem, story, photograph, or drawing is credited with a gold badge, it means that he or she has already achieved the silver badge. To bring out this point more clearly, we shall add, in brackets, hereafter, the date when the silver badge was won.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 156

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Eleanor Steward Cooper** (age 17), Lansdowne, Pa.

Silver badges, **Margaret M. Barker** (age 14), Columbus, O.; **John K. Stafford** (age 12), Millbrook, N. Y.; **Dora Holmyard** (age 16), Cincinnati, O.; **Esther Whited** (age 16), Ashland, Ore.; **Edith M. Levy** (age 13), New York City.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Grace Noerr Sherburne** (age 16), Melrose, Mass.; **B. Cresswell** (age 16), Coventry, Eng.

Silver badges, **John C. Farrar** (age 16), Burlington, Vt.; **Eleanor Hebblethwaite** (age 11), Reigate, Eng.; **Hilda Buttenwieser** (age 12), Cincinnati, O.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Alexander Lipinsky** (age 16), New York City; **Robert Riggs** (age 16), Decatur, Ill.; **Hester Noyes** (age 16), Winchester, Mass.; **Emma Stuyvesant** (age 15), St. Louis, Mo.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Howard Sherman** (age 12), New York City.

Silver badges, **Albert Baruch** (age 13), San Francisco, Cal.; **Kenneth D. Smith** (age 16), West New Brighton, N. Y.; **Willis K. Jones** (age 16), Auburn, N. Y.; **Wade Werden** (age 15), Mason, Wis.; **Anna G. Tremaine** (age 14), Kenmore, N. Y.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Elizabeth Land** (age 13), Syracuse, N. Y.; **Gustav Deichmann** (age 13), New York City; **Margaret M. Horton** (age 14), Atlanta, Ga.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Dorothy Belle Goldsmith** (age 15), New York City.

Silver badges, **Evelyn Fassett** (age 17), Oakland, Cal.; **Ruth Ehrich** (age 13), New York City.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

BY GRACE NOERR SHERBURNE (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge)

THE trackless forest peaceful is and still,
 Day's last shy rays, reluctant, pierce the green;
 The ripple of a rivulet unseen
 Mingles its music with the bluebird's trill.
 The pines upon the summit of the hill
 Whisper and sigh and nod with stately mien,
 Then all is hushed until a note serene
 Doth break the stillness; 't is the whippoorwill.

In bold relief against the evening sky,
 Where sunset gleams still linger, loath to flee,
 Each mountain peak is outlined, sharp and clear.
 Belated song-birds, hastening homeward, fly,
 White scud mists rise like spray far out at sea,
 The hermit-thrush sings softly, "Night is near."

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION—
AND WHY

BY ELEANOR STEWARD COOPER (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge)

IN Abdallah the Bedouin lay that singleness of devotion to a high ideal which unifies and clarifies the scattered and alloyed good which is in most men by right of their inherent nature. By inheritance, surroundings, training, and tradition, he was peculiarly blessed in influences which tend to produce strength of character and seriousness and clearness of mind. The desert, with its mysterious and terrible dangers, bred courageous and unaffectedly pious men, who learned to pray, not as if cowering beneath the lash of brute nature, but as spirits in league with its spirit. Abdallah was born of a people who for long centuries had been so affected by their surroundings. He lived in the midst of the agencies that had made his fathers what they were, and which strengthened in him his native instincts. When, in his early manhood, he heard of the four-leafed clover, the mystic symbol of absolute good, whose leaves had been



"A FLYING START." BY ALBERT BARUCH, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

scattered and lost through weak curiosity, he was ripe to conceive of reuniting them by the magnetism of his own personality.

He possessed the rare and saving gift of vision that sees a goal beyond the present goal, and is not to be blinded to the ultimate and highest aim of all. He possessed an equally happy and equally rare disposition to

seek in the lesser work the accomplishment of the greater. Through much labor and suffering, he won the desired leaves one by one, but always indirectly out of his daily life and duty.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION—
AND WHY

BY MARGARET M. BARKER (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

My favorite character in fiction is Jo in "Little Women." Jo is so funny, so original, and so queer, that



"A FLYING START." BY HOWARD SHERMAN, AGE 12.
(GOLD BADGE.)

when I read "Little Women" (and I have read it many times), I am always more interested in Jo than either Meg, Beth, or Amy. Meg is a fascinating character, Beth is very sweet, and Amy very amusing, but awkward, lively Jo, with her queer ways and her love for books, is to me the most interesting character I have ever read about in fiction.

I like the time in which this story was written. Wartimes are very exciting, and Jo's longing to be a boy, so that she may go and fight with her father, is very comical. She laments being a girl, who "can only sit at home and knit like a poky old lady," as she says.

But Jo's part in the story is not all funny. It is sad where she sells her hair to help her father, and acts so bravely before all the family; but when she is alone with Meg, she breaks down and cries because of the loss of her "only beauty." Jo is so natural and lifelike, that you do not feel as if she were a character in a book, only a girl in fiction.

I admire Jo for her pluck and perseverance, for her kind heart, and good-natured, frank ways.

So, for these reasons, my favorite character in fiction is Jo March in Miss Alcott's "Little Women."

MY VALENTINE

BY ELIZABETH MILLER (AGE 11)

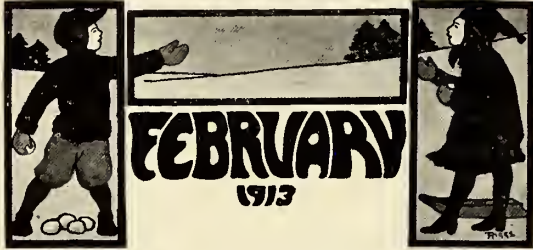
THE big boy said to the little one
 (On Valentine's Day, bright and fair),
 "To whom will you send your postal-card
 You are holding so carefully there?"

The small one looked up with a proud little smile,
 As he held up his postal fine,
 "The loveliest lady in all the world;
 My mother's my valentine."

TO MY VALENTINE

BY HELEN A. MONSELL (AGE 17)

SAINT VALENTINE'S is coming,
The love time of the year, dear;
So, while love's flames light up the sky,
And Cupid's arrows round us fly,
I'll sing my song to you, dear.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY ROBERT RIGGS, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Dan Cupid is a roguish lad
Whom many people flee, dear;
His shafts to every realm are sent,
Full dangerous, oft, is his intent;
But he never troubles me, dear.

For Cupid's bow I do not fear,
Although his aim be true, dear;
Since long ago you took my heart,
I have no target for his dart—
I've given it to you, dear.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION—
AND WHY

BY JOHN K. STAFFORD (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

ONE must admit that, there being so many characters in fiction, it is a difficult task to decide which is his favorite character.

But when a man has such high morals, and possesses the qualities necessary to make a man count in this world as Ulysses did, there is little doubt as to whether or not he deserves to be a favorite character.

Homer, the old Greek poet, wrote about Ulysses in the Iliad, and the Odyssey is composed wholly of Ulysses's journeyings.

On the isle of the Cyclops, but for Ulysses's constant watchfulness and wise bravery, he and all of his men would have died.

Only for the wisdom of Ulysses, Troy could never have been taken, and his wisdom and his ability to perform his tasks are clearly shown in the many times his own and his men's lives were endangered.

At Circe's isle, and when passing the Sirens, also at Apollo's island, and in every place and under every circumstance, he proved to be a man who could never be taken off his guard, lose his good sense, or in any respect show anything but that which belongs to a manly man.

These are the reasons for my thinking that Ulysses, King of Ithaca, is a fitting character to be a favorite over all others.

DE CALL OF DE WIL'

(French Canadian Lumberman's Song)

BY JOHN C. FARRAR (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

DE bon Dieu know' I lak de town
Wid all de people gadder' roun';
But mos' of all I t'ink I lak
De wood at night—great, beeg, an' black!

De tree' dey lif' dere trunk' up far,
An' talk wid all de shinin' star';
An' somet'ing grip' me—hol' me tight!
I love de fores' in de night.

An', somehow, ev'ryt'ing seem' fine,
An' all de reevaire is moonshine.
Den, sometime, heaven seem' so near,
Ver', ver' near, oui, an' ver', ver' dear.



"A FLYING START." BY KENNETH D. SMITH, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)

De bon Dieu know' I lak de town,
Wal—lak to take a look' aroun';
But after while I 's lon'ly when
I needs my fores' back again.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION—
AND WHY

BY DORA HOLMYARD (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

WITHIN the green covers of my dearest book friend, "David Copperfield," dwells my favorite character in fiction, Tommy Traddles.

Traddles makes his first appearance at Mr. Creakle's school. A fat boy, with bristly hair inclined to stand on end, whose sky-blue suit fits him so tightly that his arms and legs look like German sausages.

He is the "merriest and most miserable of all the boys"; always in "hot water, continually being caned, if not for his own offenses, for his schoolmates'." Noth-



"A FLYING START." BY WILLIS K. JONES,
AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

ing seems to put a damper on his merry antics, or nothing can sour his happy nature.

When next we meet Traddles, he has grown to manhood. In shabby, dingy chambers, he is studying law. He is the same honest, unfortunate, good-natured Traddles of yore, but he will never be a great man. He is not what is termed a "hustler."

He is engaged to a girl named Sophy, "a curate's daughter, one out of ten, down in Devonshire," and, as he often remarks to his friend David, "I assure you, my dear Copperfield, the dearest girl in the world." It may be a long, long time before they marry, but "How-



"STRANGERS." BY MARGARET BRATE, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

ever, wait and hope!" says Traddles, and already they possess two articles toward their housekeeping, a flower-pot and a small marble-topped table!

I think the reason that Traddles is my favorite character in fiction is that he is so perfectly natural and lovable, as most of Dickens's characters are. They seem so real that it is hard to believe they are only inanimate story-book people, and not our human friends of flesh and blood. There are so many of the "Tommy Traddles" type, and each has his "dearest girl in the world!"

THE CALL OF THE WILD

BY ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT (AGE 17)

BOBBY sat still in a chair on the porch,
Waiting for Mother to come;
Told, "Now stay there without moving an inch."
Already his muscles were numb.

Mother was donning her prettiest frock,
Dressing to call on a friend.
Bob, sitting fidgeting there all alone,
Thought dressing time never would end.

A butterfly fluttered inside of the screen;
'T would be kind of him if he released it,
Bob thought, so he gently pushed open the door.
Thank goodness, some one had greased it!

The butterfly zigzagged over the lawn;
Bob could not resist the temptation.
The butterfly perched on the limb of a tree
(Which Mother had said every day, "Shun").

Bob thrust a curious hand in a hole;
The bees living there were quite riled.
Far and wide, near and far, over country and vale,
Echoed—the call of the wild!

THE CALL OF THE WILD

BY ELEANOR HEBBLETHWAITE (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

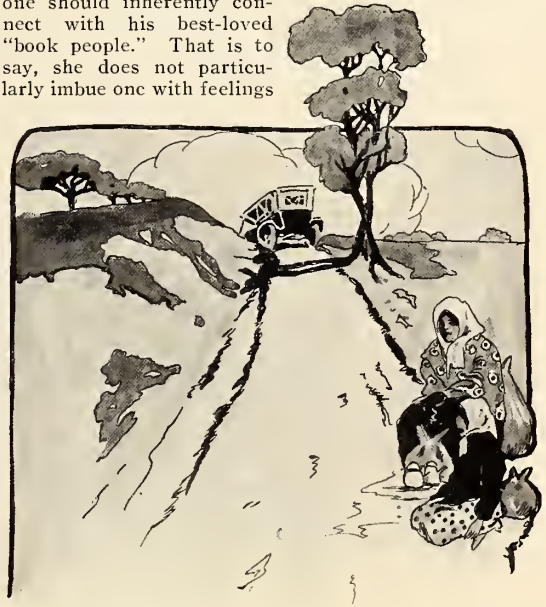
"TWEET, tweet," he chirped. "Oh, let me out!
I long to fly the woods about;
The wild wood calls me, I must fly,
Or in this prison I shall die!"
He heard a bird sing loud and sweet,
His tiny wings he wildly beat.
Those cruel bars! So thick, so strong,
That if he fluttered all day long,
His helpless wings no mark would make
Upon the wire he could not break.
And when night fell, between the bars,
He thought he saw the twinkling stars.
His troubled sleep was full of dreams
Of fair green grass and rippling streams,
Of beeches swaying in the breeze,
And cozy nests in tall, green trees.
His heart was filled with wild desire,
Poor prisoner in a cage of wire!

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION— AND WHY

BY ESTHER WHITED (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

My favorite character in fiction does not possess many of the attributes which literary people seem to think one should inherently connect with his best-loved "book people." That is to say, she does not particularly imbue one with feelings



"STRANGERS." BY MARGARET CONY, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

of great enthusiasm, or make him love nature, or make him long to paint a great picture, or write a great book.

It is almost as impossible to tell why one loves a person in a book as it is to give adequate reasons for loving one who is out of a book. It is with this feeling that I try to tell why I like Alice, of "Alice in Wonderland," better than any book character I know. Perhaps the reason for my love of her is best expressed in one word: she is so *human*. She thinks and acts as any ordinary little girl would on finding herself in a strange

country where the King and Queen of Hearts ruled, and animals and strange people of all sorts were their subjects. Her childish thoughts and actions are so natural that one feels just as she feels; he wonders at what she wonders at; he laughs with her; cries with her. Withal, there is such a feeling of easy comradeship that he is sorry when the card house tumbles down, and Alice



"A FLYING START." BY WADE WERDEN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

returns from Wonderland, to find herself lying in her sister's lap, with the sound of the tea dishes rattling in the distance.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION— AND WHY

BY EMILY S. STAFFORD (AGE 15)

Of the many beautiful characters in fiction, my favorite is a little girl of ten. She is the main character in Mrs. Burnett's dearest of stories, "The Secret Garden." Cross, sour little Mary, of India, who, in spite of her many servants to do her bidding, had never known what it was to be loved. Not until she had found herself all alone in the world, and was sent to live with her uncle, who would almost forget that she existed, did she, of her own accord, begin to change. Before the summer can come, the frost must leave the ground, which must have sunshine to make it soft and warm. And so with Mary. There began to be little rays of sunshine in her heart, and the cold, icy manner had to flee, and they melted and warmed the hard little heart, till, at last, the



"A FLYING START." BY ANNA G. TREMAINE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

flowers began to grow. They grew in the form of the merry laugh, the gay, childish voice, the kind, unselfish ways that blossomed forth in this same little Mary. It was Mary who found the way to the "secret garden," and, with the help of the kind boy, Dickon, planted the flowers there. It was Mary who found her sick cousin, Colin, and it was she who so filled his mind with the springtime that he, too, began to love the garden. It was through Mary that he began to walk, and at last to

run. It was through Mary that he began to be a happy, nature-loving boy. Lastly, when the sad father came home, he, too, was changed into a glad, normal man—all through the childish influence of my favorite character in fiction.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION— AND WHY

BY SUSAN C. ERWIN (AGE 11)

I HAVE so many favorite characters, and they are all so different, that this is a hard subject to write upon; and yet I believe, just at present, my favorite character is the little heroine in St. NICHOLAS'S beautiful story "The Lucky Sixpence."

Beatrice, the little English maid, was so gentle and timid, and yet at times she was so brave and firm, that you could hardly realize it was the same frightened little girl that started on the long voyage which proved to be the turning-point in her whole life.

She was clever too, and many times she outwitted the ever-suspicious British soldiers with her self-possessed and calm, bright speeches.

And one scene that stands out very clearly in my mind is the one in which she could hardly decide whether to stand up for her country or to treat a friend with disloyalty. That was the one in which she displayed much of her calmness and ingenuity.

There were many other fine characters in the story. Little, lisping Peggy was a dear little thing, and the many war episodes make the story very interesting.

But the thing I like the best about this little heroine is that, though she was very brave and fearless, I think she was the kind

of little girl that could make a very nice playmate. I always read "The Lucky Sixpence" aloud to Grandma, and I think she is just as much interested in my little heroine as I am.



I.B. Price '15

"STRANGERS." BY EDITH B. PRICE, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE CALL OF THE WILD

BY LUCY A. MACKAY (AGE 13)

THERE was a spirit in the breeze
That told me secrets sweet,
Of flowers, and trees, and meadows calm,
And fields of golden wheat;
Of waterfalls, and brooks, and glens,
And birds so clearly singing;
And in my heart this sweet, wild call
Continued, ever ringing.

There was a spirit in the breeze
That sang about the sea,
Where little craft ran through the waves,
In hopes of taking me
Across the deep, that wondrous blue
O'er which the gulls were flying,
And in my heart, like gentle waves,
That sweet, wild call kept sighing.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

BY LUCILE E. FITCH (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

CAGED! I shall go mad within this place:
 How civilization scorches with its breath!
 All night I howl and look and long for death,
 As back and forth I tread this narrow space.
 That wan star points above the frozen north,
 And I have fixed my flaming eyes on it;
 With all the fire of wolfish breed relit,
 I let my longing, unheard cries go forth.
 —Call not. I cannot come, O Wilderness!

To fly once more, lord of the hungering pack,
 Across the silent snows with wingèd feet!
 Where fields on fields of blinding whiteness meet.
 To scent the giant caribou's soft track!
 Or, 'neath the glory of the Northern Lights,
 When all the brooding darkness lies athrill,
 To point the keen nose heavenward and fill
 With mournful incantations the weird nights.
 Oh, what a torture 't is to be not free
 When all the awful Wild is beckoning me!
 —Call not. I cannot come, O Wilderness!

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION—
AND WHY

BY EDITH M. LEVY (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

As I sit beside the fire, thinking, thinking hard, before me rises a group of chosen heroes and heroines, seeming, from out of the flames, to beckon to me to choose my favorite.

King Richard and Rebecca from "Ivanhoe" hold my attention for some time, and so does dashing Jack Brereton from "Janice Meredith," and the Count of Monte Cristo, and lots of war-time heroes and their brides.

Suddenly they all seem to melt into one picture—Sydney Carton at the guillotine. Reluctantly I leave the others, but to him I must give the preference.

At the beginning of "A Tale of Two Cities," no one can like him, for Dickens only shows the vulgar, ignorant side of his character; he was a diamond in the rough, and had many grave faults. But his noble, unselfish traits overbalanced the others in the eyes of his friends.

What can be more brave than the way in which he gave up his sweetheart to a friend whom she loved better, Darnay? What more unselfish than to restore happiness to her he loved, by taking the place of her husband, and dying for him? And not only did he die for Lucie, but he lived without her cheerfully and bravely.

I have and will often read of characters more clever, more dashing, more fascinatingly brilliant, but ever in my heart will I carry the picture of Carton at the guillotine, dying so heroically and unselfishly.

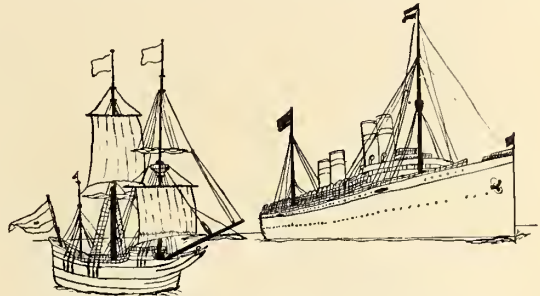
VOL. XL.—48.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

BY B. CRESSWELL (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge)

FROM the treeless waste to the level plain; where the
 salt sea-breezes blow;
 Where the bitterns croak o'er the wind-swept cliffs and
 the breakers beat below;
 From the empty spaces of the earth, the call of the wild
 rings through,
 And makes the blood like a mountain flood taking its
 course anew.



"STRANGERS." BY ADELE MOWTON, AGE 13.

When the crazy storm-king's anthem rings midst the
 drift and the flying foam,
 And voices speak from logs that creak, oh, it 's grand to
 be at home;
 And fine to sit with a pleasant book by the ingle's
 merry glare,
 While the raindrops patter against the pane, and the
 wind god beats the air.

But it 's grander still where the zephyrs sweep, and the
 sea fiends leap at play,
 And the lightning cuts with an argent knife through the
 wide aerial way;
 And high above in the forest slope, the giant timbers
 groan,
 And the loud swish-swish of the falling rain springs up
 in an eery moan.

While the long, dark files of inky clouds, all clothed in
 their sable mail,
 Hear the laugh of the wind as it tears along with the
 force of an angry gale,
 'T is the call of the wild that is echoing through the
 picture; and it frames
 A wild desire for a roaming life, that many a wanderer
 claims.

From the lumber camp to the Orient coasts, where
 Moslem rites obtain,
 Wherever a wave-washed island floats, in a coppery-
 colored main;
 Wherever an outpost guards a pass, and "the old rag"
 beats the air,
 And loyal hearts still guard it well—the "call of the
 wild" is there.

Where the sleigh-bells peal across the snow, in the land
 of the Russian czars,
 Or a bushman sleeps 'neath the southern cross, with an
 oversheet of stars,
 The call of the wild is calling still; it stirs in the very
 bone;
 It leads us on in Stanley's prints, and the steps of
 Livingstone.

"STRANGERS." BY CHARLOTTE
TOUGAS, AGE 17.

TO MY VALENTINE

BY HILDA BUTTENWIESER (AGE 12)
(*Silver Badge*)

IN spring, when all the earth wakes up,
And joy is in the air;
When showers fill the tulip's cup,
And fruit-trees blossom fair;

In summer, when the air is sweet
With perfume of the flow'rs;
When crickets chirp around our feet,
And birds haunt leafy bow'rs;



"STRANGERS." BY HESTER NOVES, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

In autumn, when the wild, west wind
Doth whirl the withered leaves;
When fields with pumpkins gay are lined,
And corn is stacked in sheaves;

In winter, when the snow drifts deep,
And frosty is the air;
When Mother Nature lies asleep,
And all is ghostly bare;

In all these seasons, warm and cold,
I long to call thee mine,
Forever in my heart to hold
Thee, precious Valentine!

THE CALL OF THE WILD

BY FLORA MCD. COCKRELL (AGE 12)
(*Honor Member*)

THE brooklet raced through the shady wood,
And laughed aloud in its careless glee;
It sang to the maple-trees where they stood,
And told the joy of being free.
They seemed to listen to hear its song,
To droop their branches that grew so tall
To hear its song as it raced along,
And the ceaseless splash of its waterfall.

The wind was sighing among the trees,
A restless whisper that seemed a song,
The sighing song of a fitful breeze
That changed its mood as it swept along.
It sang a song of the endless sky,
It sang of seas that were broad and deep,
Till its song changed into a lullaby,
And the stirring wood dropped away to sleep.

The woods were dark and the stars were pale,
The dreamy silence had brooded long,
Till lo! it broke, when a nightingale,
Poured out his voice in liquid song.
The same glad song that the brook had sung,
The same wild song that the wind had sung,
And they sang in the same sweet, unknown tongue,
The song they sang when the world was young.

MY VALENTINE

BY BRUCE T. SIMONDS (AGE 17)
(*Honor Member*)

"THY locks are touched with living gold,
And radiant are thy starry eyes,
Like those of angels aureoled,
Who sing for joy in Paradise!
How may I dare aspire to thee,
O lovely maiden, most divine!
I scarce can utter, 'Wilt thou be
My Valentine?'"

And yet—her hair is really red,
A kind of dirty, brassy shade;
And as for starry eyes—instead,
They're crossed a little, I'm afraid;
She laughs, and gives a wide display
Of every yellow, tusk-like tooth;—
'T is very hard to write, and say
The ugly truth!

But still the time was wisely spent,
For when she reads 't will warm her heart;
She'll know by whom the verse was sent,
And make a luscious jelly-tart.
When I taste that—and hers are fine!—
I'll think of joys I once forsook
To write to her, my Valentine,
Our homely cook!

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.

PROSE, 1

Kathryn B. Fowler
Beatrice Clephane
Eliza A. Peterson
Mary A. Wilkes
Naomi Lauchheimer
Elmer H. Van Fleet
Dorothy M. Russell
Edith D. Weigle

Ruth B. Brewster
Elbert C. Price
Elizabeth W. Kennedy
Alice Lee Tully
Berenice G. Hill
Caroline Smith
Doris Gardner
Paul Ford
Fleeta Dudley
Vernie Peacock

Mary E. Nash
Clara Snyderaker
Susan B. Nevin
Margaret Cundill
Winifred S. Stoner, Jr.

PROSE, 2

Vernon P. Williams
Maybelle B. Wood
Madeleine Moller
Phyllis Speer
Marion Dacy
Elda Brun
Marian Ansbacher
Lawton Filer
Louis Schwartz
Lucy R. M. Ball
Madelyn H. Stafford
Virginia A. Leffer
B. Gumpert
Mary F. Sharples



"STRANGERS." BY LILLIS WATSON, AGE 12.

VERSE, 1

Thyrza Weston
Anna Libman
Julia M. Herget
Edgar Gibbs
Frances D.
Pennypacker
Edith V. Manwell
Elizabeth Finley
Rosalind P. Bigelow

Louise Gorey
Ruth S. Abbott
Rosebud Segal
Katharine W. Ball
Evelyn A. G. Kelly
Helen A. Dority
Marcelle Ellinger
Rebecca H. Wilder
Rose F. Cushman

Fannie C. Butterfield
Janet Hepburn
Elizabeth S. Moore
Ethel M. Feuerlicht
Pauline Boisot
Gladys M. Müller
Mary J. Smith
Hazel M. Chapman
Watson Davis

Katherine Bull
 Marian Thanhouser
 Elizabeth Macdonald
 Elgin F. Hunt
 Margaret Finck
 Renée Geoffrion
 Elsie E. Glenn
 Eleanor M. Sicksels
 Kathryn Hulbert
 Anna R. Payne
 Doris R. Wilder
 Alice Trimble
 Thelma L. Kellogg
 Ruth Chalmers
 Grace Freese
 Mildred Willard
 Gwynne A. Abbott
 Bertha E. Walker
 Doris F. Halman
 Eleanor Perkins
 Doris Packard
 Mary Smith
 Georgene Davis
 Harriet A. Wickwire
 Ellen M. Janson
 Catherine C. Robie
 Margaret C. Bland
 Edwina R. Pomeroy
 Frances Duggar
 Caryl Peabody
 Eleanor Johnson
 Robert A. Aubin
 Lillian M. Miller
 Jeannette Ridlon
 Nellie M. Gutzke
 Philip A. La Vie
 Vivienne Witherbee
 Evelyn H. Dunham
 Florence Gallagher
 Helen F. Smith
 Laura Hadley
 Hester D. Nott
 Helen S. Clift
 Ceschella B. del Monte
 Ruth Hoag
 Horace Woodmansee
 Angela Porter

Beatrice Riffard
 Genevieve Farmer
 Natalie Scott
 Joseph B. Morse, Jr.
 Gladys Wright
 Marjorie Flack
 Florence Fisk
 Constance Wilcox
 Frances M. E. Patten
 Dorothy Hughes

DRAWINGS, 2

Leon McKenney
 Eleanor Pearsall
 S. Dorothy Bell
 Curtis E. Hamilton
 Kedma Dupont
 Margaret Grandgent
 Dorothy Scarborough
 Margery Ragle
 Alice M. Hughes
 Jessie Wilson
 Esther Wilson
 James Herbert
 Venette M. Willard
 Lily E. Madan
 Bess Winston
 Jean Snyder
 Nada Spratlen

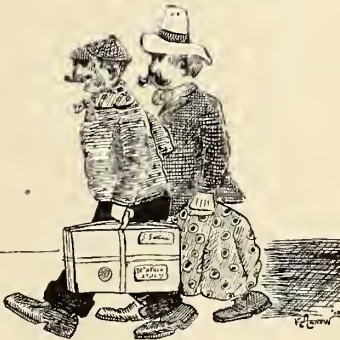
Patrina M. Colis
 Cornelia T. Crane
 Marguerite B. Bernard

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

B. Estrada
 Margaret Leathes
 Richard L. Cooch
 Daniel B. Benscoter
 Katharine W. Townsend
 A. B. Butfield
 Marjorie Mitchell
 Mamie Juel
 W. Coburn Seward, Jr.
 Gordon L. Kent
 Katharine Weaver
 Elwyn B. White
 Rhoda B. Laurence
 Madelaine Brown
 Margaret R. Ladd

PUZZLES, 1

Edith Pierpont
 Stickney
 Katherine Browne
 Elizabeth D. Noyes
 Marjorie V. Wells



"STRANGERS." BY FREDERICK AGNEW, AGE 15.

VERSE, 2

Mary S. Benson
 Carolyn Ladd
 Polly M. Gorringe
 Lloyd Dinkelspiel
 Nelson Munson
 Jessie M. Carlin
 Caroline F. Ware
 Anua M. Riddell
 Mary H. Bosworth
 Jessie M. Thompson
 Helen Beeman
 Margaret F. Jennison
 Millicent H. Lewis
 Olga B. Weil
 Mildred W. Longstreth
 Edith C. Brill
 Georgina Yeatman
 Anita Lindemann
 Mattie Hibbert

Esther Hill
 Isabel Knowlton
 Vianna Knowlton
 Beryl M. Sieghert
 Dorothy L. Macready
 Jennie E. Everden
 Virginia Gould
 Katharine Reynolds
 Louise Secor
 Marjorie Seligman
 Mary Lea Tindolph
 Betty Humphreys
 Helen Myers
 Charlotte W. Gilman

Eugene Scott
 Betty Jackson
 Paul Lindsay
 Leah Chernoff
 Gertrude V. R. Dana
 Phyllis C. Abbott
 Edith Lucie Weart
 Samuel H. Ordway, Jr.
 Ruth Browne
 Ansley Newman
 A. Gordon Grove
 Miriam Goodspeed
 Joseph A. Todd
 Madeline Gleason

DRAWINGS, 1

Harry Till
 Isabella B. Howland
 Katharine Schwab
 Gladys E. Livermore
 Catharine H. Grant
 Clara Holder
 Jessie E. Alison
 Elizabeth E. Sherman
 Frances Koewing
 Heather F. Burbury
 Evelyn Caldwell

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Helen Tallant
 William W. Smith, Jr.
 Dorothy Coate
 Milton C. Sarran
 Lucy B. Grey
 Robert U. Whitney
 Roberta Jennings
 Gladys Evans
 Andrew N. Adams
 Mary C. Howard

PUZZLES, 2

Elizabeth Conley
 Sarah Jaffe
 Agnes C. Vanneman
 Lazare Chernoff
 Helen M. Laucaster
 Edward Hunter
 Andrew Brown
 Robert B. Paine
 Mary Berger
 Margaret Blake

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition:

TOO LONG. Helen Page, Marjorie Cassell, James W. Sheehan.
 LATE. Phyllis A. Littleton, Elsie A. M. Grande, J. Thomas, Edna Guck, Vivien H. Fitch, Doris N. Chew, Nora Mohler, Katie G. Singlehurst, Walter B. Fretz.
 NOT INDORSED. F. Marie Brown, Clara D. Lear, Leona Carter,

Gertrude Vincent, Mildred Crane, Margaret Wright, Hannah M. Ratisher, Ruth Dexter Grew, Mac Clark.

INCOMPLETE ADDRESS. William Schusterson, Henry Ware, Rebecca Stecol, Kathleen Anderson, Hannah Sasse, David Friedman, John W. Claghorn, Jr., Catherine Beck, Morris Ryskind, Harold Beck.

NO AGE. Louis F. Adams, Doris F. Halman, Robert E. Innis, Marjorie Osborne, Lucile Borges, Dorothy Collins, Philip H. Woodcock, John Perez.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES. Elizabeth M. Duffield, Esther Bader, Hedwig Zorb.

WRONG SUBJECT. Henry Greenbaum.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 160

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 160 will close **February 10** (for foreign members **February 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS for June**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Toiler's Reward," or, "A Song of June."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "When School Days Are Over."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Breakfast."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Willing Model," or a Heading for **June**.

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. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

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 who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

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 notes 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.

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

A NEW IDEA

HERE we stand at the beginning of a new year, with all its possibilities of development, its chances for doing things worth while, its lessons of one kind and another, stretching before us. It seems a good time to start a new idea to working, here in this department of books and reading.

I have been telling you for a long while now about such books as I believe to be entirely worth your while, books that, if you missed them out of your experience, would mean a real loss, such as the missing of a fine friendship or a noble adventure would bring to you. I have gone hither and thither for these books, following no special plan, but turning to one author or another, or to different periods of time, as the fancy took me. And I have had to leave out many great books because you were not yet old enough completely to understand and enjoy them. But though there are many I have not spoken of, I think I have at least given you a hint of the various types, and mentioned most of the authors it will be good for you to be familiar with while you are still boys and girls, and which will teach you to find the rest for yourselves in good time; helping you to such a love of literature that even, when the crowded life of grown-upness comes along, you will still want to read the great books.

Now, however, I want to propose a certain course of reading, a definite plan, and to take up each month two or three books in sequence; books of a historical nature, but each one a story in itself—and a good story.

You have real history in your school hours—English, European, American. It does not always read like a story, and often you find it rather dull work; yet it is the tale of man's existence, of his struggles from century to century, his advances and retreats, his immense adventures, his wonderful travels and discoveries—the most thrilling story there is!

The trouble with straight history is that it insists on dates and names; it has so much to tell that it is often forced to give no more than the dry fact, leaving out all the story part, all the heart interest, the personal feeling. The battles and cities get in the way of the people. It is about like reading in the papers of the war in Turkey, instead of mixing with that war your-

selves, or having an older brother who is a war-correspondent, or a missionary, come home and tell you the odd stories and exciting adventures he had met or heard or seen right on the ground—stories that never got into his reports. Sitting there and listening to him, you would get the thrill of the human side of it all, the little, but moving, personal adventures that are lost in the great impersonal adventure. History is the story of the impersonal adventure of this world; romance and fiction of the personal one.

This is what the books I mean to tell you about will give; just this same "I've been there and it happened to me" side of it which is so exciting. They will put you into close touch with the boys and girls, their parents, the homes they lived in, and the things they hoped for and tried after. If you read these books so that they run parallel with the period of the world's life that you are learning about in your school histories, you will get nearer to it, almost become one of the people whose cities and battles you are studying about. The whole period will seem real to you, for you will have friends and foes among the population. Your interest will not be confined to kings and captains and elderly folk, but will spread to the daily life of the kind of people you would most likely have known if you had actually been alive at that time, even to boys and girls of your own age.

Of course these books were not written—or not often—by actual participants in the incidents they relate. Once in a while, a real romance comes down through the ages picturing the story of the day rather than its facts; but these are rare. Nevertheless, by turning over many old documents and letters and fragmentary anecdotes, by steeping himself in his period, an author gets almost to believe that he is bodily, instead of simply mentally, in the thick of what he is writing; and if he is good, he makes us feel the same way.

After all, men and women have an amazing habit of being a lot like each other even though separated by some hundreds of years. The circumstances amid which they exist are very different, to be sure; manners were rougher, men more apt to give their will a free rein, ideas were crushed or unborn in those old times, ways of building, eating, and working were different.

But people felt much the same, loved and hated, laughed and sorrowed, as they do nowadays. There was the same struggle for daily bread among the poor, and the rich lived as sumptuously as they knew how; people traveled, hunted, played, and studied then as now. So they can be re-created for us, in the midst of their so different surroundings and problems, because we are all human and related.

It is somewhat difficult to choose among all the many periods of history that have been turned into story by the writers. Ancient Greek, and Roman, and Persian, and Biblical times have produced their share of fiction, as have the shifting scenes in Italy and the tumultuous centuries in France.

But, tempting as these certainly are, I am going to leave them, for the present at least, and devote my attention to England and America, beginning with the Norman Conquest in 1066. This marked the birth of the complex English race, and therefore of our own. And it seems to me that it will be extremely interesting to begin with some stories of those far-away wild days when Norseman and Saxon and Norman fought their battles and struggled upward into a united race, and then to go on gradually through the centuries, taking up one interesting book after another, stories of the old times of chivalry, of the feudal state, of the "spacious times of great Elizabeth," on to Cromwell and the Cavaliers and the Pretender, following the thread of fiction till it leads us to our own land, among the settlers of its East and West, and so on down to our own day.

Sometimes there will be a number of delightful books having to do with an especially vital time in history, and sometimes, of course, it will be hard to find more than one; but, oddly enough, the entire great lapse of time is practically covered by the story-writers old and new. There is no long gap.

The reading of such a line of books ought to be a help to you in your study of history. Often you will be able to discover mistakes the story-writers have made—but that will only make it more interesting. You will become a critic of the story from the historical standpoint, at the same time that your study of authenticated fact is made alive and vivid to you by the imagination of the romance. And you will surely be delighted to discover that history is no such dry affair as it occasionally appears to be in your school-books. Fun and frolic, intrigue, danger, courage, and excitement have crowded all the centuries, and your story-writer has found these entertaining things where the historian has missed them.

These books must necessarily be for the older

among you, boys and girls in your 'teens, who like a good story, certainly, but who are beginning to be interested in the truth about this world and its people, and who do not mind helping out your school work with your home fun. Keeping your mind alert and keen is a more important thing than cramming it with facts. And I believe that you will find the list of books I shall talk about will do just that for the history part of your minds. The facts, too, will stick all the better for such a story background. If your hero does a noble thing at some particular siege, or barely escapes with his life from the beleaguered town, or goes on a perilous mission between two opposing armies, you will be far more apt to remember what the history says of that same siege, or town, or those armies, than if you did not have a warm, personal interest in these matters, an interest your fiction friend has aroused in you.

So it seems to me your teachers might be interested in such a course of reading, and would like to know just the books you have found to go with your study. Perhaps they will at times suggest others to you; perhaps they will enjoy reading yours.

Possibly, too, and I should like that very much, you yourselves will have stories to suggest to me. If you knew of some fine, exciting book on a particular period in English or American history, no matter how little known the period might be, why could n't you send me the title, so that all the readers of *St. NICHOLAS* could enjoy it with you? It is impossible for me, with the best will in the world, to know all such books, and I might miss something excellent—which would be too bad! So speak right up, if you have any suggestion you care to make, and I will be most thankful, and glad to tell my readers from whom the title has come.

It may take most of the year to tell about the various books I have in mind, and which will follow each other month by month according to their date in history. Then, if the idea works out nicely, we may take up this story side of the world's life in other countries.

You will find there is no country or people you can turn to whose history does not give the most superb opportunities to the writers of adventure and romance—opportunities that have been taken advantage of time and time again, if we only knew it, and that are still being made use of by writers to-day. I shall not confine myself to the older authors, but will tell you about the newest one as well, if his story is a good one.

Many of you will have passed the point in history to which the earlier among these books are related, but it will be almost as interesting to

read them in the light of what you already know or can remember; and, since the study of the facts of history is a much slower process than reading the romance of it, you will soon find me catching up with wherever you are. I shall have to move as fast as a hundred years at a jump occasionally, you know, for a hundred years is n't very long in the story of such an old-timer as this world.

Next month, then, I will begin with a book or two that tells a story of the time of William the Conqueror. Possibly William himself will appear; possibly not. That you 'll find out when we take up the books. For all these historical tales will by no means interest themselves in the great figures belonging to their period; it is the time itself they will represent and illumine. Kings and such are not always important in the story side of the world's life. A king must manage to make himself interesting as a man before

he gets into our story world. Just wearing a crown and issuing proclamations won't help him. Perhaps it will be only the adventures of a little child or the life of two young lovers that we shall choose to tell the story of an entire reign. That 's as it may be; the great point will be that the books are interesting to read, and as true to the life of their times as can be managed.

The three books of which I shall tell you next month are Miss Yonge's "The Little Duke," Bulwer Lytton's "Harold," and Charles Kingsley's "Hereward the Wake." I will tell something of their story and just what part of the Norman times they are set in—enough to stir your interest.

And so here 's hoping you will like my idea, and that, if any part of our long story runs thin, an author may be found to step into the breach and give us a rousing tale to bridge the gap.

THE LETTER-BOX

OUR readers will remember with pleasure the excellent photograph of the distinguished Governor of New Jersey, new President-elect of the United States, which appeared at the heading of the article in the November ST. NICHOLAS, entitled, "What Woodrow Wilson Did for American Foot-ball." By an oversight, which is much regretted, the words, "Copyright by Pach Brothers, New York," were not printed beneath the picture as they should have been; and we now make the earliest amends possible by calling attention to our failure to give the photographers the credit for their picture and the notice of their copyright that should have appeared with it.

DOVER, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your December number of 1910, there were some verses about a Mother Goose holiday tea. One of my friends conceived a bright idea, and together we thought it out until we had a perfectly beautiful party all arranged (in our minds) for our club, the G. G. G., to give. When we told the girls about it, they all went into raptures over it, and we decided we would have it. One of the girl's birthday was on December 22.

At the party there were Mother Goose, Mother Hubbard, Little Miss Muffett, Little Bo-peep, Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, Mary Had a Little Lamb, the Queen of Hearts, and many others.

We played games, danced (the music being given by the club girls, who took turns playing, and one boy, who made all our feet fly to the tune of his "fiddle"), and had a lovely time. The Queen of Hearts was, of course, the girl whose birthday we were celebrating.

We had favors in the first dance—little funny figures, etc., and I (I think I got a boy's favor) received a huge cigar made out of some kind of stiff paper or cardboard, with a place for candy in the middle. Also we were given

by our charming hostess, the Queen of Hearts, little paste-board boxes in the shape of hearts, filled with candy; and she also gave us each a heart from her dress.

The party was a great success, and we all had a perfectly lovely time; and all the girls are so thankful to "J. E. L.," who wrote "The Mother Goose Holiday Tea."

I have taken your magazine for years, and have enjoyed it immensely.

Your most interested reader,
GLADYS E. JENKINS.

REDLANDS, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am spending the winter in California, although it is n't much like winter, with all the oranges and flowers about. I am going to tell you a funny story. My Uncle John in Kentucky found a Confederate stamp on an old letter one day, and thought he would send it to me for my collection. He soaked the stamp off the envelop and put it gum side up on his desk to dry, when along came a big fly. The fly lit on the stamp, and his legs stuck fast, and before Uncle John could grab him he had flown with the stamp out of the window. I was sorry to lose the stamp, but if the fly had n't carried it off, I should not have had any story to tell.

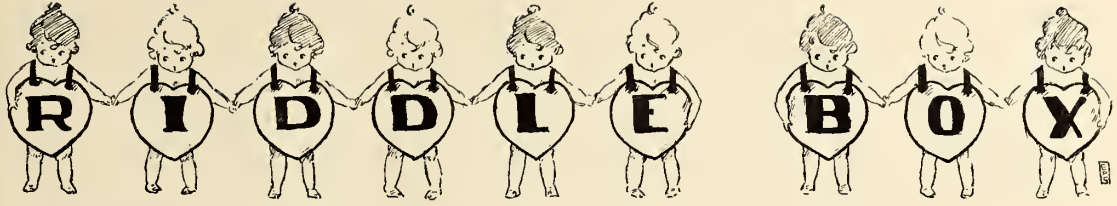
WEBSTER CLAY POWELL (age 13).

UTICA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years, and enjoy you very much. Among my favorites are Mr. Barbour's stories. I always look forward to the day when you come. I have a little bull-terrier, named "Fi-fi." The postman always gives Fi-fi the ST. NICHOLAS when it arrives, and he comes running up to me, bringing it in his mouth.

Hoping you will have a long life,
Your loving reader,

RUTH BARNEVELD WEED.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY EMMA STUYVESANT, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. C. 2. Tan. 3. Carol. 4. Noble. 5. Lama. 6. Emmet. 7. Aerie. 8. Liara. 9. Erect. 10. Acorn. 11. Trail. 12. Nihil. 13. Libel. 14. Leper. 15. Leger. 16. Regal. 17. Rabid. 18. Liver. 19. Deter. 20. Revel. 21. Rebus. 22. Lunar. 23. Satin. 24. River. 25. Newer. 26. Rebel. 27. Resin. 28. Livid. 29. Niter. 30. Defer. 31. Relic. 32. Rifle. 33. Climb. 34. Ember. 35. Besot. 36. Roman. 37. Tapis. 38. Niche. 39. Rhomb. 40. Embed. 41. Beset. 42. Devil. 43. Timid. 44. Limit. 45. Digit. 46. Tiger. 47. Tepid. 48. Rigor. 49. Don. 50. R.

ANAGRAMMATIC ACROSTIC. Milton. Cross-words: 1. Thomas Babington Macaulay. 2. Jean Ingelow. 3. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 4. Alfred Tennyson. 5. Frances Sargent Osgood. 6. John Henry Newman.

NOVEL ZIGZAG. Kris Kringle. 1-10, Tannenbaum (fir-tree). Cross-words: 1. Kestrel. 2. Trickle. 3. Idiomatic. 4. Assyria. 5. Kinsman. 6. Erratic. 7. Ignoble. 8. Onerous. 9. Gallant. 10. Blemish. 11. Elation.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Emancipation Proclamation. **DIAGONAL.** Jefferson. 1. Judicious. 2. Aeroplane. 3. Unfeigned. 4. Disfigure. 5. Pentecost. 6. Embarrass. 7. Isthmuses. 8. Vermilion. 9. Galveston.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine should 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 Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 10 from Ruth Ehrlich—Evelyn Fassett—"Queenscourt"—Dorothy Belle Goldsmith—Judith Ames Marsland.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 10 from R. Kenneth Everson, 8—Lothrop Bartlett, 8—Margery Merrick, 8—Helen A. Moulton, 8—"Dixie Slope," 8—Duncan Scarborough, 8—Claire A. Hepner, 7—Harmon B., James O., and Glen T. Vedder, 7—Thankful Bickmore, 6—Mary L. Willard, 6—"Midwood," 6—Harry A. Montgomery, 6—Julius F. Muller, 6—Phyllis Young, 5—Katharine Molter, 5—Vada I. Whytock, 5—Joseph Cohen, 5—Gertrude M. Van Horne, 5—Margaret Andrus, 5—Marion J. Benedict, 5—Helen L. Bolles, 5—Nona A. Reynaud, 5—Eleanor O'Leary, 5—Barbara Taylor, 4—Donis Davidson, 4—Margaret Underwood, 4—Helen Marshall, 4—Henry G. Cartwright, Jr., 3—"Dethi Duet," 3—Paul Caskey, 3—Beatrice E. Maule, 3—Elsa Roeder, 3—Isabel Snow, 2—Caroline T. White, 2—Katherine Aldridge, 2—Dorothy Holt, 2—Ruth Williams, 2—Dorothy Chesley, 2.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from M. P. S.—N. J.—M. H.—D. I. S.—J. T.—E. T. L.—D. L.—G. P. H., Jr.—D. C.—D. A. C.—H. E. S., Jr.—K. K.—M. S. K.—I. L. G.—W. H.—W. L.—S. A.—A. M.—S. L.—E. G.—F. I. M.—J. F. H.—E. M.

AMERICAN HISTORY DIAGONAL

(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 diagonal, beginning with the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a famous general born in February.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A two-days' battle in Virginia. 2. The commander of the *Philadelphia*. 3. A tribe of Indians in North Carolina. 4. A French commander at Yorktown. 5. A battle won by General Stark. 6. A battle lost by Washington. 7. A famous Confederate general. 8. A fort famous in the Civil War. 9. A famous surrender. 10. The city guarded by the fort named in the eighth cross-word.

GUSTAV DEICHMANN (age 13).

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS

EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and curtail illness, and leave the ocean. Answer: di-sea-se.

In the same way behead and curtail: 1. To give up, and leave a conjunction. 2. Within the sides of a ship, and leave a neck-piece. 3. Imprisonment, and leave hastened. 4. Arrangement of clothing, and leave to mimic. 5. To receive title by legal descent, and leave a pronoun. 6. To glisten, and leave a chest. 7. Huge, and leave human beings. 8. A gold coin introduced by the Roman emperor, Constantine, and leave a cover.

FRACTIONAL CITIES. Constantinople. 1. Canton. 2. Belfast. 3. Tientsin. 4. New York. 5. Liverpool.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Noble. 2. Ocean. 3. Beard. 4. Large. 5. Ended.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Batch. 2. Adore. 3. Totem. 4. Crema. 5. Hemal. II. 1. Harsh. 2. Aroma. 3. Roves. 4. Smelt. 5. Hasty. III. 1. Least. 2. Eagle. 3. Agree. 4. Sleet. 5. Teeth. IV. 1. Porch. 2. Opera. 3. Refer. 4. Creep. 5. Harps. V. 1. Yeast. 2. Earth. 3. Ardor. 4. Stone. 5. Threw. VI. 1. Heart. 2. Error. 3. Arise. 4. Roses. 5. Tress. VII. 1. Smart. 2. Miser. 3. Aside. 4. Redan. 5. Trend. VIII. 1. Wheat. 2. Heave. 3. Eaves. 4. Avert. 5. Testy. IX. 1. Davit. 2. Agone. 3. Vodka. 4. Inker. 5. Tears.

"FAMOUS ROMAN" ZIGZAG. Cincinnatus. Cross-words: 1. Caesar. 2. Cicero. 3. Mantua. 4. Marcus. 5. Portia. 6. Trajan. 7. Antony. 8. Horace. 9. Actium. 10. Mucius. 11. Scipio.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Caesar, Pompey. 1. Catsup. 2. Cannon. 3. Seemly. 4. Lapsed. 5. Cellar. 6. Yeller.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall."

9. Vitrified matter in furnaces, and leave a writing fluid. 10. A public vehicle, and leave a pen point. 11. A nightmare, and leave a young bear. 12. A kindly goblin, and leave to possess. 13. To outshine, and leave a part of the mouth. 14. A member of Congress, and leave a boy's nickname.

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and written in order one below another, the initials of the new words will spell the name of a famous American.

EDITH ARMSTRONG (age 14), *League Member*.

A GREEK ZIGZAG

ALL the cross-words are of equal length, and, when written one below another, the zigzag, from the first letter of the first word to the last letter of the sixth, and from the last letter of the seventh word to the first letter of the last word, spells the name of a famous Athenian.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An ancient city of Argolis. 2. One of the seven wise men of Greece. 3. A Grecian city destroyed by Alexander. 4. The founder of Thebes. 5. A famous Greek geometer. 6. A famous Greek painter. 7. In ancient Greece, a ruler owing his office to usurpation. 8. An early Greek poet. 9. A circular stone, used in the Olympic games. 10. A poetic name for Greece. 11. A famous enemy of the Greeks. 12. A Greek poetess.

ISIDORE HELFAND (age 14), *Honor Member*.



*This is one of the times
when Peter's is popular*

You often feel that between-meal hunger; that longing for something really delicate and delicious.

This is just the desire that Peter's Milk Chocolate satisfies. The indescribable blend of finest chocolate, richest milk and purest sugar makes it the very thing you want.



"High as the Alps in Quality"

Peter's Milk Chocolate



Weird Creatures

abound in the vast domain which nature provided and Uncle Sam has set aside "for the benefit and enjoyment of the people."



Yellowstone National Park

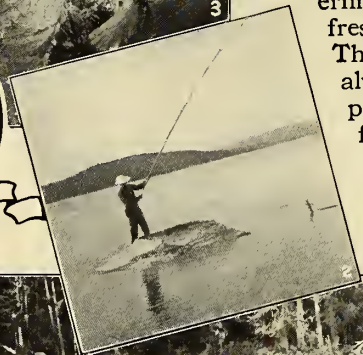
Season 1913 will be June 15 to Sept. 15. The way to go to the Yellowstone is via the Original and Northern Entrance---Gardiner Gateway---reached only by the

Northern Pacific Ry

You should surely go this summer. Sumptuous hotels, or enjoyable camps, and the 143 miles of coaching over government kept boulevards, will refresh, rejuvenate and re-create you. The cost is moderate and you will always remember it with keenest pleasure. Excursion fares in effect for the Park trip by itself or in connection with Pacific Coast trips. May I send you our literature?

Just drop a postal to

A. M. CLELAND
General Passenger Agent
St. Paul, Minn.



Pictures at the left show:

- 1—Pelicans on "Molly Island"—Yellowstone Lake.
- 2—The famous geyser hole "fishing cone," in Yellowstone Lake.
- 3—Giant tree gnawed by beaver.
- 4—The graceful elk.
- 5—Hungry bears haunt hotel refuse heaps.

Panama-Pacific International Exposition
San Francisco---1915



You May be Sure He Gets It.

"How about some Jell-O, my dear? You know I do not often suggest anything for the table, but so many of our friends are using Jell-O and I find I like it so well that I would really like to have some here at home."

This suggestion should be very welcome to any woman, for

JELL-O

costs only ten cents, does n't have to be cooked, and everybody, saint and sinner, likes it.

A great variety of the most delicious desserts can be made of Jell-O by adding only hot water—nothing else.

Marion Harland, Mrs. Rorer, and all other Jell-O users, will tell you, "There never was anything like it."

There are seven delightful flavors of Jell-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Orange, Lemon, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

Each in a separate package, **10 cents** at any grocer's.

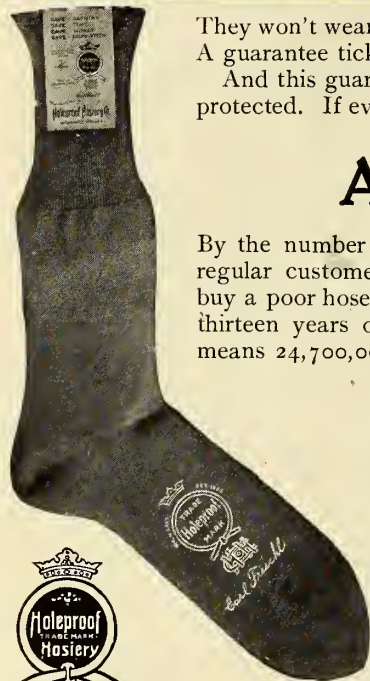
The beautiful recipe book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," illustrated in ten colors and gold, will be sent to all who write and ask us for it.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.



The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn't there, it isn't JELL-O.

Six Pairs of These Sox or Stockings Must Wear 6 Months



They won't wear to holes. We guarantee that. If any do, we replace them free. A guarantee ticket with six coupons attached is given with every six pairs sold. And this guarantee does n't cover merely the heels and toes. Every stitch is protected. If even a thread runs in any pair, you get a new pair without any cost.

A Million Customers

By the number of Holeproof Hose we sell, we figure that we have a million regular customers—men, women, children and infants. So many would n't buy a poor hose, or one that did not live up to the guarantee. In all of our thirteen years of "Holeproof," 95% of the output has outlasted it. That means 24,700,000 pairs.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN



Reg. U. S.
Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Fuschl

74 Cents a Pound

There is no finer cotton yarn in existence. It is long-fibre, soft, light-weight but strong. We could buy common yarn for 32 cents a pound but it would n't make Holeproof Hose.

We send to Japan for silk for the silk "Holeproof" and guarantee three pairs of these hose for three months for both men and women.

"Holeproof" in silk are more economical than most

The reason is this: We pay for Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton Yarn an average of

brands of cotton hose. And they are the silkiest silk hose made.

Don't Darn Longer

—when there are hose like these at the price you now pay for common grades.

The genuine Holeproof Hose bearing this signature *Carl Fuschl* are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid.

Cotton "Holeproof" for men cost \$1.50 to \$3 a box of six pairs; for women and children, \$2 to \$3 a box of six pairs; for infants, \$1 a box of four pairs. All boxes above guaranteed six months.

Silk "Holeproof" for men cost \$2 for three pairs; for women, \$3 for three pairs. Silk hose guaranteed three months.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Can.

Are Your Hose Insured?

Overland

An automobile book every boy will want and can have—FREE

THERE are nearly 100 pages in this book, crammed full of the most interesting information you ever saw. It tells you all you need to know about running a motor car and is in clear, simple language explained by interesting and understandable diagrams.

There's nothing difficult about this book—no big technical terms to study and puzzle over. Everything is explained fully. It tells just what to do under every condition—even the littlest fellow can understand and enjoy it.

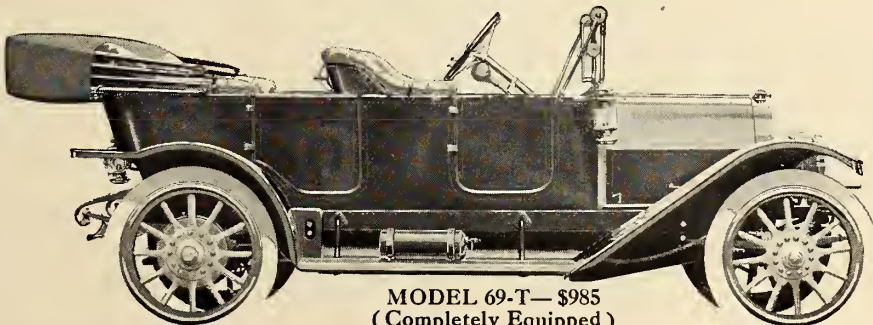
Every point is covered, from the starting and stopping of the car, and the construction and operation of the motor, to the rules of the road. It is a fund of information every boy should have, for every boy looks forward to the time when he will be driving a car. The book is complete in every respect. The reading will supply you with many a pleasant evening this winter.

All instructions are clearly illustrated with drawings that explain instantly what the "ignition switch," "gear-shifting lever," "shifting gate" and "spark and throttle levers" are. You recognize these parts at once. There are other chapters and drawings concerning all the other parts, too, so that a single reading of the book will fix them in your mind in the most interesting way possible. A big two-page diagram tells you just what parts are to be lubricated, how often, and why and whether grease or oil is to be used.

All this fascinating information is yours for the asking. We will be very glad to send the book to your address, absolutely free, all charges prepaid.

Write for this book to-day. No boy can afford to be without it. Please address Dept. 130.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, O.



MODEL 69-T—\$985
(Completely Equipped)



ONE night, as I was almost napping,
Overhead I heard a flapping,
And looking out, in quite a fright,
The strangest company met my sight.
Can you guess what it was I saw?
A hundred Kewpies, maybe more,
In solemn line upon the limb
Of our big tree. I had to grin,
The cunning creatures looked so dear,
And in the moonlight queer as queer.
So I stood looking — listening too,
Because I knew they're friends to you.
And all the things I overheard
I'll tell to you just word for word.
First up rose Wag, the Kewpie chief;
Said he, "My friends, I will be brief,—
Since we were made by Rose O'Neill,
And given power to think and feel,
Full well we've carried on the work
Of making children happy. Shirk
Is not among us! But I see
There are so many children we
Can never pay them all a visit,
So listen to my plan exquisite.
The next best thing to us would be
Our pictures. It occurred to me
That Rose O'Neill would surely paint us,
And so with every child acquaint us.
And I have often heard it said
That magazines are widely read
By grown folks — but the children too
Look at the pictures. What to do



*If you want a sample page of Kewpie Kutouts, write to the Woman's Home Companion,
381 Fourth Avenue, New York, and say "PLEASE."*

Was very clear—I sent a scout
To pick the very best one out.
He'd see 'most every place he'd go
The Woman's Home Companion, so
I told my plan to Rose O'Neill.
She said she'd make us almost real
And paint us so each child about
Would have some Kewpies to kut out."
Up got the cook; said he, "Suppose
There is some child who never knows
Or sees this book,— how shall we tell him
The great good luck that just befell him?"
Another said, "It might be wise
Our pictured selves to advertise.
I know a magazine," quoth he,
"The children will be sure to see;
Each month we'll send one of our band
To see the pictures as they stand.
Then he must change himself to paper
And in "St. Nicholas" each caper
The paper Kewps do, tell; or better,
He might each month send in a letter."
"Now who," cried Wag, "will volunteer
To keep the children posted?" Here
There rose up such an awful roar
I could not hear, and then, before
I scarce could wink, away they flew,
Perhaps,— who knows? — to visit you.
Now all this happened *months* ago
And now their plans are working, so
If *you* are one who does not see
The Woman's Home Companion — be
One who'll tell your mother you
Would like to kut out Kewpies too.
Next month, perhaps, on this page here
You'll see the Kewpies' volunteer!



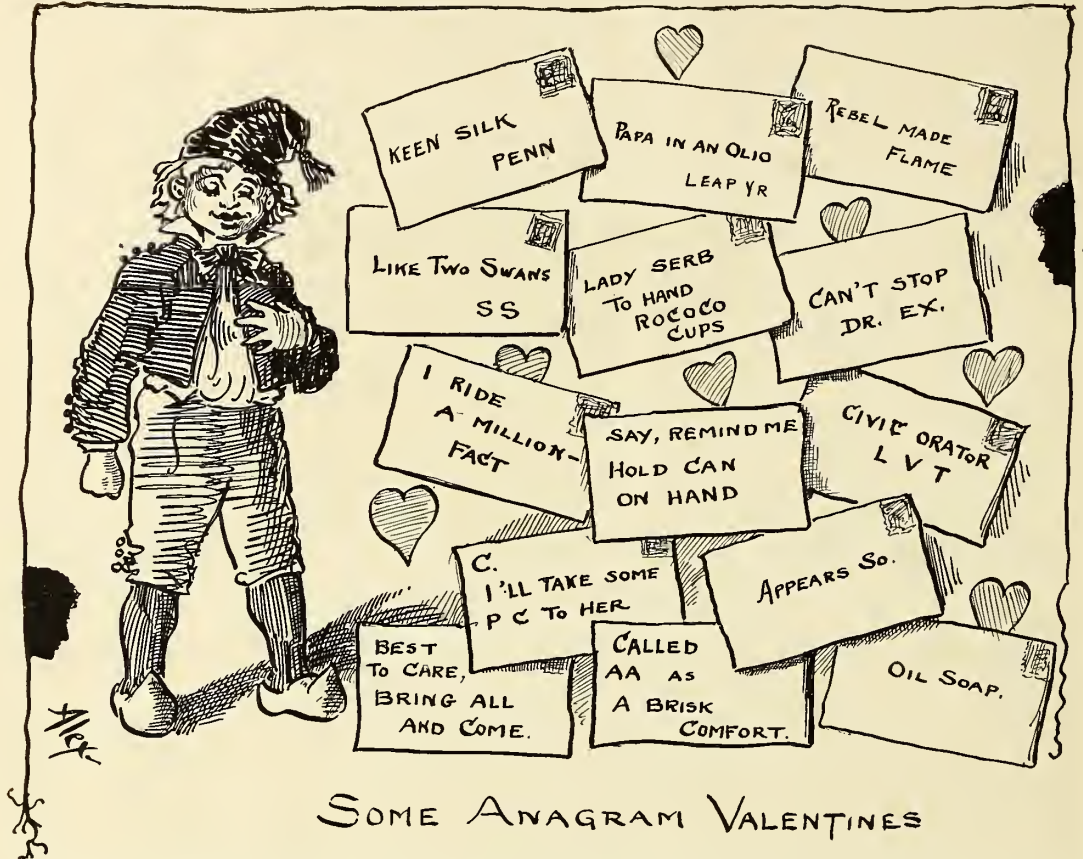
Watch out for him!



If you want a sample page of Kewpie Kutouts, write to the Woman's Home Companion,
381 Fourth Avenue, New York, and say "PLEASE."

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 134.

Time to hand in answers is up February 10. Prize-winners announced in April number.



SOME ANAGRAM VALENTINES

Here are a group of valentines on each of which are letters which, when properly arranged, spell the name of an article that is advertised in the January ST. NICHOLAS, but none is either a book or a magazine.

The letters of each article have been mixed up and then rearranged so as to spell the inscriptions on the envelopes, each envelope containing all the letters needed to spell one thing. No attention need be paid to the punctuation-marks, *except when you come to write out the answers*, and then you must make the names read just as they do in the advertisements. You will see by the picture that there are fourteen names to be written.

When you have guessed them, please put them in alphabetical order and number them, as this makes the work of examining the answers much easier for the judges of the competition.

To show you how to solve the puzzle, we will give you as an example an anagram that does *not* occur in this puzzle. If you will examine the letters in the words, "Hullo, see brave Lib runs!" you will find that they can be made to spell out the name, "O'Sullivan Rubber Heels," using just *the same* twenty letters in each arrangement.

Of course, many of you will guess Alexander's puzzle in a jiffy, because it is really easy. So, as usual, we are going to ask you to write a letter which will help us to determine who are entitled to prizes.

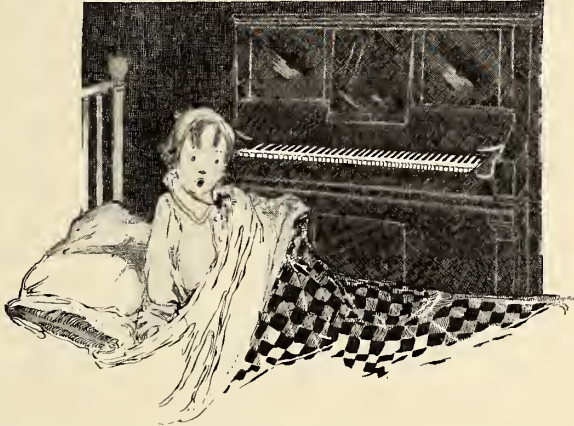
I asked some one in this office, who loves you boys and girls very much, what we should ask you to write about this month, and he said, "Why, that's easy—so many of our youngsters buy the things advertised in ST. NICHOLAS, *because* they are advertised there, that you might ask them to write an account of the most novel experience they have had in a store where they have gone to buy something advertised in their 'favorite magazine.'" If you have never bought, except by correspondence, anything advertised in ST. NICHOLAS, you may write about that.

The most interesting written descriptions, accompanied by a correct list of advertised things, will receive prizes. The letter need not be too long, but if your list is correct, the letter will be what counts, so make it interesting and don't try to have it sound like what your father would write—just be yourself. You may, of course, receive help in solving the puzzle and writing your letter, but be sure to follow the rules. No conditions

(See also page 18.)

To parents of boys and girls who are taking music lessons:
Your fondest hope is that they shall grow up to be good musicians
—yet you realize almost (but not quite) as fully as they do, that

practicing is a dreadful nightmare



THINK of the glorious, care-free play that practicing breaks up and interferes with.

Ninth inning, two on base—and your boy at the bat—and you say:

“Jimmy, come and do your last half hour’s practicing before dinner.”

Is it any wonder that Jimmy wishes with all his heart that music had never been invented?

And just as the mud-pies are ready to serve: “Mary put away your dolls and get your practicing over with before father comes home! Isn’t that enough to make your little girl burn with resentment against the piano?”

You wonder why they don’t love music. They wonder what practicing has to do with music. How do they know that to be able to play—to produce beautiful music, is infinitely more pleasure than mud-pies or baseball?

They are led to play baseball and mud-pies. Must they be driven to practice?

No indeed! they may be led to a love for music and a *desire* to practice, just as easily as they are led to play games.

The genuine Pianola Player-piano will show them not only all the beauties of music, but all the wonders of being able to produce

such music with the ten fingers of their own two hands.

It will bring them to a realization of the reward of attainment. At the same time it will bring to you and the other grown-up members of your family all the great music of the ages, as a welcome relief from the scales and exercises you have endured during your children’s practice hours.

But here is an important point to remember when you go to select your Pianola Piano:

Be sure it is a genuine Pianola Player-piano that you hear. Pianola is a name. It means a *make* of player-piano—not just any player-piano.

And every instrument that bears this name,—even the very lowest priced at \$550.00—includes every exclusive Pianola feature and improvement. No other make of player-piano at any price can offer you these advantages. With the Metrostyle, Themodist and other important points of difference, there is no comparison between the genuine Pianola Player-piano and any other instrument—as you will realize when you have heard it demonstrated. Take your children with you.

We suggest that you read “The Pianolist,” by Gustave Kobbé,—on sale at all book stores—or if you will write us we will send it with our compliments. Address Department “D”

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

Aeolian Hall New York

1847 ROGERS BROS.  OLD COLONY PATTERN

Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., of the highest grade carry the above trade mark.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Guaranteed by the largest makers of silverware.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.
Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Send for catalogue "B-5."



ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

other than those stated will govern the awarding of prizes, which are as follows:

One First Prize, \$5.00 to the sender of the correct list and the most interesting letter.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each to the next two in merit.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each to the next three.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each to the next ten.

Here are the rules and regulations:

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 list give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (134).

3. Submit answers by February 10, 1913. Do not use a pencil. Do not inclose stamps. Write on one side of your paper only and when your answer requires more than one sheet of paper, fasten them together.

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. 134, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.

(See also page 16.)

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 132.

Most of you, I imagine, were too busy thinking about Christmas to give much care to the solution of Alexander's puzzle. There were many who guessed the right names of the articles, but who failed to write them carefully and to see that punctuation-marks were placed where they belonged. Perhaps 500 or 600 found the correct list of articles, but less than a dozen wrote them with absolute accuracy. Next month we are going to tell you why some of you don't win prizes.

The following are the lucky prize-winners:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Gertrude Russell, age 13, Massachusetts.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Anne W. Peabody, age 13, New York.

Lawrence K. Peabody, age 11, New York.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Gladys Watson, age 13, Massachusetts.

Genevieve G. Earle, age 15, New York.

Grace Davidson Baldwin, age 15, Montana.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Edith Shearn, age 12, New York.

William George Brown, age 14, Missouri.

Elvene A. Winkleman, age 9, Minnesota.

M. Elizabeth New, age 16, New York.

Mary Gertrude Porritt, age 15, Connecticut.

Martha Straskinsky, age 15, New York.

Margie Fenner Jennison, age 16, Michigan.

Harry Medwin, age 11, New York.

Wm. H. Cary, Jr., age 14, New York.

Anna E. Greenleaf, age 18, New York.

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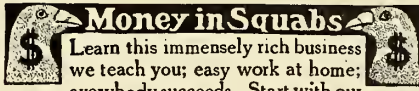
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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

WE illustrate this month the new stamp from Barbados. The design is new to the British Colonies, but in a way suggests the 1891 issue of Monaco. The head of King George appears in a small oval at the upper left side. Below the head is a shield bearing the value; the lower right corner is filled with a female figure in a chariot drawn by seahorses, from behind which rise a couple of palm-trees whose foliage fills the upper right corner, while the word "Barbados" appears at the bottom of the stamp. The figure in the chariot is the one which stamp-collectors have been accustomed to see in the various issues of this country since 1892, and doubtless the query will again arise, "Whom does it represent?" The weight of evidence seems to favor Queen Anne, although there are many who insist it is Victoria, and some who think it Britannia. The claims for the latter are not well founded. The earlier issues undoubtedly represent the conventional Britannia with trident and shield, but this new figure has dropped the shield for an orb.



It is believed that the figure on one of the earliest seals of the colony, before the days of Queen Victoria, represented Queen Anne. And this stamp design so closely resembles the figure on the seal that most collectors believe it to be the same. On the other hand, the use of this design upon the Barbados stamp followed the use of the head of Victoria, and also this type is used on the Jubilee issue which bears her name. Whoever it may represent, the new stamps are very striking in appearance, and will prove popular with collectors, and very ornamental to their albums.

In answer to a query, we illustrate the five-cent blue-and-black Costa Rica, of the issue of 1901. The frame of the design is in blue, or grayish blue, and the center is in black. The picture in the center is a view of the harbor of Port Limon, the most important port of Costa Rica on the Gulf side. This port is important to Costa Rica

(which is the name given by Columbus, and signifies "rich coast"), it is interesting in itself, and is the terminus of many steamship lines from ports in the United States.

REVENUE PAPER

IN 1861, civil war broke out in the United States. When it became evident that this was to be a prolonged contest, there arose the important question of providing funds, and the Government resorted to various methods of taxation to help out its finances. Among these was the issue of what is known as the Civil War revenue stamps. These first appeared about September or October, 1862, and continued in use for many years. They are divided by collectors into a series of issues, gradually diminishing in importance and number of stamps.

The second (1871) and the third (1871-72) issues are printed in two or more colors, one of which (the black) is in a fugitive ink. They are upon tinted paper, of a texture thickly strewn with silk fiber.

Subsequent issues are of diminishing importance, and need not be considered here. Our object is to throw a little light upon the paper used in the first, or original, issue.

While the catalogue mentions only two, there are really four distinct kinds of paper used: the "old," medium thick, very thick, and so-called "silk." The first, or old, is a very hard, brittle sort of paper, thin and nearly always semi-transparent. That is, it is so thin that the design can be readily seen when looking at the back of the stamp. This paper can be readily identified by the imperforate stamps of the issue, as these were the first printed, and are all on the old paper. This paper continued in use until 1869 or 1870, when variations appear. The Government had been experimenting in the effort to find a paper which would prevent the cleaning and fraudulent re-use of a canceled stamp. Such a paper characterizes the later issues. But between 1869 and the appearance of the tinted silk-fiber paper of 1871 occur the variations in paper of the first issue. The soft, thick paper is readily determined by sense of touch, and by its lack of transparency. Sometimes it can be found almost as thick as the lighter weights of blotting-paper. Often stamps printed on this paper have a very blurred appearance, as if lithographed. While not catalogued, these are well worth saving, and it is fun to look for them.

The silk paper of the first issue is much more difficult to distinguish. It must not be confused with the tinted silk-fiber paper of the later issues, which it resembles not at all. It is a soft paper in comparison with the thin, hard, brittle old paper, a little thicker, and has here and there minute silk threads. These are very small and hard to find, and are more readily seen upon the back of the stamp. Seldom do more than two or three show upon a single stamp, and often even upon the larger stamps only a single thread may be discerned with the aid of a magnifying-glass. When so found, many collectors draw with a lead-pencil a little ring around the threads for purposes of subsequent identification. While color alone does not identify silk paper, yet a collection of revenues on this paper presents a uniform brilliancy peculiar to itself.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

DO not use mucilage or paste for affixing stamps in your album. You can buy for ten or fifteen cents from any of our advertisers a thousand good peelable stickers or hinges. These will preserve your stamps, avoid the danger of mucilage stains, and stamps fastened in the album with these can be removed easily when desired. Do not be in too much of a hurry to get stamps in the album. Do not stick them in rashly, but study the stamps—the designs as depicted in your album and catalogue. Look up all the stamps of that face-value as listed in the catalogue, and satisfy yourself that you have the right stamp for the right place. Then stick it in, but not before.

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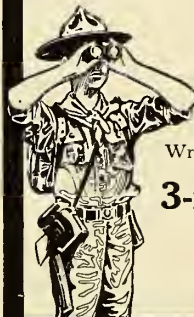
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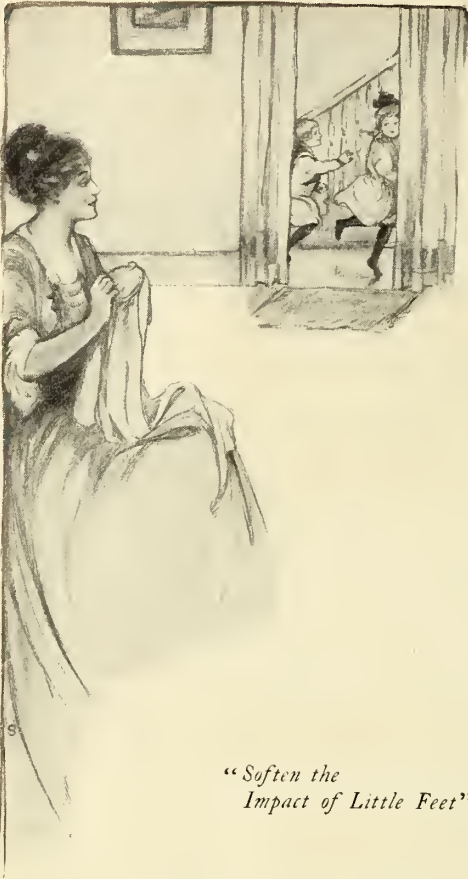
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VOL. XL, No. 5

MARCH, 1913

PRICE, 25 CENTS

ST. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



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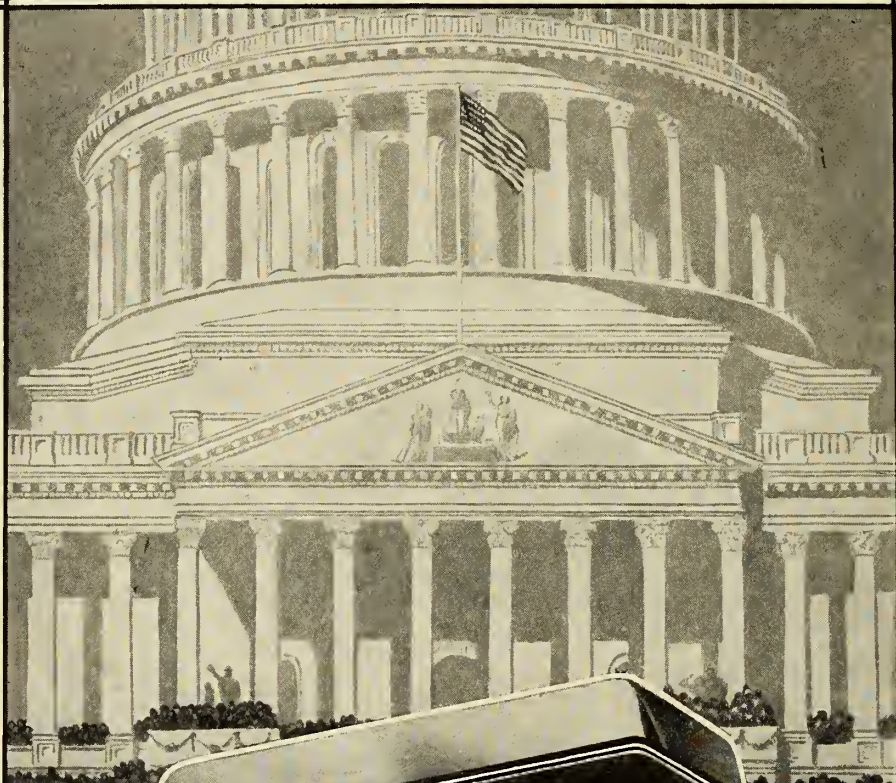
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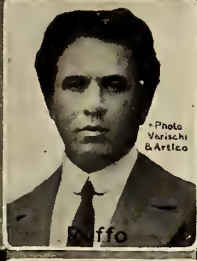


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“Don't be a fraid cat, Polly,” answered Peter, who was n't so steady himself; “it won't hurt you as long as I'm around.”

Just then there was a swish and a roar, and a couple of racing autos flashed past, and were little specks way down the beach in a jiffy.

“Well,” said Peter, drawing a long breath, “I knew they raced on this beach, but I never had an idea they went like that. I thought I was over in Turkey, and the Bulgarians were coming.”

“Peter,” said Polly, “that scared me pretty much for a minute, but, do you know, I believe I'd like to ride as fast as that—just once, anyway.”

“So would I,” cried Peter, “and I would n't care if I did get spilled out; I've got plenty of

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along.”

“Yes,” replied Polly, “if you have that with you, it does n't take nearly as long to get repaired as it takes to fix up an auto, when that's smashed up. It just gives you a lot of courage to know how good it is. There is n't a single kind of bump, cut, or bruise that it won't fix.”

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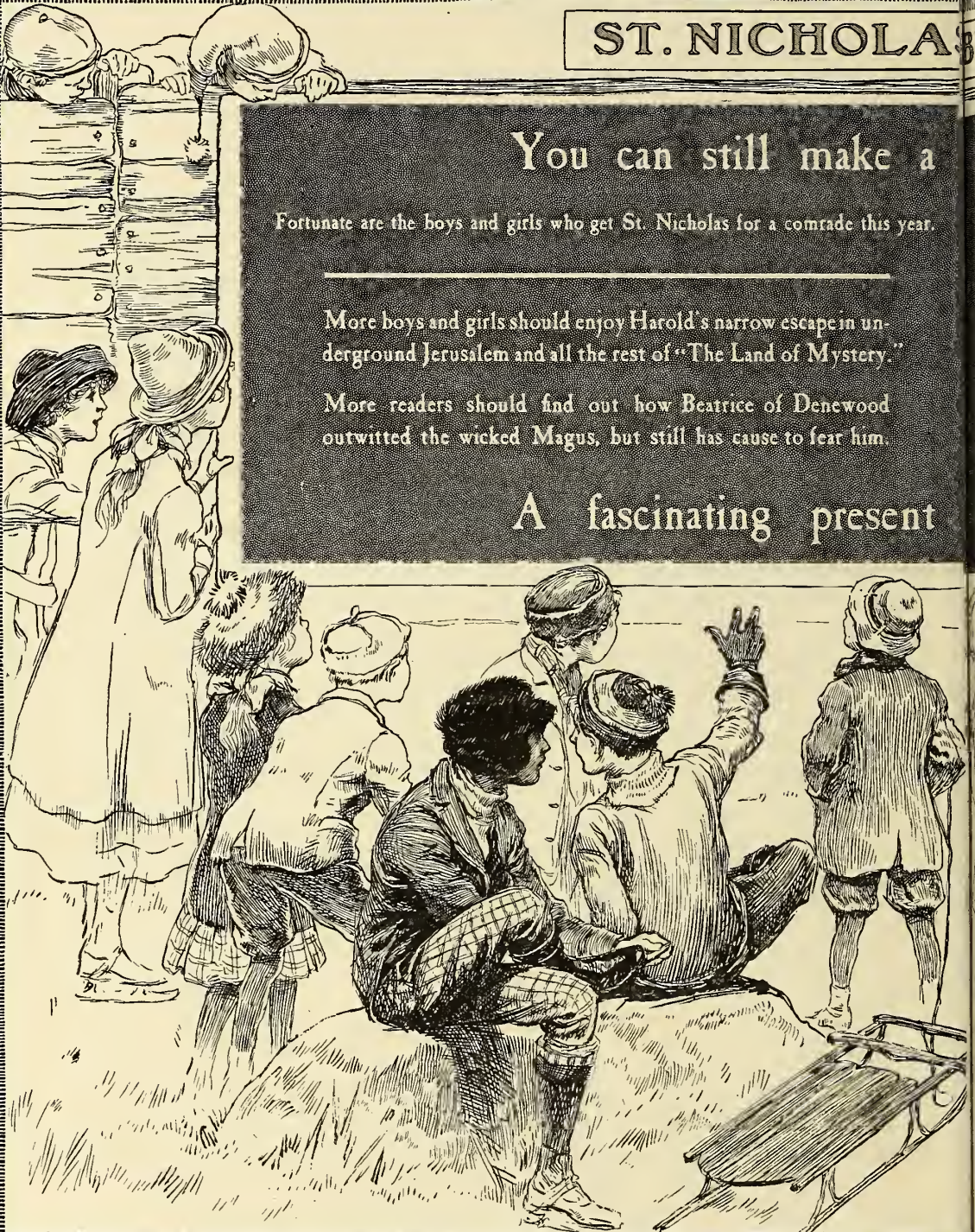
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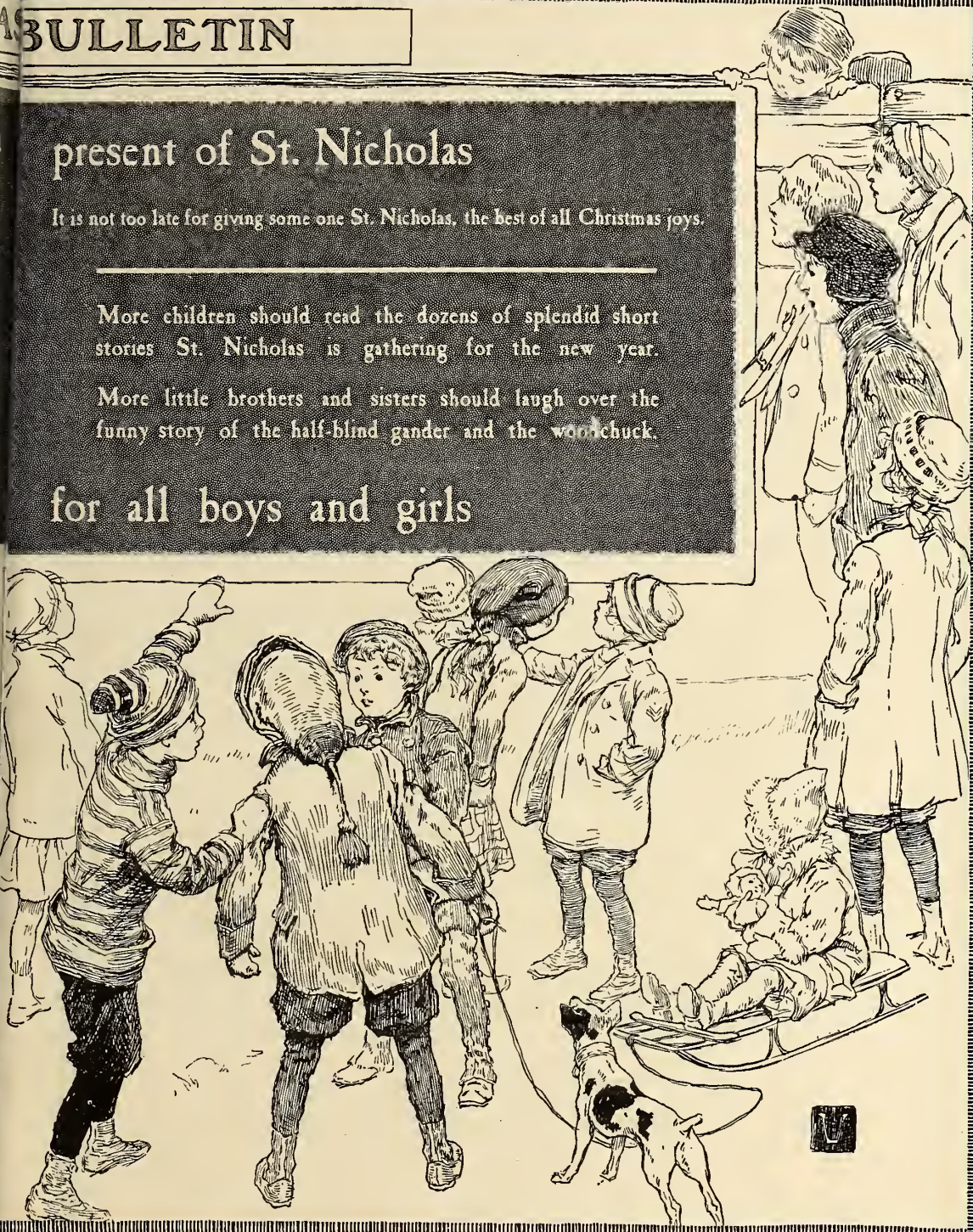
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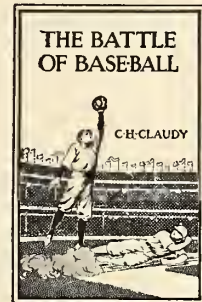
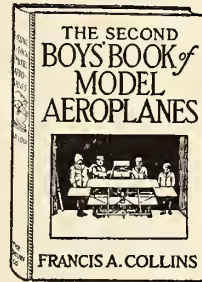
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From a real letter to St. Nicholas:

You are a splendid inheritance in our family. First you belonged to my sister, sixteen years of age; then to myself. I am twelve; and the twins are seven, a boy and girl, and they are deeply interested in every page. I sit and read to them untiringly, for we all love you dearly.

To you, and to each and every *St. Nicholas* reader, the Editor of *St. Nicholas* sends best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Glad New Year—a New Year filled with health and growth and sunny days—and *St. Nicholas*.

For *St. Nicholas* means—and during the new year coming more than ever before—live, worth-while information, and acquaintance with good pictures, and stories of the kind that stimulate not only delightfully but helpfully, and hours of happy, wholesome entertainment for every boy and girl who makes *St. Nicholas* a friend.

If you are not among the many thousands—scattered through every land under the sun—to whom *St. Nicholas* is just as fixed a part of the family life as Christmas, start getting acquainted to-day.

First, send for the *St. Nicholas Calendar*. A post-card request will bring it.
Address:

THE CENTURY CO.
Union Square New York

Then read the next page

A real letter to *St. Nicholas* which has a splendid suggestion for every one who is thinking Christmas:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

Why do I think the poet Whittier said you are "the best child's periodical in the world"? What an easy question to answer: because every reader of you loves and enjoys every page. You awake ambition having such a lovely League with its gold and silver badges and honor members. When your pages are opened, the reader is in another land, now a land of mystery, now a land of fairies, and now a land where dreams come true.

I have taken you about four years, and never once have I lost interest when reading your pages, but I have become more and more interested. I count the days to the fifteenth of the month; the postman never comes so slowly as on this particular morning.

I have read the serial stories to my grandmother, and she has been as interested and anxious for the next number as I.

My sister and I love the League with its poems, stories, pictures, and photographs.

I read you over and over from cover to cover and never tire.

I know I could not get along without you, and, furthermore, do not intend to try. Now dare to ask again why I love you and if I or any other reader agree with Whittier.

MARJORIE C. MORAN,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

How many of the Christmas gifts you gave last year carried as much pleasure as *St. Nicholas* is giving in Marjorie's home?

Five minutes at your desk right now will make the Christmas thought a beautiful fact on Christmas Day. Write your order now, inclose the subscription price, \$3.00, in check, money-order, or stamps; give name and address plainly, and ask for the beautiful Christmas card of greeting, which will be mailed to reach its destination on Christmas Day if you wish, if your order is received in time. Address the publishers:

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New York

The above letter is one of five prize-winning letters. See next page

More Real Letters to ST. NICHOLAS

The letter on the preceding page, and the four below, are the prize-winning letters, condensed because of limitations of space, received in answer to the questions asked in the November *St. Nicholas*:

Why do you think the beloved poet Whittier called *St. Nicholas* "the best child's periodical in the world"?

Why do you love *St. Nicholas* to-day — the thousands of you who watch for it every month and make it a family institution?

Does n't this girl's delight in *St. Nicholas* give you a hint for your Christmas list?

DEAR EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS:

I think the poet Whittier spoke truly when he called *St. Nicholas* the "greatest child's periodical." As a regular subscriber for five years and as an Honor Member of the League, I think I have found wherein lies the greatness.

Aside from the stories (which of course are of the best), the League, Nature and Science, The Letter-Box, "Because We Want to Know," and the advertising competitions give the young reader ample opportunity for the display and development of his talents, as well as a knowledge of things which otherwise might remain unknown to him.

Why should n't I love *St. Nicholas* when I have reaped nothing but enjoyment from its stories and profitable bits of knowledge from the articles and the departments?

Why should I not look ahead to the fifteenth of each month with pleasant anticipation when each new number brings another instalment of an interesting serial story, new short stories, and some added honor from the League?

Why should n't I love the magazine which through months of illness has never failed to give me an added interest to help me along the road to health?

Take it all in all, why *should n't* I love the *St. Nicholas*? Sincerely yours,
DOROTHY M. ROGERS, Gloucester, Mass.

Are you puzzled about a gift for "that boy"? Read this:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I cannot express a certain emotion which exists between *St. Nicholas* and me. I understand that such a spell has been called "love." Whatever it is, the grip is like a vise which I could n't break if I wanted to. Sometimes when I try to think of what I'd like if I could get three wishes, outside of health and happiness, the first is — that I may never miss a *St. Nicholas*; the second, that I may win a prize in the League's competitions.

There are, perhaps, many others who believe as Whittier did, but of all the *St. Nicholas* lovers, there cannot be any with a love greater than mine. I have forcibly defended "*St. Nick*" twice, with a black eye result once.

ARTHUR SCHWARZ, Brooklyn, N. Y.

St. Nicholas has a personal quality which makes it a specially welcome gift

TO THE UNSEEN POWERS BEHIND ST. NICHOLAS:

The underlying reason why *St. Nicholas* is the best loved book of childhood is because it appeals directly to them.

When a child reads it he feels that this or that story is not for some other fellow, — but for him! The whole magazine seems to breathe, "I am yours."

How this wonderful result is accomplished I cannot say, but there is a personal atmosphere about *St. Nicholas* that exists in no other publication. Young folks read it from cover to cover, afraid to miss a single page; they know from past experience that a wonderful surprise may be lurking in some unsuspected corner.

And when the child becomes a man and must put by his childish treasures, *St. Nicholas*, together with all of his youthful joys and dreams, is placed on the shelf of memory, and when he has boys and girls of his own, he passes to them this companion of his own childhood — the priceless heritage of youth.

That is why the older folks steal away in a silent corner to read *St. Nicholas*; that is why we all love it, for we are all children at heart.

A FRIEND WHO WILL NEVER OUTGROW
ST. NICHOLAS, Philadelphia, Pa.

A year's subscription to *St. Nicholas* brings Christmas every month

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

One may as well ask a child why he loves Christmas as to ask him why he loves *St. Nicholas*. Why are little children at this time asking and thinking about Santa Claus? For the very same reason that thousands of boys and girls eagerly await the arrival of *St. Nicholas* month after month.

It means a good time, something to get excited over, to talk about, to think about, and, best of all, to know it is coming again with all its stories, puzzles, pictures, poems, etc.

The only thing I have against *St. Nicholas* is: it stops in the most interesting part of the story, putting a "to be continued" underneath.

Your most interested reader,
CHARLOTTE MARY COLLINS,
Slingerlands, N. Y.

A year's subscription to *St. Nicholas* will be sent to the writer of each of the above letters. A list of "honorable mention" crowded out of this number will be published in the February *St. Nicholas*, and to each of those whose letter entitles them to honorable mention, will be sent a copy of the beautiful January number of *St. Nicholas*, with the greetings of the Editor.

IS YOUR LETTER AMONG THESE?

See next page for some of the good things coming in *St. Nicholas* during 1913

ST. NICHOLAS

and its rich feast during 1913

The great English artist ARTHUR RACKHAM

is famous for the wonderful imagination and skill with which he pictures the characters dear to the young in heart of every age. He is making for *St. Nicholas* the most delightful pictures of Mother Goose — Mother Goose pictures unequaled in whimsical humor and appeal.

These pictures, some in color, and some in black and white, will be a great feature of *St. Nicholas* during the coming year.



ARTHUR RACKHAM

Another fine feature of *St. Nicholas*

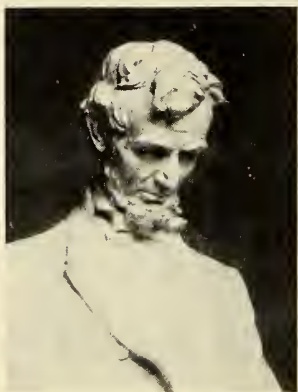
during the new year will be a valuable and informingly interesting series of articles dealing with the history of architecture, under such chapter-headings as Egyptian corner-stones, Greek beauty, Roman palisades, how the great cathedrals began, medieval cities, and many other phases of the subject. Every wide-awake boy and girl will find these articles of unusual interest.

Friendship with *St. Nicholas*

means acquaintance with the best modern magazine illustration, an acquaintance which is showing results in the wonderfully clever work being submitted by members of the *St. Nicholas* League, first in the *St. Nicholas* League contests, later in competitions with other artists in the field of magazine illustration.

For a few of the other good things coming in St. Nicholas during 1913 see next page

Every number of *St. Nicholas* is a complete, beautiful, fascinating book in itself, with just enough "to-be-continueds" to keep interest at the top-notch from month to month.



From French's statue at Lincoln, Neb.

During 1913 there will be run two of the very best serials *St. Nicholas* has ever printed:

"Beatrice of Denewood," by Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe, is alive with unusual adventure, to which the little heroine's telling constantly imparts a delightful humor.

In "The Land of Mystery," Cleveland Moffett is telling one of the most stirring and remarkable stories of adventure ever written for young folks. The February chapters just crackle with excitement.

The young folks who are fortunate enough to have *St. Nicholas* their comrade during 1913 will become familiar with some of the world's greatest men and greatest achievements. There will be more of the stimulating "talks with boys" begun in this number—in February, some rich gems of advice and suggestion by John Bigelow and Jean Jules Jusserand. Miss Ariadne Gilbert's fine series of biographical sketches, "More Than Conquerors," will be continued. The February *St. Nicholas* will present "that craggy peak among men," Lincoln, acquaintance with whom is ennobling for every American.

Another series, rich in information and interest, will be A. Russell Bond's stories of the wonderful details of certain of the great constructive engineering enterprises under way in and around New York.

What gift at a cost of \$3.00 can begin to bring to the boy or girl of your heart's interest such a mine of profit and delight as a year's subscription to *St. Nicholas*?

A year's subscription to *St. Nicholas* means twelve gifts in one, the twelve specially happy days of each number's arrival, twelve months of entertainment and growth.

Send subscription, \$3.00, *to-day*, if you wish a Christmas card of greeting and the first numbers to arrive on Christmas Day. A few quiet, comfortable minutes at your desk, and a household of boys and girls is made happy for a year, or a lonely child is given a companion for twelve months.

Why not send a year's subscription to *St. Nicholas* to every child on your Christmas list? Address the publishers:

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, NEW YORK

Or your own newsdealer will take subscriptions

A Postscript to All Boys and Girls:

A year's subscription to *St. Nicholas* is a splendid gift for you to give to one of your brothers or sisters, or your best friend. Father will help you send the amount of your subscription safely.



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"THE MAN IN THE WILDERNESS."
PAINTED FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.

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ST. NICHOLAS

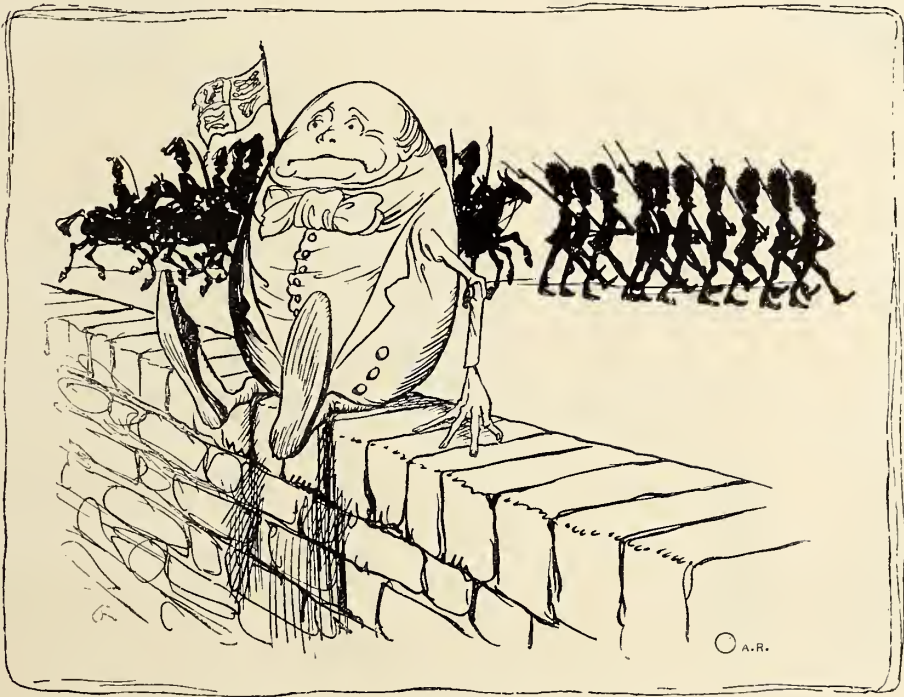
VOL. XL

JANUARY, 1913

No. 3

The Nursery Rhymes of Mother Goose illustrated by Arthur Rackham

© A. R.



I

The Man in the Wilderness asked me
How many strawberries grew in the sea?
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many as red-herrings grew in the wood.

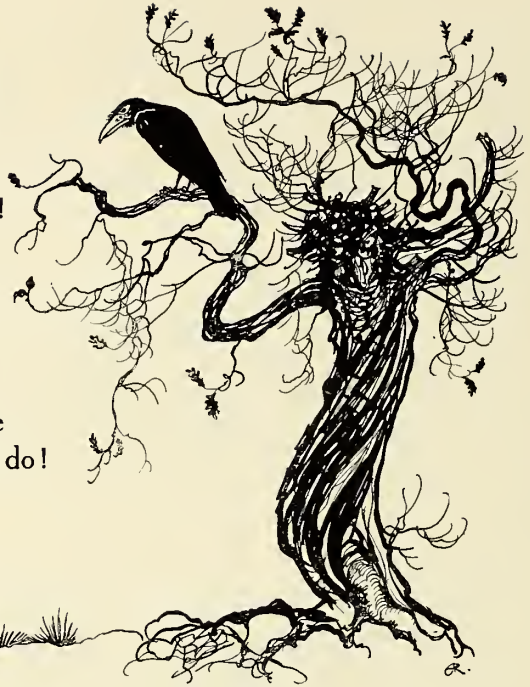
II

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the King's horses, and all the King's men
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again.

III

A carrion-crow sat on an oak,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi-ding do,
 Watching a tailor mend his cloak ;
 Sing heigh, sing ho, the carrion-crow,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi-ding do!

Wife, bring me my old ben' bow,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi-ding do,
 That I may shoot yon carrion-crow ;
 Sing heigh, sing ho, the carrion-crow,
 Fol de riddle, lol de
 riddle, hi-ding do!



The tailor shot, but he missed his mark,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi-ding do,
 And he shot the old sow right through the heart;
 Sing heigh, sing ho, the carrion-crow,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi-ding do!



© A. R.

IV

Little Miss Muffett
 Sat on a tuffet,
 Eating of curds and whey ;

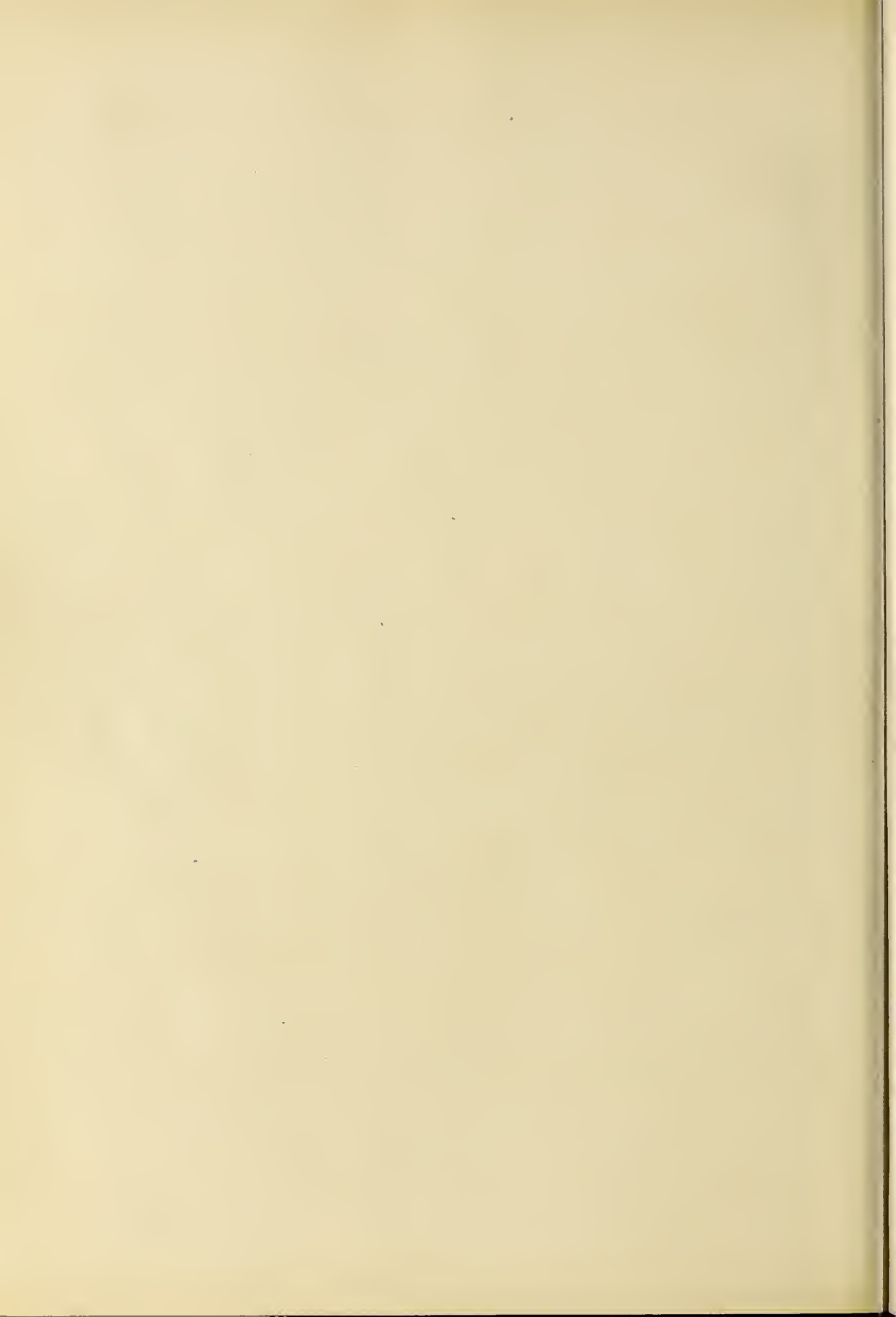
There came a great spider
 And sat down beside her,
 And frightened Miss Muffett away.



"LITTLE MISS MUFFETT."

PAINTED FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY ARTHUR RACKHAM.

© A. R.





“JUST ANNA”

BY MARION HILL



“How do I look?” begged Olive, wrenching her eyes from the hall mirror to bestow them coaxingly upon that most indifferent of admirers, a brother. “How do I look, Dan?”

“Neat—very neat, Sis!” he replied enthusiastically. He was *very* fond of

deavoring to defend the wearing of her own new shoes also. “And as for a picnic, I’d sooner look—at least *neat*—at a picnic than anywhere else. That is why I have dressed in all my pretty things.”

The day was all that it should be for a picnic, as everybody had known it would be, even weeks before; for, in this part of California, rain falls not when it wants to, as elsewhere, but only when it is allowed to by the calendar. A lovely place for picnics, California.

Olive, and willing to go to extravagant lengths of praise.

Her radiant face clouded.

“Is that all?” came from her, inadvertently. She was no girl to angle for compliments, but if ever that hall mirror had reflected a pleasing face in its life, in its long, patient, family life, it had done so this last minute; and Olive fairly ached for Dan to discover it.

“Yes, that’s all,” he said calmly. “You’re all right. Stop worrying!”

Olive swallowed a sigh and slipped into her coat, fortunately unaided. When Dan helped a girl on with her coat, he waited till she had her arms in the sleeves, then made a derrick of himself, and hoisted the coat by the collar high in air. The girl then fell into place of her own weight, her cuffs up to her shoulders, her collar up to her eyes, her hair anywhere and everywhere.

Those whom Dan “assisted” in this fashion were always too complimented by his attention to criticize the manner of it, for Dan was as comely for a boy as Olive was for a girl, and the damsels of his acquaintance all owned to the oddity of preferring to be “yanked” into their coats by Dan rather than to be insinuated into them elegantly by anybody else.

“How small your feet seem, Dan, in those new tan shoes,” said Olive, pensively according him some of the balm she needed herself.

“Don’t they, though?” agreed Dan, proudly spreading his hands in his pockets and gazing with pleasure at his bright yellow extremities. “Hate to waste these shoes on a picnic.”

“Nothing is ‘wasted’ that helps us to look—neat—very neat,” gulped Olive, heroically, en-

Dan and Olive caught the right trolley, filled with chattering comrades, and after a brief ride along the edge of the sunny Santa Clara Valley, dismounted among the foot-hills which stand like a line of pawns before the majestic mountains beyond. The picnickers had chosen the spot on account of its romantic wildness, for it was quite cut off from every sign of civilization, and wild-cats and coyotes were known to abound in the chaparral, while a thrilling tale of rattlesnakes was attached to the bare summit of every lonely mountain. Also, the marvel of flowers was everywhere. What more could the heart of youth desire?

Well, one thing. And as the morning wore on, Dan and Olive both found out that, for their parts, the picnic lacked its anticipated attraction. In plain words, each had gone with the hope of spending the whole lovely day with a certain person who turned out not to be available. Dan had counted upon his charming and pretty chum, Maisie Doyle. And as she was kept at home by the illness of her mother, no wonder Dan thought picnics foolish. Moreover, his tight shoes were growing tighter—it’s a way shoes have of doing when they are least desired to do it.

And if anybody had told Olive that Larry Ladd was away that day, with his signal corps, on a brief surveying trip, Olive would probably have decided not to go to the picnic at all. Nor were Olive’s shoes particularly comfortable either. She felt a conviction growing upon her that she was

too old for picnics. She, therefore, joined the matrons who were setting out the lunch board.

"Let me help you, Mrs. Grey," she said heroically, to that indefatigable slicer of cake.

"Shoo, child!" vetoed Mrs. Grey, brandishing her knife dismissively. "Go off with the others and have a good time!"

So Olive went off, but not to the others; the others were mostly out of sight, though their gay shouts kept ringing through the bushes. Older girls than she were not too old for picnics, so it seemed.

"Is n't this rather a bore?" asked Dan.

He strolled up, hands disdainfully in pockets, head aristocratically high; and he surveyed his sister gloomily.

"Why, it 's perfectly beautiful!" she said glibly. "The sky 's so blue, and the woods are so wild, and the mountains are so tall and grand, and the forest trails are so lost-looking and tempting. We might almost be pioneers. It 's beautiful!" Let any one think on his peril that *she* had come for aught but scenery!

Dan frowningly gazed at the indicated trail, and a belated love of scenery awoke in his heart too.

"Come on, Olive," he invited, his face clearing, "let 's explore that path. We 've a good half-hour before lunch. What do you say?"

Say? She said "Yes!" with haste and delight. To think that Dan was willing to while away the picnic hours with his own sister! Olive's affectionate heart swelled with contentment.

But then it unswelled. For, "Hunt up another girl to bring along with us, please," ordered Dan. "She 'll make it less poky."

Right here it must be insisted upon that Olive was good-natured, frank, and loyal. That this story concerns itself with a time when she was not one of the three, is something which can't be helped. For, at Dan's uncomplimentary fiat ("poky," indeed!), she made up her mind to "bring along" the very plainest, most *durable* girl she could think of. Perhaps *that* would waken Dan up to the fact of having worth and good looks right in his own family; no need to "hunt up another girl"!

With the word "durable," a person invariably thought of Anna Ladd. Olive looked around for her. Nor was Anna far off, but was leaning against a near-by tree, examining a bit of its bark.

Olive, her hair in curls, her feet in lace stockings and low shoes, a bead necklace around her open throat, her best blue challie on, wondered much why Anna never tried to improve her appearance by wearing pretty clothes. Anna had straight hair, no special complexion, a plain face,

and large hands and feet. And, whether wisely or unwisely, she never tried to disguise these things. At this moment, her hair was twisted into two neat knobs, one on each side of her head; her boots were of the high, stout, button variety; she wore a short, brown skirt and a long, brown sweater; and her neck was trimly finished off with a white collar and a brown bow, like a man's. The bow might have been her brother Larry's; it probably was.

This was the sturdy maiden whom Olive invited. "It 's just Anna," said Olive to Dan. "She was having such a lonely time by herself," she added hypocritically.

By now poor Olive had given her own self up as a bad job, and no longer felt surprised at the ill speeches which fell from her tongue.

"It was good of you to ask me with you," said Anna, as they tramped along the winding, wooded trail. "I 've been wanting to try this trail all morning, but was afraid."

"What of?" demanded Dan, who knew that coyotes were very peaceful beasts, and who had large doubts of the wildcats, and complete doubts of the rattlesnakes.

"Losing my way," said Anna, promptly.

"In a spot where a trolley-car whizzes past every half-hour?" was Dan's dry question. Plain girls were queer, and needed drastic treatment. They often have to be jolted back to common sense, which is their one valuable asset.

But Anna showed that she and common sense were still on good terms.

"Dan," she observed, "every step we take is a curve, and at this moment, we must have a whole hillside between us and the trolley-line. We can no more hear it than see it."

Whistling cheerily to show that stern thoughts were far from him, Dan strode on, and finally stopped at a sudden clearing of the underbrush. The disclosed view of mountains and vales was magnificent.

"And what do you think of that field?" asked Dan, casually, the concealed pride of a proprietor in his tones. The first person to come upon a grand sight always feels like the owner of it.

The field, lying far below them, was one golden mass of poppies, California poppies, the sunniest, most charming flowers in the world. Yellow does not describe them; and orange does not describe them. They glitter like pure gold, and yet are satiny and soft as baby fingers. One, alone, is a treasure; and here was a field of them.

"Let us get armfuls for the lunch table," cried Olive.

And without hesitation, all three plunged down the hillside, and were soon wading knee-deep in

blossoms. By the time they had gathered flowers enough and were ready to go back to the picnic ground, they found they had wandered completely around the poppy field. The hill they had descended, whichever it was, had become merged into a dozen others, all alike.

They shouted loudly, hoping to get response from their comrades, but dead silence was their only answer. So they had to choose a hill at random. The sun was no guide, for it was practically overhead.

"They 're all having lunch," mentioned Dan, grimly.

Hunger and fear made the ascent anxious. And the anxiety proved well founded, for, when the top of the hill was reached, it merely disclosed a series of other tops, each a little higher and more remote. Everything was bleakly unfamiliar. They had climbed the wrong one.

"We had better go back to the poppy field and try again," advised Anna. She was as hungry, tired, and worried as the other two, but her practical calmness never left her. It gifted her with leadership. Dan, generally guide, found himself taking her counsel, and glad to get it.

But the poppy field was not to be reached a second time. There is nothing more bewildering than a range of uniform hills. The three wanderers, instead of retracing their steps, only went farther and farther out of their way. So thick was the chaparral, and so winding was the trail, that they never could see more than a few yards either before them or behind them. Progress was sheer guesswork. And hunger soon became more than a trifle.

When, instead of reaching the poppies, they stumbled into a new valley through which raced a little brook, Olive broke down and cried; for California, in the dry season, is not a land of many brooks, and the strange sight of this one accented the fact that they were lost indeed.

Quite as aware of this, Anna Ladd nevertheless took comfort where she could.

"Maybe there are fish in the brook, and we can get something to eat," she hopefully extended.

Which inclined to make Dan angry. He admired bravery, but he liked it joined to sense. Given hook, line, bait, rod, sinker, and reel, Dan would have commended Anna's grit. But how catch fish with the bare hands? For fish were there, big, fat, lazy suckers, sulking in the pools.

"Going to charm them out?" asked Dan.

"Yes," said Anna, laughing. She had n't been a trumper and a camper with Larry for nothing. "That is, if I can get a strong, invisible string." She looked carefully over her own person, but was not repaid by the search. Then she eyed

Olive, gaining hope from a fancy bag which swung from Olive's belt. "Is that a work-bag?" she asked. "Is there a spool of silk in it?"

"No," confessed Olive, answering both questions at once, and answering them with a blush.



"OLIVE BROKE DOWN AND CRIED."

The bag was a vanity bag, holding powder, a powder-puff, and a hand-mirror. These melancholy details she kept to herself, contenting herself with the mere "No."

"Then may I destroy part of your necktie?" asked Anna, politely, of Dan.

The tie, a knitted silk one, in tint of pale green, was a gift from Maisie. Precious it was indeed, but food was more precious still. Dan handed it over without a qualm. Anna swiftly unraveled it till she had several yards of line.

"Want a bent pin for a hook?" demanded Dan, sarcastically.

Anna laughed again. She was an expert with the snare, and had no misgivings of success. And she was nice enough not to keep the honors to herself, but shared her knowledge with the others. She gave them each a length of line with the proper loop and slip-knot at its end, and she posted them at clever places on the bank, schooling them in the process whereby an unsuspecting fish has a belt fitted to him, and gets jerked high and dry by it.

But it is slow work, and a full hour more went past before the whole catch numbered five. But five were enough.

"And now for a fire," said Anna, throwing off her sweater, and preparing to be cook.

Dan frantically searched his pockets.

"I have n't a match," he said tragically.

"Larry never lets me go in the woods without matches," said Anna, producing a box.

Dan helpfully began to pile logs for a fire.

"Now, don't be idiotic," begged Anna, gently.

Idiotic was a new word for Dan to hear from a girl.

"Where 's the idiocy?" he asked crisply.

"Right there!" replied Anna, poking away the logs with her foot. "You can't cook over a big fire—not without scorching yourself. A little, tiny fire 's the thing."

"How did you ever learn all this?" asked Olive, watching wistfully. What were good looks in a crisis? Worse than nothing.

"Reading boys' books and listening to Larry," explained Anna, sharpening some sticks on which to roast the fish.

"Anna Ladd, put me to work," said Dan, pulling his hands from his pockets, where he had moodily rammed them. "You are the man of this expedition, not I. It has made me angry to see it; angry with myself, I mean. But I can at least follow orders."

"There are no orders to follow," said Anna, gravely. "We are all in a bad box." Her eyes scanned the lonely hills, the sunny, uncaring hills, among whose silences men had been known to wander about, lost, for days at a time. "Well," resolutely, "we 'll feel better after we 've eaten. So help cook this fish, Dan."

To "toast" a fish takes skill and absorbs attention. The three exiles enjoyed those underdone, unsalted fish better than any meal of their remembrance; and the warm, sandy water of the brook tasted like iced ambrosia.

"Now, I 'm ready for anything; on with the march," said Dan.

But he rose with a limp and wincing.

"And so am I!" declared Olive, standing first on one foot and then on the other, her face pale with pain.

"Am I to believe your words or your looks?" asked Anna.

"I was vain and foolish enough to put on new, tight shoes," confessed Olive, "and my heels are rubbed sore."

"Same here," admitted Dan, laconically.

Anna ransacked her wise young head for remedy, and magically dug one up. She made the sufferers first bathe their inflamed heels in the brook, and then showed them how to make protecting cases of paper, supplied by Dan's notebook.

"And now we 'd better hurry," she advised, her glance on the sun. "It must be four o'clock." As she started to put on her sweater, Dan flew to help her, hoisting her into the air. "But I 'll teach you how to put on a girl's coat, if it 's the last act of my life," she said firmly, after the first speechless moment of surprise.

Olive leaned against a tree and laughed hysterically, while Dan carefully followed Anna's directions in etiquette.

"When a thing has to be done, I hate to put it off," explained Anna, apologizing for her instructions. "Put-offs pile up so that they frighten a person into forgetting."

Soon they were on their worried way again, but at every step gained nothing but an added sense of bewilderment and dread. Myriads of low hills circling around myriads of little valleys like cauldrons,—it seemed as if the whole world held nothing more. And at last the sun began to dip down.

"Let us climb to the top of the highest hill we see," counseled Anna, as a final resource. "It sounds like a waste of time, but we 'll get a far view, and *may* be able to locate ourselves."

For want of a better plan, this one was carried out, though the ascent taxed their weary muscles to the utmost; and the rattlesnake question had now but the one answer: these massed boulders, seamed and cracked and overgrown here and there with tough shrubs, were a snake paradise. Olive commenced to shrink every time she stepped through a thicket.

"And I don't know but your fears are sensible," said Anna, bethinking herself of something Larry had told her. "So take up handfuls of sand and throw it ahead of you into any clump that looks suspicious. A rattler can't stand it, and rattles immediately."

Olive took what comfort she could out of this device, and they reached the top of the hill.

But the view it furnished was but the prospect



"'TRY IT FROM HERE,' SAID DAN." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

of vaster silences, of lonelier distances. They and the sinking sun had the big, quiet world to themselves.

Olive dropped down into an abject little heap and again wept.

"I can't help it," she sobbed.

"Dan," said Anna, intensely, her eyes straining at the farthest hill opposite, a whole wild valley between, "can't you see an occasional flash of light over there, almost as if the sun was shining on a bit of glass?"

"Yes!" cried Dan, at length, as the flash was repeated. "But what can it be? We could n't see the glint from a piece of glass at this distance."

"It 's Larry!" cried Anna. "I 'm sure of it. But, oh, if I *only* had a mirror!"

"A mirror?" asked Olive, jumping up, yet not sufficiently believing her ears to dive into her vanity bag. "A mirror? A hand-glass?"

"Yes," mourned Anna. "The last thing we 'd be likely to have!"

"No, indeed!" cried Olive. "Here 's one." And she produced it from her bag as a wizard might take a gold watch out of an egg omelet. "But what 's the use of it?"

With a cry of joy, Anna caught it and began sending heliograph signals across the valley to the distant hill opposite. Down its sloping, wooded side, the tiny flash came occasionally, yet not in response, merely by accident.

Anna worked faithfully but rather desperately.

"I don't understand much about it," she said between whiles, as she tried now this angle, now that. "And it 's almost impossible to work when the sun 's so low; but if it 's Larry, and if he sees me, and if he answers, then we 're all right."

"Try it from here," said Dan, indicating a change of angle.

The dancing speck of light on the opposite hill suddenly went out.

"Whoever it is sees me," said Anna, breathlessly. "I 'll send my initials, and watch what happens!"

With trembling care, she flashed her signal several times across the valley.

The moment of waiting was a tense one. Then came the answer, two long flashes—L. L. Larry Ladd.

"Here," said Anna, handing back the glass. "Thank you. It 's Larry."

"Did you tell him we are lost?" asked Olive, too hopeful by far.

"No," said Anna, half laughing. "I don't know the signal code. All I can do is just to telegraph my initials, and recognize Larry's when they come back."

"Then how are we helped?" besought Olive.

"Because I know where Larry's corps is today. It 's on Loma Galena. That mountain opposite is Loma Galena."

"Loma Galena?" asked Dan, incredulously. "Right back of our house?"

"Right back of all our houses," answered Anna, comprehensively. "And what we have to do is to keep our eyes upon it, and make a bee-line down into the valley and across."

This they did. But the feat was harder to perform than to describe. Now stumbling down inclines, now struggling up hillsides, always bruised by the stones and torn by the brambles, they finally worked themselves into a valley which owned the blessing of the commonplace. The first trolley-pole they saw looked as lovely as a long-lost brother.

Next came the beatific vision of a trolley-car.

They boarded it, and their adventure was over. "And it 's good it 's dark, we look such sights," said Anna.

"*We* look such sights," amended Olive. She and Dan had been obliged to cut the heels from their new shoes. As for fine raiment, that was torn to shreds. And whatever had come within reach of the tar-weed was blackened beyond renovation. Olive's hair was in wisps, her lace in rags. Half of her beads were on the trail, the other half were down her back.

Anna's stout shoes looked as well as when she had started; her short, clean skirt was still fresh and clean; her hair was still in two tidy knobs; her collar was trim, and her tie was taut.

Dan thought she was the goodliest sight he had ever looked upon.

"Why have n't you joined any of our card and dance clubs?" he asked her, suddenly.

"Because I 've never been asked," said Anna, promptly and frankly.

"Consider yourself not only asked but begged," said Dan. As president of the societies mentioned, his word had weight.

"Consider me a member," accepted Anna, gladly.

Later, in his own home, on his way to his room for repairs, Dan leaned for a moment against Olive's door and gazed interestedly at her tatters, which she was surveying in the glass.

"That Anna Ladd is just about the finest girl I know!" he contributed heartily. "When I sized up my wits against hers, in the thick of the scrimmage, I felt like a noddling noodle. A noddling noodle! How did you feel?"

Olive, scoring herself in the mirror, answered without hesitation.

"Like nineteen of them," was her verdict.

And it meant more than Dan guessed.



THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.
THE DOCTOR: "WHAT YOU NEED IS REST."



CHRISTMAS SECRETS

BY

LILLIE GILLILAND MCDOWELL

I TELL mine all to Grandma,
And she tells hers to me;
And we have just the mostest fun
That ever you did see!

Each time I get a new one,
I whisper in her ear,
And Grandma whispers back again,
And laughs, and says, "Dear! dear!"

But I've one now I have to keep,
I *can't* tell her, you see.
I wonder—do you s'pose she might
Be keeping one from me?



EDNA E. HART.

RUNTY *The* Boy Giant

BY WALLACE DUNBAR AND VINCENT



BOBBY sat down on the Hermit's door-step to get his breath. It was a warm afternoon, and the climb had been long and steep. Noiselessly the door behind him opened, and a tall, thin, gray man looked down at the little boy.

"Well," said he, in anything but a friendly tone, "what do you want?"

Bobby jumped a little, but only from surprise. "How do you do?" he replied, politely removing his cap. "I'm Bobby Wentworth, and we're at the hotel down below, and I've come to call."

"I never have callers," said the man, more gently.

"I know," replied Bobby, "that's why I came. They said you'd been up here alone years and years and years; so I thought you might like to see *me* a little while."

For an instant, the man's stern features relaxed, as though he would smile but had forgotten how.

"I've heard that they call me the 'Hermit' down there,—the 'Hermit of Hemlock Hill.' Are n't you afraid of me?"

"No," said Bobby, contemptuously. "You don't look bad—you just look tired."

The Hermit sighed as he swung the door wide open and sat down beside Bobby. "That's all," he agreed; "I'm just tired. Tired in my heart. Now, as you've had a stiff climb, and as I was just about to take a late luncheon, suppose we have it out here together, in the shade of the porch, where it's cool?"

So saying, the Hermit brought out a blue plate

piled high with slices of just-baked bread, a squat silver pitcher of molasses, and a stone jug of icy milk.

"Now, when I get two plates, two knives and forks, two china mugs, and the butter," said he, "we'll be all ready."

Ten minutes later, Bobby looked up from spreading his fourth slice of bread, and said: "This is awfully good bread for you to make all by yourself. But I s'pose you've had centuries and centuries to learn in."

"At least it seems so to me," replied the Hermit, gravely.

"Were you here in the days of the giants?" asked Bobby, eagerly.

"Well," said the Hermit, reflectively, "I might tell you about a *boy-giant* I once knew,—unless you don't care for stories."

"Oh," cried the boy, his eyes dancing in delightful anticipation, "there's nothing I care for as much!"

So this is what the Hermit told Bobby, as they sat in the shade, on the top of Hemlock Hill, eating just-baked bread with molasses, and sipping mugs of icy milk:

"EARLY one spring morning, ages ago, I was awakened by a violent knocking—not on the door, but on the roof. Getting into my clothes with some difficulty—for I'd been sick a long time—I came outside, and found a giant bending over the house, and about to knock again. He was nearly as tall as that old pine there. I remem-

ber that as one of his feet nearly covered this little front yard, the other spread over the road.

"What are you trying to do," I called, "smash my roof in?"

"Oh, there you be!" he exclaimed, after peering all over this part of the township for me. "No, indeed! I've been tryin' *not* to. I came to see if you did n't need a boy to help on the farm."

"Well, suppose I do," said I, rather nettled at being roused up in this manner. "You have n't happened to bring one in your pocket, have you?"

cover. As for rations, I'll feed myself. There's deer, and such small fry, for the pickin', a couple of hundred miles above here, and I can step over there and get a bite any time."

"The outcome of it was that I took the boy on trial for a month. He said his name was Runty. They called him that because he was the only short member of his family. You see, he was a hundred and fifty years old—in sixty years more he'd be of age—and, though he'd been growing such a long time, he only came to his father's belt.



"WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO," I CALLED, "SMASH MY ROOF IN?"

"I'm wantin' to hire out myself," he explained, good-naturedly smiling at my temper. "I'm only a boy, I know, but I've helped Dad with the chores since I was no higher'n your barn. And I'll come for my board and keep."

"Your board and keep," I repeated sarcastically. "The house and barn together would n't hold much more than those feet of yours; and all I raise in a year would make *you* about three good meals!"

"That's all right, mister," replied the giant, complacently, sitting down on that hill opposite, in order to see me better; 'by openin' both doors, I can get my head in the barn, and that pasture next will make a fine bed. I never take cold sleepin' outdoors, so long as my head's under

"The next day, I told him to plow that two-acre corn-field. I stayed in the house to finish some writing I wished to get off. In a moment he called me. I found him standing in the road, with the plow under one arm, the work harness under the other, and a frantically struggling horse in either hand.

"I can't get this outfit together," he said, mildly bewildered. "I laid the hesses on their backs on my lap, and tried to harness 'em; but the buckles are too small for my fingers. I can't do nothin' with 'em!"

"Of course he could n't. I had no right to blame him, but it meant leaving my desk and harnessing and hitching up, myself. 'Now go on,' said I, 'and don't call me if you can help it.'



"'I CAN'T GET THIS OUTFIT TOGETHER,' HE SAID, MILDLY BEWILDERED."



"THERE WAS THE BOY LEANING OVER THE UNROOFED BARN."

"Just as I lost myself in my work again, there came another call. I went out in a bad temper. 'Now what 's the matter?' I called.

"Runty was down on his knees beside the field, holding the plow-handles between one thumb and finger, and urging on the team with the other hand. He looked overheated and exasperated.

" 'See here, boss,' he cried, 'this is breakin' my back and nothin' but foolin'. I can't scratch up this little plot with these crazy little hosses and this toy plow in a year! Why, if I 'd only brought my spadin'-fork and rake, I could get this little spot ready for plantin' in ten minutes.'

"I saw how it was. It was plainly a case of a man being too big for his job. I had to leave my writing and do the plowing myself. I sent Runty into the woods for fuel.

"Before I 'd worked fifteen minutes, Runty came back with about forty big sugar-maples under his arm that he 'd pulled up by the roots.

" 'What made you go and ruin my sugar-bush?' I shouted. 'There are plenty of other trees, and those are the best I had!'

" 'Why, the rest of 'em was n't no bigger 'n toadstools are where I come from,' he explained. 'I 'll just break these up in little pieces, and leave 'em in a nice pile behind the woodshed.'

"I tell you, Bobby, I was almost ready to discharge that boy! But he was so willing and cheerful that I hated to send him away so soon. 'Maybe he 'll do something except cause me work and loss, after a while,' I thought.

"Worn out with the plowing, I put up the horses and told Runty to feed and bed them. A ripping and tearing sound brought me to the door the next minute, and there was the boy leaning over the unroofed barn, dropping a pinch of oats into Dobbin's manger.

" 'It was so hard gettin' my hand around to the pesky little stalls,' he calmly explained, 'that I just pulled off the roof so 's I can see 'em and get to 'em. I 'll fix it on for to-night with a bit of wire, and to-morrow I 'll put on some hinges, so 's I can lift it up and down all right.'

"For some minutes, I was too exasperated to speak, and just stood there and watched him fasten on the barn roof with two hundred feet or so of barbed wire. When I *could* speak, I discharged him with the sharpest kind of words. And do you know, Bobby, he was so sorry to lose his first place, that he sat on the ridge of that mountain and cried till that low field was all awash. In fact, you can see, over beyond that clump of trees, there 's a fair-sized pond there yet.

"I called out to him to be a man and make the best of it, and came into the house. Having Runty help me farm had tired me out so that I lay down on the old couch there, and fell asleep.

"I dreamed that, instead of being a lone hermit on Hemlock Hill, I was the captain of the *Nancy Ann*; and that I was stretched out upon a locker in my little cabin, lazily listening to the water lapping against the sides of the boat. Then there came the sound of hurried oars, and something bumped against the *Nancy Ann*—no, against the hermitage; for I woke to see a punt floating in that doorway! In it were the Widow Small and her two boys, Rather and Very, who had come to warn me that before long the water would reach my second story. As it was, the couch was a foot from the ceiling when I floated out of the door.

"We scrambled to the roof of the barn, and sat there in a row, waiting for Runty to stop crying. While I felt sorry for the boy's disappointment, and remembered that old folk tell young ones that a good cry will do them good, nevertheless I did wish his tears would stop flowing down the mountain before my stock was all drowned.

"The sun kept going down, until it began to disappear right behind Runty's knees. The water kept creeping up, until it almost touched the soles of my carpet-slippers. If I drew up my feet, I was liable to go over backward; so I sat watch-

ing the ripples that spread outward from the mountain with each sob the boy gave. Just as I was wondering if boy-giants ever cried all night, Runty gave one big, loud sob that sent a tidal wave over my ankles—and stopped crying. While we were anxiously yelling all sorts of cheery words at him, he sat still with his face in his hands, too downcast to move.

"At last he braced up, and dried his eyes on a bandana not *quite* as large as the big top at the circus, and said good-by.

"I 'll hurry right home,' he said, 'for Dad and Mom are prob'ly worried about me now; and, if it gets any darker, the first thing I know I 'll be steppin' on some of them little villages and crushin' 'em all to bits.'"

"AND you never saw Runty again?" asked Bobby, who had scarcely taken a long breath throughout the telling.

"Never again," said the man. "I 've had no one worse than gnomes and pigwidgeons to help me since then. They 've told me many a tale of the boy's adventures—for he was an ambitious lad, and never gave up trying to make himself useful. But, as Runty observed, it 's getting dark. So, give me your hand, Bobby, and I 'll go with you as far as the hotel grounds."

And down Hemlock Hill went the Hermit and the boy, in the glow of the sinking sun.



"WAITING FOR RUNTY TO STOP CRYING."

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

BY A. L. SYKES

BRIGHT and early to Grandma's house,
We went to spend the day;
But snow came down, still as a mouse,
And so we had to stay.

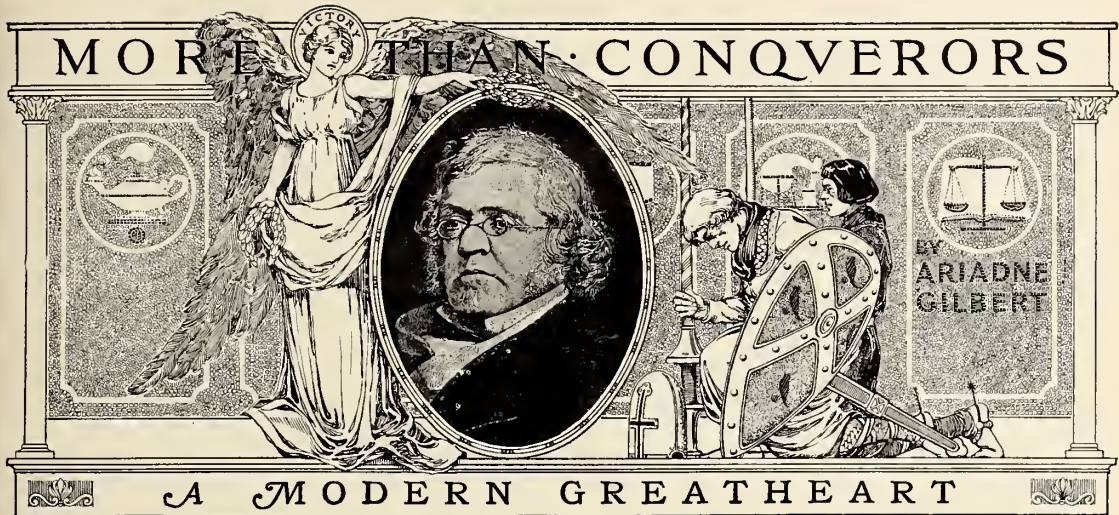
And when the Christmas morning came,
It found us waiting there.
The shining snow was white and high,
And drifts were everywhere.

We feared that Santa could not come;
We had no Christmas tree,
And so we did the dearest thing
That ever you did see:

We hung a tree out by the porch
With corn and bread—red apples, too;
And called the birds, and said to them:
“We 've made this Christmas tree for you.”

They came in flocks—they came in crowds,
And stayed to sing, and eat, and play.
It seemed to me that they all said:
“Thank you; we like our Christmas Day!”





A CURLY-HEADED youngster of six stood on the deck of the big ship. Across the blue water had faded from sight the land of India, where he had left his young, widowed mother, and all that was dear to babyhood and life. Before him loomed a strange English school and a strange aunt. When the little boy knelt down at night to pray, he would ask God to make him dream of his mother, and let him see again, if only in his sleep, those gray eyes full of light. The thoughts that struggled in his child-heart, however, were not trusted to the black servant beside him, or even to the other little boy, Richmond Shakspear, who, like him, was leaving his India home. Nobody would understand those puzzling thoughts. Locked away very deep in William Makepeace Thackeray's young heart lay the memory of parting,—the old ghaut, or river stair, which led down to the boat; the quaver in his mother's voice; the blur in his sight and the choke in his throat; and of those strange good-bys. Perhaps there floated, too, in his tender memory, a vision of his own portrait painted some years before in far-away Calcutta: a white-dressed, round-eyed boy of three perched on a pile of big books, with his arms clasped round his mother's neck. Such a beautiful, tall mother for a little boy to sail away from to find that queer thing called "education." But he was sailing farther and farther every minute, under the long reach of sky.

At last, one morning, after many days, they came in sight of the rock-bound island of St. Helena, rising out of the sea like a great gray cone; and, harbored there, the black servant took the two boys ashore to see a famous French soldier. After they had gone a long way over rocks and hills, they came to a garden where a

man with folded arms and bowed head was walking among the flowers. "There he is," said the black man; "that is Bonaparte. He eats three



"THERE HE IS. THAT IS BONAPARTE."

sheep every day, and all the little children he can lay his hands on." The cherry-cheeked William

did not know what a plump, tempting morsel of a child he was; but it seemed wise, just then, to let this ogre of a Frenchman have the island to himself, and for him and Richmond and their black guardian to continue their voyage. And so there were more long days of blue water and sky, and of sailing on and on, till, finally, they reached England. This did not seem at all a cheerful place to the two boys: flags were flying at half-mast, and there was black on everything, for the whole country was in mourning for Princess Charlotte, who had died November 6, 1817.

William's aunt, however, took him immediately into her large love, and watched over him with a mother's tenderness. How frightened she was when she found out that the child's head was big enough for his uncle's hat! A good doctor told her, though, not to worry over that head, for it had "a great deal in it." Part of the time, Thackeray lived with this aunt, Mrs. Ritchie, at Chiswick, and part with a great-uncle at Hadley. In the meantime, his young mother had not forgotten her only child. She had married again, a Colonel Smythe of India, and now she and her husband, whom Thackeray, later, loved deeply, returned to England, and the little boy was so glad to see them that he could not speak. This was in 1822, when Thackeray was eleven years old, the same year that he entered the famous Charterhouse school.

From Thackeray's own account and his "Doctor" in "Pendennis," we can imagine his first impressions of Charterhouse, and his feelings toward the principal, whose name he has gracefully changed. As the child entered with his shining, fresh face and his shining, white collar, Dr. Crushall thundered out in a "big, brassy voice," "Take that boy and his box to Mrs. Jones, and make my compliments to Mr. Smiler, and tell him the boy knows nothing, and will just do for the lowest form." As far as lessons went, the boy never knew a great deal; but "he read anything he could lay his hands on; he acted when he had the chance; he debated." His friends thought of him as a broad-set, lazy child, with rosy cheeks, dark hair, and blue eyes, all a-twinkle. When he should have been working sums, he was generally covering his books and papers with comical drawings, which he "chucked about" among his schoolmates. His power of mimicry and sense of fun were so tremendous that no teacher was safe from his perfect imitation, his unmistakable caricatures, or his ridicule in verse. There were some verses on "Violets, dark blue violets" which young Thackeray cleverly parodied in "Cabbages, bright green cabbages," reciting the lines in tenderly sentimental tones.

Like many others, Thackeray was a home-longing boy, who, except for the fun he made out of work and the friends he made through his fun, found the holidays the best things at Charterhouse. "There are 370 in the school," he wrote to his mother. "I wish there were only 369!" And another time, wistfully, "Valentine's Day, but I have had no valentines. Dr. Russell has been fierce to-day." Once the doctor went so far as to storm, "You are a disgrace to the school and to your family, and I have no doubt will prove so in after life to your country!"

Yet here at the Charterhouse, Thackeray made some lifelong friends: his cousin Richmond Shakspear, Alfred Gatty, George Venables, and John Leech, who, when he grew up, became the humorous artist of "Punch." How well he remembered "small John Leech, coming first to school and being put up upon a table, in a little blue jacket and high buttoned trousers, and made to sing to the other boys, as they stood round-about." Still better he remembered George Venables. One wet half-holiday, a boy named Glossip went to the monitor to ask leave for Thackeray and Venables to fight. That was an unlucky day for William, whose middle name was Makepeace. Into the battle he went with all zeal, and out of it he came with a broken nose. Far from treasuring ill feeling against his vanquisher, however, he and George Venables were friends forever more.

Drawing, acting, studying, Thackeray spent six years in the Charterhouse. After that, he lived with his parents near Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, reading such books as the vicar could lend him. The next year he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, the same fitful student, hating mathematics and adorning the pages of his note-book "with pen-and-ink drawings." In his one attempt at writing, a poem in competition for the Chancellor's medal, he was beaten by his friend Alfred Tennyson. With the feeling that he was wasting time on studies useless in life, Thackeray left the university in the spring of 1830. The best that he got from the college were his friends: Brookfield, Fitz Gerald, Monckton Milnes, and Alfred Tennyson; the worst was a taste for gambling, which shortly led to sad misfortune.

Since Thackeray was now amply supplied with money, he decided to complete his education by travel, beginning his foreign studies at Weimar, Germany, where he seems to have lain on the sofa, read novels, and dreamed. Enough has been said to show that, like many other artists, he had not the temperament for steady, hard work. Nevertheless, in November, 1831, urged by his parents to study law, he returned to Eng-



"TELL HIM THE BOY KNOWS NOTHING!"

land, and entered the Middle Temple for that purpose. At first he seemed to look forward happily to practising at the bar; but soon he found dry law-books very hard reading. So it happened that as soon as he became of age, July 18, 1832 (the day for which he had "panted so long," and the day on which he inherited his father's fortune), the first thing he did was to give up the study of law. "I can draw better than I can do anything else," he said to himself, and took his way to Paris, to "make believe to be a painter." Here, while he was out-of-doors, he lived the free life that he afterward described in writing of *Clive Newcome*; but, at other times, he might have been seen, day after day, copying pictures in the Louvre, honestly trying to excel in the art he loved. As a side interest, he corresponded for the Paris papers.

His history now led to a combination of failures, which, while they were a loss in money, were a gain in common sense and application. In the false hope of good luck, Thackeray had gambled with his newly acquired wealth, at an immense loss, and, generally, "made a gaby" of himself. Before long the bank in India failed. Then the paper failed in which he and his stepfather had mutual interests. This last failure came when Thackeray was twenty-five, just six months after his marriage. As he said, it made him "work for bread"—the best thing that could have happened. Now he attempted to illustrate "Pickwick Papers," but his drawings were refused; and again the would-be-artist faced failure, and wondered what other line of work he might try. It seems good to the book-reading world that, even in Thackeray's extremity, his drawings were refused, and that marriage and poverty and failure forced him to be an author. Before we turn, however, from his artist to his author life, let us mark that he was "the only great author who illustrated his own books." As he once said, when he was sick, "The artist who usually illustrates my works fell ill with myself."

In his earliest writings, Thackeray so lacked confidence that he published his work anonymously. He masked as "Titmarsh," "Theophile Wagstaff," "Fitz-Boodle," "Yellowplush," "Spec," "Major Gahagan," and many others, shyly hiding his own face. And yet, no matter how much he doubted his ability—and he did doubt it—in favor of success were his robust health, his strong brain, and his powerful love. With the high motive of caring for a dear wife, any real *man* could rally from a money defeat, and Thackeray was not the one to be depressed by little things. From now on, constitutionally idle though he was, he worked night and day for those he loved,

beating out his rhymes "titumtidy, titumtidy"; toiling at the stale old desk; writing "The Newcomes," not for fame, but for that other entirely worthy object, money; and, slowly and with great difficulty, grinding out "Barry Lyndon."

Two years after he and his wife had faced the hardships of poverty together, he wrote: "Here have we been two years married, and not a single unhappy day. . . . I feel in my heart a kind of overflowing thanksgiving which is quite too great to describe in writing."

It is good he saw the sunlight through the showers, for there was real darkness ahead for both. Only the next year, their second child, their precious baby, died. Long after, in a kind of broken cry, Thackeray spoke of "that bitter, bitter grief."

And yet this sorrow, great as it was, could be shared. A year later fell a greater sorrow which he had to bear alone—his wife's sickness, which was more than sickness, for she was slowly losing her mind. Only Thackeray's best friends knew how he clung to her companionship, and how he fought for her cure. He tried to nurse her himself. As he said, he "used to walk out three miles to a little bowling-green and write there in an arbor, coming home and wondering what was the melancholy oppressing the poor little woman"; and, looking back on life, "What a deal of cares and pleasures and struggles and happiness I have had since that day in the little sunshiny arbor." In a vain hope to save her, he took her home to Ireland and her people, and then went from one watering-place to another, until, finally, there was nothing to do but place her in a private asylum in Paris.

At the beginning of the trouble, the little London home on Great Coram Street had been broken up, and the two children, Annie, a "fat lump of pure gold," and Baby Minnie, had been sent to live with their Grandmother Butler in Paris. They stayed there for some time after Thackeray had lost in the battle for his wife's reason; while the lonely father lodged near the asylum, first in one place, then in another, once more a bachelor except for his burden of love. Yet, again, only his closest friends began to know how deeply the sorrow had hewn itself into his life; he wore a smile for the outer world, and still sent playful letters to his children, though they were sometimes written in a trembling hand.

One of his truest friends, Fitz Gerald, was constant with long, cheerful letters, and, thinking that drawing might distract the poor man more than writing, recommended him widely as an illustrator; and begged his friends to buy copies of "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," as each

copy puts sevenpence halfpenny into Thackeray's pocket, which is not very heavy just now."

Fitz Gerald was right. For a while, even sevenpence halfpenny counted with his home-loving, homeless friend. Visions of empty mugs

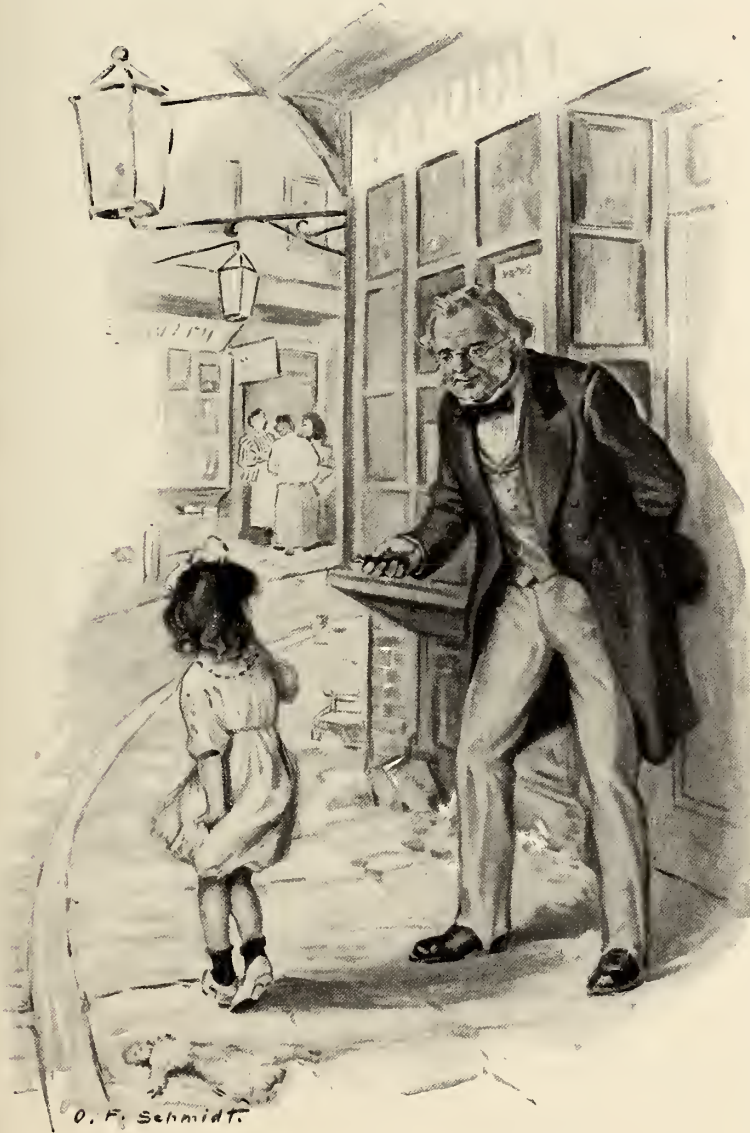
We can imagine him, a sort of giant of a man, "six feet two, and largely built," standing once more before his own fire, his feet spread wide, his hands crammed deep into his pockets, a smile on that pleasant face, and a twinkle shining be-

hind the glasses; or, perhaps, as holding Annie on his broad lap and teaching her to read from the funny alphabet-pictures he had made. For both children he used to tear out processions of paper pigs with curly tails. The companionship of his little girls was the dearest thing he had left now. As they grew older, he stole many happy holidays to take them to plays or to children's parties, which were often held at the Dickens's. He loved to see "the little ones dancing in a ring," especially his own, one with her "hair plaited in two tails," and the other with curls and the "most fascinating bows of blue ribbon." Still better, he loved to take them driving in the country or to the Zoo. It put him in "such chirping spirits to get out of London." As for the Zoo, they used to "amuse themselves in finding likenesses to their friends in many of the animals." "Thank 'E'v'ns!" Thackeray once exclaimed, "both of the girls have plenty of fun and humor."

While we are thinking of Thackeray with his own children, let us remember him, too, with the children of others, for he had a "marvelous affection" for all little boys and girls. Perhaps it was just this all-fathering nature of his, or perhaps it was the memory of the dar-

ling who slept beneath the grass and stars, that led him, in 1853, to adopt a third daughter, Amy Crowe, the child of one of his friends. At any rate, he did adopt her, and made her his own forever.

During his student days at Weimar, when he was hardly more than a boy, one of his chief delights had been to make caricatures for chil-



THACKERAY OFFERING THE GINGERBREAD-MAN.

must have haunted the dear man; he drove himself through his tasks "for beef and mutton," and was very busy, writing hard every day, and very poor, nevertheless.

Just as soon as he was able to do so, late in the autumn of 1846, he moved to 13 Young Street, in London, and brought his babies there to live.

dren, and, years later, he began the drawings for "The Rose and the Ring," because his little girls had wanted pictures of the king and queen in "Twelfth Night." It was while they were traveling in Naples, when an attack of scarlatina kept the children indoors and away from their friends, that the story grew to fit the pictures. It was written with the famous gold pen. In referring to this time, Thackeray said that he wrote "nonsensical fairy tale" instead of collecting material for "The Newcomes." All his life, though, his chief desire had been to write "something good for children." As soon as he had "made a competence" for his own "young ones," he had determined to do something "for the pleasure of young ones in general."

Our minds are full of pictures of the kind old "giant" happy with little children. Now he bends over a small, yellow head; now he simply stands still to watch a child nibble the gingerbread-man he has tucked into her hand, his spectacles growing misty at her rapture of surprise. But he is gone without thanks! Once, while he was in America, a little girl who was too small to see a procession, found herself suddenly lifted by strong arms, and placed on a high, broad shoulder. Some days after, when that child was out walking with her mother, she stopped still as she saw Thackeray coming, and, pointing an eager finger, exclaimed: "There he is; there 's my big Englishman!" That same Englishman wrote, from New Orleans, that the colored children "ruined him in five-cent pieces." On the train for Heidelberg, he made friends with the "two children in black" described in "The Roundabout Papers"—the real account of a real holiday taken with his "little girls." How often he sat among his friends' children asking by name for all their dolls! Once he stopped a procession of school-girls, saying, "Four and twenty little girls! They must have four and twenty bright little sixpences." And, going over the names at Charterhouse on Founder's Day, he would exclaim, "Here 's the son of dear old So-and-So; let 's go and tip him." As he told Dickens, he could "never see a boy without wanting to give him a sovereign." "Ah! my dear sir," he wrote in a Roundabout Paper, "if you have any little friends at school, go and see them, and do the natural thing by them. You won't miss the sovereign. Don't fancy they are too old—try 'em." And again, "It is all very well to say that boys contract habits of tart and toffee-eating which they do not carry into after life. On the contrary, I wish I did like tarts and toffee."

A pretty story is told of him when he was once

invited, by a family of children, to stay to dinner. "There is nothing, my dears, you can give me," he argued, "for I could only eat a chop of a rhinoceros or a slice from an elephant."

"Yes, I tan," answered a little girl of three, and off she trotted, coming back in a few moments with a wooden rhinoceros and a wooden elephant from her Noah's ark.

"Ah, little rogue," exclaimed the great man, "you already know the value of a kiss." Then, taking her in his arms, "he asked for a knife and fork, smacked his lips," and "pretended" to eat the dinner she had brought.

With children he was always playful, like this, but when he just stood by to *see* children, especially when they sang,—for he was passionately fond of music,—their young quaverings filled his old heart, and choked his voice, and flooded his eyes with tears. "Children's voices charm me so," he said, "that they set all my sensibilities in a quiver." Once he entered a school-room just as the children were singing, in sweetly tuneless notes, "O Paradise, O Paradise." "I cannot stand this any longer," he mumbled to the teacher, turning away his head and moving toward the door. "My spectacles are getting very dim."

"There is one day in the year," he wrote, "when I think St. Paul's presents the noblest sight in the whole world: when five thousand charity children, with cheeks like nose-gays, and sweet, fresh voices, sing the hymn which makes every heart thrill with praise and happiness. I have seen a hundred grand sights in the world—coronations, Parisian splendors, Crystal Palace openings—but think in all Christendom there is no such sight as Children's Day."

It is strange beyond believing that so many have called this tender-hearted man a sneering faultfinder and a harsh critic of his fellow-men. The glad tips to round-cheeked school-boys, the sovereigns hidden in books or laid on white pillows, seem all forgotten. "Make us laugh," cried the people, "or you and your children starve!" That was Thackeray's own feeling. "What funny things I 've written when fit to hang myself!" he said, for very sadness losing "sight of the text" under his eyes; and this is the testimony of the famous gold pen:

I 've helped him to pen many a line for bread,
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head,
And make your laughter when my own heart bled.

To be sure, Thackeray, himself, laughed at all falsity, and laughed heartily; he could not endure an affected person or a person who posed; he had to have a man all-honest like himself. And because he laughed at life's shams, some of the

people who heard him laugh forgot his wonderful sympathy.

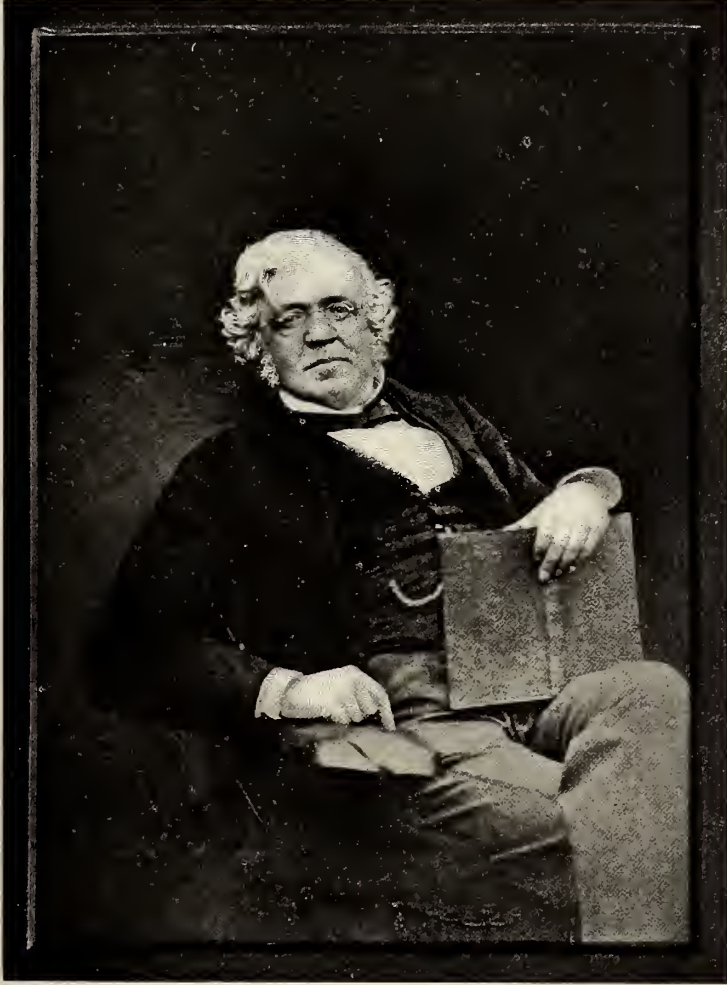
Thackeray said that his characters made themselves, and that they acted without his interference. "I don't control my characters. I am in

His characters' homes were as real to him as his own, and their troubles almost as real. The tax-collector, coming in one day, found him crying over the death of *Helen Pendennis*. "She had to die," he said, though his little daughter Minnie had begged him to "make her well again."

His sympathy for flesh-and-blood people was, of course, even greater than his sympathy for book-people. When he was editor of "The Cornhill Magazine," he really suffered over the sad letters of many who dreamed that they could write. "Here is a case put with true female logic. 'I am poor; I am good; I am ill; I work hard; I have a sick mother and hungry brothers and sisters dependent on me. You can help us if you will.'" Such letters wrung the kind editor's heart, and no one knows how often he answered by his own personal check. No one knows, either, how much valuable time he spent in trying to frame replies at once honest and tender. Some of the contributors asked for criticisms; others even asked him to rewrite, if he could not understand, their nonsense. In fact, the editorship of the "Cornhill" wore Thackeray out. With great relief, in 1862, he resigned.

And if you would know Thackeray's generosity, read any of the warm praises he heaped on his great rival Charles Dickens. When "Pendennis" was coming out, Thackeray advised his friends to get "David Copperfield." "By Jingo! it's beautiful—and the reading of the book has done

another author a great deal of good." "'Pickwick' is a capital book," he said ungrudgingly. "It is like a glass of good English ale." And again, "'Boz' is capital this month, some very neat, pretty, natural writing indeed, better than somebody else's again." . . . "Long mayest thou, O 'Boz,' reign over thy comic kingdom!" "All children ought to love Dickens," he wrote most heartily of all. "I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one who, when she is happy, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby'; when she is unhappy, reads 'Nickleby';



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

their hands," he repeatedly declared. When a friend asked him why he made *Esmond* marry *Lady Castlewood*, he answered, perfectly serious, "I did n't make him do it; they did it themselves." Yet "Henry Esmond" was the one novel for which he drew up a plot. Favorite that it was, he said, "I stand by this book, and am willing to leave it where I go, as my card." For the most part, however, he doubted his own ability, and believed that his books were failures, commenting with such impersonal frankness as, "I have just read such a stupid part of 'Pendennis.' But how well written it is!"

when she is tired, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby'; when she is in bed, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby'; when she has nothing to do, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby'; and when she has finished the book, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby' again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said: 'I like Mr. Dickens's books better than your books, Papa,' and frequently expressed her desire that

taken the trip to America, hating the miles of ocean between himself and home; hating still more the horror of speaking before an audience. Like Irving, he had an inborn timidity; he had often broken down in trying to make a public speech. An hour before one of these lectures, he besought a friend, "Don't leave me—I'm sick at my stomach with fright." To strengthen his



"THE LAST SHEET OF "THE VIRGINIANS" HAS JUST GONE TO THE PRINTER!"

the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can?" Failing as Thackeray did as illustrator, he wrote of a volume of Leech's drawings, "This book is better than plum-cake at Christmas"; and so we could quote for many pages. Magnanimous, "mighty of heart and mighty of mind," Thackeray lived his belief that there was room in the world for many great men. "What, after all, does it matter," he asks, "who is first or third in such a twopenny race?"

This was his spirit toward all his rivals. In Anne's diary we read of his failure in the election to the House of Commons: "Papa came home beaten, in capital spirits." And we know that he shook his opponent's hand, with all his big heartiness. When he found that his "very two nights" for lecturing in Baltimore had been chosen by a large opera company, he exclaimed: "They are a hundred wanting bread,—shall we grudge them a little of the butter off ours?"

Yet Thackeray bitterly needed the money from those lectures, that is, he needed it for his wife and children. For them and them alone, he had

voice, he had recited the multiplication table to a waiter in a restaurant; but how could he strengthen his courage? Night after night, that attack of fear returned; and night after night, the beloved giant went through his painful task, for money for the children. When at last he sailed for England, he went off in a rush, the very morning he saw the ship advertised. It was easier to scribble, "Good-by, Fields; good-by, Mrs. Fields; God bless everybody, says W. M. T.," than to utter that hard farewell. Thackeray reached the *Europa* at the cry, "Hurry up, she's starting!" Let us sail on with him.

From his own "White Squall" we get a peep into his home-seeking heart, on days of storm at sea:

I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

His daughter Anne lets us welcome him with the family: "My sister and I sat on the red sofa in the little study, and shortly before the time we

had calculated he might arrive, came a little ring at the front door-bell. My grandmother broke down; my sister and I rushed to the front door, only we were so afraid that it might not be he that we did not dare to open it, and there we stood, until a second and much louder ring brought us to our senses. "Why did n't you open the door?" said my father, stepping in, looking well, broad, and upright, laughing. In a moment he had never been away at all."

His greeting at another time, from the dog, Gumbo, is hardly less picturesque. When the little black-and-tan saw the cab driving up the street with Thackeray inside, "with one wild leap from the curbstone, he sprang" into the carriage and landed safe on his master's knees, "knocking off his spectacles, and licking his face all over."

Through the eyes of other folks we see him in all these ways—the beneficent, tender-hearted man "whose business was to 'joke and jeer.'" And we like to thumb his old letters, filled as they are with comic pictures and with purposely misspelled words (to be pronounced lispingly or Englishly or through the nose, for Thackeray was as whimsical as Charles Lamb). "Did you 2 have a nice T?" is characteristic, and such signatures as "Bishop of Mealy Potatoes," "Yours Distractedly, Makepeace," "G. B. Y.!" (for God bless you!), or any of a hundred others.

Since this "big Cornish giant" loved his meals, of course we would rather dine with him than read his letters; but we must take our chances with all his other friends of his missing his appointment. He once neglected a dinner with a "very eminent person" because he saw beans and bacon on the menu of the Reform Club,—his grounds for declining the dinner being "he had just met a very old friend whom he had not seen for years, and from whom he could not tear himself." Another time he was late to a dinner when he, himself, was host. The guests waited and waited; no Thackeray. At last, when the dinner was half-spoiled, he bounded in, clapping his still inky hands, and shouting, "Thank Heaven, the last sheet of 'The Virginians' has just gone to the printer!"

With J. T. Fields, we see him lunching on American oysters, rejecting a large one because "it resembled the High Priest's servant's ear that Peter cut off," and then opening his mouth very

wide for another. After that had slipped down, and Fields asked him how he felt, "Profoundly grateful," Thackeray gulped, "and as if I had swallowed a baby."

It was in just such convivial spirits that Thackeray was dearest to his friends, and his Christmas-nature was the last they expected to lose on the day before Christmas, 1863, when all England was gay with holly. Thackeray, himself, must have had warnings; but he never hinted them to any one. He was a little weary and a good deal shrunken, but, on the whole, his old happy self. A few days before he died, he sent a hand-painted sketch of a singing robin to Milnes (a farewell full of joy). But he said no good-bys to his family, and when he left them on the last night, it was in just the old, tender way. Alone, early in the morning, his great soul was carried to a greater world.

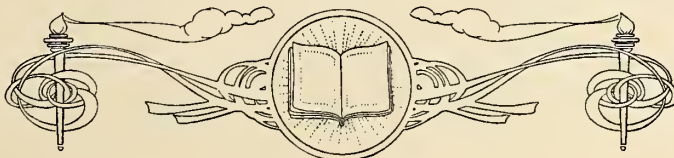
That evening the mournful news was brought to the meeting of Thackeray's fellow-workers on the English comic journal "Punch." "I 'll tell you what we 'll do," one said, "we 'll sing the dear old boy's 'Mahogany Tree'; he 'd like it." And so they all stood up, their choking voices missing the brave, sweet tenor of their friend, and their hearts needing his warmth; but they all stood up and sang, as best they could, Thackeray's own well-known words:

Christmas is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,—
Little care we;

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.

Life is but short;
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree!

In Kensal Green cemetery, a few steps from Leech, co-worker and fun-maker on "Punch," Thackeray lies asleep. The English ivy grows thick over his grave, clothing his place of rest with a summer mantle, and keeping his memory alive beneath the snow. His friend Lord Houghton was very angry because no room was made for Thackeray in Westminster Abbey. Happily our greatness is not measured by our graves, but by our monuments in human hearts.





DECEMBER DAYS

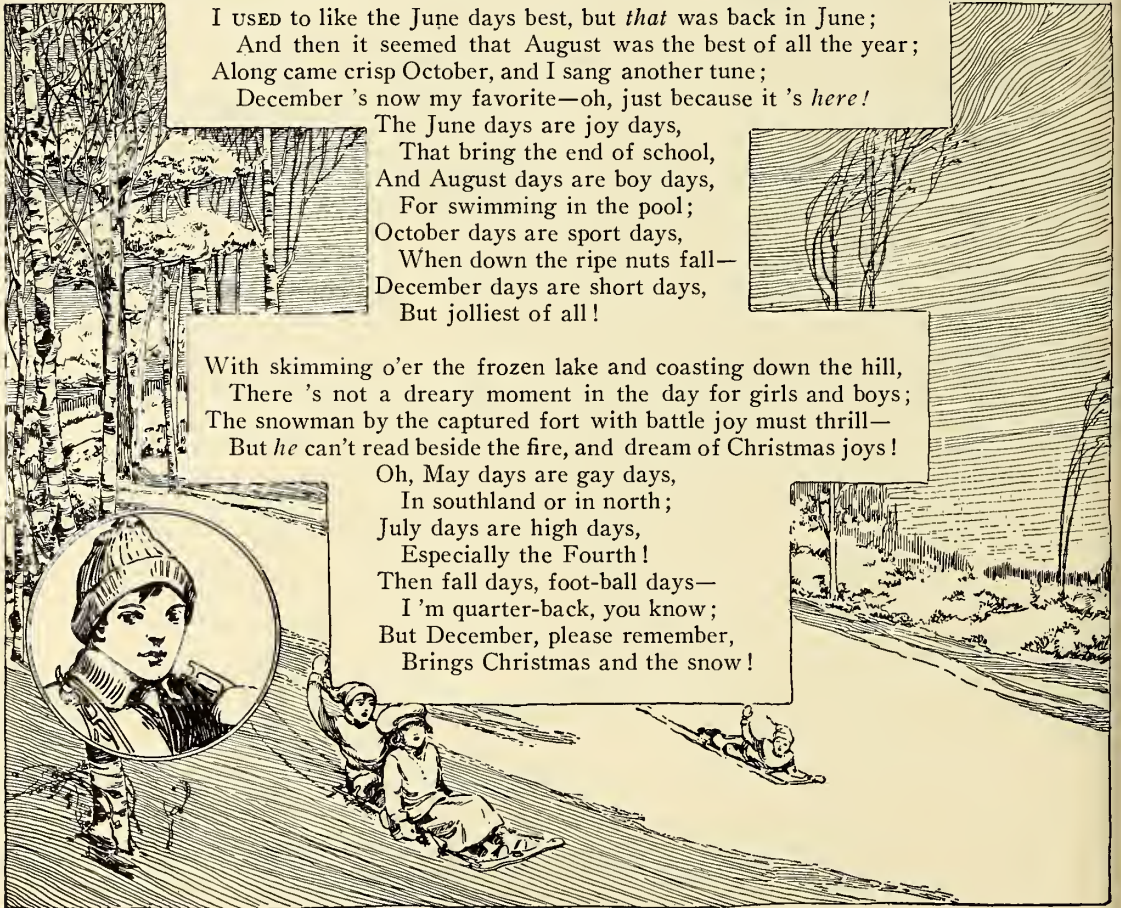
by Edward N Teall

I USED to like the June days best, *but that* was back in June;
 And then it seemed that August was the best of all the year;
 Along came crisp October, and I sang another tune;
 December's now my favorite—oh, just because it's *here!*

The June days are joy days,
 That bring the end of school,
 And August days are boy days,
 For swimming in the pool;
 October days are sport days,
 When down the ripe nuts fall—
 December days are short days,
 But jolliest of all!

With skimming o'er the frozen lake and coasting down the hill,
 There's not a dreary moment in the day for girls and boys;
 The snowman by the captured fort with battle joy must thrill—
 But *he* can't read beside the fire, and dream of Christmas joys!

Oh, May days are gay days,
 In southland or in north;
 July days are high days,
 Especially the Fourth!
 Then fall days, foot-ball days—
 I'm quarter-back, you know;
 But December, please remember,
 Brings Christmas and the snow!



BEATRICE OF DENEWOOD

(A sequel to "The Lucky Sixpence")

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

CHAPTER V

I FIND A TIN TEA-CADDY

BART'S courage reassured me for an instant and checked my flight; but, even as he spoke, a strange and awesome voice rose above the clamor of the shouts about me. I turned toward the woods whence this mysterious sound came, and there, emerging from behind a tree, was a tall, swaying figure of a man without a head. One hand was upraised and waved to and fro, while the other held out toward us a riven skull with glowing eyes that waxed and waned like a candle flame fanned by a gentle breeze.

With a cry of terror, I sank to my knees and hid my face in my hands, too frightened now to run. Just then there came an agonizing cry from the Magus.

"Oh, do not shoot!" he called; "I pray you do not shoot, or we are all lost!" And I looked up to see Bart facing the headless ghost with a leveled pistol, which he was aiming with much deliberation. Schmuck was near the rock where we had pretended to lay our weapons, and was in the act of throwing down angrily one of the billets of wood we had left to deceive him.

"Do not shoot!" he cried again; "I will try to drive this ghost away." And he raised his long arms and began to repeat his rigmarole, stepping out toward the ghostly figure that undulated in the moonlight.

"An you go too close you 're like to get the bullet," shouted Bart, his pistol still pointed toward the apparition; "'t is in my mind to find out how much good lead a ghost can carry."

He was about to fire, when little Peg flew toward us.

"D-d-do not s-s-shoot," she exclaimed at the top of her voice. At this Bart hesitated.

"Why not?" he demanded, as Peg came up.

"There is a-a-another t-t-there who is n-n-no g-g-ghost," she stammered; and even as she said the words, the weird figure seemed to crumple up, the ghostly head rolled on the ground, where its eyes still glittered among the ferns, and in the pale light we saw another form grappling with the ghost.

"'T is a bony spirit," came the cry of a strange voice from the midst of the struggle. "I warrant he will lay quiet now for a while," he ended with a laugh that sounded very out of place to our overwrought nerves.

Bart at once made for the spot, his pistol still in his hand, and I, feeling safer with him, seized Peg and followed.

"I s-s-saw him," chattered Peg, as we went along; "he c-c-came out of the w-w-woods just after the f-f-funny b-b-bogy!"

We came up to the scene of the struggle, but it had ceased. The spook lay upon its back, and a stout lad of about fourteen was sitting upon it, grinning joyfully as we approached him.

"'T is not worth wasting good powder on this," said the stranger. "He 's limp enough, and so bundled up with his ghost clothes that 't was scarce fair to fight him."

"Let 's see what he looks like," suggested Bart, for there was no face visible, a long garment of some sort being tied atop of his crown and surmounted by a collar, giving him the appearance of having no head; but that he had one was plain to see, for we could make out the shape of it beneath the flimsy cloth.

"Now keep still," cried Bart to the ghost, "or I 'll make a real wraith of you."

"Aye, master," came a muffled and trembling voice from beneath the stuff, "I 'll lay like a lamb, an you promise not to shoot."

At that the strange boy got up, and he and Bart stripped off the garment, displaying a long, thin fellow not much older than any of us, whose lean and lanky appearance made it plain he was the Magus's son.

"And here 's his other head," said the stranger, picking it up. "Had I not seen him putting the shiny stuff in his eyes, I might have been frightened myself, though I take no great stock in old wives' tales." He held out the skull for us to look at.

"How did you see it, and where have you come from?" asked Bart; for now his curiosity about this boy came uppermost in his mind.

"I was in the woods," answered the other, a little embarrassed, I thought, "and I saw you tie up the horses. I wondered what you were going to do with your lanthorn and spade, and so made up my mind to follow. I had given you time to get a start and was about to go on myself, when this fellow came up on another mule, and I waited to see what he was about. He did n't keep me waiting long. After he had tied his beast a little way from the others, he took out this ghost dress and the skull, and I saw him put the shiny stuff in its eyes and rub it on his

clothes. Then he followed your light, which was plain to be seen, and I took after him. He hid behind one tree, waiting, I doubt not, for his signal, and I behind another."

"I s-s-saw y-you all the t-t-time," Peg broke in, "but the g-g-ghost was f-f-farther off."

"'T was as good as a play," the lad went on, "and though I might have stopped him sooner, I was curious to see what the outcome of the matter would be. 'T was good as a play!" he repeated at the end of his story, and laughed heartily.

"Well," said Bart, "'t is lucky you came along, or we should have settled this ghost right enough."

"'T was my father made me do it," said our panting play-actor, and that reminded us of the fact that we had wholly forgotten the Magus. With one accord we turned to see what he was about, and why he had n't joined us.

At first we saw nothing of him, all of us having looked in the direction of the stone where he had last been; but little Peg spied him.

"T-t-there h-h-he is," she cried, pointing; "he 's d-d-digging up the t-t-treasure."

And sure enough, there in the hole we had been digging was the Magus, shoveling out the dirt for dear life, his thin back rising and falling rapidly as he delved into the earth.

"Hi there! Get out of that, Schmuck," shouted Bart; but the Magus paid no heed, and Bart started toward him.

"You keep this fellow here," he said to the stranger. "'T will be worth your while. I 'll attend to the Magus."

He went on quickly, and I followed, dragging out my pistol from under my cloak, for Schmuck was no boy, but a man grown, and likely to take more than words to frighten.

When we reached the hole, he was working furiously, tossing out spadeful after spadeful of earth, and paid no heed to Bart's order to cease. Indeed it was not till Bart held his pistol threateningly toward him that he seemed to consider our presence.

"I am but earning my fee," he snarled then.

"Your fee!" cried Bart, "when you intended to scare us from our treasure and take it all yourself?"

"I?" ejaculated the Magus, affecting indignation; "sure here 's ingratitude! To try to ruin a poor man's reputation when he 's found you a fortune."

"Then why did you have your servant dressed like a spook if 't were not your intention to intimidate us?" demanded Bart, giving me a meaningful glance.

"You call that fool my servant," Schmuck

burst out angrily. "More like you have employed him to give you an excuse not to pay me."

"Now I know you are false to us, Schmuck, for the boy acknowledged he was your son," said Bart, triumphantly.

"Did he so?" muttered the Magus, savagely. "'T is a good beating he 'll get if I 'm his father."

"That is a family affair," Bart laughed; "but now, come you out of that." And again he aimed the pistol threateningly.

Schmuck hesitated for a moment, then, wincing at the pistol held so close to him, he thought better of his decision, and stepped out of the hole.

"As you please," he grumbled, with a shrug of his narrow shoulders; "but we may as well go home. You would not heed my warning, and all my spells are undone. You will find naught in the hole now but dirt."

"But there is something there, Bart," I declared. "Do you suppose I screamed like that for nothing?"

For a moment, Bart seemed undecided, for he had no liking to leave the Magus unguarded while he went after the treasure himself.

"We 'll have Schmuck heave it out," he said at last, in his masterful way. "Into the hole again, Magus," he went on, and although he showed much reluctance, the man of magic complied. He worked a little, and then, "There is something here," he admitted.

With considerable effort he lifted a bundle out of the hole and placed it at our feet. This was evidently the yielding object that my spade had struck, for it was a huge patchwork quilt, much stained with earth and water. The four corners were gathered together and tied in a bunch with cord. I leaned down and felt of it, and finding that it contained many hard and oddly shaped forms, I at once jumped to the conclusion that they were silver vessels of some sort.

"'T is a pirate hoard, without doubt," I told Bart.

"Good!" he cried, becoming near as excited as I. "Is there aught else in the hole, Magus?" he added.

"There 's a small coffer here," was the surly reply.

"Up with it," Bart commanded; and a moment later a brass-bound coffer stood beside us.

"There 's naught else," said Schmuck at last, stepping out and making a motion to put himself at Bart's back and so avoid the pistol; but Bart turned and faced him, still aiming resolutely.

"Nay, you said there was naught there once before," he remarked; "we 'll see ourselves whether you are telling the truth this time. Go down, Bee, and take a look while I keep this fellow in order."

So down into the hole I went, taking the lantern with me, while Bart guarded the Magus.

I took up the spade and tested the ground beneath my feet. On one side was a ledge of rock, but when I tried to dig in the earth I found it all nearly as hard, and came to the conclusion that what I had first handled was so much softer because it had been dug away once before. From this I argued that we had in reality come to the bottom of the pit, and that this time, at least, Schmuck was telling the truth.

Satisfied at last that there was nothing further to be found, I set my foot into a crevice in the rock, preparing to come out, but it slipped and dislodged a stone, which, in turn, loosened another object, which rolled to my feet.

I stooped and picked it up, wondering what it could be, and found that it was naught but a common tea-caddy of tin such as we have in the kitchen, and, upon further examination, discovered, much to my disappointment, for my imagination had at once filled it with great wealth, that it was empty.

I stood there for a moment with it in my hands, a little perplexed as to why pirates should have taken the trouble to hide a thing so valueless as a tin tea-caddy. Had it been full of jewels or Spanish gold pieces, I could have understood it, but it was empty, and I dropped it back into the hole, little thinking what I did, for my mind was intent upon the problem as to why it was there at all.

Meanwhile Bart and the Magus stood in silence awaiting my verdict.

"There is naught else of worth here, Bart," I said, climbing up to level ground.

"Then we may think of going back," said Bart. "What puzzles me is how we are to manage the treasure and this Magus as well, for it's in my mind to take him to Philadelphia and give him up to the authorities for a thief."

At this the Magus fell to his knees with a cry of supplication.

"Nay, young master, do not do that. 'T will be my ruin. Take the treasure, and let me go. 'T is all I ask."

"Aye, after you find that you could n't frighten us with your ghosts and make way with it all!"

"Truly the treasure was in some measure mine also," answered the Magus, with a whine. "Though I knew not when we started what it was we went to seek."

"How do you make that out?" demanded Bart. "'T was plain enough you knew Hans Kalbfleisch, but that gave you no right to the treasure."

"I will confess, young master, if you will let

me go my way," pleaded the diviner. "I ask for no part of the treasure."

"Nay, I make no promises," answered Bart; "but say on, and, if I find you are telling truth, we will see."

"'T was a Brunswicker found it," the Magus began, "but ere he could remove it, the British, fearing that his regiment would all desert, shipped them off to New York by sea. On leaving, he took me and Hans Kalbfleisch into his confidence, though to neither of us did he tell the whole of the secret, thinking to make each honest by setting the other as a guard to watch his interests. To me he said the spot was between the white stone and the place Hans knew of; but, ere Hans and I could come together, the British evacuated Philadelphia, and, though I have searched diligently along the creek for the place, there are so many white stones scattered here and there that the quest was hopeless. 'T was only when you brought word of the other mark that success was possible. So you see, young master, in a way I had some right to it, though that I give up if you will but grant me my liberty."

Somehow he made the matter of his interest plausible to us, and his words, of course, explained what had been so mysterious in his behavior all that night. Now, apparently, his only desire was to be away, and he seemed to care naught for the treasure since Bart had threatened to jail him as a thief.

After some further parleying, Bart consented to give the Magus his liberty on one condition.

"You must help carry the treasure to our horses," he insisted, to which the Magus, glad to have freedom at any price, readily consented.

I ran and told the others that we had found something in the hole, and that we were ready to proceed. At this the stranger proposed that he help too, and all three of us went back to where Bart was preparing for the return trip.

It was arranged that the Magus should shoulder the coffer, that his son and the strange boy should manage the bundle between them, while Bart and I walked behind with pistols ready in case there was any sign of treachery on Schmuck's part.

Peggy brought up in the rear, dancing along in the best of spirits, and vowing every few minutes that she had never had so much fun.

Charley was still there when we reached the horses, but we scarce thought of him, for Schmuck, setting down his burden, asked permission to depart at once. 'T was plain he was in a fever to be off, and it struck me even then as strange that he showed no regret at leaving the treasure he had been so eager to find.

The gray light of early dawn showed the man more clearly than I had seen him under the fitful glow of the lanthorn, and I looked him over curiously.

He was not near so awe-inspiring as he had been in the darkness, for his suit of satin was frayed here and there, and showed signs of much patching; but it was a smear of mud upon his waistcoat, a straight smear of dirt that passed under his ruffle as if a soiled hand had thrust something within his bosom, that caught my attention. I looked at the spot intently, scarce knowing why I did so, and suddenly there popped into my head the meaning of it.

"Please, master, let me go," begged Schmuck, once more.

"Shall I give him some money?" Bart whispered to me. "I 'll be glad to see the last of him."

"Aye," was my loudly spoken answer, "we 'll let him go after he 's given us what he took from the tea-caddy he found in the hole."

CHAPTER VI

BASE METAL

THE change in the face of the Magus as I pointed to the smear of mud upon his breast was so sudden and threatening that I was frightened. His thin lips curled back from his teeth, and he snarled like an angry dog, showing plainly that what I had but suspected was true. It was clear that he was so taken by surprise as to betray himself.

This he evidently realized as soon as we, for, without a word of denial, he turned in his tracks and started off toward his mule.

So quickly did it all happen, that he had almost gained his beast before any of us came to our senses. Then Bart, calling upon him to stop, aimed his pistol. But the Magus neither turned nor slackened his speed, and again Bart shouted to him to halt.

But the diviner continued his flight, and, with a final bound, threw one leg over his donkey. He would have been off had he not forgotten, in his excitement and haste, that his animal was tethered, and failed to loose it.

The poor beast tugged at its halter as the Magus urged it on, but the strap held, and we hurried forward, shouting.

Now, however, we had a new man to deal with. Whatever it was he had hidden, he meant to keep it at any cost, and, dropping to the far side of his animal, he slipped into the woods.

Bart snapped his pistol at him, but it missed fire, and, with a growl of disappointment, he

dropped it and started in pursuit. In the meantime the strange boy, with great speed, had run to head the Magus off, and, though Schmuck's long legs covered the ground rapidly, he was no match for the stranger, who soon overhauled him, and, shouting to Bart to come on, threw himself upon the man, tripping him. Together they fell to the ground, struggling violently, and, a moment later, Bart reached them and flung himself into the fray.

I hoped to see the struggle quickly finished, but the end of the matter was not yet. The Magus was wiry, and, more than that, he was desperate, and fought bitterly. But Charley, recovering his courage with the daylight, joined in, and soon they had him trussed up with a halter.

"Now let us see what you have concealed there," Bart exclaimed, panting from his exertions. "I warrant 't is the most valuable part of the treasure, if one may judge from the fight you made to keep it."

He plunged his hand inside the man's shirt, and, fumbling about, brought forth a small package, which, after a scant look, he handed to me.

"'T is not worth the trouble, I vow," he remarked, getting up from the ground; "but take care of it, Bee, and we 'll look it over anon."

I took it in my hand, and found it a small packet neatly wrapped in coarse brown paper and tied about a number of times with twine. To the feel, and, being anxious, I squeezed it more than once, it was soft, and yet stiff, too, like starched linen. I confess it was disappointing, but I consoled myself with the thought that Schmuck would not have taken all that trouble for nothing. I would have liked to open it then and there, but Bart wisely told me to curb my impatience till a more fitting time.

"And now, Schmuck," he went on, regarding the prostrate man at our feet; "get yourself up, and march with me to the jail."

The man got to his feet sullenly, but made no protest. Indeed, he seemed scarce to care what we did with him now. His face was flushed with his exertion, and twitched nervously, as if he were under some great strain. I did not like the look of him, and preferred that he be allowed to go his way, for I felt sure he was such an one as would remember an injury.

"Let him go, Bart," I said, "he has made naught by his tricks, and," I lowered my voice so that none other could hear, "'t would make the matter of our search public did we hand him over to the authorities, which I am sure you do not want."

"Now that 's well thought of," he answered back in a whisper, and then went on loudly, to

the Magus, "We 're going to let you off, Schmuck; but have a care what you do, or we will clap you into jail."

Bart took my pistol, and, telling the strange boy to loose the bonds of the Magus, he bade the latter take his donkey and go.

I expected that Schmuck would be overjoyed at the prospect of keeping his liberty, and would hurry away at all speed; but in this I was mistaken. He stood sulkily, his head dropped to his breast, eying us venomously from under his brows, and muttering to himself the while. Once or twice he started toward his tethered animal, and as often turned back, and made as if to speak. Seeming to think better of it, he held his tongue. At last, because of an impatient word from Bart, he shook his head and strode over to his mule. Loosening it with an angry jerk, he bestrode the patient little animal and prepared to ride away, shaking his fist angrily at us.

He looked so funny there in the daylight with his shabby suit of black silk and the silly plume in his hat, that, being but youngsters, we could n't help laughing at the queer figure he cut and the dumb threat he hurled at us. At last, amid our merriment, he rode away.

"Where 's the ghost?" exclaimed Bart, when we were beginning to come to our senses, and we looked around, expecting to see the thin youth somewhere in sight, but he, too, had disappeared, and we guessed he had taken advantage of the excitement to steal off.

There was naught left now but to mount and take our treasure back to Denewood, where, in safety and seclusion, we could overhaul it at our leisure.

But my eyes strayed to the strange boy who had done so much to help us. I now looked at him closely for the first time that morning, and, though I liked his face at once, the thing that attracted my attention was a great scar over his left eye, and I remembered the advertisement for the runaway bond boy. I could recollect much of what I had read just before coming out on this expedition, and all fitted with the lad before me. He was dressed in a suit of homespun, wore yarn stockings, and on his feet were heeled leathern shoes with brass buckles. There could be no doubt about it, and here also was the explanation of why he was in the woods at night. He was in hiding.

"You have aided us so greatly," I said to him, "is there aught we can do to help you?"

Then, as I saw Bart looked surprised at my taking the matter on my shoulders, I explained, "I know who he is."

Whereat the lad interrupted me, with a pleased

face: "I did n't think you 'd remember me, miss, but I knew you at once."

It was my turn to be surprised, and I looked at him closely as he went on.

"Not to say at once, either, because I followed you for ten minutes before I caught up with you; but as soon as you came back in this road here, and there was light enough to see, I knew you. You 've not changed, although it is two years."

Still I had no recollection of the boy. I racked my brains to place him, as I said, "At any rate you must let us help you."

But he shook his head.

"I 'm on my way to Philadelphia," he told me. "I mean to be a soldier."

"You can't go in to Philadelphia," I cried, clasping my hands. "Don't you know you are advertised for in the news sheets? There 's a reward out for you."

"Is that so? But how did you guess it was for me?" The boy asked curiously. "I never told you my name,—though 't is Mark Powell," he added.

"I knew by the scar," I answered, puzzled.

"But I did n't have it then," said the boy, putting his hand to his head.

"'T is in the newspapers, of course," I explained impatiently, "and you 'll be taken if you go into town."

"I wonder," said the lad, "would Mr. Travers think I was old enough now to make a soldier? Germantown 's not far from here, and, if I could win to him, he might help me for the sake of that day at the Green Tree Inn."

Then, at last, I knew him for a boy who had led Brother John and me to our horses when they had been hid from us by a pack of Tories who wanted to seize me for the sake of the reward that had been put upon my head, even as now there was a reward upon his. In a moment my resolve was taken.

"Bart," I said, "this boy saved John's life and mine when first I landed in this country, and who knows what he has saved us from to-night? He is a bound boy who has left his master, I know not why, but I think I owe it to him to get him to John."

"I 'm not ashamed of leaving my master," announced the lad. "I would have stayed, but he wanted to make a Tory spy of me. I mean to buy my freedom as soon as I can earn the money."

"We 'll take you to Denewood with us," said Bart, "till we see what John advises."

'T was high time for us to be on the road if we were not to have our secret known at home. The two boys quickly loaded our treasure-trove on the horses, and we all mounted and were off.

Then a thought came to plague me.

"Bart," I said, "if we take Mark with us, the Mummerys will give him up. They think it a duty to return escaped bond-servants to their masters."

"Then we 'll hide him," cried Bart, impatiently. "Denewood is big enough to conceal a regiment, and men have been hid there before"; which was true, indeed.

Arriving at Denewood, we found many of the servants already stirring, so, with a warning to Charley not to gossip, Peg and I slipped into the house by the secret way, leaving it to Bart to stow the treasure in one of the great barns and to hide Mark in a smoke-house that was unused at that time of the year.

I think the hours never passed so slowly as they did that morning. Mrs. Mummer, in one of her busy humors, was preparing to put up preserves, and that meant plenty of work for me. There were, beside, my regular duties of dusting and the like, that had to be gone through every morning, and little Peg and I could hardly restrain our impatience. But we dared not show how anxious we were to be gone or neglect anything, for fear we should betray our secret.

At length we were free, for the time at least, and ran to the barn as fast as our legs could carry us, all the while a little uncertain what Bart had been doing, for he, of course, as a man, had no household duties.

"W-w-will he o-o-open them before we g-g-get there?" asked Peg, in a distressed voice.

"I don't know," I answered, "but we 'll soon see."

We found Bart walking up and down the floor of the barn, guarding his treasures.

"At last!" he cried, when he saw us; "I thought you were never coming. What in the world has kept you?"

"We had to dust, and to lay out linen, and—and, oh, a score of things, which all take time," I explained; "but what was in the bundle and the coffer? I am dying to know."

"Think you I would be so mean as to open them before you came?" asked Bart. "They are as you left them, and we will look at what they contain together."

"Now it was good of you to wait!" I exclaimed, for I knew he was, if anything, more impatient than we.

"'T was all I could do to keep from looking," he answered, "and I have been feeling. I 'm sure the bundle contains gold vessels of some kind. Probably stolen from Spanish churches. But come, I can wait no longer!"

So impatient that we could hardly restrain our-

selves, we cut the cords binding the four corners of the quilt, and, as we opened it, all three of us bent forward to see the contents. A gray mass of pitchers, cups, bowls, platters, and such-like things fell out, and Bart, touching it with his foot, gave a grunt of dissatisfaction.

"'T is only silver after all!" he murmured, and began to rummage through the objects to discover the gold and jewels he had hoped for. I picked up a small pitcher and went with it to the light. My heart had sunk with the suspicion that we might expect a still further disappointment, and, indeed, upon examination, I discovered that our find was not even silver.

"'T is but pewter, Bart," I told him; "we have been fooled. 'T is worth naught."

"It can't be!" he cried in distress; but, though he searched through the pile of utensils, there was naught but pewter to reward him.

"Now this is too bad!" he exclaimed; "but mayhap the chest is what we 're looking for." And at once he started prying open the small coffer.

Again we were doomed to disappointment. All we found was a quantity of little phials and packages.

I picked up one and read "Ipecacuanha," on another "Jesuit's bark," then, "Quicksilver," "Tartar emetic," "Calomel," and "Cantharides," in quick succession. 'T was needless to go further. It was plain enough that we had found a medicine-chest with naught else of value in it.

Bart's disappointment was keener than ours. He had wanted to win a commission, and now he saw no hope of it.

"It must have been a poor party of pirates that buried that stuff!" he exclaimed, as he paced the floor of the barn once or twice, in anger and chagrin. "The whole of it is not worth a pound of good, hard money."

"I do not think that pirates had aught to do with it," I answered. "'T is more like some Hessian loot, picked up as they went along and buried until a more convenient time came to dispose of it. Those fellows will take anything, you know, and the ground was too soft to have been dug up very long ago."

"Aye, that 's it," he agreed; "but," he went on, after a moment's thought, "why should old Schmuck have been so keen for it? He would n't have been so anxious after a lot of paltry pewter."

"Perchance he was befooled too, or else 't was the package!" I cried, clapping my hands to where it still lay beneath my kerchief. I had forgotten it, and in another moment, I had it out, and we examined it critically.

"Nay, you may have it," said Bart, who had fingered it carelessly when I handed it to him. "There are no jewels nor gold in it. Whatever it is, you may keep it as a remembrance, for I am sure 't is of little worth"; and he shrugged his shoulders indifferently, for he was sore disappointed, and wished, manlike, to hide it.

The packet was quite clean save for a trace here and there of the Magus's muddy fingers. It was wrapped so carefully that, as I looked at it, it flashed over me that this was a great deal of

"A good, fat lock it must be," I laughed disdainfully.

"Well, miss, since you are so wise, what is it?" demanded Bart, good-naturedly.

"You would never guess," I answered; "but know you not that a gipsy told me I should find fortune across great waters? Now I 've crossed the ocean, and this is the fortune, of course."

"Nay, now," Bart put in, "when I heard that tale before 't was happiness you were to find



"'I AM BUT EARNING MY FEE,' HE SNARLED."

trouble to take for a thing of little worth. Yet what could it be? I turned it in my fingers meditatively.

"Let 's a-a-all g-g-guess," suggested Peggy, ever ready for a game.

"And whoever guesses right shall keep it," cried Bart.

"Nay," I said gaily, "you cannot dispose of my property, sir. You have already given it to me."

"W-w-what do you think it is, B-B-Bee?" asked Peggy, pinching the package. "I t-t-think 't is a s-s-set of r-ruffles."

"That 's your guess, is it, Peg?" said Bart. "Very well. I think it is a lock of a lady's hair."

across the waters. Think you happiness comes packed in such small parcels?"

"Oh, q-q-quit your q-q-quarreling!" said Peg, "and do let us s-s-see what it is!"

So with care I began to untie the string, and this took some little time. At length it was free, and off came the paper. Inside this we found another covering of parchment to keep it dry, and, beneath this again, a leaf of silvered paper. So carefully was the little bundle wrapped that, in spite of all our disappointments, our interest revived, and we put our heads together, intent upon what we should discover.

"This grows exciting," said Bart, "my heart



“WHO WAS THAT LOOKING IN AT THE DOOR?”

misgives me that I did wrong to give it away so lightly. Mayhap there 's a portrait of the lovely lady as well as the lock of her hair.”

“T is mine now, at any rate,” I made answer, and, carefully taking off the silvered paper, I held up the contents of the parcel for all to see.

slyly pushing the door wider, was suddenly withdrawn. At least I thought I saw a hand withdrawn, but after we had run out to see who spied upon us and found no one, I could not be sure, though Peg still vowed she had seen something move.

(To be continued.)

A fortune indeed, for 't was money I had in my hand!

“Continental shinplasters,” scoffed Bart, “that even Hessians would n't bother to carry away.”

“Bart!” I cried, as I examined them. “They are Bank of England notes!”

With a shout of joy, he took them from me.

“Aye, you 're right, Bee!” he exclaimed, as he fingered them; “they 're as good as any hard money ever coined. We 've come across the treasure at last, and now let 's count it.”

It must have made a strange picture, I often think as I recall it—two little maids and one great boy sitting together on the floor of the barn. Before them, a patchwork quilt covered with all sorts of pewter utensils, and in their careless fingers a fortune. Through the open door a streak of sunshine streamed, in which two hens and a pigeon pecked, hesitatingly turning their heads from side to side to eye the three children.

Something, I know not what, caused me to look up, and at the same moment Peg cried out:

“Who was that looking in at the d-d-door?”

All three of us turned. A shadow seemed to stir in the sunshine, and a hand, that had been

"THE BOY AND THE MAN"



Photograph by Brown Bros.
JOHN GRIER HIBBEN,
President Princeton University.

NOTE:—The following brief "Talks with Boys" originally formed part of a series obtained by Hamilton Fish Armstrong, a boy of seventeen, for "The Blue and the Gray," a paper published by the boys of the Gilman School at Baltimore. It was at once apparent, however, that these gems of advice and suggestion by eminent men deserved to be given to a far wider audience than that of the school paper. Therefore ST. NICHOLAS has arranged to publish most of them.

In presenting the first instalment this month, we are sure that our readers and their parents will join the young editor of "The Blue and the Gray" in renewed and grateful acknowledgment to these distinguished men who generously took time from their busy lives to give such nuggets of admonition, cheer, and inspiration to American school-boys. And the thanks of this magazine are also tendered for their friendly courtesy in heartily according their sanction to the reprinting of their contributions here.—
EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS.



Photograph by Brown Bros.
REV. DR. HUGH BIRCKHEAD,
Former Rector St. George's
Church, New York.

"THE BOY AND THE MAN"

BY PRESIDENT JOHN GRIER HIBBEN

EVERY boy wishes to be a man, but the measure of a man is not that of age, nor strength, nor stature, nor possessions, nor position. That which makes a man is a quality of spirit: it is courage, honor, integrity of character, and the resolute purpose to know what is true, and to do what is right. The central quality of manliness, around which all others must be built up, is that of a sense of honor. It is an incalculable advantage to a school to have a spirit of honor prevailing through all the activities of its life. A practical illustration of it is the conduct of examinations upon an honor basis. Such an honor system, I am glad to say, we have had now for twenty years at Princeton, and it has established a standard of honor that is recognized in all the customs and traditions of our campus life. I do not see why a school should not have an honor system of this kind. It is always a criticism of a person's manliness if, on any occasion whatsoever, he must be watched. It has an unconscious influence upon him to feel that he is not wholly trusted. To put a person upon his honor is to appeal to the man in him.

Another essential element of manliness is the ability to play an uphill game, and not to lose one's head when facing an adverse turn of affairs. This applies not only to the sports of the school, but also to its more serious work, and to the obligations and responsibilities of after life. He who can remain cheerful and still hopeful when all things turn against him, has a courage that must conquer in the end. The spirit that will not give up nor relax effort until the end of

the ninth inning, or until the whistle blows, is the spirit that gives assurance of success. Again, there is another feature of manliness that is sometimes overlooked, or, at least, not duly emphasized, namely, that the true man never takes himself too seriously. He, however, takes *his work* seriously. And the more seriously he takes his work the less conscious is he apt to be of himself, and the less concerned as to what others may think of him. He is thus able to see things in life in their true proportions. The magnitude of life's interests and the perplexing problems which center about life's mysteries compel him to recognize his true position within the larger world about him, and lead him not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think. The true man, moreover, must have some fellow feeling for his own kind, particularly some sympathetic interest and concern for the men about him who have not had the chances in life which have come to him, and who have not enjoyed those privileges which have made up a large part of his daily life. That man lives in a small world if it is bounded by his own selfish desires and influences. To live in a larger world, he must become a part of its life and take a share of its burdens and obligations. It is well to remember, however, that one does not have to wait until he is of age in order to become a man. There may be a manly boy as well as a manly man, and only a manly boy is capable of becoming a true man.

THE FORCE OF SUNLIGHT

BY REV. DR. HUGH BIRCKHEAD

THE other day, I was asked to go to see a new invention which has just been discovered—a way

to draw electricity from the sun. I went downtown in New York, and was lifted in an express elevator to the top of one of the highest buildings in the city. Finally, on the roof, far above the city's noise, I found a group of men looking at a large frame in which blocks of metal were fixed. This frame was connected by electric wires with the room below, and in two days of sunlight it collected enough electricity to light an ordinary house for a week. No more dynamos or waste of energy-producing power—simply the frame upon the roof absorbing the brightness of the sun, and turning it into light for the dark hours. It is a wonderful invention, and when it is perfected, you will find it upon the roof of every house, upon the upper deck of every steamer, quietly at work storing away the silent power of the sun, that we may use it when we please to make the darkness light.

Now all of you boys who have the privilege of going to a good school are in the brightest kind of sunshine that you will ever know. All the stored-up goodness, and cleverness, and beauty of the years that have been are being radiated upon you. The ideals, and visions, and splendid deeds of heroism of all time are being brought in touch with you, and you are at the receptive time of your lives, when you are most capable of making all these splendid influences a part of yourselves. As the sunlight is so quiet in its force, we do not realize how great that force is; and just because it beats upon the world day after day, all life is made possible—not only the trees, and flowers, and the grass; not only the butterflies and the birds; not only everything that creeps upon the surface of the earth or lifts itself into the air, but the life of man, your life and mine.

In this same way the influence of God, through human life, and thought, and achievement, beats down upon your minds and hearts. Later on, you will go out into some of the dark places of the world, among the men and women who have not known the beauty and truth which have been so freely shown to you, and the kindness and love which you have accepted as a part of your right from the start; and it will be your privilege and your duty to lighten up those dark corners of the world with the stored-up energy of school-boy days.

Let me urge you to open wide the doors of your mind, your heart, and your soul to the sunlight now while it is still yours, for, if your task is worthy of a son of God in the years to come, you will need all the beauty, and the belief, and hope that can possibly be stored away in these few years while the sun shines. For

there are men and women all over the world waiting for your brightness to illuminate their lives, looking to you for the way, for the truth, for the life.

When you feel that studying is tiresome, and that the restrictions of school life are irksome, just think of the metal frame upon the roof, quietly putting away for future use the brightness in the sky, and turn again to your task, determined to absorb all the light you can; not for your own happiness or success merely, but that you may be part of the light of the world, and men may turn to you to see the way and be glad.

"LIVE FOR WHAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE AT SIXTY"

BY ADMIRAL F. E. CHADWICK

If I were to start out to give advice to boys, my first would be, to live for what you would like to be at sixty.

Of course sixty looks to you a long way off; twenty-five, or even twenty, is "getting on," from your point of view, and forty is extremely old. But you will wonder, some day, how quickly sixty comes; and what you would be at that age (when some of you will still have a considerable time to live) will mean much. For if you aim to be a fine man at sixty, you will have to be a fine man through life. And let me say that you cannot

trifle with such an aspiration. Every evil act, every evil thought, will count heavily against you, and you will remember to your deep regret every one of such things when you come to sit down and think over life at sixty.

Boys hate being too much preached to, but I do not mean this as a sermon. I am thinking of life as an educational question. The word education is one of the most meaningful of words. Its aim is to draw out of you the best that is in you. It cannot draw out anything which is not in you. But it can do its best. And you yourself must do this. The teacher can only help you a bit. The mere acquirement of information is a small thing. The gist of the matter is in the manner of acquirement and the use you make of the



Photograph by Pach Bros.
ADMIRAL F. E. CHADWICK,
U. S. N.

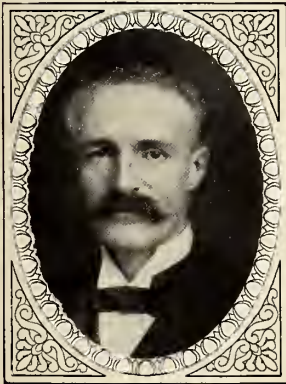
acquirement. If the manner and use do not produce character in the large, broad sense, your effort at education is a failure. For the only really valuable thing in this world is character. Every organization of any kind, bank, corporation, manufactory, church, government, or society, is on the lookout for character. If you have it, you need not fear that you will be overlooked, for the search is too sharp for character to conceal itself.

Thus, if you happen to lie awake at night, it is a good idea to think, "Am I producing the best character that is in me to produce? Am I doing my level best to keep in the right way my soul, that intangible something for which my body exists?" Every one can soar; every one can grovel. In the long race of life, when you slow up at sixty and begin to think over things, you will wish that you had always tried, at least, to soar.

TWO ESSENTIALS

BY GIFFORD PINCHOT

I HAVE never believed that the difference in brains between individuals, whether men or boys, is what determines success or failure. There are few men and few boys who lack intelligence enough to do their work well if they choose.



Photograph by Pach Bros.
GIFFORD PINCHOT,
Former Chief of Bureau of Forestry.

The essential things which distinguish one individual from another, which give one man a higher place among his fellows and another a lower, are just two:

First of all, perseverance—the ability to keep everlastingly at it; and, secondly, imagination or vision—the ability to see beyond the present moment, and to understand that the work at hand reaches beyond the present moment, and so is worth while.

There is nothing on earth, except actual dishonesty, which is so fatal to success in life as the spirit of "What's the use?"

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

BY COLONEL HENRY G. PROUT

THE fathers of the republic stated it as a self-evident truth that men are endowed by the Creator with the inalienable right of life, lib-

erty, and the pursuit of happiness. Observe, they do not say the pursuit of wealth, or power, or glory, but the pursuit of happiness. This is the one undisputed aim which they assume may be set before every man. I think that you will find this idea running through the philosophies and the theologies of mankind ever since man began to record his thoughts. Happiness on earth, happiness in heaven, has always been recognized as the aim of the mass of mortals. To secure happiness, then, is to be successful. But happiness, deliberately sought for its own self, will never be at-



Photograph by Brown Bros.
COLONEL HENRY G. PROUT,
Editor "Railroad Gazette"; former
Governor of the Provinces of the
Equator.

tained; for, in the nature of things, happiness cannot be the fruit of selfishness. If we are to get happiness, it must be incidentally in the pursuit of some other aim. It must be by sacrifice—"He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

So, let us try to find some other end than happiness, which may be worthy of our pursuit and through which happiness may, perhaps, come as our reward. Possibly we may agree as to what that end shall be.

In every generation there are a few men who impress their fellow-men by beauty and nobility of character, quite apart from those qualities which we may think of as purely intellectual. They have a distinction which wealth, or power, or achievement cannot bestow. In the deepest recesses of our minds, we recognize these men as being the real nobility, the flower of humanity, the really successful men—*Colonel Newcome*, for example, may stand as a type of this class. *Colonel Newcome* died in poverty, a pensioner in the Grey Friars, where he had been a boy at school. But any right-minded man must feel that *Colonel Newcome* achieved a higher success than if he had merely commanded an army or ruled an empire. Ignoble men, men whom we rightly despise, have done both of these things with considerable success.

I should say that the only real and abiding success that a man may achieve in this life is to attain to that nobility and beauty of character which command the admiration and affection of his fellow-beings, and which enable him to face any change of fortune with dignity and serenity.

A Stray Letter.

Dear Santa
Claus.

BY MRS. JOHN T. VAN SANT

I DID N'T want a story-book ; I did n't want a doll ;
I did n't want a thimble or a satin parasol.
I did n't want a bonnet
With a curly feather on it,
And everything that Santa brought I did n't want at all !

I put a letter in the mail, and told him what to bring ;
I told him not to worry 'bout a bracelet or a ring.
I thought I would n't bother
My mother or my father,
So wrote direct to Santa Claus, and asked for just one thing.

I said : "Dear Santa, all I need is one small pussy-cat,
A little furry puss that I can love and pet and pat."
I wanted just a kitty,
And I think it is a pity
He brought me all these other things and did n't think of that.

And Father said it was a shame, and he would write the gent
A line or two or three or four, and ask him what he meant.
He said that Santa ought to
Have a lesson, and be taught to
Pay a little more attention to the orders that are sent.

And so, to-night I got a note from Mr. Santa Claus
Explaining how it happened ; and he said it was because
He never got the letter,
And that little girls had better
Have all their mail at Christmas posted by their
Pa's and Ma's.





"HIS LITTLE ROUND STOMACH WAS SWOLLEN WITH HONEY, SO HE DID N'T CARE A PENNY." (SEE PAGE 236.)

TEDDY BEAR'S BEE-TREE

FIRST PAPER OF THE SERIES ENTITLED "BABES OF THE WILD"

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

UNCLE ANDY and The Boy, familiarly known as "The Babe," were exploring the high slopes of the farther shore of Silverwater. It had been an unusually long trip for the Babe's short legs, and Uncle Andy had considerably called a halt, on the pretext that it was time for a smoke. He knew that the Babe would trudge on till he dropped in his tracks before acknowledging that he was tired. A mossy boulder under the ethereal green shade of a silver birch offered the kind of resting-place, comfortable yet unkempt, which appealed to Uncle Andy's taste; and there below, over a succession of three low, wooded ridges, lay outspread the enchanting mirror of the lake. The Babe, squatting cross-legged on the turf, had detected a pair of brown rabbits peering out at him from the fringes of a thicket of young firs.

"Perhaps," he thought to himself, "if we keep very still indeed, they 'll come out and play."

He was about to whisper this suggestion, cautiously, to Uncle Andy, when, from somewhere in the trees behind him, came a loud sound of scrambling, of claws scratching on bark, followed by a thud, a grunt, and a whining, and then the crash of some heavy creature careering through the underbrush.

The rabbits vanished. The Babe, startled, shrank closer to his uncle's knees, and stared up at him with round eyes of inquiry.

"He 's in a hurry, all right, and does n't care who knows it!" chuckled Uncle Andy. But his shaggy brows were knit in some perplexity.

"Who 's *he*?" demanded the Babe.

"Well, now," protested Uncle Andy, as much



"HE REACHED AROUND, DUG HIS CLAWS INTO THE EDGE OF THE BEES' HOLE, AND PULLED WITH ALL HIS MIGHT." (SEE PAGE 235.)

as to say that the Babe ought to have known that without asking, "you *know* there 's nothing in these woods big enough to make such a noise as that except a bear or a moose. And a moose can't go up a tree. You heard that fellow fall down out of a tree, did n't you?"

"Why did he fall down out of the tree?" asked the Babe, in a tone of great surprise.

"That 's just what I—" began Uncle Andy. But he was interrupted.

"Oh! Oh! It 's stung me!" cried the Babe, shrilly, jumping to his feet and slapping at his ear. His eyes filled with injured tears.

Uncle Andy stared at him for a moment in grave reproof. Then he, too, sprang up as if the boulder had suddenly grown red-hot, and pawed at his hair with both hands, dropping his pipe.

"Glory! I see why he fell down!" he cried. The Babe gave another cry, clapped his hand to his leg where the stocking did not quite join the short breeches, and began hopping up and down on one foot. A heavy, pervasive hum was beginning to make itself heard.

"Come!" yelled Uncle Andy, striking at his cheek angrily and ducking his head as if he were going to butt something. He grabbed the Babe by one arm, and rushed him to the fir-thicket.

"Duck!" he ordered. "Down with you, flat!" And together they crawled into the low-growing, dense-foliaged thicket, where they lay side by side, face downward.

"They won't follow us in here," murmured Uncle Andy. "They don't like thick bushes."

"But I 'm afraid—we 've brought some in with us, Uncle Andy," replied the Babe, trying very hard to keep the tears out of his voice. "I think I hear one squealing and buzzing in my hair. Oh!" and he clutched wildly at his leg.

"You 're right!" said Uncle Andy, his voice suddenly growing very stern as a bee crawled over his collar and jabbed him with great earnestness in the neck. He sat up. Several other bees were creeping over him, seeking an effective spot to administer their fiery admonitions. But he paid them no heed. They stung him where they would, while he was quickly looking over the Babe's hair, jacket, sleeves, stockings, and loose little trousers. He killed half a dozen of the angry crawlers before they found a chance to do the Babe more damage. Then he pulled out three stings, and applied moist earth from under the moss to each red and anguished spot.

The Babe looked up at him with a resolute little laugh, and shook obstinately from the tip of his nose the tears which he would not acknowledge by the attentions of his handkerchief or his fist.

"Thank you *awfully*," he began politely. "But oh, Uncle Andy, your poor eye is just dreadful. Oh-h-h!"

"Yes, they *have* been getting after me a bit," agreed Uncle Andy, dealing firmly with his own assailants now that the Babe was all right. "But this jab under the eye is the only one that matters. Here, see if you can get hold of the sting."

The Babe's keen eyes and nimble little fingers captured it at once. Then Uncle Andy plastered the spot with a daub of wet, black earth, and peered over it solemnly at the Babe's swollen ear. He straightened his grizzled hair, and tried to look as if nothing out of the way had happened.

"I wish I 'd brought my pipe along," he muttered. "It 's over there by the rock. But I reckon it would n't be healthy for me to go and get it just yet!"

"What 's made them so awful mad, do you suppose?" inquired the Babe, nursing his wounds, and listening uneasily to the vicious hum which filled the air outside the thicket.

"It 's that fool bear!" replied Uncle Andy. "He 's struck a bee-tree too tough for him to tear open, and he fooled at it just long enough to get the bees good and savage. Then he quit in a hurry. And we 'll just have to stay here till the bees get cooled down."

"How long 'll that be?" inquired the Babe, dismally. It was hard to sit still in the hot fir-thicket, with that burning, throbbing smart in his ear, and two little points of fierce ache in his leg. Uncle Andy was far from happy himself; but he felt that the Babe, who had behaved very well, must have his mind diverted. He fished out a letter from his pocket, rolled himself a cigarette as thick as his finger with his heavy pipe tobacco, and fell to puffing such huge clouds as would discourage other bees from prying into the thicket. Then he remarked consolingly:

"It is n't always, by any means, that the bees get the best of it this way. Mostly it 's the other way about. *This* bear was a fool. But there was Teddy Bear, now, a cub over in the foot-hills of Sugar Loaf Mountain, and *he* was *not* a fool. When he tackled his first bee-tree—and he was nothing but a cub, mind you—he pulled off the affair in good shape. I wish it had been *these* bees that he cleaned out."

The Babe was so surprised that he let go of his leg for a moment.

"Why," he exclaimed, "how could a cub do what a big, strong, grown-up bear could n't manage?" He thought with a shudder how unequal *he* would be to such an undertaking.

"You just wait and see!" admonished Uncle Andy, blowing furious clouds from his monstrous

cigarette. "It was about the end of the blueberry season when Teddy Bear lost his big, rusty-coated mother and small, glossy black sister, and found himself completely alone in the world. They had all three come down together from the high blueberry patches to the dark swamps, to hunt for roots and fungi as a variation to their fruit diet. The mother and sister had got caught together in a dreadful trap. Teddy Bear, some ten feet out of danger, had stared for two seconds in frozen horror, and then raced away like mad, with his mother's warning screech hoarse in his ears. He knew by instinct that he would never see the victims any more; and he was very unhappy and lonely. For a whole day he moped, roaming restlessly about the high slopes and refusing to eat; till, at last, he got so hungry that he just *had* to eat. Then he began to forget his grief a little, and devote himself to the business of finding a living. But from being the most sunny-tempered of cubs, he became, all at once, as peppery as tabasco sauce."

The Babe wagged his head feelingly. He had once tried tabasco sauce without having been warned of its sprightliness.

"As I have told you," continued Uncle Andy, peering at him with strange solemnity over the mud patch beneath his swollen eye, "the blueberries were just about done. And as Teddy would not go down to the lower lands again to hunt for other kinds of rations, he had to do a lot of hustling to find enough blueberries for his healthy young appetite. Thus it came about that when, one day, on an out-of-the-way corner of the mountain, he stumbled upon a patch of belated berries, he fairly forgot himself in his greedy excitement. He whimpered; he grunted. He had no time to look where he was going. So, all of a sudden, he fell straight through a thick fringe of blueberry bushes, and went sprawling and clawing down the face of an almost perpendicular steep.

"The distance of his fall was not far short of thirty feet, and he brought up with a bump which left him not breath enough to squeal. The ground was soft, however, with undergrowth and debris, and he had no bones broken. In a couple of minutes, he was busy licking himself all over to make sure he was undamaged. Reassured on this point, he went prowling in exploration of the place he had dropped into.

"It was a sort of deep bowl, not more than forty feet across at the bottom, and with its rocky sides so steep that Teddy Bear did not feel at all encouraged to climb them. He went sniffing and peering around the edges in the hope of finding some easier way of escape. Disappointed

in this, he lifted his black, alert little nose, and stared longingly upward, as if contemplating an effort to fly.

"He saw no help in that direction; but his nostrils caught a savor which, for the moment, put all thought of escape out of his head. It was the warm, delectable smell of honey. Teddy Bear had never tasted honey; but he needed no one to tell him it was good. Instantly he knew that he was very hungry. And instead of wanting to find a way out of the hole, all he wanted was to find out where that wonderful, delicious scent came from.

"From the deep soil at the bottom of the hole, grew three big trees, together with a certain amount of underbrush. Two of those were fir-trees, green and flourishing. The third was an old maple, with several of its branches broken away. It was quite dead all down one side, while on the other only a couple of branches put forth leaves. About a small hole near the top of this dilapidated old tree, Teddy Bear caught sight of a lot of bees, coming and going. Then he knew where that adorable odor came from. For though, as I think I have said, his experience was extremely limited, his mother had managed to convey to him an astonishing lot of useful and varied information.

"Teddy Bear had an idea that bees, in spite of their altogether diminutive size, were capable of making themselves unpleasant, and also that they had a temper which was liable to go off at half-cock. Nevertheless, being a bear of great decision, he lost no time in wondering what he had better do. The moment he had convinced himself that the honey was up that tree, up that tree he went to get it."

"Oh!" cried the Babe, in tones of shuddering sympathy, as he felt at his leg and his ear; "oh! why *did n't* he stop and think?"

Uncle Andy did not seem to consider that this remark called for any reply.

"That tree must have been hollow a long way down, for almost as soon as Teddy Bear's claws began to rattle on the bark, the bees suspected trouble, and began to get excited. When he was not yet much more than half-way up, and hanging to the rough bark with all his claws,—*biff!* something sharp and very hot struck him in the nose. He grunted, and almost let go in his surprise. Naturally, he wanted to paw his nose,—for *you* know how it smarted!"

"I guess *so!*" murmured the Babe, in deepest sympathy, stroking the patch of mud on his ear.

"But that cub had just naturally a level head. He knew that if he let go with even one paw, he would fall to the ground, because the trunk of

the tree, at that point, was so big he could not get a good hold upon it. So he just dug his smarting nose into the bark, and clawed himself around to the other side of the tree, where the branches that were still green sheltered him a bit.

"Luckily, here the bees did n't seem to notice him. He kept very still, listening to their angry buzz till it had somewhat quieted down. Then, instead of going about it with a noisy dash, as he had done before, he worked his way up stealthily and slowly, till he could crawl into the crotch of the first branch. You see, that bear could learn a lesson.

"Presently he stuck his nose around to see how near he was to the bees' hole. He had just time to locate it—about seven or eight feet above him—when, again—*biff!* and he was stung on the lip. He drew in his head again quick, I can tell you, quick enough to catch that bee and smash it. He *ate* it, indignantly. And then he lay curled up in the crotch for some minutes, gently pawing his sore little snout, and whimpering angrily.

"The warm, sweet smell of the honey was very strong up there. And, moreover, Teddy Bear's temper was now thoroughly aroused. Most cubs, and some older bears, would have relinquished the adventure at this point; for, as a rule, it takes a wise old bear to handle a bee-tree successfully. But Teddy Bear was no ordinary cub, let me tell you,—or we would never have called him 'Teddy.' He lay nursing his anger and his nose till he had made up his mind what to do. And then he set out to do it.

"Hauling himself up softly from branch to branch, he made no more noise than a shadow. As soon as he was right behind the bees' hole, he reached around, dug his claws into the edge of it, and pulled with all his might. The edges were rotten, and a pawful of old wood came. So did the bees!

"They were onto him in a second. He grunted furiously, screwed his eyes up tight, tucked his muzzle down under his left arm—which was busy holding on—and reached around blindly for another pull. This time he got a good grip, and he could feel something give. But the fiery torture was too much for him. He drew in his paw, crouched back into the crotch, and cuffed wildly at his own ears and face, as well as at the air, now thick with his assailants. The terrific hum they made somewhat daunted him. For a few seconds, he stood his ground, battling frantically. Then, with an agility that you would never have dreamed his chubby form to be capable of, he went swinging down from branch to branch, whining, and coughing, and spluttering, and squealing all the way. From the lowest branch

he slid down the trunk, his claws tearing the bark and just clinging enough to break his fall.

"Reaching the ground, he began to roll himself over and over in the dry leaves and twigs, till he had crushed out all the bees that clung in his fur."

"But why did n't the rest of the bees follow him? They followed this other bear, to-day!" protested the Babe, feelingly.

"Well, they did n't!" returned Uncle Andy, quite shortly, with his customary objection to being interrupted. Then he thought better of it, and added amiably: "That 's a sensible question, a very natural question, and I 'll give you the answer to it in half a minute. I 've got to tell you my yarn in my own way, you know,—you ought to know that by this time,—but you 'll see presently just why the bees acted so differently in the two cases.

"Well, as soon as Teddy Bear had got rid of his assailants, he clawed down through the leaves and twigs and moss—as *I* did just now, you remember—till he came to the damp, cool earth. Ah, how he dug his smarting muzzle into it, and rooted in it, and rubbed it into his ears and on his eyelids; till, pretty soon,—for the bee-stings do not poison a bear's blood as strongly as they poison ours,—he began to feel much easier. As for the rest of his body,—well, *those* stings did n't amount to much, you know, because his fur and his hide were both so thick.

"At last he sat up on his haunches and looked around. You should have seen him!"

"I 'm glad I was n't there, Uncle Andy!" said the Babe, earnestly shaking his head. But Uncle Andy paid no attention to the remark.

"His muddy paws drooped over his breast, and his face was all stuck over with leaves and moss and mud—"

"*We* must look funny, too," suggested the Babe, staring hard at the black mud-poultice under his uncle's swollen eye. But his uncle refused to be diverted.

"—And his glossy fur was in a state of which his mother would have strongly disapproved. But his twinkling little eyes burned with wrath and determination. He sniffed again that honey smell. He stared up at the bee-tree, and noted that the opening was much larger than it had been before his visit. A big crack extended from it for nearly two feet down the trunk. Moreover, there did not seem to be so many bees buzzing about the hole."

The Babe's eyes grew so round with inquiry at this point that Uncle Andy felt bound to explain.

"You see, as soon as the bees got it into their cunning heads that their enemy was going to

succeed in breaking into their storehouse, they decided that it was more important to save their treasures than to fight the enemy. It was just as it is when one's house is on fire. At first one fights to put the fire out. When that's no use, then one thinks only of saving the things. That's the principle the bees generally go upon. At first they attack the enemy, in the hope of driving him off. But if they find that he is going to succeed in breaking in and burglarizing the place, then they fling themselves on the precious honey which they have taken so much pains to store, and begin to stuff their honey-sacks as full as possible. All they think of, then, is to carry away enough to keep them going while they are getting established in new quarters. The trouble with the fool bear who has got us into this mess to-day was that he tackled a bee-tree where the outside wood was too strong for him to rip open. The bees knew he could n't get in at them, so they all turned out after him, to give him a good lesson. When he got away through the underbrush so quickly, they just turned on us, because they felt they must give a lesson to somebody!"

"*We* did n't want to steal their old honey!" muttered the Babe, in an injured voice.

"Oh, I'm not so sure!" said Uncle Andy. "I should n't wonder if Bill and I'd come over here some night and smoke the rascals out. But we can wait. That's the difference between us and Teddy-Bear. He would n't even wait to clean the leaves off his face, he was so anxious for that honey—and his revenge.

"This time he went up the tree slowly and quietly, keeping out of sight all the way. When he was exactly on a level with the entrance, he braced himself solidly, reached his right paw around the trunk, got a fine hold on the edge of the new crack, and wrenched with all his might.

"A big strip of half-rotten wood came away so suddenly, that Teddy Bear nearly fell off the tree.

"A lot of bees came with it; and once more, Teddy Bear's head was in a swarm of little, darting, piercing flames. But his blood was up. He held on to that chunk of bee-tree. A big piece of comb, dripping with honey and crawling with bees, was sticking to it. Whimpering, and pawing at his face, he crunched a great mouthful of the comb, bees and all.

"Never had he tasted, never had he dreamed of, anything so delicious! What was the pain of his smarting muzzle to that ecstatic mouthful? He snatched another, which took all the rest of the comb. Then he flung the piece of wood to the ground.

"The bees, meanwhile,—except those which had stung him and were now crawling, stingless

and soon to die, in his fur,—had suddenly left him. The whole interior of their hive was exposed to the glare of daylight, and their one thought now was to save all they could. Teddy Bear's one thought was to seize all he could. He clawed himself around boldly to the front of the tree, plunged one greedy paw straight into the heart of the hive, snatched forth a big, dripping, crawling comb, and fell to munching it up as fast as he could,—honey, bees, brood-comb, bee-bread, all together indiscriminately. The distracted bees paid him no more attention. They were too busy filling their honey-sacks."

The Babe smacked his lips. He was beginning to get pretty hungry himself.

"Well," continued Uncle Andy, "Teddy Bear chewed and chewed, finally plunging his whole head into the sticky mess,—getting a few stings, of course, but never thinking of them,—till he was just so gorged that he could n't hold another morsel. Then, very slowly and heavily, grunting all the time, he climbed down the bee-tree. He felt that he wanted to go to sleep. When he reached the bottom, he sat up on his haunches to look around for some sort of a snug corner. His eyelids were swollen with stings, but his little round stomach was swollen with honey, so he did n't care a penny. His face was all daubed with honey and dead bees. And his claws were so stuck up with honey and rotten wood and bark that he kept opening and shutting them like a baby who has got a feather stuck to its fingers and does n't know what to do with it. But he was too sleepy to bother about his appearance. He just waddled over to a nook between the roots of the next tree, curled up with his sticky nose between his sticky paws, and was soon snoring."

"And did he ever get out of that deep hole?" inquired the Babe, always impatient of the way in which Uncle Andy was wont to end his stories.

"Of course he got out. He climbed out," answered Uncle Andy. "Do you suppose a bear like that could be kept shut up long? And now I think *we* might be getting out too! I don't hear any more humming; I guess the coast's clear."

He peered forth cautiously.

"It's all right. Come along," he said. "And there's my pipe at the foot of the rock, just where I dropped it," he added, in a tone of great satisfaction. Then, with mud-patched, swollen faces, and crooked, but cheerful, smiles, the two refugees emerged into the golden light of the afternoon, and stretched themselves. But as Uncle Andy surveyed, first the Babe and then himself, in the unobstructed light, his smile faded.

"I'm afraid Bill's going to have the laugh on us when we get home!" said he.

THE LAND OF MYSTERY

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Author of "Careers of Danger and Daring," "Through the Wall," "The Battle," etc.

CHAPTER VII

THROUGH THE ROCK

HAROLD drew out a combination pocket-knife (it contained a screw-driver, a button-hook, a pair of tweezers, and various other things) and, seating himself, proceeded to strike its brass head against the rock beneath, using a regular telegraphic movement.

"Father's call for Mother was M—two dashes," he explained; "I 'm calling M's."

He tapped steadily on the rock. M—M—M—M—M—M—

The boy paused and listened. There was a moment's silence, and then came the answering letter, sharply sounding through the silence of the desert. W—W—W—W—W—W—

"Hooray!" he cried. "There 's no mistake. She 's here—somewhere! My mother is here! Wait!"

Eagerly he clicked off a message, while Jack sat near, open-mouthed, like a boy at a melodrama.

"Sandy, what are you sending? What are you asking? Tell me, Sandy."

"I 'm asking where she is. I 'm telling her it 's I. Keep still."

Now an answering message came that made young Evans frown.

"What is it? What are you getting?" queried McGregor.

"She says I must n't ask where she is. Hold on!" He translated. "Do—not—try—to—rescue—me—did—you—get—word—from—your—father?"

With quick fingers Harold repeated his father's message written on the wall.

"Thank—God," came the reply. "You—must—go—to—Jerusalem—at—once—answer."

The boy hesitated, and a little gulp came in his throat. How could his mother ask such a thing! He turned to his companion with a flash of decision. "I can't do it, Jack. I can't leave my mother, and I won't."

"That 's the talk," approved the other. "We 'll stay here until the Nile freezes over. Tell her so."

And Harold tapped out the words: "Dear—brave—mother—I—cannot—leave—you."

He paused, waiting for a reply; but none came. "Jack, she does n't answer," cried Evans, in sudden alarm.

"Not so loud!" cautioned McGregor. "They may be nearer than you think."

"They? Who do you mean?"

"Why—er—I s'pose somebody is with your mother. There must be."

Harold cast his eyes uneasily along the floor of the desert toward a cluster of rock-hewn tombs that lie at the base of Cheops.

At this moment, the tapping sounded again, but less distinctly, as if from a greater distance. "Will—send—word—be—at—Virgin's—tree—Virgin's—fountain—"

The message stopped, abruptly.

"Got that, Jack? Virgin's tree, Virgin's fountain?" Sandy whispered.

"Yes, but when? She does n't say *when* to be there."

"Wait!"

The clicking came so faintly now that Harold had to lay his ear close against the rock to make out the words: "To-morrow—afternoon—three—o'clock—put—on—hat—chilly—evenings—love."

Then the tapping ceased.

"I guess that 's all, Jack," sighed Evans, after they had waited a long time. "We 'd better start back. Is n't that like a fellow's mother, forgetting her trouble, to worry about his hat being off? It *is* chilly, too. Ugh! These purple shadows may be artistic, but they look creepy to me. Let 's hustle."

They strode rapidly toward the trolley-car, hands in their pockets, each absorbed in his thoughts.

"Say, here 's a point!" broke in McGregor. "How did she know your hat *was* off?"

The boys stopped short and faced each other.

"By George!" exclaimed Sandy. "I never thought of that. How *did* she know it?"

"She must have *seen* us. Must have been somewhere where she *could* see us."

"That 's so, but—*where*?"

On the ride back to Cairo they discussed the matter in low tones.

"I wonder where the Virgin's tree is," reflected Jack. "Ever hear of it, Sandy?"

Harold shook his head.

"She said Virgin's tree—Virgin's fountain. There must be a tree near a fountain. We 'll have to ask at the hotel, but—"

"What?"

"My mother can't *possibly* be coming there herself?"

"No."

"Going to send somebody?"

"Probably."

"Or a letter?"

"Maybe."

"It strikes me as a queer situation, Jack."

"Me, too, Sandy."

And in this frame of mind they fell asleep that night.

CHAPTER VIII

THE VIRGIN'S TREE

THE boys were up early the next morning, and, having nothing better to do until three o'clock, they decided to see some of the sights of Cairo under the escort of a hotel dragoman named Mustapha, who wore a very red fez, and a pair of ivory-handled pistols in his belt, and who assured them, in incredibly bad English, that he would show them the Virgin's fountain, the Virgin's tree, and other marvelous things.

First the boys visited the beautiful island of Roda in the Nile, where Mustapha assured them, with reproachful eyes against their smiles, that little Moses was discovered by Pharaoh's daughter. To this island they drifted on a heavy, wide-nosed scow that plies across an arm of the river. A bare-legged boatman took his toll of two cents each with kingly dignity, then caught the long oar astern, and bent to his work. "Look at those women," said Jack, aiming his kodak at a dozen silent, black-clad figures huddled together at one end of the craft.

"Get onto their brass nose-pieces!" whispered Sandy. "Careful! They're looking!"

"Got 'em!" triumphed the young photographer as the scow grounded and the Egyptian ladies hurried off toward the fragrant rose gardens that stretched beyond.

"I *must* get a picture of that, too!" exclaimed McGregor, and he pointed to a line of stately barges floating by with brown-skinned men swishing their bare feet in the current, while others hauled at the long, sharp-slanting yards poised over stubby masts.

A little later they had luncheon on the balcony of a charming, shaded inn overlooking the river, and here Harold discovered that he had lost his valued pocket-knife.

Finally they set out for the Virgin's tree and the Virgin's fountain, which two objects of tourist interest were at Heliopolis, they discovered, just outside of Cairo, and located in the beautifully kept grounds of no less a person than the Khedive himself. As they drove along the white road, barefooted urchins raced beside their carriage, offering baskets of strawberries.

"Berrees, Me Lord? Berrees, Prence?" called the little fellows, and finally Jack bought two baskets for eight cents.

"I'll blow you off, Prince," he laughed. "Here! Great country, eh, Sandy?"

They stopped to inspect the oldest obelisk in the world, then to admire flocks of the white ibis grazing along the roadside, and presently they came to a wide-spreading sycamore-tree with thick, gnarled trunk that threw out its grateful shade near a clear, gushing spring. These, Mustapha smilingly declared, were the Virgin's tree and the Virgin's fountain, the latter being used to water the Khedive's gardens, the former furnishing an income to the Khedive's gardener, who collected regular fees from tourists eager to see the spot where the Virgin Mary rested in her historic flight from the wicked Herod.

Jack looked thoughtfully at the beautiful gardens, the banks of flowers, the vine-covered trellises, the towering palms, and deep-shaded banana-trees. Everywhere were tropical plants in profusion, and roses so abundant that a turbaned gardener came forward offering an armful, while near by a group of boys prepared future pocket-money by distilling attar of roses over burning sticks.

"It's a great setting," he declared. "Say, Musty! You climb up the sycamore-tree—there, on the first big branch. I'll take your picture."

Nothing could have made Mustapha happier than this offer, not even unexpected bakshish. He first removed his European outer garment (a sort of light overcoat), so as to show the richly embroidered jacket underneath and his formidable pistols. Then he settled himself on the branch in plain view, and, looking heavenward with as much lamblike ecstasy as his Oriental and swarthy features could command, he sat perfectly still.

"Look at him, Sandy! Take him all in," grinned Jack. "Is he a choice product? Is he? I tell you when a Cairo dragoman takes to posing as an archangel on a sycamore-tree—well, it's worth recording. There!"

As McGregor pressed the button, Harold's eyes fell on what looked like a wasp's nest, a grayish bundle hanging from the branch where Mustapha was seated. But, as he looked closer, he discovered black lines running through the gray mass, and presently he saw that it was not a wasp's nest at all, but a lady's veil tied around the branch.

"By George!" he started.

"What's the matter? What is it?"

Sandy consulted his Waterbury. "Ten minutes past three? What do *you* make it?"

"Twelve minutes past," said Jack. "Give your mother time."

Sandy shook his head. "She 's had all the time she wants. The message is here—*there!*" He pointed to the tree.

"I see a wasp's nest."

"It is n't a wasp's nest. That 's my mother's veil—gray, with black lines in it. She wore it the last time I saw her."

He sprang into the tree, and quickly climbed out along the branch.

"Well, what do you know about that?" marveled Jack, as he watched his friend untie the flimsy tissue and carefully descend to the ground.

"Now we 'll see what 's in it—if I can get these knots untied. I feel the crinkle of a letter. Hello! Here 's something hard! Great Scott!"

With a look of absolute amazement, Harold drew forth the pocket-knife that he had lost that very morning. Folded around the knife was a small blue envelop.

"Jack, it 's my knife! The one I lost! Look!"

McGreggor gave a long, low whistle.

"Say, these people have been trailing us." He glanced about him suspiciously, and added under his breath, "They 're probably somewhere around here right now."

With pounding heart Harold tore open the envelop and drew out several sheets covered with his mother's handwriting.

My precious son:

I am writing in haste, and cannot say all that I would like to. The important thing is that you must trust me. I am the only one who knows the circumstances, and can decide what is best to do; and I tell you, dear Harold, you *must not* stay here, or try to find me. If I were in danger, I would urge you to call at once upon the American consul in Cairo for assistance. But I am in no danger, although, of course, I am a prisoner; and I beg you to make no appeal in my behalf to any of the American or English authorities. You must make no effort of any sort toward rescuing me or communicating with me for the present. It would mean more danger for your father.

Harold, I want you to go to your father at once. I am so happy that you found his message. God is protecting us, and will protect us, but *you must go to your father*. He needs you, and the only way to save me is to save him first. Be brave, my son. Trust to your mother's love and to her knowledge of conditions that you cannot understand, and do this that she bids you. *Do it at once.*

And remember one thing: *you will be watched from the time you leave Cairo*. You must not let any one know that you are looking for your father. Call yourself a tourist. Say you are likely to return shortly to America, as we hope we all may. *And do not keep this letter!* Fix it in your memory, and burn it.

There is much more to say, but—I must hurry. Be on your guard against a smooth-talking man with a close-cut dark beard. I think he 's an Armenian, but he speaks perfect English. I noticed a fine, white scar across his cheek, but the beard almost hides it. The scar runs to the lower part of his ear, which is rather twisted. This man is employed by our enemy. It is he who told me that you had

sprained your ankle in the Great Gallery, and made me go inside the pyramid, where they seized me. He is a dangerous and unscrupulous man—be careful.

My poor boy, it makes my heart ache to put this responsibility on you. I 'm afraid you are short of money, and I inclose forty pounds, which I have been able to borrow from a kind person, the one who has promised to deliver this letter. I shall try to send more money later. Go to Jerusalem and see the Greek monk. Then follow your best judgment, but promise me, my boy, that you will never, *never* stop until you have found your father! Tie my veil around the branch where you found it, as a sign that you give me this sacred promise to respect my wish that you do not try to find me, as yet, and that you will start at once for Jerusalem. God bless you and guide you!

Your loving mother,

MARY EVANS.

Harold read the letter slowly and carefully. Then he turned to his friend:

"Oh, Jack!"

"Yes."

"I want you to see this letter—from my mother. We have n't known each other so very long, old boy, but—we 've come pretty close together, and—there! Read it!"

Jack read the letter in his turn—carefully and slowly.

"Well?" he said.

"It looks to me as if I 've got to do what Mother says."

McGreggor nodded.

"I guess she knows what she 's talking about, Sandy. Sounds like a pretty fine woman, your mother."

"Well, I should say she is a—a fine woman," Harold choked. "It breaks me all up to leave her, Jack, but—what she says about Father settles it. How about that boat we were going to take for Jaffa—it sails to-morrow, does n't it?"

"Yep. Train starts for Alexandria in the morning. Go on board in the afternoon and wake up at Jaffa."

"Did you get the tickets?"

McGreggor nodded.

"Tickets and passports, too. And Deeny 's got the trunks ready."

"I guess we 'd better go."

"Guess we had."

"And say, Jack! I want you to bear witness that I promise—under this tree—by this spring—it 's a kind of sacred spot—" the boy bared his head and lifted his fine, earnest face—"I promise never to stop or give up until I have found my father and my mother. You hear me, Jack?"

"I hear you, Sandy, and here 's my hand to help you. I don't care whether I get around the world or not. I 'll stick by you."

Once more the boys clasped hands. And, after studying Mrs. Evans's letter so as to forget nothing, they burned it solemnly at the fire where the

young Egyptians were distilling, drop by drop, the subtle perfume of roses. Then Sandy took his mother's veil, as she had bidden him, and tied it to the spreading branch of the ancient sycamore that grows by the Virgin's spring.

CHAPTER IX

THE TWISTED EAR

TWENTY-FOUR hours later, the two friends were aboard a Mediterranean steamer bound for the Holy Land. They had received valuable help from the American consul, who saw that their passports were properly drawn, and gave them some letters to friends in Jerusalem. He also took charge of Mrs. Evans's trunks until these should be sent for, and allowed the boys to leave with him, sealed in an official envelop, the one hundred and sixty pounds that had caused so much trouble.

"I don't see what we 're going to do with it," the consul declared, "unless some one turns up who can prove title."

"I 'll never touch a penny of it," insisted Jack. "Neither will I," said Harold.

The consul smiled.

"All right, boys. I 'll hold it here, awaiting your order."

The first evening after they went aboard, Jack's zeal for picture material brought him to the forward part of the vessel, where the deck-passengers sleep, stretched on the bare boards under stained and tattered blankets, or lie awake, chattering and smoking.

Meantime Harold Evans sat alone at the stern while the boat throbbed on through the still, warm night. The boy was in a serious mood. He felt that this was a critical time in his life. He thought of his father and mother, and of the task before him—of the dangers before him.

He looked down at the white path the ship was cutting in the sea, and wondered what made the fire spots come and go in the rushing foam, now little ones like globules of burning oil, now broad, round ones like moons. He knew they called it phosphorescence, but forgot the explanation of it. Then he watched the serious, silent stars and their changing colors, and presently noticed a light that flamed up low over the water, and then went out. A lighthouse on the coast of Africa! Or had they come to Asia?

Presently Jack came up, eager to tell of his experiences forward. He had discovered an interesting Syrian who had been all over America—New York City, and Lynchburg, Virginia, and Yazoo, Mississippi. He spoke perfect English—a clever fellow, and—he wanted to be a guide.

"The fact is, old boy, he wants to be *our* guide," added McGreggor.

"We don't need a guide," said Harold. "We 've got Deeny."

"I know we have, but—he saw me fussing with my camera and—it seems he knows a lot about pictures. Says he ran an art gallery in Minneapolis, but he went broke."

"We can't afford an extra man."

"Ah, that 's the point! That 's the queer thing about this chap. He says he 'll work for anything we want to give, or for nothing at all. He wants to get into the moving-picture game and—well, he 'll take chances on the future. I told him I 'd talk to you about it, and we 'd see him in the morning."

"There is n't any harm in seeing him," said Harold, quietly.

"I s'pose you 're feeling sort of—sort of broken up, old boy?" ventured Jack, as he drew up a steamer chair beside his friend.

"Oh, I—I 've been thinking about things, and—er—"

"I know. It 's tough, but—I tell you what pleases me, Sandy, it 's the way your mother was able to get that letter delivered. She must have a good friend in the enemies' camp and—that 's a whole lot."

"Yes, it is."

"And she was able to borrow money, that 's another good thing. I b'lieve she could get away if any big trouble came up; I 'm sure she could. She does n't *want* to get away now on account of injuring your father. Am I right?"

"It looks so, but—what gets me is how any man can be *fiend* enough to treat a woman so who—who 's never done anything but good to people."

"Don't you worry," soothed McGreggor. "He 'll get *his* later on, Mr. Fiend will, and I 'll take a picture of it. If we can't do anything else, I 'll cable Dad, and he 'll come over. He 'd just *love* to get into this game, Dad would. He 'd have your father and mother back with you *mighty quick*, or there 'd be a war-ship lying off Alexandria with the stars and stripes over her—now take that from me!"

"No, no!" objected Sandy. "We must n't do anything like that. You know what Mother said. And I 've given my promise. I tied that veil around the tree, Jack. Besides, I can see her point. The people who have done this have got themselves in so deep now that they would n't stop at *anything*. We might spoil our only chance by kicking up a row. We 've got to lay low and let them think everything 's going their way, and then, when we see our chance, *we 'll land on 'em*."

"We 'll land on 'em hard!"

"But we must find Father first, I can see that. Can't you? And, Jack, we 've got to be foxy. We must n't let *any one* know what we 're after. Mother says we 'll be watched. Remember? Remember that chap she said to look out for?"



EGYPTIAN WOMAN WEARING BRASS NOSE-PIECE.

"Do I? Close-cut dark beard. Scar across his cheek."

"A *fine* scar, Jack."

"Yes, and a twisted car. I 'll know him, all right."

Sandy's face darkened. "And now what shall we say about ourselves if any one asks us?"

"We 'll say we 're in the moving-picture business, *and we are!* We 've got our outfit to prove it, the dandiest outfit in Jerusalem."

"That 's so!" agreed Harold. "We 're in the moving-picture business. And—say, Jack, nobody must know I 'm the son of Wicklow Evans. You 'd better introduce me to people as—er—Mr.



THE OBELISK AT HELIOPOLIS—THE OLDEST IN THE WORLD.

clamoring Arabs whose business, it appeared, was to take the passengers ashore.

"Is n't there any harbor here?" asked McGregor.

"Does n't look like it!" said Sandy. "By George, see that boat! They 'll be smashed to bits!"



A NILE FERRY-BOAT.

Harold. That sounds all right. When you call me Harold they 'll think it 's my last name. See?"

A little later, the boys retired to their stateroom.

When they came up on deck the next morning, they found the steamer anchored off as pretty a fringe of murderous reefs as one would wish to see. And beyond these, laughing in a blaze of sunshine, lay the ancient city of Jaffa.

Crowding around the vessel were little boats, tossing uneasily on the swells, and manned by

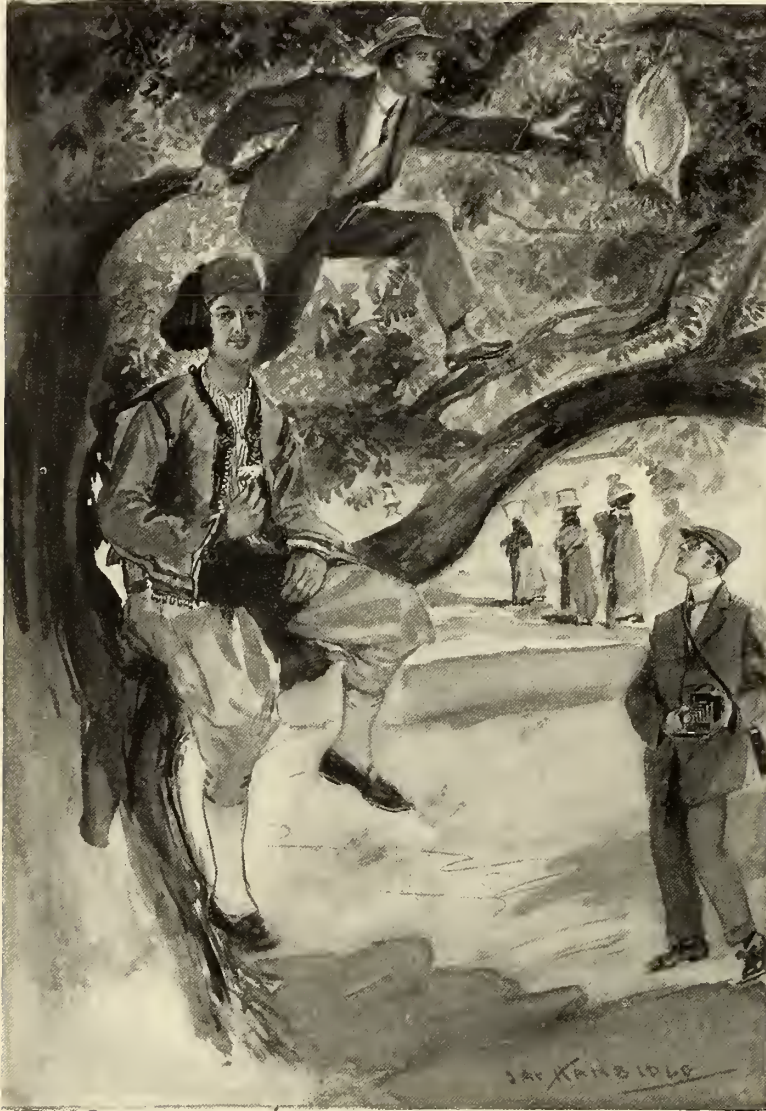


THE PORT OF JAFFA AT LOW TIDE.

As he spoke, one of the little boats with passengers huddled in the stern shot toward the dangerous reef where the sea was breaking fiercely over black rocks that stood up like ragged teeth. One tooth was missing, leaving an opening in

the hungry jaw, and the boat was headed straight for this opening, as they watched it intently.

ing the reef with an opera-glass. "It's a nasty sea. Ah! there goes another boat! Would you like to look, sir?"



"HE SPRANG INTO THE TREE, AND QUICKLY CLIMBED OUT ALONG THE BRANCH."

"They're dandy boatmen if they get through there. Great Scott! They've done it!" cried Jack, his eyes bulging.

With the splash and lift of a great wave, the sure-handed Arabs had steered the frail craft through, and now they were floating safely in the smooth waters beyond.

"I'll wager those people got soaked," said Sandy.

"They are lucky not to be drowned," remarked a passenger, standing near them, who was study-

ing the reef with an opera-glass. "It's a nasty sea. Ah! there goes another boat! Would you like to look, sir?"

He offered his glass to Harold, who now, through the powerful lenses, saw the passage of the rocks with thrilling distinctness.

"Talk about shooting the chutes! Say, Jack, *there's* a moving picture worth taking!"

"It would be effective," agreed the stranger. "The surf, and the rocks, and the skill of these Arabs—*very* effective."

"Hello!" said McGregor, "you're the man I saw last night—you know, Sandy, the one I told you about from Lynchburg, and Yazoo, and—"

"And New York City, and many other places," smiled the new-comer. "Allow me to give you young gentlemen my card."

He drew out his pocket-book and handed to each of the boys a card on which was printed:

MR. ARSHAG H. TELECIAN

COLLECTOR OF RARE
COINS AND STONES

"Thanks," said Jack. "My name is John McGregor, and my friend is Mr.—er—Harold."

The coin collector bowed politely.

"You've been here before?" asked Harold.

"Many times. This is my country—Syria. I was born in the Lebanon Mountains."

"You speak mighty good English."

"I have spent years in America—some happy years; but—I had money reverses, and—the fact is I am looking for work."

"So my friend told me."

"We have n't had time to talk that over," explained McGregor, "but if you're going up to Jerusalem, Mr.—" He frowned at the card.

"Say, this name is a bird. Ar-shag H. Tel-ec-jian. What 's the 'H' for?"

"The 'H' is a misprint. It should be 'M.' My middle name is Mesrop."

"Mesrop? Sounds like an anagram—you know, where you change the letters around and make a new word. Give us the whole thing—I want to learn that name. Go on," laughed the boy.

"It 's very simple—Arshag Mesrop Telecjian."

"Arshag Mesrop Telecjian," repeated Jack, with a swagger. "Bet you can't say it, Sandy."

At this moment, Nasr-ed-Din came up to warn them that their boat was waiting, whereupon the boys invited the coin collector to join them, and presently the three were safe on shore, having passed the reef unharmed, except for a ducking of salt spray.

And at the custom-house Arshag Telecjian befriended them in a most extraordinary way, for, while other and richer tourists were subjected to endless annoyance and delay, the American boys, with their trunks, bags, and picture apparatus, were waved promptly through the barriers by smiling and salaaming inspectors, all, apparently, because of a whispered word from Arshag Mesrop Telecjian.

"Say, you managed that pretty well, Brother Ashrag," said McGreggor.

"Arshag," corrected Sandy.

"I am glad to serve you, young gentlemen," answered the Syrian. "It 's better to avoid opening trunks. If they had found revolvers, for instance—" he looked at the boys keenly.

"We *have* revolvers," admitted Jack.

"They would have been confiscated. And many other things—books—magazines—it 's quite annoying. They would certainly have confiscated your picture apparatus. You know the Turks call it a sin to photograph the human face."

"I know that," said Harold.

"Great Scott! Our whole trip would have been spoiled!" exclaimed Jack. "It looks to me as if we need you in our business, Brother Resmop."

"Mesrop," corrected Sandy.

"I believe I can be of great service to you, young gentlemen," said the coin collector, gravely. "If you are to take pictures successfully in the Holy Land, you ought to be fully acquainted with the history and customs of the country."



THE LANDING AT JAFFA.

"We have a man with us," said Harold.

"Ah, yes, a Turk. An excellent servant, no doubt, but does he know the history, the Christian traditions?"

"Are you a Christian?" asked Jack.

"Of course. I was educated at Robert College, Constantinople. Suppose you young gentlemen take me on trial for a few days. Let me show you around Jaffa—we have two hours before the train starts. And let me show you around Jerusalem. Then you can judge."

"What 's the lay-out in Jaffa? I 'd like something to eat," said McGreggor. "I 've got an awful appetite. I want a steak, and fried potatoes, and chocolate with whipped cream, and hot waffles with maple-syrup, and a lot of butter."

The Syrian smiled. "I 'm afraid they have n't all those dishes, but, if you young gentlemen will come with me, I 'll take you to the cleanest inn in Palestine, kept by a man named Hardegg."

"Good business!" approved Jack. "Lead us to Hardegg, Arshag."

They took a rickety carriage with a thin horse, and drove through a noisy market-place swarming with Orientals, then through a stretch of orange groves bursting with luscious fruit, and finally came to Hardegg's establishment, set down among gardens of brilliant geraniums.

"If the land of Syria is all like this, I 'm certainly for it," declared Sandy, as they settled themselves at a table among the blooms.

"It is n't," answered Telecjian. "It 's very different from this. It 's very dry and bare, most of it. Jaffa is the most famous place in Syria for fruits and flowers. It is also a place of strange traditions. It was from Jaffa that Jonah sailed just before the whale swallowed him. It was in Jaffa that Perseus rescued the fair Andromeda; you remember she was chained to the rocks?"

"Yes, yes; but how about Hardegg's eggs?" interrupted McGreggor.

"I want *my* Hardeggs soft," chuckled Evans.

A tempting meal with delicious honey was presently provided, and, while the boys ate, the coin collector told them about the house of Simon the tanner, one of the show places of Jaffa, where "Peter tarried many days with one Simon, a tanner, and went upon his housetop to pray about

the sixth hour." Telecjian quoted the Scriptures freely.

Then came the journey to Jerusalem, four hours up a little mountain railway (for the holy city lies half a mile above the sea level), and, all the way, the Syrian poured forth a steady stream of information. He showed them the places where Samson pulled down the temple, where Joshua stopped the sun, where David killed Goliath, where St. George slew the dragon, where Richard the Lion-Hearted fought his crusades, and where Napoleon marched his armies.

"Say, he knows everything!" exclaimed Jack, as Telecjian left the train a moment at Ramleh (home of Joseph of Arimathea) to speak to a Russian pilgrim. "He 's a wonder. But I 'll bet you can't remember his name, Sandy. Go on! Bet you can't say it while I count ten. One—"

Harold stopped him with a sharp glance.

"You think yourself very smart, John McGreggor, but if you 'd stop trying to be so funny and keep your eyes open, you might see a few things that are right under your nose."

"What things?"

"This man that you 've been chumming with, *where* do you think he 's gone?"

"To talk to that Russian pilgrim. Bet you Ashcar knows six languages,—or even ten."

Harold shook his head. "You 're easy, Jack; you 're the easiest boy I ever saw."

"How d' ye mean?"

"He has n't gone to speak to any Russian pilgrim; he 's gone to *send a telegram*."

"What?"

"Yes, and he 's not a coin collector; he 's not a guide. He 's been sent here by—" the boy's face contracted in sudden anger—"by the scoundrels who stole away my mother. I 've been sitting at this window with the light full on him, and—*has* it occurred to you that Mr. Arshag Mesrop Telecjian wears a close-cut dark beard?"

"Great Scott!" cried Jack.

"Furthermore, there 's a fine, white scar running across his cheek, and *he 's got a twisted ear!*"

(To be continued.)

AN UNLUCKY LOOK

BY JAMES ROWE

MA says that she will give to me
A very lovely present,
If through this year I try to be
Obedient, neat, and pleasant.
And so I wear a sunny smile
At breakfast, lunch, and dinner;

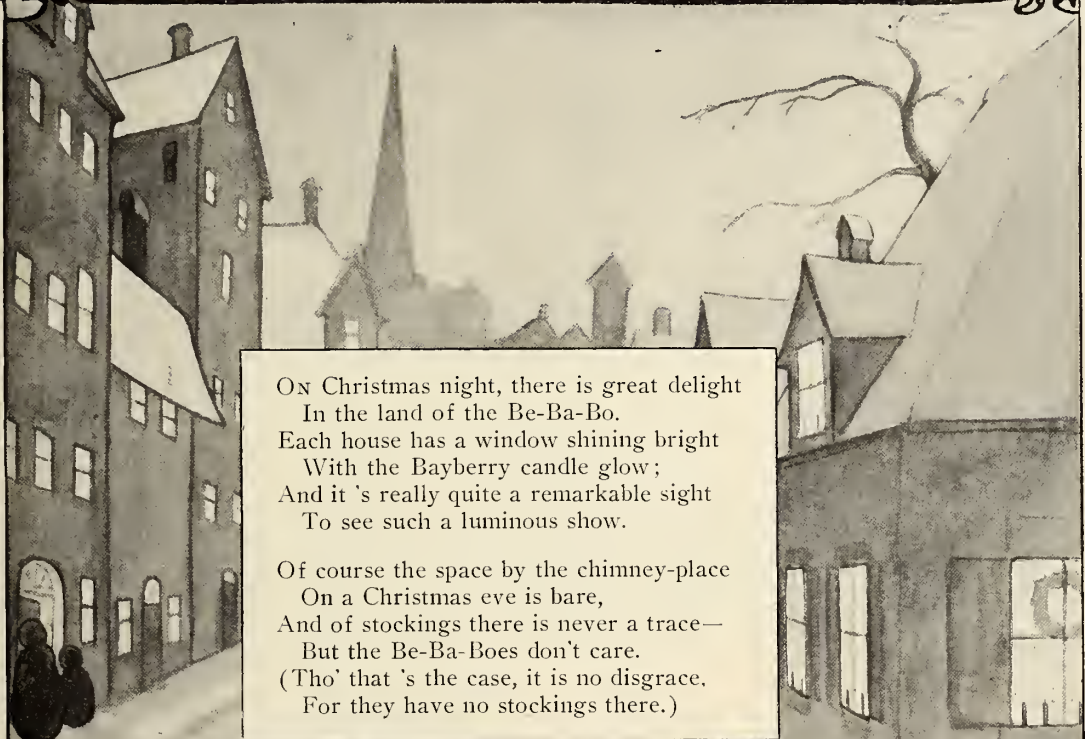
I 'm like an angel all the while,
And hope to be a winner.
And—I 'll just read that "Self-Help" book
Each night before I slumber;
But nineteen *thirteen* has the look
Of an unlucky number!



THE CHRISTMAS TREE.



by DK Stevens

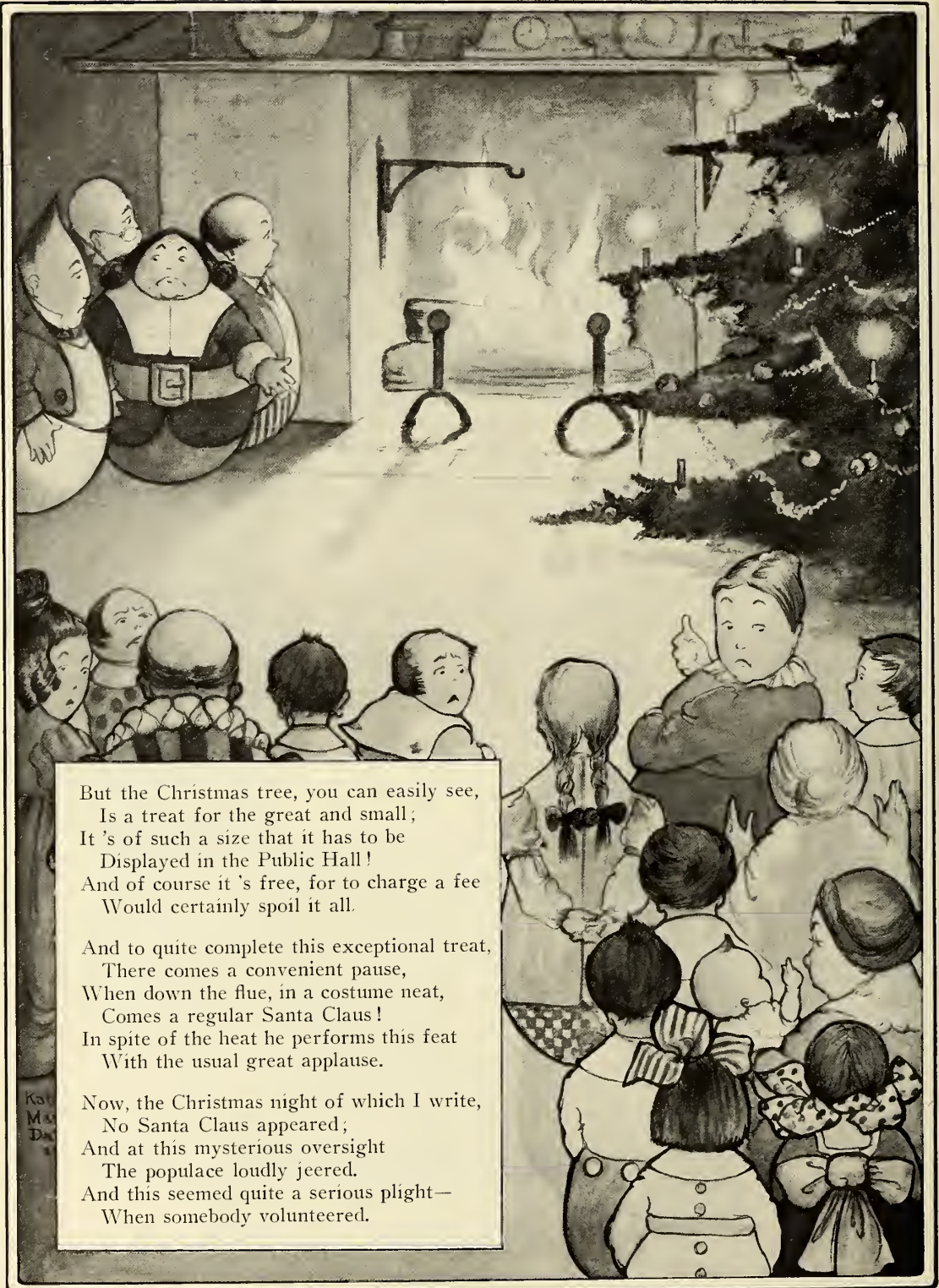


ON Christmas night, there is great delight
In the land of the Be-Ba-Bo.
Each house has a window shining bright
With the Bayberry candle glow;
And it 's really quite a remarkable sight
To see such a luminous show.

Of course the space by the chimney-place
On a Christmas eve is bare,
And of stockings there is never a trace—
But the Be-Ba-Boes don't care.
(Tho' that 's the case, it is no disgrace.
For they have no stockings there.)



Katharine
Maynard
Daland
1912.



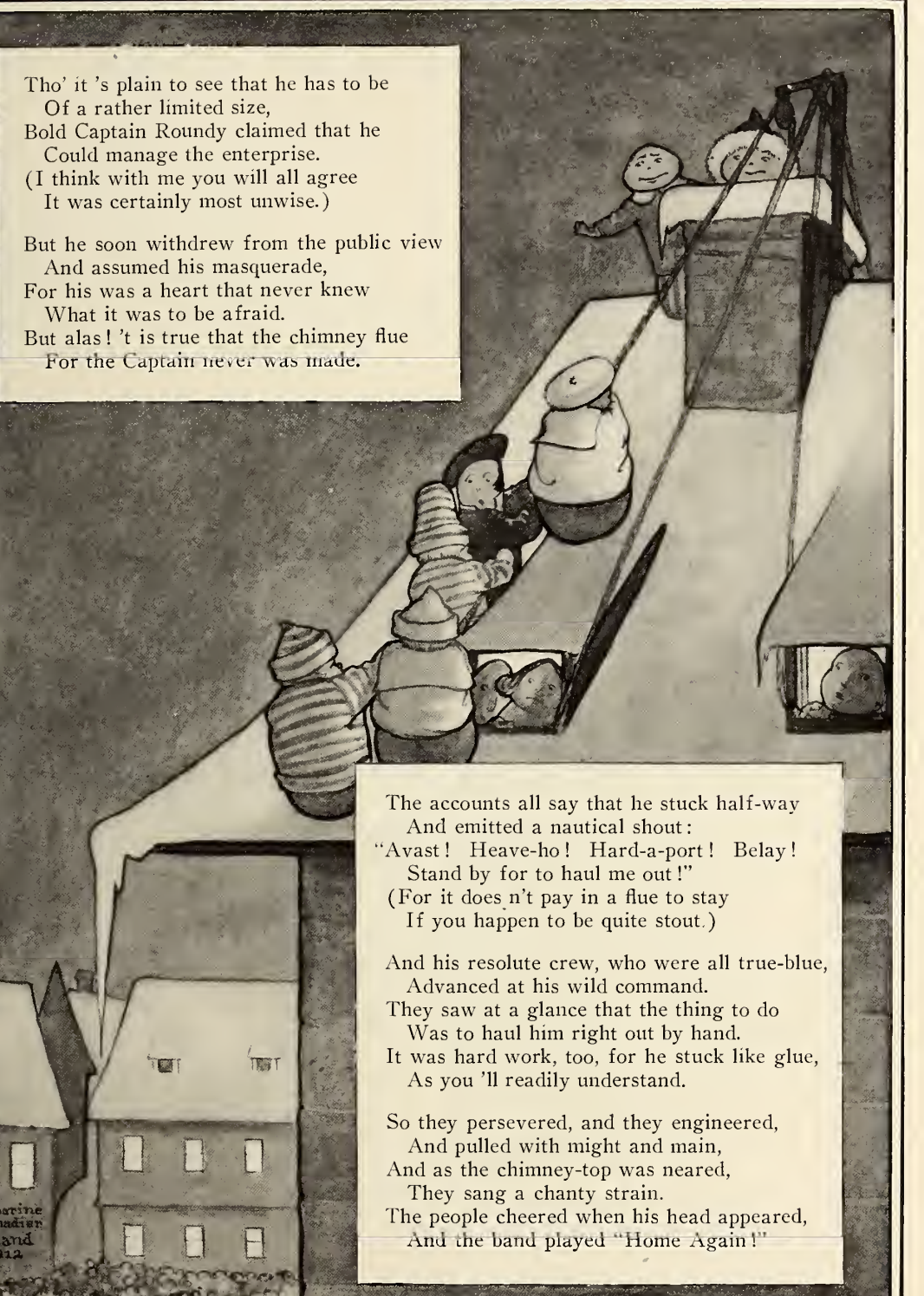
But the Christmas tree, you can easily see,
 Is a treat for the great and small;
 It 's of such a size that it has to be
 Displayed in the Public Hall!
 And of course it 's free, for to charge a fee
 Would certainly spoil it all.

And to quite complete this exceptional treat,
 There comes a convenient pause,
 When down the flue, in a costume neat,
 Comes a regular Santa Claus!
 In spite of the heat he performs this feat
 With the usual great applause.

Now, the Christmas night of which I write,
 No Santa Claus appeared;
 And at this mysterious oversight
 The populace loudly jeered.
 And this seemed quite a serious plight—
 When somebody volunteered.

Tho' it 's plain to see that he has to be
 Of a rather limited size,
 Bold Captain Roundy claimed that he
 Could manage the enterprise.
 (I think with me you will all agree
 It was certainly most unwise.)

But he soon withdrew from the public view
 And assumed his masquerade,
 For his was a heart that never knew
 What it was to be afraid.
 But alas! 't is true that the chimney flue
 For the Captain never was made.



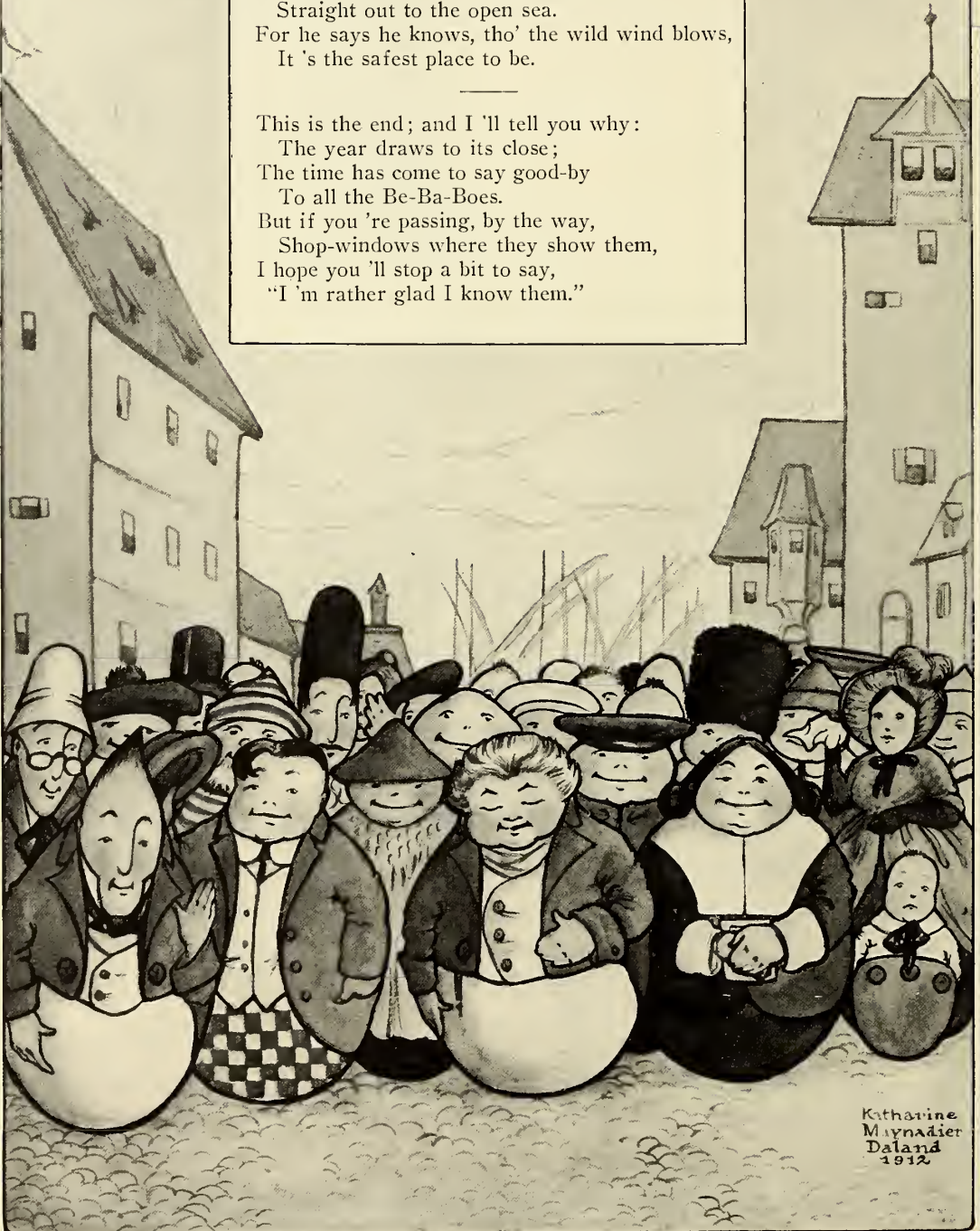
The accounts all say that he stuck half-way
 And emitted a nautical shout:
 "Avast! Heave-ho! Hard-a-port! Belay!
 Stand by for to haul me out!"
 (For it does n't pay in a flue to stay
 If you happen to be quite stout.)

And his resolute crew, who were all true-blue,
 Advanced at his wild command.
 They saw at a glance that the thing to do
 Was to haul him right out by hand.
 It was hard work, too, for he stuck like glue,
 As you 'll readily understand.

So they persevered, and they engineered,
 And pulled with might and main,
 And as the chimney-top was neared,
 They sang a chanty strain.
 The people cheered when his head appeared,
 And the band played "Home Again!"

But don't suppose that the Be-Ba-Boes
 Gave up their annual tree;
 They have it still—but the Captain goes
 Straight out to the open sea.
 For he says he knows, tho' the wild wind blows,
 It 's the safest place to be.

This is the end; and I 'll tell you why:
 The year draws to its close;
 The time has come to say good-by
 To all the Be-Ba-Boes.
 But if you 're passing, by the way,
 Shop-windows where they show them,
 I hope you 'll stop a bit to say,
 "I 'm rather glad I know them."



Katharine
 Mynadier
 Daland
 1912

OLD FABLES BROUGHT UP TO DATE

(Just for fun, and with apologies to Æsop)

THE SHEPHERD BOY AND THE WOLF



THE MODERN SHEPHERD BOY AND THE WOLF.

THE OLD-TIME FABLE

A SHEPHERD boy who watched a flock of sheep near a village brought out the villagers three or four times by crying out, "Wolf! Wolf!" and, when his neighbors came to help him, laughed at them for their pains. The wolf, however, did truly come at last. The shepherd boy, now really alarmed, shouted in an agony of terror: "Oh, good people, come and help me! Pray come and help me; the wolf is killing the sheep!" but, though they heard him, no one paid any heed to his cries.

MORAL: There is no believing a falsifier, even when he speaks the truth.

THE FABLE BROUGHT UP TO DATE

A SHEPHERD boy had a flock of sheep to watch some distance from the nearest village. He cried "Wolf! Wolf!" but the villagers could not hear him. His master, being informed of this fact, had a "telephone service" installed, with a direct wire to his house. The wolf came! The boy telephoned. The master answered the call, armed himself with a repeating rifle, got into his 40 H. P. motor-car, raced to the pasture, killed the wolf, and thus saved his flock!

MORAL: The "'Phone" is mightier than the Yell.

C. J. Budd.

JUNIOR-MAN

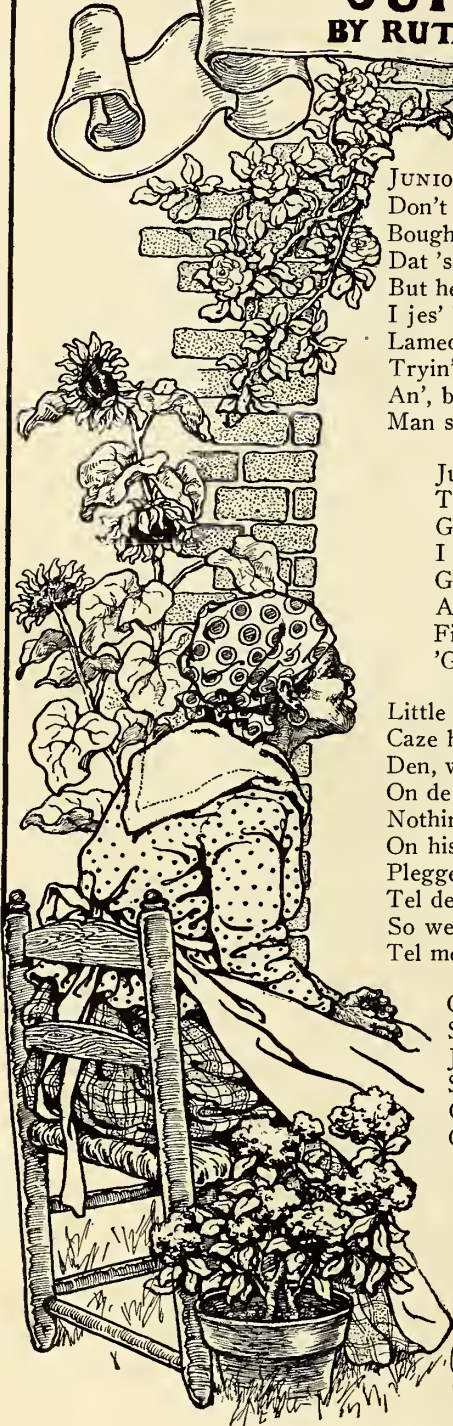
BY RUTA M^cENERY STUART

JUNIOR-MAN is Mammy's boy,
 Don't keer ef he do destroy
 Boughten kites an' 'spensive clo'es,
 Dat 's de way de juniors grows!
 But he plays so swif', some days,
 I jes' holds my bref an' prays.
 Lamed hissself las' week, po' dunce,
 Tryin' to ride two dogs at once,
 An', betwix' de two, dey flung
 Man so hard he bit his tongue!

Junior 's on'y gwine on seven,
 Tall enough to be eleven;
 Grows so fas' befo' my eyes,
 I can't keep up wid 'is size.
 Got to rise up tall an' straight
 An' take on a noble gait
 Fit to tote dat Randolph grace,
 'Gin' he takes his papa's place!

Little toes is bruised wid knocks,
 Caze he hides his shoes an' socks;
 Den, when Jack Fros' sniffs aroun',
 On de white-hot crackly groun',
 Nothin' does but red-top boots
 On his little freckled foots;
 Plegged his mama an' his aunts
 Tel dey put 'im in dem pants,
 So we laid his kilts away
 Tel mo' company comes to stay.

One thing sho, his mammy-nurse
 She gwine teach 'im to converse
 Jes' de way she hears his pa
 Set down talkin' wid 'is ma!
 Co'se, I has to do it slow,
 Caze he 's allus runnin' so!

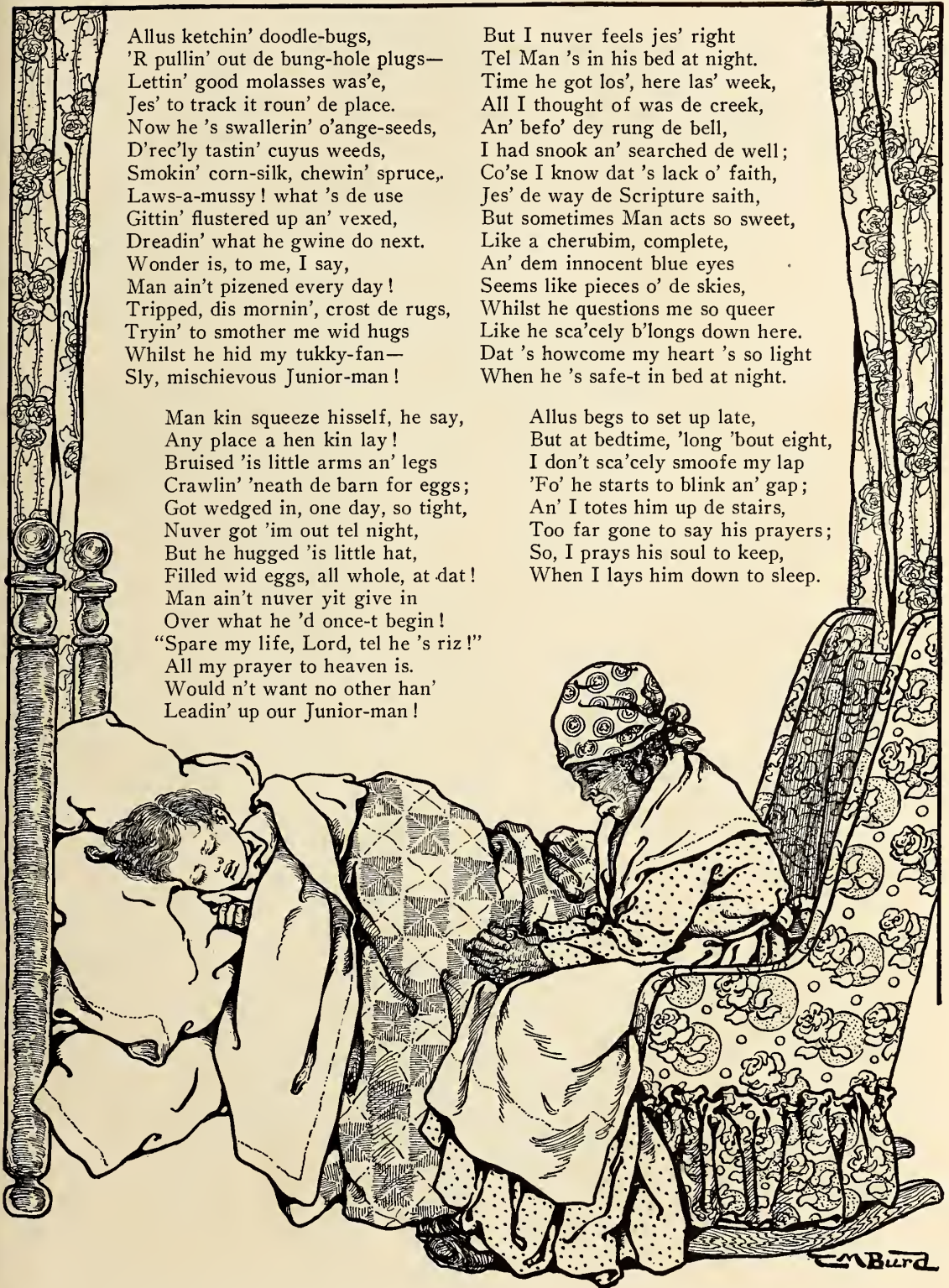


Allus ketchin' doodle-bugs,
 'R pullin' out de bung-hole plugs—
 Lettin' good molasses was'e,
 Jes' to track it roun' de place.
 Now he 's swallerin' o'ange-seeds,
 D'rec'ly tastin' cuyus weeds,
 Smokin' corn-silk, chewin' spruce,
 Laws-a-mussy! what 's de use
 Gittin' flustered up an' vexed,
 Dreadin' what he gwine do next.
 Wonder is, to me, I say,
 Man ain't pized every day!
 Tripped, dis mornin', cros't de rugs,
 Tryin' to smother me wid hugs
 Whilst he hid my tukky-fan—
 Sly, mischievous Junior-man!

But I nuver feels jes' right
 Tel Man 's in his bed at night.
 Time he got los', here las' week,
 All I thought of was de creek,
 An' befo' dey rung de bell,
 I had snook an' searched de well;
 Co'se I know dat 's lack o' faith,
 Jes' de way de Scripture saith,
 But sometimes Man acts so sweet,
 Like a cherubim, complete,
 An' dem innocent blue eyes
 Seems like pieces o' de skies,
 Whilst he questions me so queer
 Like he sca'cely b'longs down here.
 Dat 's howcome my heart 's so light
 When he 's safe-t in bed at night.

Man kin squeeze hisself, he say,
 Any place a hen kin lay!
 Bruised 'is little arms an' legs
 Crawl in 'neath de barn for eggs;
 Got wedged in, one day, so tight,
 Nuver got 'im out tel night,
 But he hugged 'is little hat,
 Filled wid eggs, all whole, at dat!
 Man ain't nuver yit give in
 Over what he 'd once-t begin!
 "Spare my life, Lord, tel he 's riz!"
 All my prayer to heaven is.
 Would n't want no other han'
 Leadin' up our Junior-man!

Allus begs to set up late,
 But at bedtime, 'long 'bout eight,
 I don't sca'cely smoofo my lap
 'Fo' he starts to blink an' gap;
 An' I totes him up de stairs,
 Too far gone to say his prayers;
 So, I prays his soul to keep,
 When I lays him down to sleep.



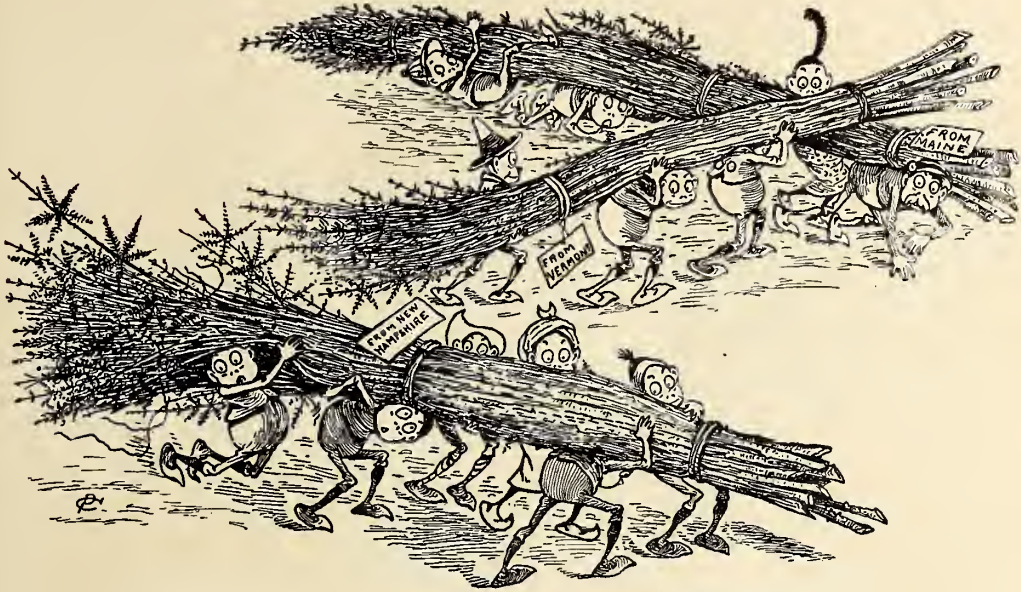


THE BROWNIES AND THE STALLED TRAIN

BY PALMER COX

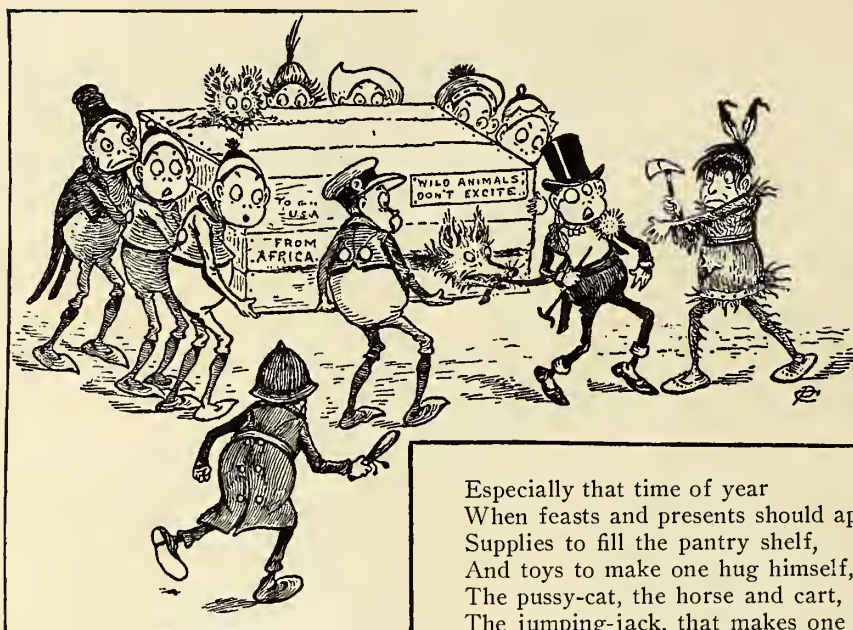
THE train was stalled a mile or more
 From where it should have brought its store
 Of goods, to meet the great demand
 With holidays so close at hand.
 The engine scarcely could be found
 'Mid drifting snow that piled around;
 The engineer had quit his lever
 Until the men made some endeavor
 To give the iron horse a show
 Upon the track beneath the snow.
 By chance the Brownies reached the scene
 At evening, as the moon serene
 Was struggling through the snowy cloud
 That wrapped the mountain like a shroud.
 Said one, "We'll lay aside our play,
 And turn to work without delay,





For here 's a case will try our powers
 And all the skill we count as ours.
 The minutes let us now improve.
 This engine with its train must move,
 Or, failing this, express and freight
 And baggage must no longer wait,
 Though every Brownie, on his back,
 Shall carry to the town a pack."
 Some tried to dig the engine out
 From drifts that lay in heaps about,
 Though small the promise that the scheme
 Would end in furnace-fire or steam.
 But who can gage or understand
 The power of a mystic hand
 That is not bound by mortal line
 Or limit that its acts confine?





Especially that time of year
 When feasts and presents should appear,—
 Supplies to fill the pantry shelf,
 And toys to make one hug himself,
 The pussy-cat, the horse and cart,
 The jumping-jack, that makes one start,
 The evergreens in bundles all
 Tied up with care for home and hall,
 Some towering tall, some small in size,
 But all to give a glad surprise,
 And bring the clap of childish hand
 And wonder at the scene so grand;
 The pig, presented as a gift,
 To give some farmer friend a lift,
 And proving, by his plaintive squeals,
 'T was rather long between his meals.
 "T is strange," said one, "what things you find
 In cars filled by the human kind;
 Potatoes from Bermuda brought,
 And fish around Newfoundland caught,

A shovel little wonder brings
 When in the human hand it swings,
 But in a Brownie hand—ah me!
 A different touch and go we see,
 And snow-plows, rotary or straight,
 Surpass it only in their weight.
 But all were not with drifts content,
 For some to freight and baggage bent,
 Determined, if no wheel would start,
 The goods at least to move in part;
 They gathered from the cars with speed
 What every town is apt to need,



The broken tackle showing plain
Their elders' lessons were in vain."

It looked as though whatever grew
In Africa, and India, too,
In way of reptile, beast, or fowl,
Was there to hiss, and scream, and howl,



Some things came loose when boxes tipped
That for menageries were shipped,
And, for a moment, it seemed plain
That panic would a foothold gain;
And it took courage of the best
To shove things back into the nest.
For some have daring that will rise
Superior to the shock that tries,
And, as a tonic, give a brace
To others threatened with disgrace.
Said one, "We sometimes reach a scene
Where horrors stare, with naught between,
As if to test the spirit strong
That to a Brownie should belong;
And though some stagger, in the main
We're equal to the greatest strain."





To nothing say of freaks at hand
 That prosper in our native land.
 Brought from a tropic clime, a few
 Were to the zero weather new,
 And, sluggish from the wintry air,
 Made little stir or trouble there,
 While others, roused and stuffed with ire,
 Seemed full of action as of fire.
 Fine fruit was there brought many miles
 In vessels from far distant isles,
 And it went hard, in all their haste,
 To pass it on without a taste,
 Though ere the task was done, in truth,
 Or things beyond the reach of tooth,
 Some had a better knowledge won
 Of fruit that felt the tropic sun.
 "T is well," said one, "the night is long
 Till sounds the cheerful breakfast gong,
 And Brownie hands have much to do
 Before our heavy job is through.

The work, as old traditions tell,
 We undertake, we finish well;
 The time seems fitted to the task,
 And nothing more could Brownies ask."
 So box and bundle, crate and can,
 Were moved according to their plan,
 While in the drifts the engine stood
 Without an action bad or good,
 No bell in front, no "toot" behind,
 Gave warning of a change of mind,
 But at their task the Brownies kept,
 And moved the goods while people slept,
 Till in the station, safely piled,
 With creatures of the wood and wild,
 The merchandise of every name
 Was ready for the owners' claim.





THE CLOCK OF THE CITY HALL IN OLMÜTZ. (SEE PAGE 262.)

CURIOUS CLOCKS

BY CHARLES A. BRASSLER

MANY of the German cities of the Middle Ages enjoyed great prosperity, which they liked to exhibit in the form of splendid churches and other public buildings; and each one tried to excel the others. When, therefore, in the year 1352, Strassburg was the first to erect a great cathedral clock, which not only showed the hour to hundreds of observers, but whose strokes proclaimed it far and near, there was a rivalry among the rich cities as to which should set up within its walls the most beautiful specimen of this kind.

The citizens of Nuremberg, who were renowned all over the European world for their skill, were particularly jealous of Strassburg's precedence over them.

In 1356, when the Imperial Council, or Reichs-

tag, held in Nuremberg, issued the Golden Bull, an edict or so-called "imperial constitution" which promised to be of greatest importance to the welfare of the kingdom, a locksmith, whose name is unfortunately not recorded, took this as his idea for the decoration of a clock which was set up in the Frauenkirche in the year 1361. The emperor, Charles IV, was represented, seated upon a throne; at the stroke of twelve, the seven Electors, large moving figures, passed and bowed before him to the sound of trumpets.

This work of art made a great sensation.

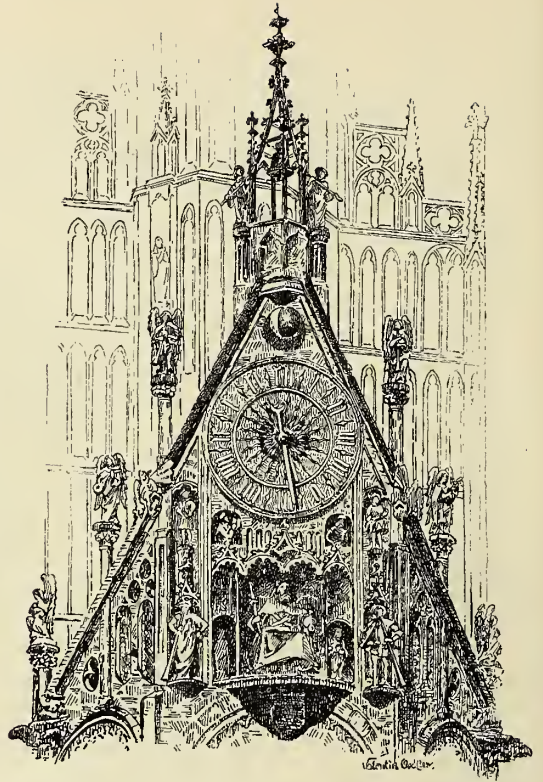
Other European cities, naturally, desired to have similar sights, and large public clocks were therefore erected in Breslau in 1368, in Rouen in 1389, in Metz in 1391, in Speyer in 1395, in Augsburg in 1398, in Lübeck in 1405, in Magde-

burg in 1425, in Padua in 1430, in Dantzic in 1470, in Prague in 1490, in Venice in 1495, and in Lyons in 1598.

Not all, of course, were as artistic as that of Nuremberg; but no town now contented itself with a simple clockwork to tell the hours. Some had a stroke for the hours, and some had chimes; the one showed single characteristic moving figures, while others were provided with great astronomical works, showing the day of the week, month, and year, the phases of the moon, the course of the planets, and the signs of the zodiac.



AN ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK AT PADUA.



THE FAMOUS CLOCK IN THE FRAUENKIRCHE, NUREMBERG.

On the town clock of Compiègne, which was built in 1405, three figures of soldiers, or "jaquemarts," so-called (in England they are called "Jacks"), struck the hour upon three bells under their feet; and they are doing it still. The great clock of Dijon has a man and a woman sitting upon an iron framework which supports the bell upon which they strike the hours. In 1714 the figure of a child was added, to strike the quarters. The most popular of the mechanical figures was the cock, flapping his wings and crowing.

The clock on the Aschersleben Rathaus shows, besides the phases of the moon, two pugnacious goats, which butt each other at each stroke of the hour; also the wretched Tantalus, who at each stroke opens his mouth and tries to seize a golden apple which floats down; but in the same moment it is carried away again. On the Rathaus clock in Jena is also a representation of Tantalus, opening his mouth as in Aschersleben; but here the apple is not present, and the convulsive efforts of the figure to open the jaws wide become ludicrous.

One of the first clocks with which important astronomical works were connected is that of

the Marienkirche in Lübeck, now restored. Below, at the height of a man's head, is the plate which shows the day of the week, month, etc.; these calculations are so reliable that the extra day of leap-year is pushed in automatically every four years. The plate is more than three meters in diameter. Above it is the dial, almost as large. The numbers from 1 to 12 are repeated, so that the hour-hand goes around the dial only once in twenty-four hours. In the wide space between

clock was repaired, some years ago, a very complicated system of wheels had to be devised to reproduce accurately the great difference in the movement of the planets. The work consumed two years. There are a great number of moving figures on the Lübeck clock, but they are not of the most conspicuous interest. In spite of this, however, they excite more wonder among the crowds of tourists who are always present when the clock strikes twelve than the really remarka-



THE CLOCK IN THE ST. MARK'S SQUARE, VENICE.

the axis which carries the hand and the band where the hours are marked, the fixed stars and the course of the planets are represented. The heavens are here shown as they appear to an observer in Lübeck. In the old works the movement of the planets was given incorrectly, for they all were shown as completing a revolution around the sun in 360 days. Of course this is absurd. Mercury, for example, revolves once around the sun in eighty-eight days, while Saturn requires twenty-nine years and 166 days for one revolution. When this astronomical

ble and admirable astronomical and calendar works.

The Strassburg clock has, more than all others, an actually world-wide fame; and no traveler who visits the beautiful old city fails to see the curious and interesting spectacle which it offers daily at noontime. To quote from one such visitor: "Long before the clock strikes twelve, a crowd has assembled in the high-arched portico of the stately cathedral, to be sure of not missing the right moment. Men and women of both high and low degree, strangers and townspeople alike,



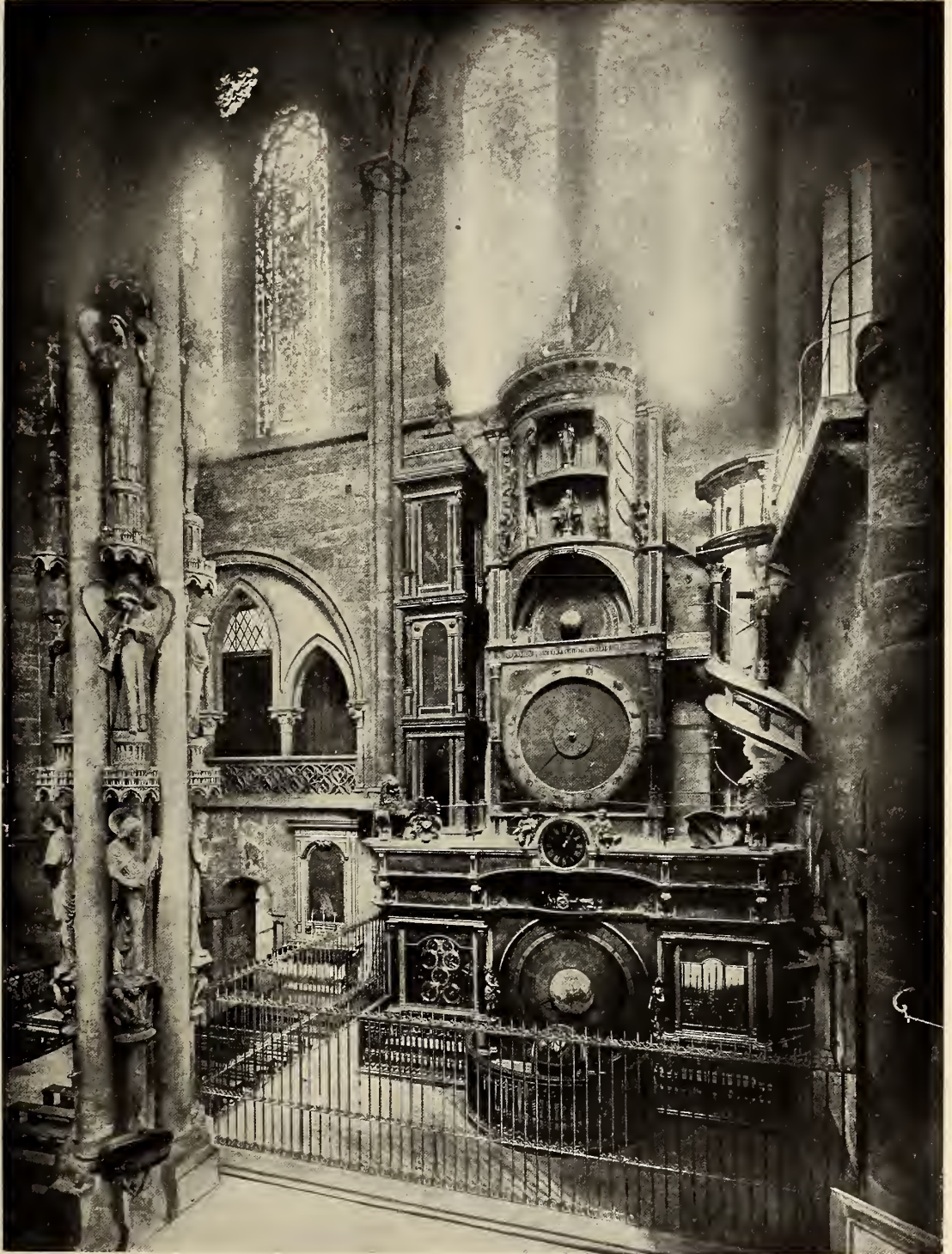
A CLOCK WITH AN OVAL DIAL, IN THE CATHEDRAL AT LYONS.

await in suspense the arrival of the twelfth hour. The moment approaches, and there is breathless silence. An angel lifts a scepter and strikes four times upon a bell; another turns over an hour-glass which he holds in the hand. A story higher, an old man is seen to issue from a space decorated in Gothic style; he strikes four times with his crutch upon a bell, and disappears at the other side, while the figure of Death lets the bone

in its hand fall slowly and solemnly, twelve times, upon the hour-bell. In still another story of the clock, the Saviour sits enthroned, bearing in the left hand a banner of victory, the right hand raised in benediction. As soon as the last stroke of the hour has died away, the apostles appear from an opening at the right hand of the Master. One by one they turn and bow before Him, departing at the other side. Christ lifts His hand in blessing to each apostle in turn, and when the last has disappeared, He blesses the assembled multitude. A cock on a side tower flaps his wings and crows three times. A murmur passes through the crowd, and it disperses, filled with



THE CLOCK IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH, LÜBECK.



THE GREAT CLOCK IN THE CATHEDRAL OF STRASSBURG.

wonder and admiration at the spectacle it has witnessed."

In 1574, the Strassburg astronomical clock replaced the older one. It was mainly the work of Dasypodius, a famous mathematician, and it ran until 1789. Later, the celebrated clock-maker,

In very recent days, the clock of the City Hall in Olmütz, also renovated, has become a rival to that of the Strassburg Cathedral. In the year 1560, it was described by a traveler as a true marvel, together with the Strassburg clock and that of the Marienkirche in Dantzic. But as the years passed, it was most inconceivably neglected, and everything movable and portable about it was carried off. Now, after repairs which have been almost the same as constructing it anew, it works almost faultlessly. In the lower part of the clock is the calendar, with the day of the year, month, and week, and the phases of the moon, together with the astronomical plate; a story higher, a large number of figures move around a group of angels, and here is also a good portrait of the Empress Maria Theresa. Still higher is an arrangement of symbolical figures and decorations, which worthily crowns the whole. A youth and a man, above at the left, announce the hours and quarters by blows of a hammer. The other figures go through their motions at noonday. Scarcely have the blows of the man's hammer ceased to sound, when a shepherd boy, in another wing of the clock, begins to play a tune; he has six different pieces, which can be alternated. As soon as he has finished, the chimes, sixteen bells, begin, and the figures of St. George, of Rudolph of Hapsburg, with a priest, and of Adam and Eve, appear in the left center. When they have disappeared, the chimes ring their second melody, and the figures of the right center appear,—the three Kings of the East, before the enthroned Virgin, and the Holy Family on the Flight into Egypt. When the bells ring for the third time, all the figures show themselves once more.

Clocks operated by electricity are, of course, the product of recent times.

England's largest electric clock was, as our illustration shows, recently christened in a novel manner. The makers, Messrs. Gent & Co., of Leicester, entertained about seventy persons at luncheon on this occasion, using one of the four mammoth dials as a dining-table, a "time table," as the guests facetiously styled it.

The clock was installed, 220 feet above the ground, in the tower of the Royal Liverpool Society's new building, in Liverpool. Each of the four dials, which weigh fifteen tons together, measure twenty-five feet in diameter, with a minute-hand fourteen feet long. The hands are actuated electrically by a master clock connected with the Greenwich Observatory. After dark, they are illuminated by electricity, and are visible at a great distance.

Still larger are the dials of the great electric



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NIGHT VIEW OF THE METROPOLITAN TOWER,
MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY,
SHOWING THE CLOCK-DIAL ILLUMINATED.

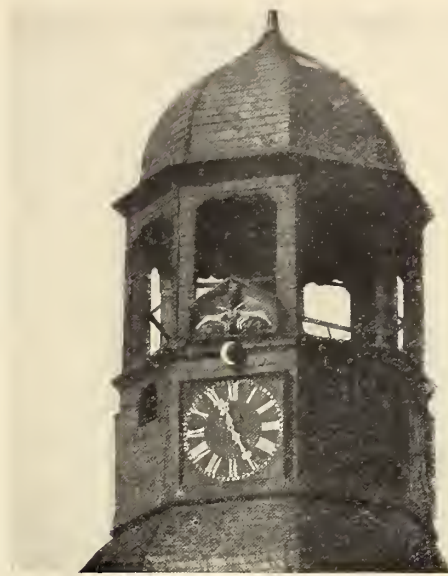
Johann Baptist Schwilgué (born December 18, 1772), determined to repair it. After endless negotiations with the church authorities, he obtained the contract, and on October 2, 1842, the clock, as made over, was solemnly reconsecrated.

clock, situated 346 feet high, in the tower of the Metropolitan Life Building, on Madison Square, New York City. They measure twenty-six and one half feet in diameter. The minute-hand is seventeen feet from end to end, and twelve feet from center to point, while the hour-hand measures thirteen feet four inches in all, and eight feet four inches from the center of the dial outward. These immense hands are of iron framework, sheathed in copper, and weigh 1000 and 700 pounds respectively.

The big clock and the ninety-nine other clocks in the building are regulated from a master clock in the Director's Room, on the second floor, which sends out minute impulses, and is adjusted to run within five seconds per month.

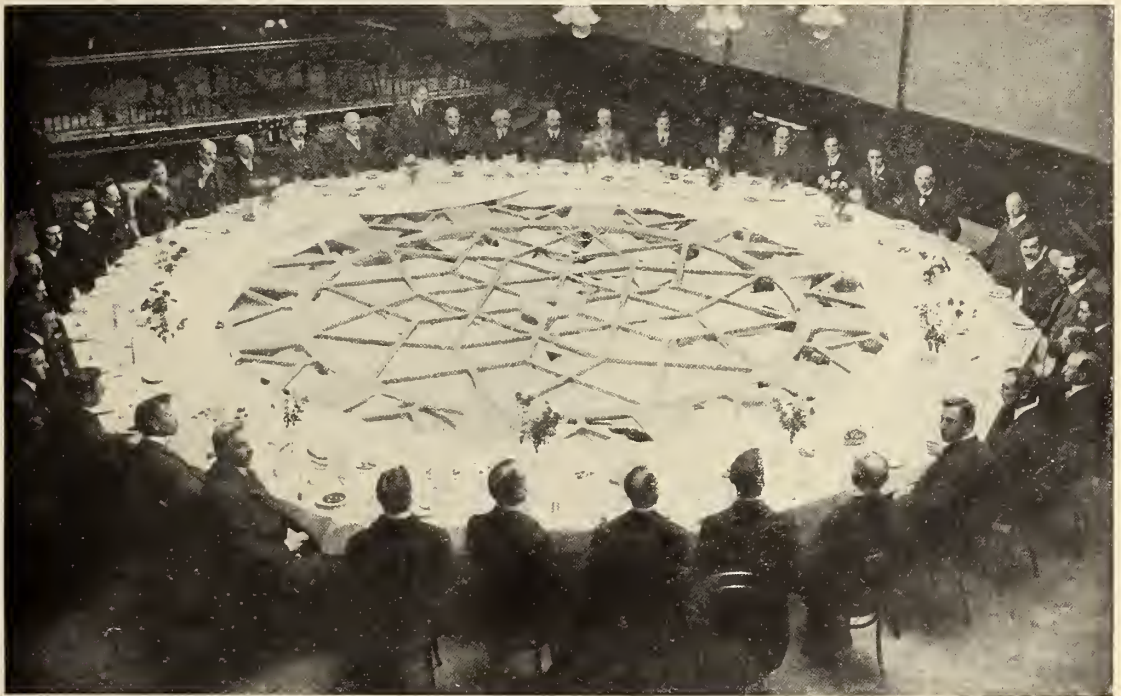
At night, the dial, hands, and numerals are beautifully illuminated, of which we present a picture, the enlarged minute-hand showing the length of exposure. The time is also flashed all night in a novel manner from the great gilded "lantern" at the apex of the tower, 696 feet above the pavement. The quarter-hours are announced from each of the four faces of the lantern by a single red light, the halves by two red flashes, the three quarters by three flashes. On the hour, the white arc-lights are extinguished temporarily, and white flashes show the number of the hour.

This takes the place of the bells operated in the daytime. They are in four tones, G (1500



THE TOWN CLOCK AT ASCHERSLEBEN. (SEE PAGE 258.)

pounds), F (2000 pounds), E flat (3000 pounds), and B flat (7000 pounds), and each quarter-hour ring out the "Westminster Chimes," in successive bars. These are the highest chimes in the world, being situated on the forty-second floor, 615 feet above the street level; and they attract much attention from visitors.



A HUGE CLOCK-DIAL USED AS A LUNCHEON-TABLE IN LEICESTER, ENGLAND. (SEE PAGE 262.)



"PARD GLANCED UP INTELLIGENTLY INTO THE FACE OF HIS COMPANION."

KANE AND PARD

(A tale of Christmas eve)

BY ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON

"HERE we are, Pard," observed Kane Osborne, looking regretfully after the receding train that had just left him at the isolated mountain station.

Pard, a bright-eyed, alert Scotch collie, glanced up intelligently into the troubled face of his companion, a slender lad of fifteen.

Kane shivered in the chill December air which swept down from the snow-clad peaks, and his somewhat pale face expressed disappointment as he looked up and down the seemingly deserted station-platform.

"No one to meet us, Pard," he said to the tail-wagging collie. "Maybe he don't want us—he did n't write that he did, but Uncle Hi was sure he 'd take us in. It 's Christmas eve, and we 're all alone, Pard"; and Kane swallowed hard as his hand stroked the dog's head. A sympathetic whine was Pard's response.

"Looking for some one, son?" asked the station-agent, coming forward.

"Yes," answered Kane, rather bashfully; "we 're looking for Mr. Jim Moreley."

"Relation of his going up to the ranch to spend Christmas?"

"No-o-o. Is his ranch near here?"

"About ten miles up Rainbow Cañon," informed the agent, eying the boy. "Moreley has n't been down to-day. Going up for a vacation?"

"To live there, if he 'll keep us," replied Kane.

"Have n't you any other place to go but to Moreley's ranch?" inquired the agent.

"No place. My folks are all dead, and Uncle Hi died, too, about five days ago," explained Kane, trying bravely to keep the tears back. "There 's just Pard and me left. A lady offered me a home, but she would n't let Pard stay. Uncle Hi used to know Mr. Moreley over at Green Buttes, before he came here, so he got the doctor to write that he was sending Pard and me up to the ranch."

"If you go to live with old Moreley, he 'll work you to death," declared the man. "He 's changed since he lived at Green Buttes. He 's drinking, these days, and he 's hard on his help. He has n't any use for any one who 's not strong," scanning Kane's thin arms and legs in his worn suit.

"Oh, I 'll be all right when I get to knocking about the mountains," Kane hastened to assure the agent, resenting the suggestion of physical

weakness. "Uncle Hi," he continued, "was sick nearly four months, and I was shut up taking care of him, and missed my exercise. Before he died, he told me to come up to Rainbow Cañon. He was sure Mr. Moreley 'd be glad to have a boy and a good dog to help with the sheep. I 've worked on a sheep ranch before, and Pard knows a lot about the business."

"Well, I 'm sorry for you, kid, if you 're going up to old Moreley's. Wait a minute." And the agent stepped to the other end of the platform and called to an old man who was unhitching his team from a post in front of a little store near by. "Hello, Thompson! Here 's a boy who wants to go up to Moreley's ranch. Can't you give him a lift as far as your place?"

"Guess so, if he 's spry," the rancher called back in a crisp tone. "I 'm in a hurry!" he explained, climbing into his wagon and gathering up the lines. "There 's a storm brewin' in the mountains, and my sheep are scattered in the cañon."

"All right! Here 's the boy," said the agent. "Good-by, kid, and a Merry Christmas to you!"

"Here, kid!" called the agent, running after Kane with an old overcoat. "Put this on. You 'll need it riding up Rainbow. You need n't mind returning it—it 's too small for me now."

This unexpected kindness brought a lump in Kane's throat, but he murmured his thanks as he slipped into the overcoat. Then he climbed into the wagon. Somewhat impatiently Thompson moved over in his seat to make room for the unwelcome passenger. He puckered his brows into a frown as his sharp gray eyes ran the boy over critically.

"I 'm in a rush," he asserted, starting his ponies off briskly up the mountain road.

"Got a dog, I see," he remarked presently, with something like a sniff, as Pard trotted along by the wagon. "That feller 's attached himself to this outfit with a mighty important air. I ain't no use for dogs ever since Bill Stevens's killed some o' my lambs. They 're a right smart of a nuisance—same as boys. Boys ask too many questions, and stand around and watch the old man do the work. I had one from Denver, but he was no good, and I shipped him back. Gid ap,



"SLIDING BACK THE BIG DOOR, KANE REVEALED A WARM, COMFORTABLE SHED." (SEE PAGE 267.)

"Thank you—the same to you!" returned Kane, hurrying toward Thompson's wagon, Pard following closely at his heels.

Pop-corn!" to one of the ponies. "I had a boy o' my own once," his tone softening as he became reminiscent. "But pneumony took him off—

pneumony goes hard up here in the Colorado Rockies. Sairy, my wife, is always at me to get a boy to live with us, but after my experience with 'Denver,' no boys for me. No, sir, never ag'in!"

Kane felt very uncomfortable as Thompson delivered himself of this speech. At first he stole only a timid, sidelong glance at the man who had no use for boys and dogs. But presently, gathering courage, he surveyed his companion's care-lined face. He decided that Thompson was not as unkindly as his words might imply.

"Moreley some connection of yours?" he asked Kane, after driving for some time in silence.

"No," answered Kane, snuggling his chin down inside the turned-up collar of his newly acquired overcoat; "Uncle Hi thought Pard and I might find a job there."

"Who 's Uncle Hi?"

"A kind old man I lived with after my father and mother died."

"Why did n't you stay with him?" Thompson asked, darting a suspicious glance at Kane from under a ledge of bushy brows.

"He died, too, and it took everything to pay the funeral expenses. Dr. Bently paid my way up to Rainbow. When I earn money enough, I 'll pay him back and buy a tombstone for Uncle Hi."

"Well, lad, it 's a world o' trouble!" and the old man sighed deeply. "I was gittin' along tiptop till our boy died. After that I seemed to run downhill, and had to mortgage my ranch to Jim Moreley to keep goin'. But," pridefully, "I got some fine sheep, and if I 've good luck winterin' 'em, I 'll pay out next fall, and be independent ag'in."

As they steadily ascended, the wind grew more chilly and moaned ominously among the pines that dotted the mountain slopes. The keen air made Kane's nose and ears tingle, and he drew closer to his companion.

"Goin' to storm," observed Thompson, squinting toward the sky. "It 's a sure sign when the pines screech that way. Here we are," he announced, turning off on a side trail. "That 's my place," pointing to a homy-looking cottage that stood in a sheltered arm of the wide cañon.

"It 's about three miles up the trail yonder to Moreley's," he explained. "You can eat a bite with Sairy and me before goin' on."

As Kane helped unhitch the ponies, a motherly looking woman called from the house that dinner was ready. She made friends with Pard at once, and brought him a plate of scraps from the kitchen.

"Some Christmas fixin's for you, Sairy," said

Thompson, as he and Kane deposited on the table several packages brought from Rainbow.

In the neat, warm kitchen, Kane, seated between the old couple, ate his share of the good "boiled dinner" with a gusto caused by a keen appetite. More than once he caught Mrs. Thompson's kindly eyes fixed on his face with an almost yearning eagerness.

The meal over, Pard had another feast in the shed behind the kitchen. Then, thanking the couple for their kindness, Kane slipped into the overcoat and prepared for his climb up to Moreley's ranch.

"He reminds me so much of Harry," Kane overheard Mrs. Thompson say in an undertone to her husband. "Why can't we keep him? Moreley's will be such a rough place for him."

Thompson muttered something about boys and dogs being a great deal of bother.

"It seems as if Providence sent him to us," she persisted, "your bringing him here, and on Christmas eve, too! He 's like a Christmas present," with a smile directed at Kane. Then, with a pleading quiver of the pleasant voice, "Do let 's keep him—and that fine collie!"

But Thompson shook his head decisively.

"Well, we can at least keep him overnight—Christmas eve," she pleaded. "It 's three o'clock now, and these short days it gets dark so early in the mountains. It 's going to storm soon," looking out of the window, "and the trail being strange to him, he might miss his way."

"The trail 's all right if he follows it," declared the old rancher, impatiently. "He 'd best to go on, for Moreley 's a crank, and might think we 're tryin' to coax the boy from goin' to him."

From the foot of the steep trail Kane waved his hand to her, as she stood in the doorway watching him start.

"So much like Harry," she murmured tremulously. "God guard him!"

"Just stick to that trail, and it 'll lead you straight to Moreley's," directed Thompson, calling after Kane. "Don't waste any time though. See that cloud rolling over Old Grayback?" indicating a peak, "that means a snow-storm, and my sheep are scattered somewhere in the cañon. I 've got to hustle."

Kane turned to offer the services of Pard and himself to help round up the sheep, but Thompson had hurried away and disappeared down the cañon. So he went on up the trail. To reinforce his courage he began to whistle, but something in his throat choked him, and he became thoughtful.

"Pard," gently squeezing the collie's ear, "if Mr. Moreley don't want us, we 'll be in a fix."

A rapid movement of the tail and a low whine attested Pard's loyal sympathy.

The cloud over Old Grayback soon obscured the entire sky. Presently Kane felt fine particles of snow strike his face, and the path soon became slippery and difficult to keep.

"This is going back two steps to one forward, Pard!" he laughed, recovering from measuring his full length on an icy rock.

The wind, accompanied by a steadily falling

into an unseen gorge. Then there might be a terrible snow-slide from the overladen heights above. He could see scarcely ten yards in any direction, and in spite of the overcoat, he began to feel chilled. He was presently so leg-weary that he felt inclined to crawl under the shelving rocks and lie down.

Realizing how fatal such a step might prove, Kane fought his way across the snow-clad cañon, followed by Pard.



"'I 'VE HAD A FALL AND HURT MY ANKLE,' SAID THE MAN."

temperature, increased in power every minute, driving the now rapidly descending snow before it. Kane pulled his cap down to protect his eyes and struggled on.

The snow soon came down in blinding sheets, entirely blotting out the trail. Pard kept close to his master, frequently whining his disapproval of the storm.

Suddenly Kane realized that he had strayed from the trail and was stumbling along half-blindly down a cañon over rocks and tangled bushes. Here the trees broke the fierce, biting force of the wind. But he had no idea which way to turn to find the path that he had lost. All around and enwrapping him was a mass of roaring, smothering whiteness.

Kane had lived most of his years among the Rockies, but he had never before been lost in one of their wild winter storms. He knew, however, that his situation was one of great danger. Unless he could find shelter, he might become buried under the snow, or stumble over a ledge

All at once the collie gave a sharp bark and darted away through the trees, reappearing almost immediately and barking up at Kane as if insisting on his following.

"All right, Pard. Lead on!" directed Kane.

Only a short distance farther, a long shed loomed vague and specter-like in the wild whiteness of the evening. Pushing forward, Kane discovered that it was a rude but comfortable building for stock. It stood in an arm of the cañon with no house in sight.

Thankful for anything that promised refuge from the storm, he advanced hurriedly. At the corner of the building, he halted quickly: a herd of sheep huddled against the closed door.

Kane's appearance was greeted by a plaintive chorus of bleats. In their dumb, beseeching way they accepted him as their belated shepherd.

"All right, sheepsie-baas," he said soothingly as they crowded about him. "Wait and I'll see how things are."

Sliding back the big door, Kane revealed a

warm, comfortable shed for sheep and cattle. In one of the stalls a cow stood munching hay.

"Some one does n't look after his sheep very well, Pard," said Kane. "Bring 'em in."

The well-trained collie needed no second bidding. With an assenting bark, he ran around the shivering flock, which quickly scattered among the bushes. It proved no easy task to house these sheep, for, being unused to a dog, the younger ones were frightened, and at first fled in every direction. But Kane hurried out to direct matters, and Pard, wise and careful in his part of the business, after considerable effort brought them, an obedient bunch, into their fold. Then their self-appointed shepherd filled the low racks with hay, which they began to eat gratefully.

"Well, Bossy," addressing the cow, "we 've invited ourselves to spend Christmas eve with you and the sheepsie-baas. Here, Pard! Where are you?" he called, noticing that the collie had not entered the shed. Off somewhere in the bushes Pard began a spirited barking.

"Some stubborn runaways," thought Kane. "Bring 'em in, Pard," he commanded over the din of the storm.

Pard sent back a quick, answering bark. Kane repeated his order, and again the collie responded with a sharp, imperative bark. Sure that something was wrong, the boy left the shelter of the shed, and again faced the fury of the elements.

"Where are you, Pard?"

Kane bent his head to listen for the dog's bark to guide him. It came, and was instantly followed by the sound of a groan—a human groan!

Quickly Kane groped his way through the underbrush of the cañon. Guided by Pard's persistent barking, he at last reached an object lying among the rocks almost buried in snow. A nearer survey revealed to the lad a man lying prostrate and helpless in a little clump of bushes.

"I 've had a fall and hurt my ankle so I can't walk in the snow!" said the unfortunate man, groaning with pain, as Kane bent solicitously over him.

"Why, it 's Mr. Thompson!" cried Kane, in surprise. "How did it happen?"

"In trying to bunch my sheep, I slipped on a rock and took a bad tumble," explained Mr. Thompson. "I dragged myself through the snow as far as these bushes, then my strength give out. The pain and cold together made me kind of lose my senses, I guess, till the dog roused me."

Half-leading, half-dragging the rancher, Kane managed to get him to the shed. Here, on an improvised couch of hay and empty sacks, the disabled man watched his safely sheltered flock taking their supper in calm content.

"Well, Providence works funny sometimes!" he ejaculated. "There I was, flounderin' in the snow, disablin' myself, and worryin' for fear my sheep 'd all perish; and at last I thought I was a goner myself. And there you was, losin' the trail all for a purpose, to do my work, and save my life."

"It was mostly Pard," asserted Kane, stroking the collie's head. "He drove the sheep in and found you."

"It was the two of you," corrected Thompson, looking gratefully at the boy and his dog. "I 'm not harborin' any more prejudices ag'in' boys and dogs—you two in particular. The storm 's knocked them prejudices all out o' me. The house is jest round the bend of the cañon. The wind 's fallin' now, and purty soon you can go and tell Sairy what 's happened. I ain't goin' to let Jim Moreley have you! You and Pard are Christmas presents for Sairy and me!"

In silent thankfulness, Kane, too happy for words, pressed the rancher's hand. Pard only wagged his tail.



NATURE and SCIENCE *for Young Folks*

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.



PUEBLO COOKING PITS.

Two of these have been sealed up to cook the food in them, and the woman is heating the third by stirring up the fire in it through the poke-hole. Her husband has just returned from the field with some corn, and has stopped to see how the fire is progressing.

COOKING CUSTOMS PAST AND PRESENT

THE earliest methods of cooking about which we know anything definite, as far as this country is

concerned, were carried on by the ancient Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona.

Most of their cooking was done out-of-doors in pits dug in the ground, from eighteen to twenty-four inches deep. These were made in rows, or singly, with rims raised about eight inches above the ground. They were covered with stone slabs and sealed with mud during the cooking operation. A hot fire was first made in them, and, when the desired temperature was attained, all the fire and ashes were taken out, a large pot of corn-meal mush was put in, and the pit sealed for several hours, or until the mush was thoroughly cooked.

Later, when they built masonry houses, they had well-made chimneys and fireplaces. One of the illustrations shows a fireplace with a "hood" to carry away the smoke and the fumes from the cooking—a contrivance that few modern houses possess.

Corn was cultivated and acorns were gathered, this latter usually being done by the women, who also did the cooking. Meal was made from the corn or the acorns, and a batter prepared from this meal was baked in thin cakes on a stone slab directly under the fire hood. The temperature of this stone was kept right for cooking by adding



A FIREPLACE IN A PUEBLO HOUSE OF A LATER PERIOD.

The hood is held in place by ropes about a pole. In the foreground is shown a slab for baking cakes, with place for a fire under it. At the back a stone supports a pot holding it above the fire.

brush to the fire beneath it, and as both ends were open, the draft was all that could be desired.

These ancient Indians were expert potters, and made vessels in which mush and meats were boiled. The pots were often supported by large stones which held the pot against the wall and above the fire.

Other and later Indian tribes of the far West cooked quite differently, or even, before kettles were to be had, ate some of their food raw. The Hupa Indians of northern California wove watertight baskets in which they cooked acorn-meal mush by dropping several hot stones into the mixture of water and meal. They also baked on soapstone dishes over glowing wood fires. The Indians who could get fish used to cook them on a "spit" over a fire, or boil them with other food in baskets, as already described.

While many Indians were cooking their food out-of-doors, the Eskimos, who had little or no

A drawing of General Washington's camp gridiron is here shown. It was made from the original in the National Museum, at Washington,



AN EARLY INDIAN METHOD OF COOKING FISH.

where many of the objects described in this article may be seen.

In those old days in the colonies, many methods were used for cooking, over and before the fire. There were horizontal, and vertically reversing gridirons. The latter would bring both



A HUPA INDIAN OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

He is lifting the last of five very hot stones, which he will put into the basket where the others have made the mush boil. The stone is so hot it makes the sticks by which he is lifting it smoke and burn.

wood, were cooking theirs over soapstone lamps in their huts of ice, by boiling it in soapstone dishes hung from a grating at the top of the room, though much of their meat and fish was eaten raw. All of these people ate practically one daily meal—at evening—so very little cooking was required. Later, when driftwood could be had, large fires were made outside.

With the early settlers, and their comfortable ceiled log-cabins, came the large stone fireplaces with their great copper pots and iron kettles, swinging upon iron cranes in the chimney-place. The little "Dutch oven" was also used, and was convenient, as it stood on legs and could be covered with hot coals as well as have them under it.

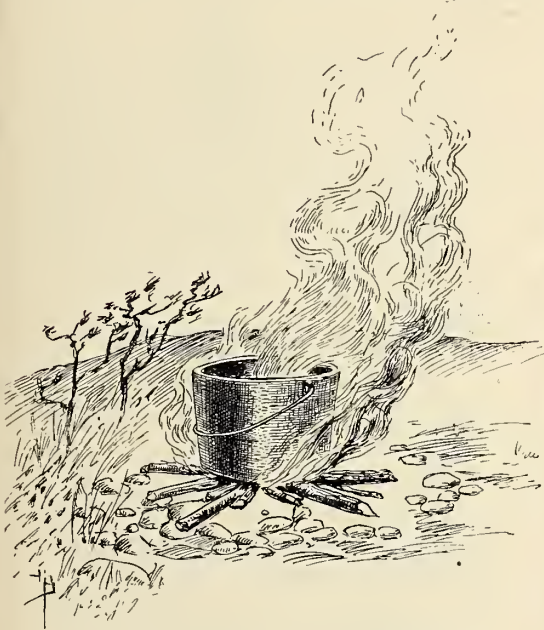


AN ESKIMO REINDEER STEW.

This is cooked indoors in a large, rectangular, soapstone vessel over a soapstone oil-lamp.

sides to the fire. Fowls were hung on iron rods suspended before the fire with dripping-pans be-

neath them. Muffin-tins were propped up before the great fires so that their contents might get well browned, and, in the south, the old planta-



AN INDIAN'S IRON POT FOR BOILING MEAT.

tion negroes cooked their "hoe-cake" on the blades of their field hoes.

The great fireplaces, with their hanging pots

the iron cook-stove had been perfected, came the steel range, and, later, the gas-range, and the oil or gasolene stoves. One little novelty in gas-stoves is worthy of mention. It is the camping- or cooking-stove which pleased Dr. Nansen so well that he took it with him on his polar expedition. It makes its own gas by vaporizing kerosene. A small pump forces the oil by air pressure into the tubes of the stove, where it is vaporized and burned.

Cooking by steam was used on steamships and in large establishments for many years before a practical steam cooker was made for the home.



A PLANTATION NEGRO COOKING HOE-CAKE IN HER CABIN.

The great advantage of these cookers is that nothing can burn in them. Food so cooked retains all its juices, and is made tender and appetizing. The cooking is done under steam pressure, as the doors are tightly closed. The one here illustrated is placed over a fire; water in the copper tank below is turned to steam, which circulates about the food and condenses on the conical top, from which it runs toward the sides of the cooker, instead of dripping into the food, and returns to the tank. When the water falls below a certain level, a whistle blows vigorously to call for "more water."

About six years ago, the "fireless" cooker made



ANOTHER METHOD OF USING A POT OR KETTLE.

and kettles, were used even after the first crude cook-stoves appeared, about the year 1850. After

forms. The cast-iron (black) plates seen, one above and another below the cooking vessels, are first heated. When very hot, one or both may be



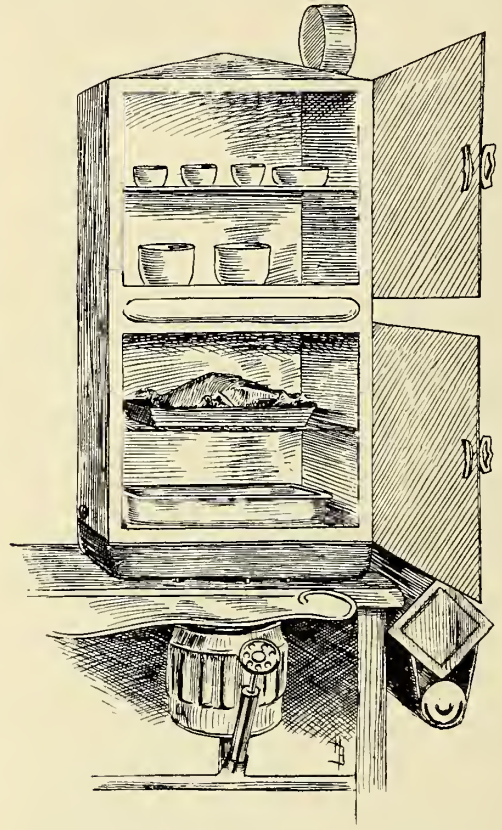
A SETTLER'S STONE FIREPLACE.

This shows the crane and, at the right, a "johnny-cake" being cooked by the hot fire as it is spread in a thick dough on a rough board.

its appearance. It does not cook without fire, but it does retain the cooking heat. Many models are now obtainable, some in box form with

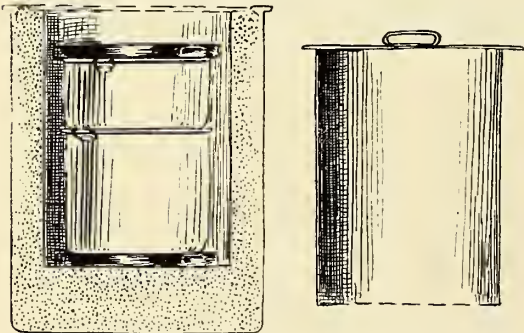


A. THE EARLY DUTCH OVEN. B. GENERAL WASHINGTON'S CAMP GRIDIRON, WITH SLIDING HANDLE FOR CONVENIENT PACKING.



A MODERN STEAM COOKER ON AN OIL-STOVE. Note the circular condenser on the top at right.

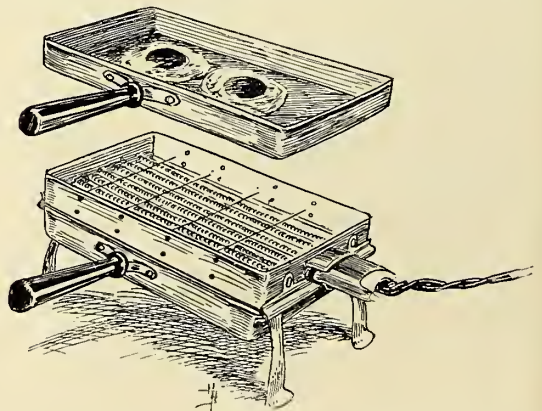
used and radiate their heat in the apparatus. In this cooker, instead of several pads and a tight-



A SECTIONAL VIEW OF A FIRELESS COOKER AND ITS CYLINDRICAL COVER.

Between the heated cast-iron plates, which show black in the drawing, are two cooking pans.

several deep cooking compartments. The accompanying illustration shows one of the round



THE LATEST ELECTRIC COOKER.

Upon this two eggs have just been poached and the pan lifted to show the heating wires. Another cooking pan is underneath.

fitting lid, a large cylinder, closed at the top, is pushed over the iron plates and the cooking dishes, until its top forms the top of the cooker. The heat finds it difficult to get out of this closely fitting cylinder, so it remains to cook the food, which it does to perfection, from meats and cereals to corn-bread!

The inner sides of these cookers are packed with mineral wool—asbestos. In some of them, no heating-plates are used, but the food to be cooked is allowed to boil for a few minutes, and then, set into the cooker and tightly covered, the cooking process continues, until the food is ready for the table. A “home-made” fireless cooker was exhibited recently at the International Hygienic Congress at Washington. It was made by placing a large pail in a box of tightly packed hay, and is said to have cost only one dollar.

Our street-cars have for some time been heated by electricity. Electric cookers are still more modern, but we have electric toasters, griddles, ovens and ranges of various shapes and sizes, up to large cabinet affairs with heat indicators and clocks by which the cooking may be regulated. The principle used in the cooking apparatus is the same as that used in the car. The current from large wires is fed to smaller wires which offer a sudden resistance, and the heat thus produced soon becomes intense.

HARRY B. BRADFORD.

BLOOMS IN DECEMBER

THE so-called Christmas rose (*Helleborus niger*) is not a rose, though somewhat rose-like in appearance. It is a little plant belonging to the

buttercup family, with five-petaled, waxy, white flowers two or three inches across. It is not yet known just how far north this plant is hardy, but it has been grown successfully in Rochester, New York. The accompanying illustrations were taken

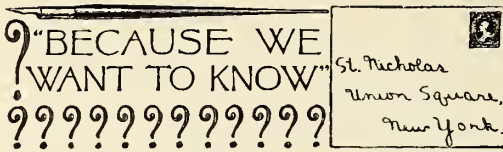


SOMETIMES THE “ROSE” BLOOMS AMID THE SNOW.



THE CHRISTMAS “ROSE.”

by Mr. Nathan R. Graves of that city. We shall be glad to receive reports from our readers as to other northern latitudes in which it thrives and blooms. We hope that our young people will send photographs of the plants when in bloom.



WHY WE CAN SEE SMOKE

ITHACA, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me in "Nature and Science" what smoke is? If it is a gas, how can we see it?

Your devoted reader, A. B.

Smoke is not composed of gases only, but of solid, or perhaps partly liquid, particles, which are mixed with the gases and carried along by them. It is these particles of matter that are visible to the eye, and not the gases themselves.

REMARKABLE TWINING OF HONEYSUCKLE VINE

SANTA ROSA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The accompanying photograph is of a section of an oak-tree about which a wild honeysuckle has



CLOSE TWINING OF HONEYSUCKLE ABOUT
A TWISTED OAK BRANCH.

twined. The vine is about an inch in diameter. It somewhat resembles a mammoth corkscrew.

PETER KIRCH.

DISCOVERED FLOWERS ON ONE-YEAR RASPBERRY "CANES"

CANTON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a black raspberry, or "blackcap," bush near our front porch. The other day I was surprised to see flower buds on one of the canes that had grown up this year. As the berries are usually borne on the two-year-old canes, it seemed that there must have been unusual vigor in the plant or some other reason for this thing. Can you give me any light? I am much interested in berries and berry-growing.

Your reader and friend,
S. MERRILL FOSTER (age 16).

Most of the varieties of black raspberries—in commerce known as "blackcaps"—produce strong canes one season, on which, the following year,

are borne the fruiting branches, after which this cane dies. Unusual conditions, however, often result in unusual developments, so that this rule is not always strictly adhered to in nature, though the normal blackcap raspberry is more regular in this respect than most of its near relatives.

There are a number of red raspberries, for instance, which make a regular practice of fruiting freely in the fall on the terminals of that year's growth. It may be, in the instance you cite, that the stems producing these late flower buds were in reality extra strong shoots borne from near the base of the terminal stems of last year. After all, if this blackcap is a seedling, and shows a tendency to produce flower buds on new canes, it might be worth your while to give it ample opportunity to develop, as it may prove to be a new variety which would have value for garden purposes.

ERNEST F. COE.

HUMMING-BIRDS

CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Outside the windows of my room is a window-box. I often sit and watch the humming-birds which visit the box. One day, I saw as many as six in half an hour. I have noticed that a humming-bird will hover before a flower, and after sipping the honey from it, will fly on to another, and a second bird will come and pause in the air before the flower, about a foot away, and, apparently finding nothing in it, go on to another. Can they see into the flower at that distance, or is it true that they do not get honey but tiny insects from it? If that is so, can they hear the insects so far away?

Your devoted and interested reader,
KATHARINE B. SCOTT.

Humming-birds are known to feed very largely on insects which they gather from the flowers, but whether they can hear insects from a distance, I am sure I do not know.—FRANK M. CHAPMAN, Curator of Birds, American Museum of Natural History, New York City.

CRACKS IN HANDS AND FINGERS

TOPEKA, KANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why cracks get in your hands and fingers when you get them very wet? I would like to know very much.

Your loving reader,
THEODORE MCCLINTOCK.

The tissues of the body have more salts than are usually found in fresh water. When you have more salt on one side of an animal membrane than on the other, nature tries to equalize the amount on both sides. Salts, leaving the tissues of the hands to go into the water, leave the cells partly emptied of their contents. They do not hold together well, and "cracks" result.—ROBERT T. MORRIS.

A HORNET'S NEST IN THE PEAK OF A HOUSE

MONTEAGLE, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending a picture of a large insect nest. The nest was in the gable of a roof of a house,



A HORNET'S NEST IN THE PEAK OF A ROOF.

so I could not see whether there were hornets or wild bees in it, so I drew the picture. It seemed to be covered with gray folds. Will you please tell me what it is?

Respectfully,

FRANK M. HULL.

Hornets are fond of building their nests in the peaks of houses. There is one in the peak of my

office, so, as soon as I received your letter, I went out and took a photograph of it. The nests of hornets are built of the weather-beaten fibers from old fences, boards, or other wood.

A SNAKE HAS POOR SIGHT WHEN SHEDDING ITS SKIN

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Is it true that rattlesnakes are partly blind at this time of the year (August)? If so, will you kindly explain why it is? Are other snakes that way too?

Sincerely yours,

M. COSTER.

Rattlesnakes are at *no time* blind or unable to see well enough to strike with accuracy. The only time when a snake's vision is affected, occurs shortly prior to the shedding of the skin, at which time the eyes are covered with a thin, bluish covering. Even in this condition the snake sees fairly well, although its vision is not so clear as at other times. Snakes usually shed in the early spring, early in July, then late in August.—RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

ELEVEN THOUSAND SEA-URCHINS IN ONE PILE

MONTEREY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The accompanying photograph shows eleven thousand sea-urchins. They were gathered along the shores of Monterey Bay by Japanese fishermen, who sold them to a local curio dealer to be made into jewel-boxes, pincushions, and shell jewelry.

The California sea-urchin (*Toxoneustes franciscorum*) is purplish in color instead of green, like some of the eastern forms. They are found in greater quantities here than in any other place along the coast.

Yours very truly,

HARRY ASHLAND GREENE, JR.



From a photograph by Arthur Inkersley.

ELEVEN THOUSAND SEA-URCHINS DRYING.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

LAST month, as you will remember, our young writers and artists rounded out "a year of glorious life" with an exhibit of contributions that for general excellence has perhaps never been surpassed in all the history of the League. And now this January number fittingly opens another twelvemonth with a list every whit equal to that of December in merit and promise.

It is a pleasure indeed to think of the thousands of homes throughout the land in which the arrival of ST. NICHOLAS means not merely the reading of stories and verses, but the writing of them, as well, by the eager-minded girls and boys of the household; not merely the enjoyment of the masterpieces of great artists or illustrators, but also the earnest effort by ambitious young folk to produce pictures for themselves—whether beautiful, or realistic, or "full of fun." For blessed be humor! and St. NICHOLAS readers have, happily, a plentiful supply of it.

It is indeed a rich argosy that comes back to the League harbor twelve times a year—this treasure-trove of youthful inspiration and endeavor.

And in simple justice to the young contestants, the story of their devotion and success ought to be more widely known and appreciated. Not only the parents, but the teachers and friends of these gifted and masterful young folk ought to have the pleasure of contemplating their work. Moreover, the workers themselves should be sure

of having special magazine copies of their own, for preservation, so that in after years they may turn back to these pages and behold again the verse or story, the drawing or photograph that gave a thrill of pleasure to their St. NICHOLAS days, and proved the starting-point of greater achievement, or—who knows?—even of their life-work.

All this, therefore, is merely the introduction to the following

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

BEGINNING with the present number, ST. NICHOLAS will hereafter send to every girl or boy whose contribution is printed in the League pages—whether verse, prose, drawing, photograph, or original puzzle—four copies of the number of the magazine in which it appears.

We hope that through these special copies, set apart for our young contributors, many of their friends and relatives, who might not otherwise see it, may be brought into touch with the admirable work of the League girls and boys, and thus insure to it the wider and fuller recognition that it deserves. But a still stronger reason is our wish to express in a more personal way than by general words of commendation, or even by the gold and silver badges, our appreciation of the zealous, persistent effort that the League members are so loyally giving, month by month, to the competitions.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 155

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Mary Kathryn Fagan** (age 14), Savannah, Ga.

Silver badges, **Lawrence Marcinkowski** (age 16), Chicago, Ill.; **James E. Macklin, 2d** (age 11), Kansas City, Mo.; **Archie Dawson** (age 13), New York City.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Elsa Anna Synnestvedt** (age 15), Pittsburgh, Pa.; **Lucile Benton Beauchamp** (age 17), Blossom, Tex.; **Lucile E. Fitch** (age 16), New Orleans, La.

Silver badges, **Grace Olcott Rathbone** (age 17), New York City; **Mary E. Wells** (age 13), Newbury, Vt.; **Helen Hunt Andrew** (age 14), Sodus, N. Y.

DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **E. L. Wathen** (age 17), Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; **Dorothy Hughes** (age 14), Rockville Center, L. I.

Silver badges, **Beatrice Bradshaw Brown** (age 13), Chicago, Ill.; **Frederick W. Agnew** (age 14), Pittsburgh, Pa.; **Frances W. Koewing** (age 17), West Orange, N. J.; **J. Harry McNeaney** (age 15), Hamilton, Ont.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, **Willard Vander Veer** (age 17), New York City; **Clyde N. Kemery** (age 15), Columbus, O.; **Elizabeth Ferguson** (age 16), Central Valley, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Leslie M. Burns** (age 15), Colorado Springs, Col.; **Junior Scruton** (age 15), Sedalia, Mo.; **Mary S. Esselstyn** (age 13), New York City; **Mildred Maurer** (age 13), Alameda, Cal.; **Mary Celeste McVoy** (age 11), St. Charles, Mo.; **Robert C. Harrington** (age 14), Orange, Mass.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Beatrice Wineland** (age 14), West Philadelphia, Pa.; **Anthony Fabbri** (age 15), New York City; **Whitney Hastings** (age 15), Mt. Hermon, Mass.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badge, **Howard Kirby, Jr.**, Saranac Lake, N. Y.



"AROUND THE CURVE." BY LESLIE M. BURNS, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"AROUND THE CURVE." BY PAULINE PIFFARD, AGE 13.

THE AWAKENING YEAR

BY ELSA ANNA SYNNESTVEDT (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

THE bells in yonder steeple chime
 A welcome music, sweet and clear,
 To usher in the new-born year,
 Which, like a book unopened lies,
 Bound with the iron clasps of Time,
 And hidden from our eager eyes.

Its contents are unknown, as yet;
 But, with the year's advancing age,
 'T will open to us, page by page,
 And we shall see, as through a door,
 What griefs and sorrows must be met,
 What joys for us are held in store.



"AROUND THE CURVE." BY WILLARD VANDER VEER, AGE 17.
 (GOLD BADGE.)

Grant that we may have strength to bear
 With fortitude all tests, and learn
 From every gloomy thought to turn;
 So let the bells bring hope and cheer,
 And carry through the wintry air
 Good tidings of the coming year.

THE GREATEST INVENTION

BY LAWRENCE MARCINKOWSKI (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

THE greatest invention of all time is printing. No other one single invention is so essential to our well-being as is this. Take away the telephone, and we still have the telegraph; take away the railway, and we can use the automobile and the horse, and even the aeroplane, when that is perfected. But to take away the art of printing would be to do away with civilization, to make us barbarians, as we were before its coming. By printing, the thoughts and deeds of men are brought down through the ages. The printed newspaper molds our opinions; it discards the element of distance, bringing the doings of the remote parts of the earth to our very door. The printing-press is the dispenser of knowledge and education.

With the fifteenth century came the invention of movable types; this is usually called the invention of printing. No improvements of note were made until 1800, when a man named Napier invented the cylinder-press. Since then the art has been steadily progressing, until to-day there is scarcely a town that does not boast of a newspaper, and of a press which turns out a minimum of six miles of paper in an hour. Printing-

presses used by the big city dailies turn out thirty thousand sheets an hour.

The cheapness of printing to-day has much to do with our progress. Every one reads a newspaper, and books are cheap enough for every home. Libraries are filled with thousands of volumes, within the reach of all. It is the cheapness of printed matter, and the easy access to knowledge, that makes the world as civilized as it is. And it is because of the large part which printing plays, in civilization, that I consider it the greatest invention.

THE GREATEST INVENTION

BY CAROLINE MAC FADDEN (AGE 14)

IT seems to me that the greatest invention is the wheel. Not a bicycle, but a common, ordinary wheel. This may seem a small thing, but without it many of the "big things" could not be made. There would be no aeroplanes, bicycles, trains, electric cars, elevated trains, automobiles, or carriages. Most of the modern machinery has some parts that are turned by or connected with wheels. Many of the garden implements, such as the wheel-hoe, wheelbarrow, harrow, plow, lawn-mower, and as many others, are run partly by wheels. A great many of the children's toys are on wheels, and it is generally these that are the most fascinating. So, although it may seem a small thing, the wheel has proved itself the most lasting invention of the age.

THE AWAKENING YEAR

BY LUCILE E. FITCH (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge)

Now flown forever in the gloom of night,
 The year that was, the year that is no more;
 So each lost day, replete with old delight,
 Shall take its place among the days of yore.
 Another era lies beyond the morn,
 Another twelvemonth brings its beauties near;
 And, roused by whisperings of things new-born,
 All tremulously breathes the wakening year.



"AROUND THE CURVE." BY ELIZABETH FERGUSON, AGE 16.
 (GOLD BADGE.)

There is a buoyancy upon the air.
 Across the snowclad earth sly sunbeams play.
 The winter violet, with petals fair,
 Shakes from its jeweled cup the icy spray.
 Off silvern branches frozen dewdrops fall
 Into a winding streamlet, crystal clear,
 And o'er the distance comes the wild bird's call,
 Singing the matin of the wakening year.

THE GREATEST INVENTION

BY JAMES E. MACKLIN, 2d (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

It seems to me that the *aéroplane* is the greatest invention.

There are three types of heavier-than-air machines, but only the *aéroplane* has been successful.



"AROUND THE CURVE." BY ROBERT C. HARRINGTON, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

The machine that Fowler crossed the continent in, was at Overland Park, Kansas, and I saw him make a successful flight with a woman passenger.

There are four types of *aéroplane*: the monoplane, biplane, triplane, and multiplane. The triplane and multiplane have flown, but are unsuccessful.

The Curtiss and the Wright machines, both biplanes, are the most noted in America.

In 1906, the Wright brothers patented the first successful *aéroplane*. Since that time, they have changed it, having put both the vertical and horizontal rudders in the rear.

The Wright, and Curtiss machines have the propellers in the back, and the Bleriot and the Antoinette monoplanes have them in front.

By having the propellers in front, it makes the monoplane swifter and steadier, and more easily controlled.

The Curtiss machines are the ones used by the United States Army. They are small and swift, and weigh but little.

The Wright machine has two propellers, turning in opposite directions. The turning of these crank



"AROUND THE CURVE." BY MILDRED MAURER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

the motor, and the *aéroplane* goes over the ground until it gets a speed of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, and then it goes gradually upward.

The air was the hardest thing to conquer. It is being conquered now, and that is why I think the *aéroplane* is the greatest invention.

THE AWAKENING YEAR

BY GRACE OLCOTT RATHBONE (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

The snows of March cling softly to the ground,
Shielding the naked soil of field and hill;
Vainly I listen for a brawling rill—
Each brook lies captive, mute, and fetter-bound.
The trees stoop shiveringly, bleak, uncrowned
With summer verdure. Ice-enwrapped and still
The hushed earth slumbers breathlessly, until
My heart despairs of any stir or sound.

But stay! from off the mountains blue and dim,
A gentle breeze its fitful passage wings,
Bearing a promise, warmth, and fragrance rife;
Grandly the zephyr swells into a hymn,
And as it floods the world, like sunshine, sings:
"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

THE GREATEST INVENTION

(A true story)

BY ELEANOR NAUMBURG (AGE 11)

Mr. HANES was very much interested in wireless telephony, and always said it was going to be the greatest invention of the age.

One nice, bright day, Mr. Hanes walked down to the dock of a New Jersey summer resort to watch some of the sail-boats along the coast.



"THROUGH THE WINDOW." BY LUCY F. ROGERS, AGE 14.

While he stood there, he heard a strange voice, but could not imagine where it came from.

After listening to several messages, he asked where they were coming from. The voice answered and said: "I am speaking from the tower of the World Building in New York, through a wireless telephone."

After convincing himself that all this was really true, he immediately rushed back to the hotel at which he was stopping, to tell the guests that he had received a successful message through the wireless telephone.

Mr. Hanes telephoned to the World Building to inquire all about the wireless telephony, and to ask who had sent the messages. They then informed him that they knew nothing about it.

Later in the day, some of the captains of the boats near by said that they saw a man on the dock who seemed to be working the muscles of his throat. This man turned out to be a ventriloquist. He had known of Mr. Hanes's interest in wireless telephony, and had played this joke upon him.



BY CLYDE N. KEMERY, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)



BY JUNIOR SCRUTON, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

"AROUND THE CURVE."

THE AWAKENING YEAR—1913

BY LUCILE BENTON BEAUCHAMP (AGE 17)
(Gold Badge)

O NEW-YEAR, tell me what you bring?
Now, as we meet upon the verge
Of that unfathomable Vast
Whence you emerge—
O New-year, tell me what you bring?

I see a thousand argosies,
And ships upon the unknown seas.
I see the darkness of the past
Recede before the light at last,
When purer aims and nobler life
Have drowned the din of party strife.
And, 'midst the city's ceaseless toil,
I see, high o'er its vain turmoil,
The towering piles the toilers raise—
Objects of wonder and of praise.
I see the conquerors of the air
Coming and going everywhere;
And steel rails circling all the world;
And swords all sheathed, and war flags furled,—
While mankind, in a common good,
Seeks universal brotherhood.

O New-year, is this what you bring?



"AROUND THE CURVE." BY MARY S. ESSELSTYN, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

THE GREATEST INVENTION

BY ARCHIE DAWSON (AGE 13)
(Silver Badge)

FOUR hundred and eighty-four years ago, in a small town in Germany, there was being unfolded one of the greatest events in the world's history. For in that

town, in 1428, Coster was perfecting the printing-press. Little did he think, when he printed his first book, that he was revolutionizing the world. For the force of that little machine has grown into a power that sways nations—the power of the modern "press."

Gutenberg and Coster well deserve places on the roll of fame. And even more than Morse or Fulton, or any other inventors do, they deserve it. For it was only by the invention of the printing-press that other men obtained the knowledge that enabled them to become inventors.

That wonderful machine has grown into a giant greater than the mightiest army, and second to nothing in the world. And the editor of a daily paper exerts more influence than many kings. For he holds the power of changing people's opinions, a power that not even royal emperors possess.

And we who are using the benefits of this invention should remember with gratitude those wonderful names that will last as long as the world exists—the names of Gutenberg and Coster.



"THROUGH THE WINDOW." BY J. HARRY
MCNEANEY, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE GREATEST INVENTION

BY HEDWIG ZORB (AGE 13)

A FEW years ago, I was living with my parents in a private house located on a rather lonely spot of Brooklyn. Shortly after we got there, we heard that several houses had been robbed in our vicinity, but we did not pay much attention to it except to bar our doors carefully. A few nights later, my father was out of town on business, and my mother, my brother, and I were left alone in the house. About midnight, we heard a crash and then footsteps outside. We jumped to the window, and saw a man, revolver in hand, running along the street.

The next morning, we found that the crash, which had evidently alarmed the burglar and made him flee, was caused by a few heavy boards which had been placed against a small door in the rear of the building, and had fallen down when the burglar opened it to enter the house. I then thought that placing boards against a door was the greatest invention—for keeping burglars out of a house.



"AROUND THE CURVE." BY MARY C. MCVOY, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE AWAKENING YEAR

BY NELLIE ADAMS (AGE 14)

ON the night just before January the first,
We review all our sins of the past that are worst;
And with heart overfull of remorse and of grief,
We declare our intention to turn a new leaf;
So we wait, with a penitent sigh and a tear,
The awakening year.

We promise to drop our bad habits and sins—
Our many resolves are as bright as new pins
(How much better we are than the year gone before,
Is a question that often has puzzled us sore);
Still, we *think* we 'll be good, so we wait, without fear,
The awakening year.

THE GREATEST INVENTION

BY HELEN E. WALKER (AGE 15)

THE telephone, which was invented by Alexander Bell, seems to me, for many reasons, to be the greatest invention.

First of all, that any one should be able to speak to and hear another person, though the person may be miles away, as well as though he were in the same room, seems to me to be marvelous.

In case of sickness or sudden death, where the utmost haste is necessary, the telephone is a great deal quicker than the telegraph.

Then, in business, matters can be explained more quickly and more satisfactorily by telephone than in any other manner. Engagements can be made, or broken, at the last moment, very often saving a long and tedious journey by cars, especially when the long-distance telephone is used, and in many ways this great invention is a most valuable aid to business of every kind.

Last of all, so much time is saved in homes by the use of the telephone, and it makes one's more distant friends seem so near, that in every way I think that the telephone is the greatest invention.

THE AWAKENING YEAR

BY DORIS F. HALMAN (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

ALL the air is just as frost-filled, and the sky is just as gray,
And the snow-drifts coldly glitter, as they did o' yesterday;
But there 's something that is calling, something that I can't quite hear,
Something saying, windward straying, "It 's a new—another—year!"

Underneath the crystal glimmer and the white flame of the snow,
Baby things are born and stirring, in the brown depths far below;
And the something, all assuring unseen life to us so dear,
Sets us knowing, while it 's snowing, it 's a new—another—year.

When the world moves slowly onward, and naught happens day by day,
Somewhere, over land and water, there 's a blessing on its way,
Just as when, in coldest weather, long before the spring is here,
Voices, swelling, take to telling, "It 's a new—another—year!"

THE GREATEST INVENTION

BY MARY KATHRYN FAGAN (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge)

IT seems to me that the wireless telegraph is the greatest invention of the present century. It consists in the sending and receiving of messages without the use of wires—hence the name "wireless."

In the Russo-Japanese War, it was used to direct field and naval operations. All United States war-ships are equipped with these outfits. The Germans use them in army manœuvres.

In communicating with ships at sea, it often saves many lives, as was shown in the great *Titanic* disaster, a few months ago.

Recently, a physician in charge of a ship became suddenly and violently ill on one of his voyages. The passengers were inexperienced, and could do little for him, but the wireless operator signaled to another steamer, gave the sick man's symptoms, and received medical directions from their surgeon which enabled him to administer the right medicine; and the doctor was soon out of danger.

One of the unique features of this wonderful invention is its cheapness, as but small apparatus is required. So simple is it, that many school-boys have outfits that send and receive messages over great distances.



"THROUGH THE WINDOW." BY HARRY R. TILL, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE GREATEST INVENTION

BY MARGARET E. BRAKES (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

THE wonder of an invention is measured by its strangeness, but its greatness is measured by its usefulness.

There are few cities to-day in which dynamos are not running. What better proof of their greatness can be



JANUARY 1913

"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY BEATRICE B. BROWN, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

asked than the fact that, if they ceased running, it would inconvenience practically all of the inhabitants of those cities? For the dynamos, which few of these people have seen and fewer understand, furnish the current which lights the cities, runs its trolleys, the machinery of its factories, its telephones, its elevators, and a multitude of less important things.

We consider any one of these things wonderful: the turning of a switch flooding city streets or houses with light; trolleys carrying people to and fro without animal strength; great machines saving the labor of hundreds of men; voices carried over a wire and bringing parts of a business, stores and customers, friends, cities, into close contact; elevators rising from floor to floor. Surely the dynamo, which makes possible all of these things, and still others, is the greatest of inventions.

THE AWAKENING OF THE NEW-YEAR

BY MARY E. WELLS (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

THE moon, high over the eastern hill,
Shone, an orb of golden light;
The sad wind moaned in the tree-tops tall,
On this starlit New-Year's night.

The tall trees nodded their gaunt, gray heads,
On the hillside white and drear;
High over the moonlit, dream-wrapped town,
And sang a song to the dying year.

"On this drear hillside, for many a year,
We've kept our vigil aright;
And for many a year we've heard the chimes
Of the bells on New-Year's night."

The hillside shone in the starlight sheen,
The shadows swayed on the snow,
And, borne on the sighing, sobbing breeze,
Came a chime from far below.

"Now welcome, New-year," the trees sighed low;
"Be kind to us, unknown year."
"The New-year is come," the chimes rang out,
And the old trees murmured, "Here."

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THE NEW-YEAR

BY ELEANOR E. CARROLL (AGE 15)

CHURCH bells ring and people shout,
Waiting for him to appear.
What is all this noise about?—
The New-year.

The New-year, a tiny lad,
Is about to come on earth.
Therefore every one is glad
At his birth.

Ne'er have kings of royal blood
Welcomed been as this wee thing
Coming in as bursts a bud
In the spring.

Former sins aside are laid;
Good-will reigns o'er Christian men.
All the dear old world is made
New again!

THE GREATEST INVENTION

BY MURIEL W. AVERY (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

ANOTHER year has passed; another mile-stone in the progress of humanity; and, as we pause in the work of the busy world, and look around us, we behold the marvelous things that through the centuries have been



"THROUGH THE WINDOW." BY DOROTHY HUGHES, AGE 14.
(GOLD BADGE.)

conceived in the mind of man, and wrought by his hand. But, accustomed to them, how little thought we give to their constant service. How many of us, when we pick up our own ST. NICHOLAS, think of the wonderful machine that transforms miles of spotless paper into thousands of magazines, exactly alike, containing, on their printed pages, thoughts educational, elevating, and amusing? Yet it is safe to call the modern printing-press man's greatest achievement.

Over four hundred and fifty years ago, John Gutenberg, a German, printed the first book, the Bible, written in the Latin tongue, and bound in two huge volumes. Gradually, year by year, with Gutenberg's idea of using movable type as a basis, the press has been developed, until to-day it nears perfection.

But the importance of the printing-press does not depend more on the intricacy of the machinery than on its effect upon the world. It has been a recognized power in the spreading of Christianity, for, through its medium, the gospel of love and of truth has been brought into the homes of every land. It has raised man from the depths of superstition and ignorance to the highest level of education and refinement; it has strengthened his intellectual ability; it has taught him to think higher thoughts, do nobler deeds,



"THROUGH THE WINDOW." BY E. L. WATHEN, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

and stands now ever at his command: his servant, his teacher, his greatest invention.

THE AWAKENING YEAR

BY HELEN HUNT ANDREW (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

SWING bells!	White snow,
Ring bells!	Light snow,
Greet the child New-year.	Fall in softest flakes
Bells of time,	Upon the ground
Sweetly chime!	Without a sound,
Midnight draweth near.	When the little year awakes.

Bright stars,	Swing bells!
White stars,	Ring bells!
Shed your radiant light!	Chime out sweet and clear!
Stars above,	Silver bells,
Stars of love,	In heavenly swells
Guard him all the night!	Greet the glad New-year!

THE AWAKENING OF THE YEAR

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

The snow lies on the ground,
The world is stilled.
Where summer roses budded, bloomed, and died,
Now winter fairies in the snowflakes hide.
Where robins trilled,
There echoes ne'er a sound.

The summer sky of blue
Is silver now;
Where autumn turned the leaves to red and gold,
Now all the trees are lifeless, stark, and cold;
But soon each bough,
In spring will bloom anew.

The year awakens, dear,
For in the air,
We breathe the sweetness of forgotten springs;
We hear in memory songs the robin sings;
Oh, life is fair,—
Awakening the year!

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.

PROSE, 1

- Ambrose Duggar
- Ruth G. Merritt
- Mary Daboll
- Harold B. Slingerland
- Edgar Gibbs
- Marion E. Thorpe
- Eleanor S. Cooper
- Helen Walker
- Ruth Stromme
- Mary J. Le Clair
- Watson Davis
- Margaret Finck
- Janet Koch
- Theodora R. Eldredge
- Henry Greenbaum
- Charles Bayly, Jr.
- Ruth E. Flinn
- Jacques Souhami
- Mary S. Rupert
- Winifred Stoner, Jr.
- Rebecca H. Wilder
- Muriel Irving
- Susan Lazarus
- Gustav Diechmann
- Elsie Terhune
- Frances D. Etheridge
- Elmer H. Van Fleet
- Doris Rowell
- Leonore Lemmler
- Elizabeth Virginia Kelly
- Mildred Worth
- Thyrza Weston
- Katherine H. De Wolf
- Vida Cowin
- Mary Nash
- Lois W. Kellogg
- Marian B. Caufield
- Fredrika W. Hertel
- Mary L. Lesser
- Valeria M. Gregg
- Marguerite Adams
- Edward A. Walarwitsky
- Helen G. Rankin

- Ione Cocke
- Joseph I. Cohen
- Eliza A. Peterson
- Elinor P. Childs
- Elizabeth Kales
- Knowlton Mixer, Jr.
- Margaret E. Wade
- Bradford Adams
- Carl Yagustow
- Sara B. Pope
- Helen B. Walker
- Rupert Emerson
- Halah Slade
- Lois M. Weill
- Helen Bull
- Elsbeth MacLaren
- Eleanor Lourey
- Katharine Peek

VERSE, 2

- Hazel M. Chapman
- Dorothy M. Cook
- Elizabeth Hale
- Buchanan Bernardin
- Grace C. Freese
- Nellie Gutzke
- Louise Hammon
- Harriet A. Fera
- Virginia Read
- Marion Jones
- Annie H. Potter
- John Watson
- Katherine Daves
- Hannah Ratisher
- Elephine Smith
- Alma A. Stevens
- Louise Dittmore
- Gwynne A. Abbott
- Clairinda Buck
- Margaret M. Caskey

VERSE, 1

- Bruce T. Simonds
- Eleanor M. Sicksels
- Marian Thantouser
- Elsie L. Richter
- Grace N. Sherburne
- Katherine F. Albert
- Miriam Carpenter
- Hazel K. Sawyer
- Mabel Mason
- Renée Geoffrion
- Loretto Chappell
- Mildred Willard
- Betty Humphreys
- Rachel L. Field
- Elsie E. Glenn
- Mary C. Williams
- Alice Trimble
- Janet Hepburn
- Mary E. Hale
- Josephine N. Felts
- Margaret Duggar
- Dorothy L. Morton
- Frances C. Duggar
- Helen Beeman
- Helen M. Campion
- Marian R. Priestley
- Myrtle Doppmann

DRAWINGS, 1

- Lily E. Nadan
- Kathleen Murphy
- C. C. Campbell
- Agnes I. Prizer
- Catharine M. Clarke
- Ruth S. Thorp
- Isabella B. Howland
- Marjorie B. Kendall
- Juliet M. Bartlett
- Robert Riggs
- Lucie C. Holt
- Marjorie MacMonnies
- Genevieve Farmer
- Grace Brown
- Richard S. Cutler
- Walter K. Frame
- Mildred Davenport
- Marjorie Flack
- Ruth Genzberger
- Ethel W. Kidder
- Welthea B. Thoday
- Edward Shenton

DRAWINGS, 2

- Elsie Styhr
- Susie Scheuer
- Livingston McEwan
- Robert Osborn
- Mary H. Howes
- Robert C. Mare
- Edith M. Howes
- Edith Derry
- Burnie Steward
- James Sinclair
- Lois C. Myers
- Ellen Thomas
- Dorothy L. Todd
- Martha P. Lincoln
- Marie L. Muriedas
- Margaret Ager
- Margaret Thomas
- Vera M. Monteagle
- Elizabeth E. Joy
- Edward E. Verdier
- Helena E. Perin
- Logan Simpson
- S. Dorothy Bell
- Frederick A. Brooks
- Harry G. Hauffer
- Harry R. McLeneghan
- Esther Hill
- Jennie E. Everden
- Dorothy Walter
- Ruby Boardman
- Copeland Hovey
- Anne Hewlett
- Jean Dorchester
- Florence W. Billstein
- Edna M. Guck
- Jessie Wilson
- Margaret E. Knight
- Louis E. Tilden
- Isabel Pearce
- Rose Cushman

"Through the Window"



"THROUGH THE WINDOW." BY FREDERICK W. AGNEW, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

- Elizabeth Finley
- Betram Gumpert
- Nell Upshaw
- Ethel M. Feuerlicht
- Catalina Ferrer
- Edith M. Levy
- Katbryn A. Trufant

- Katharine W. Ball
- Elizabeth Pratt
- Florence E. Foggett
- Margaret C. Bland
- Emily S. Stafford
- Helen Cameron
- Lucy Mackay
- Emmy Hofmann
- Dorothy C. Snyder
- Elsie Lustig
- Elsie A. M. Grande
- Angela Porter
- Mary J. Smith
- Mary S. Benson

PROSE, 2

- Meyer Fineberg
- Naomi Lauchheimer
- Henry W. Hardy
- Henry Williams

Genevieve K. Hamlin
Albin Y. Thorp
Howard H. Jamison
Amy G. Robinson
Cecile Baer
Dorothy Schwarz
Margaret V. Metcalfe
Margaret M. Horton
John Argens
Marie Schmadeke
Catharine H. Grant
Jeanne Dartiguenane
Maybelle Whiting

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Doris Grimble
Laurence C. Andrews

Marion L. Rhodes
Salvador Ros
Stephen R. Johnson
Phoebe S. Lambe
Alice Moore
Emilia C. Ros
Flora Ros
Catherine Hedrick
Esther R. Harrington
Raimund W. Adams
Clarice Lewis
Mary Fisher
George H. Lewis
Harriette Harrison
Margaret Sherman
Kenneth D. Smith
Laurencia Vradenburg
Fanny Juda

PUZZLES, 1

Wyllys P. Ames
Katherine Browne
Duncan Scarborough
Edith P. Stickney
Marjorie K. Gibbons
Alfred Curjel
Jessie I. Derickson
Eleanor K. Newell
Elsa S. Ebeling
Elizabeth M. Brand
Dorothy Wilcox
E. Clarence Miller Jr.
Jean F. Benswanger
Betty Rice
Loyala B. Lee
Elisabeth Turner
Ben Hulley
Caroline F. Ware
Edith Lucie Wear
Charlotte Otto
Ethel J. Earle
Margaret A. Billingham
Hannah M. Ruley
Mary Flaherty
Beatrice Maule
Margaret Miles
Fanny Ruley
Catherine C. Lowe
Walter Weiskopf

PUZZLES, 2

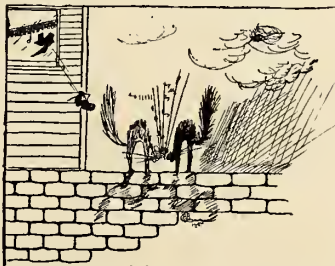
Mary S. Rice
James Stanisewsky
Hobart Goewey
Abr. Shapiro
Louisa G. Wells
Carl Fichandler
Elizabeth S. Moore
Hilda V. Libby
Doris A. Libby
Donald Simpson
Jack Falenwider
Elizabeth Elting
Marian Haynes
Esther Wessinger
Samuel Lustig
John Q. Palmer
Mabel Olsen
Harriet M. Wales
Matthew Hilton
Frank L. Mason
Jennie Westcott
Rufus C. Price
Henry G. Payne
Sarah J. Parker
Elizabeth Homan



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY FRANCES W. KOEWING, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

Nancy Bartlett
Marjorie Roberts
Lucile C. Wolf
Rose B. Jacobs
Robin Hood
D. M. Beach
Violet Seligman
Charlotte McNarg
Susan B. Nevin
Dorothy Coate
Edwin P. Pond
Elizabeth M. Duffield
Esther T. Derby
Charlotte M. Clark
Margaret M. Benney
Manley Davis
Marjorie Corbett
Addie E. Smith
Charles M. Smith, Jr.
Jane Wells Bliss
Martha Cutler
John A. Townley
Hartwell Wade
Margery Woods
Henry M. Justi, Jr.
Richard Bartlett
Horton Hansaker
Helen Simpson
Adelyn Johnston
Alexander Scott

Robert G. Hooker, Jr.
Gladys E. Livermore
Richard L. Cooch
Irwin Eppstein
Frances Vandenburg
Carlton F. Bogart
Dorothy Coykendall
Mary McNally
Elizabeth Griffiss
Alice A. Hoge
Gymaina Hudson
Elsie Nichols
Elizabeth N. Hand
Mary D. Huson
Marion Phillips
Joseph J. Pugh



"THROUGH THE WINDOW." BY BEATRICE B. SAWYER, AGE 16.

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Helen C. Wouters
Roger Preston
Frances Whitteley
Rachel Talbot

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition.

NO AGE. Katherine Palmer, Elizabeth Macdonald, Jean Patter-son, Ethel Polhemus, Emil Thiemann, Helen F. Smith, Elverton Morrison, Lillia Lyman.

LATE. Ruth E. Wing, Mabel Wing, Louise Graham, Alex Lipin-sky, Minnie Margolius, Lois Newton, Anna R. Payne, Lloyd W. Dunkelspiel, Sarah M. Bradley, Mary Smith, Mary Colton, Elizabeth Lee Dodge, Fred Sloan.

INSUFFICIENT ADDRESS. Freida Silberman, Ruth White, Agnes Smith, Olyve Graef, William Schustersohn.

NOT INDORSED. Paul McDonald, Mildred Oppenheimer, Edward C. Heymann, Ruth Feedman, Gertrude Stevens, Mac Clark, Katharine Chamberlain, Clinton B. Seeley, Claire A. Hepner, A. W. Lienaw, Helen Kimbrough, Frank P. Sheehan, Ruth Tyler, Constance E. Fahys.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES OF PAPER. Dollie Criss, Paul C. Rogers.

IN PENCIL. Alexander Laing.

TOO LONG. Eleanor A. Porter.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 159

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasion-ally, cash prizes to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 159 will close **January 10** (for foreign members **January 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **May**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Maytime," or "A Song of Spring."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Family Tradition."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Along the River."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "My Best Friend," or a Heading for **May**.

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 pur-suing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be re-turned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manu-script, drawing, or photograph.*

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 who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

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 notes 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.

WHAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT

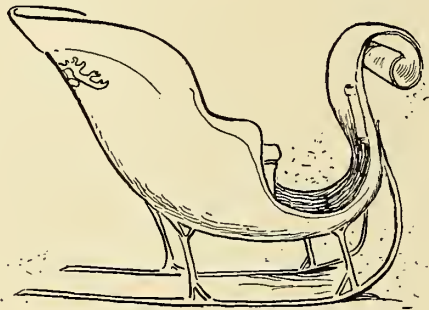
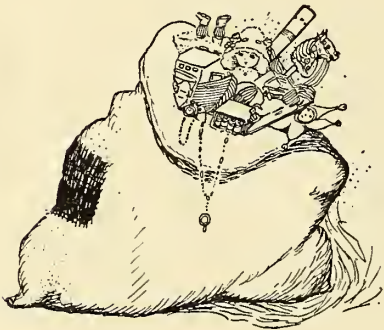
A black and white illustration showing Santa Claus's sleigh being pulled by a team of reindeer. The sleigh is filled with gifts and is moving across a snowy landscape. The reindeer are depicted in profile, running towards the right. The title 'WHAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT' is written in a stylized, blocky font across the top of the page.

BY IDA KENNISTON

WITH PICTURES BY FANNY Y. CORY

THIS is the Pack
That Santa Claus brought
at Christmas.

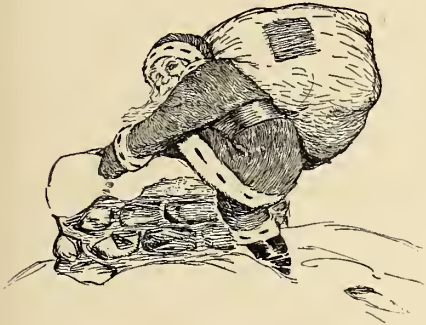
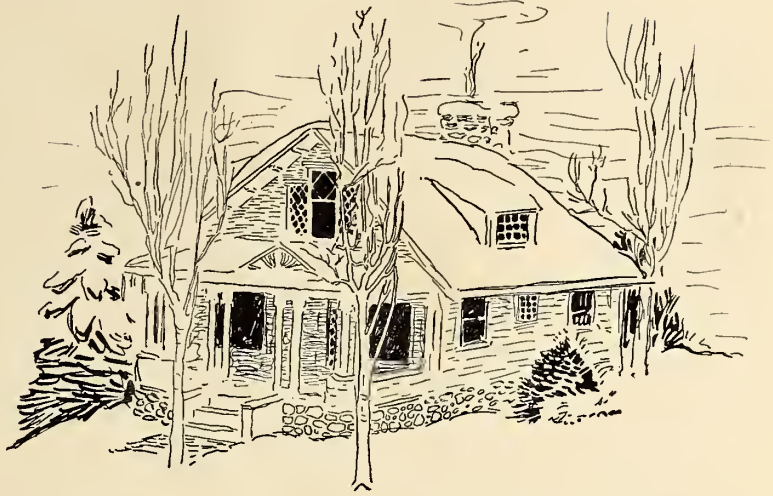
THIS is the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.



THESE are the Reindeer
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.



This is the House
Where the Reindeer
stopped
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus
brought at
Christmas.



This is the Chimney big and wide
That Santa Claus climbed down inside
At the House where the Reindeer stopped
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.

This is the Hearth, where, all in a row,
The stockings hung waiting for Santa, you know;
They hung by the Chimney big and wide
That Santa Claus climbed down inside
At the House where the Reindeer stopped
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.



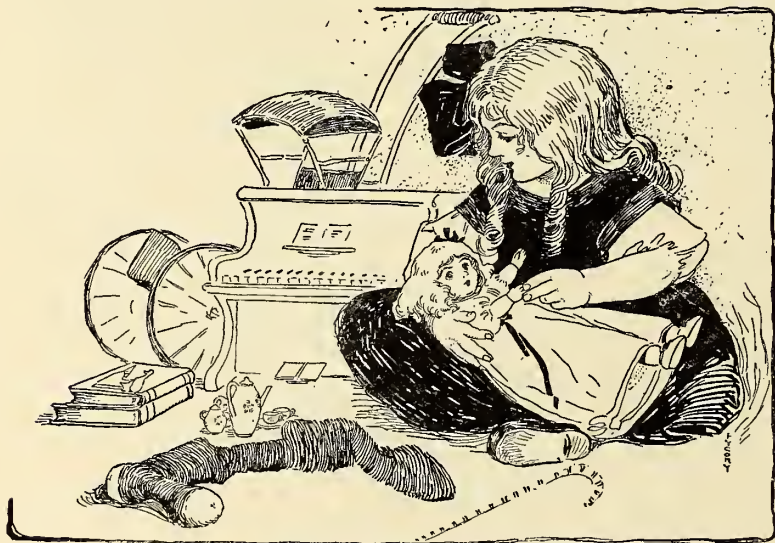
This is the Stocking long and fine
That the little girl hung at the end of the line
There by the Hearth, where, all in a row,
The stockings hung waiting for Santa, you know;
They hung by the Chimney big and wide
That Santa Claus climbed down inside
At the House where the Reindeer stopped
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



This is the Doll with the pretty blue eyes
 That Santa Claus brought for a sweet surprise
 And put in the Stocking long and fine
 That the little girl hung at the end of the line
 There by the Hearth, where, all in a row,
 The stockings hung waiting for Santa, you know ;
 They hung by the Chimney big and wide
 That Santa Claus climbed down inside
 At the House where the Reindeer stopped
 That drew the Sleigh
 That carried the Pack
 That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.

And this is the Girlie dimpled and gay
 Who was made so happy on Christmas Day
 When she found the Doll with the pretty blue eyes
 That Santa Claus brought for a sweet surprise
 And put in the Stocking long and fine
 That the little girl hung at the end of the line
 There by the Hearth, where, all in a row,
 The stockings hung waiting for Santa, you know ;
 They hung by the Chimney big and wide
 That Santa Claus climbed down inside
 At the House where the Reindeer stopped
 That drew the Sleigh
 That carried the Pack
 That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.





Weather Wisdom

To take the edge off the weather and prevent it cutting, biting or piercing you—to keep your skin smooth, clear, comfortable, and healthy under all weather changes—use Pears' Soap. As famed for its protective influence over the skin as for its complexion beautifying effects

Pears' Soap

possesses those special emollient properties that act like balm upon the surface of the skin, and while making it soft and velvety to the touch, impart to it a healthy vigor that enables it to withstand the weather vagaries of our changeable climate.

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Matchless for the Complexion.*

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Complexion Soap

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If there be any Value
in Quality

If there be any Value
in Prestige

If there be any Value
in Good Company

Consider

The unusual excellence
in literature and art, in
engraving, typography,
printing, and paper
continually exhibited in

THE
CENTURY
MAGAZINE



Speed

Also strength, beauty and flint-hard runners that stay sharp longest. Skates to rely on—and to win on.

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THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Special models for all skating. Winslow's Hockey Skates are official and cannot be surpassed in design or make-up. Used by experts all over the world. Write for new catalogue No. 6, containing rules of leading Hockey Associations.

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Sales Rooms: New York, 84 Chambers St. Pacific Coast

Sales Agency: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., San Francisco.

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*Makers of the Famous
Winslow's Roller Skates*

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

IN San Francisco, California, work is being rapidly pushed for the exposition to take place there in commemoration of the opening of the great Panama Canal; while in Washington, D. C., work is being done on the new two-cent stamp to be issued for the same purpose. Rumor has it that the new stamp will be oblong, similar in size to those issued in 1904 in commemoration of the "Louisiana Purchase." The central design is an engraving representing the Locks at Gatun. In the background are palm-trees and the hills of the isthmus; in the foreground a steamship is emerging from one lock, while a second ship is being raised in the other. The words "U. S. Postage" appear at the top of the stamp, while beneath are the words, "San Francisco, 1915." In the corners are branches of olive and palm, typifying peace and the tropics.

A NEW ENGLISH STAMP

THE first postage-stamp was issued by Great Britain in 1840. It bore the word "Postage," and the value, "One Penny," but the name of Great Britain did not appear. Nearly all of the other great nations also omitted their names from their first issue of stamps; indeed, Brazil has no lettering at all



OLD.



NEW.

upon her earliest stamps—nothing but a series of numerals expressing value. In 1843, Switzerland issued the Cantonal Series; and while there is no national name upon these stamps, the name of the canton is given. This suggestion was amplified in the first issue (1847) of the United States, which shows the letters "U. S.," and in the same year, the stamps of Mauritius were issued with the name of the country printed in full for the first time. Since then, all of the great nations, with the exception of Great Britain, have gradually adopted this practice. Germany was the last to fall in line. It is possible that some countries using the Slavonic alphabet, such as Russia, Bulgaria, or Montenegro, have not done this. We are not sure. But of all the nations using the English alphabet, Great Britain alone has no national name upon her stamps. Because of this fact, a new issue of English stamps always brings to St. NICHOLAS a number of queries. The stamps bear no name, and, naturally, many young collectors do not know where to place them in their albums.

We, therefore, take time by the forelock, and illustrate the new penny stamp of Great Britain. Upon the coronation of King George V, the first imperial stamp-collector, the fraternity expected great things of the coming stamp. Not only were stamp-collectors doomed to disappointment, but the general public as well, for the new stamp was by no means a thing of beauty. Public criticism at length brought about a modification of the design, and what is called the second type appeared. The dissatisfaction was still so great that one of the English philatelic societies backed its protest by

obtaining, through prize competition, what it called a "perfect" design, which it submitted to the authorities. The government did not accept this, but engraved an entirely new plate, and one which is certainly a great improvement upon its predecessor. A glance at the two pictures on this page will show how greatly the design is changed. The head on the new stamp is much larger; a firmer, clearer, better portrait. It is in profile, instead of three quarters, as before. The general appearance of the entire stamp is lighter and less crowded. The "hungry lion" has disappeared, the "one penny" is shortened, and the numerals dropped so that they rest on the lower line. "Postage and Revenue" is in a straight line at the top instead of a curved label. The heavy, cumbersome wreaths at the side of the old stamp have been replaced with a light, artistic border, at the bottom of which are small clusters of laurel and oak leaves. We believe that this new stamp will meet with popular approval.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS

THE readers of St. NICHOLAS send in to this department many queries, and this is as it should be. We wish to help our readers all we can, and our knowledge of stamps is at their disposal. The requirements of publishing so large a magazine as St. NICHOLAS are such that the subject-matter for all pages must be in hand some time before it is issued. Therefore, if a prompt reply is desired, or if the query is not one of general interest to our readers, a stamped self-addressed envelop should be inclosed. Always be sure to give addresses in full; do not use initials only. We have before us a query without address, to which only a general reply can here be given. "M. L. G., Bradford," asks the value of a stamp bearing the head of Andrew Jackson, and issued in the year 1862. It is always difficult to give the value of any stamp unless the particular specimen is before us. So much depends on its condition. Is it used or unused? Nicely perforated or badly centered? If unused, has it gum? If used, is it lightly or heavily canceled? Only a stamp-collector can appreciate how important all these points are to the value of a stamp. St. NICHOLAS has a large number of advertisers who are constantly buying as well as selling stamps. A full and complete description of any stamp for sale would, if submitted to them, doubtless bring a prompt and courteous reply. But when writing to them or to us, always be careful to give your full address.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

IMPERFORATE and part-perforate stamps usually have a value, and are well worth saving. It is especially desirable to have such in pairs and blocks. This applies to current stamps as well as old issues. The rare stamp of to-day was once the current issue. ¶ By thin and thick paper is meant the difference in thickness or weight. It would take more sheets of thin paper than of thick to weigh a pound. For instance, tissue-paper is very thin and ordinary blotting-paper very thick. Porous paper is one which is soft and coarse-grained, not highly glazed or finished, and which readily absorbs moisture.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

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20 " Colombia .07 N. Fnd'd, 1890 & '98 " 15 " .30
10 " Bosnia .05 Nyassa Giraffes, '01 " 13 " .25
9 " Prussia .10 Rumania Jubilee, '06 " 11 " .55
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STAMPS 105 China, Egypt, etc., stamp dictionary and list 3000

bargains 2c. Agts., 50%. BULLARD & Co., Sta. A, BOSTON.

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An old stamp of Peru, worth 30c. to any one sending for our splendid approval selections at 50% discount.

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New Mexico 1c., 2c., 5c., 10c., 20c. 6c.
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Packet of all different foreign stamps. These stamps from all parts of world. **FREE**
Packet of 50 all different U. S. stamps, including revenues, but no post-cards. **FREE**
A leaflet describing and illustrating those United States envelopes, 1853-1900. **FREE**

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PATRONIZE the advertisers who use ST. NICHOLAS—their products are worthy of your attention.



WURLITZER FREE CATALOG

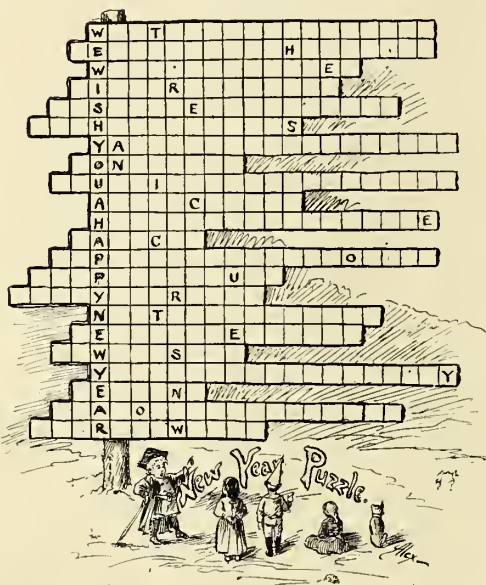
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282 Pages. 2561 Articles described. 788 Illustrations. 67 Color Plates. Every Musical Instrument. Superb Quality. Lowest Prices. Easy Payments. Mention instrument you are interested in. We supply the U. S. Government.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
166 E. 4th Av., Cincinnati 303 S. Wabash Av., Chicago

Time to hand in answers is up January 10. Prize-winners announced in March number.

1913.



We feel inclined to suggest as a puzzle in this department "What are we going to do about that boy Alexander the Little?" He takes so keen an interest in the making of puzzles that we do not altogether like to discourage him (and sometimes he *does* make pretty good ones, we admit), and yet we do not wish him to think that he is the only one able to turn out puzzles that are attractive. He has brought in a good one now about New Year's, and we are going to print it. He tells us that it is the best ever, but we should think more of this opinion if it came from some one else. However, you will find it in this number. The explanation is Alexander's own.

There are twenty-two things advertised in the December ST. NICHOLAS which, when they are rightly chosen and written in the squares above, will just fill them, each filling a line across, and the letters, now so placed in the squares as to spell out the two sentences which you can read from top to bottom of the diagram, will come in correctly in the advertisement.

In six of them you will see that the first

letter is given; and in each you can tell the number of letters by counting the squares straight across the diagram.

To guess the puzzle, you have to find the list of things and write them in the same order that they are in the diagram, numbering them from 1 to 22 inclusive. Write each as it appears in the advertisement.

While your answers should be neatly written, prizes will not be awarded on the basis of handwriting, or age, or upon other conditions than those mentioned. Of course you may get help from other members of the family.

The letter to be sent in this month with your solution of Alexander's puzzle ought to be easy for you boys and girls. Some advertisers think you are not responsive to their announcements, so we are going to ask you to write a short, clear note telling just what advertisements attracted your attention, and why; also how far you were influenced by them. In case of equally correct lists, the letter will determine the rank.

As usual the prizes will be:

One First Prize, \$5.00 to the sender of the correct list and the most convincing letter.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each to the next two in merit.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each to the next three.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each to the next ten.

Here are the rules and regulations:

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 list give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (133).

3. Submit answers by January 10, 1913. Do not use a pencil. 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. 133, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.

(See also page 32.)

Another talk to mothers whose girls and boys have to be made to practice

“If I thought I could learn to play like Aunt Ruth I’d practice.”



WHEN Aunt Ruth comes, or whoever your visitor is who plays so beautifully, watch your children—watch those hungry eyes, intent upon the marvelous fingers that unlock a very garden of music with the cold ivory keys. Are these the same children to whom you said this morning:

“No, you’re not through practicing yet. Five minutes more and then you may go out and play.”

Yes, they’re the same children—in love with music, as they’ve always been.

“If I thought I could ever play like that I’d practice hours a day!” they exclaim.

“You could, if you’d practice hard,” you say, and they resolve to practice hard.

Perhaps they do for a day or two.

But the effect wears off—the visits of the wonderful player are infrequent. So many other things happen in between. Practice becomes *labor* again. The children lose sight of the *end* to be obtained.

But, suppose this gifted visitor lived right in your home and played for your boys and girls every day.

“She doesn’t,” you say.

No, but her counterpart, as far as music is concerned, *may*—and *should*.

Yes, we mean the Pianola. Even if it were Carreno, or Fannie Bloomfield, Zeisler or Paderewski himself, who came to your home, you would have at least the equal of them *all*, in your own Pianola—not merely in accuracy of touch, but in technique, in tone, in intelligent phrasing and expression and color.

And you’ll have this world of beautiful music every day—there will be no opportunity for your boys and girls to lose interest.

Practice? They will practice as they *never* would have practiced without the Pianola to keep the *end to be attained* constantly before them. You *need* the Pianola-Piano.

Take your children with you to hear the Pianola-Piano. But, be sure it *is* the genuine PIANOLA Player-piano that you hear—not just *any* player-piano. You will recognize the difference when you have been shown such important features as the Metrostyle and Themodist—which even the highest priced among other instruments cannot offer you, yet which are part of every Pianola-Piano—even the least expensive at \$550.

We suggest that you read “*The Pianolist*” by Gustave Kobbé—on sale at all book stores—or if you will write us we will send it with our compliments. Address Department “D”

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REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 131

It seems so trite every month to say "The judges were pleased with the interesting answers," and yet you boys and girls are continually surprising us with your clever ideas and quaint ways of expressing them. You are at your very best when you don't try too hard. Just be yourself—nobody but you can be.

The first prize was awarded to a ten-year-old lad who wrote about a Calvert School advertisement. His letter was a silent tribute to this excellent institution. The other prize-winning letters are so meritorious that each prize-winner mentioned below should take particular pride in having his or her name appear in this issue.

You who did not receive prizes should not feel discouraged. Some of you did excellent work, but forgot some of the rules. Watch these carefully. Then, too, it would be much easier for the judges if you wrote on one side of the paper only.

Now let's all work with might and main on the puzzle in this number, because it is a good one, even if Alexander did invent it.

Here are the victors:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

William Wootton Ladd, age 10, Alabama.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Paul Olsen, age 15, Washington.
Al. Schrier, age 15, New York.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Mary Maud Hollington, age 14, California.
Persis L. Whitehead, age 11, Illinois.
Thyrza Weston, age 15, Ohio.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Eugenia Consigny, age 11, Nebraska.
Aaron Cohen, age 17, Illinois.
Manola Coburn, age 14, Maine.
Thurston Macauley, age 11, North Carolina.
Sarah Roody, age 13, New York.
Margaret Conty, age 16, New York.
Helen Stalnacke, age 16, New York.
Mary McNally, age 8, New York.
Marjorie Berdan, age 13, New Jersey.
Dorothy M. Rogers, age 18, Massachusetts.

Honorable Mention:

Gladys A. Doloff, age 13, Maine.
Clara Hawkins, Texas.
Louise Corey, age 13, New York.
Harriet Crawford, age 10, Illinois.

(See also page 30.)

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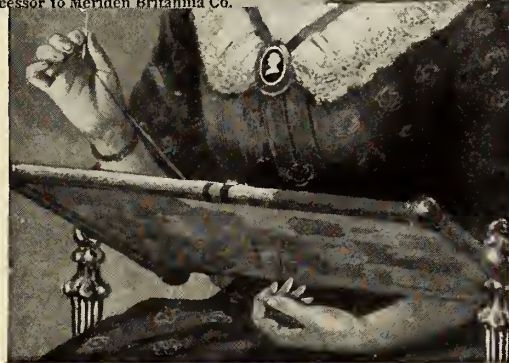
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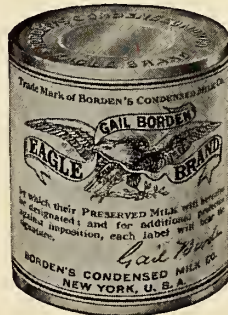
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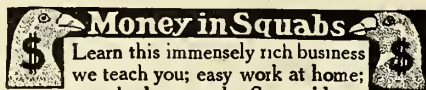
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To Clean the Woodwork

Dissolve a quarter of a small cake of Ivory Soap, shaved fine, in a pint of boiling water. When lukewarm apply with a soft sponge. Rinse with cold water, using another soft sponge. Dry with a damp chamois. Wash a small section at a time. Do not allow water to dry on the surface.

To Clean the Keys

Dip a clean, soft cloth, in tepid water and wring almost dry. Rub on a cake of Ivory Soap and wipe off the keys. Polish at once with a damp chamois.

Clean the woodwork once a month, the keys once a week, and you can keep your piano like new.

IVORY SOAP, because of its mildness, purity and freedom from alkali, cannot mar the finish. Because of its freedom from excessive oil, it rinses easily and does not leave a film upon the surface. The dirt which obscures the finish is removed so that the original polish of the woodwork is restored and the keys appear as white as when new.

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VOL. XL, No. 6

APRIL, 1913

PRICE, 25 CENTS

ST. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



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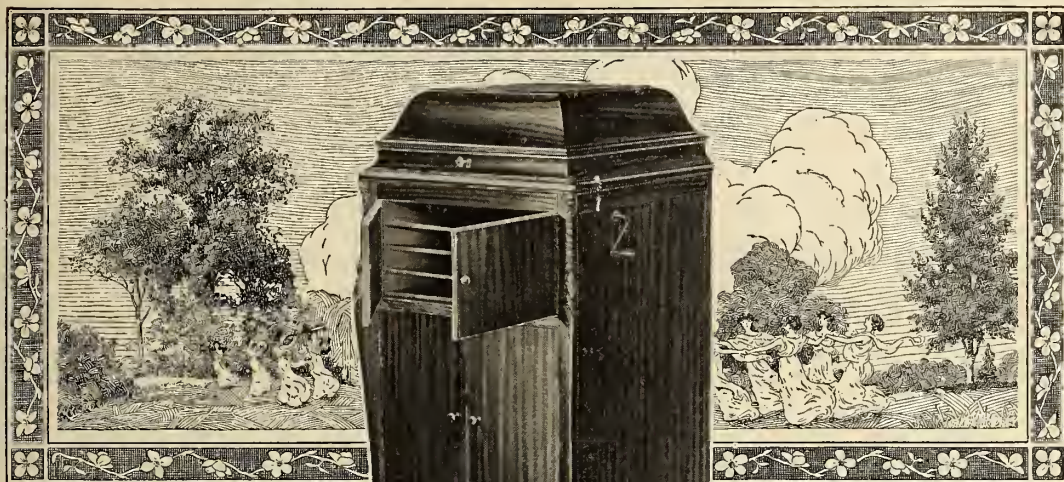
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That 's the day that
**Peter and Polly
Ponds**

got back home to New York after their long trip around this wonderful country.

Oh, yes, every healthy boy and girl knows what the first of April means, and so did Polly and Peter. They had a nice little surprise to spring on Uncle Henry Ponds, their pet uncle who lives in New York City and did n't expect his little niece and nephew for several days

yet. They were going to get into Uncle Henry's office on the sly and get up behind him and put their hands over his eyes and make him guess who.

And it did n't matter a bit whether he guessed right or not. Uncle Henry would see to it that Polly and Peter had a "perfectly corking time."

Well, what do you think? When they got on the ferryboat coming across the Hudson River from Jersey City to New York, there was a smart little messenger boy, who came up as soon as he saw them and said:

"Is this Miss Polly and Mr. Peter Ponds? 'cause if it is, here 's a package for you."

"Oh, yes!" cried the children together. "Who 's it from?"

"The gentleman says not to mention his name, an' you 'll know when you look inside," replied the boy, grinning from ear to ear.

Polly and Peter did n't lose a minute opening that box. Inside they found a package all nicely done up, and when they cut the string they had to unwind just yards and yards of tissue-paper before they got to a solid little parcel which said on it:

"Welcome Home!"—Uncle Henry

And then they untied this package and found—

Oh, you think you know what they found, do you? I can just hear you all shout: "A bottle of

POND'S EXTRACT!"

No, you 're all wrong! It was *two* bottles of Pond's Extract and two jars of Pond's Extract Company's Vanishing Cream and two cakes of Pond's Extract Soap. Now—

April Fool!! for you all.

"Well," cried Polly to Peter when they saw what was inside, "that 's the nicest April Fool trick I ever heard of! Is n't Uncle Henry a perfect dear?"

"He surely is," said Peter. "How do you s'pose he knew just what we wanted most? They 're the very best gifts any boy or girl could get. I don't care what happens to us now, we 're all ready for it."

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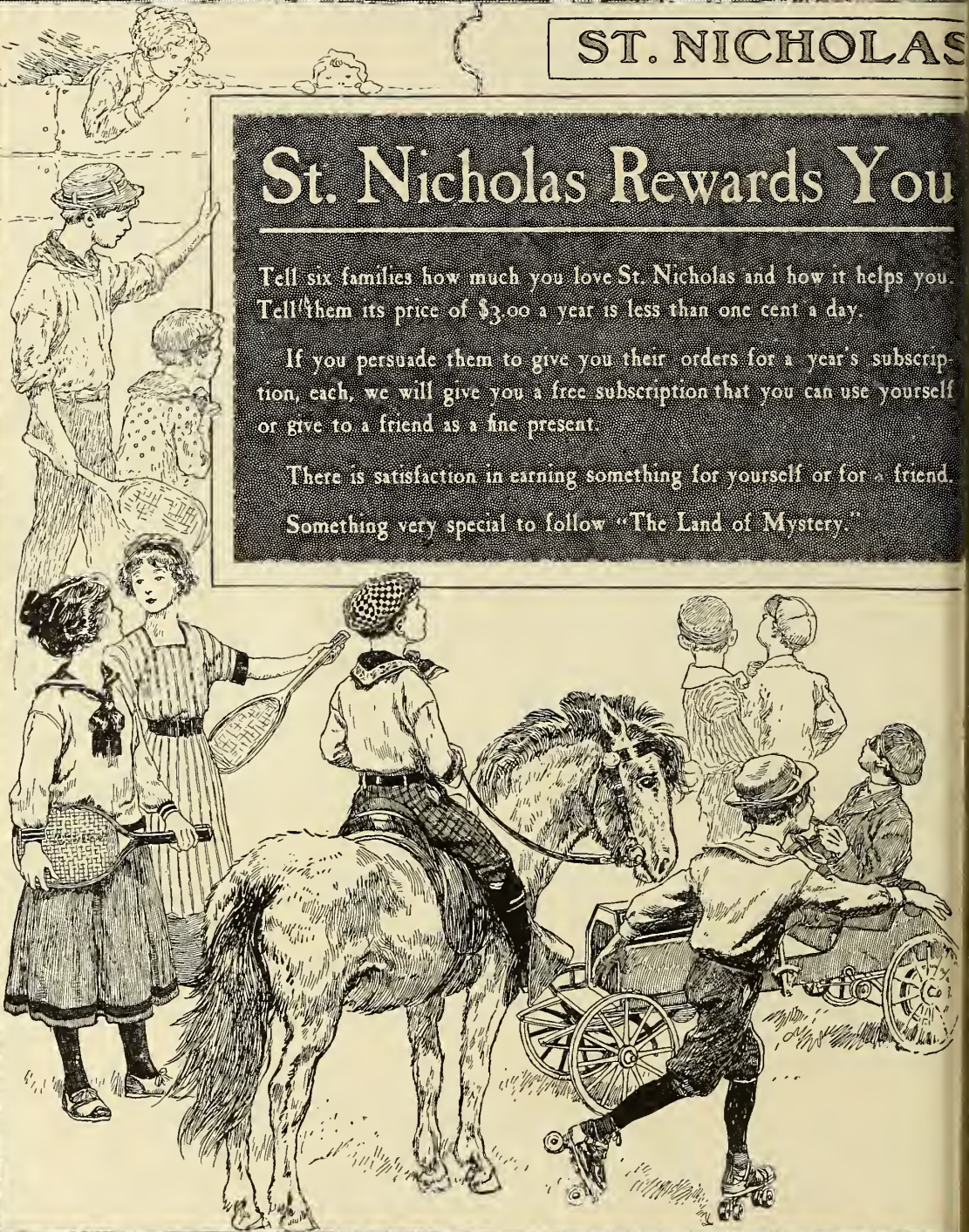
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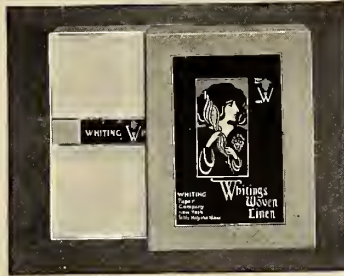
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“JACK AND JILL.”

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ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XL

APRIL, 1913

No. 6

The Nursery Rhymes of Mother Goose illustrated by Arthur Rackham

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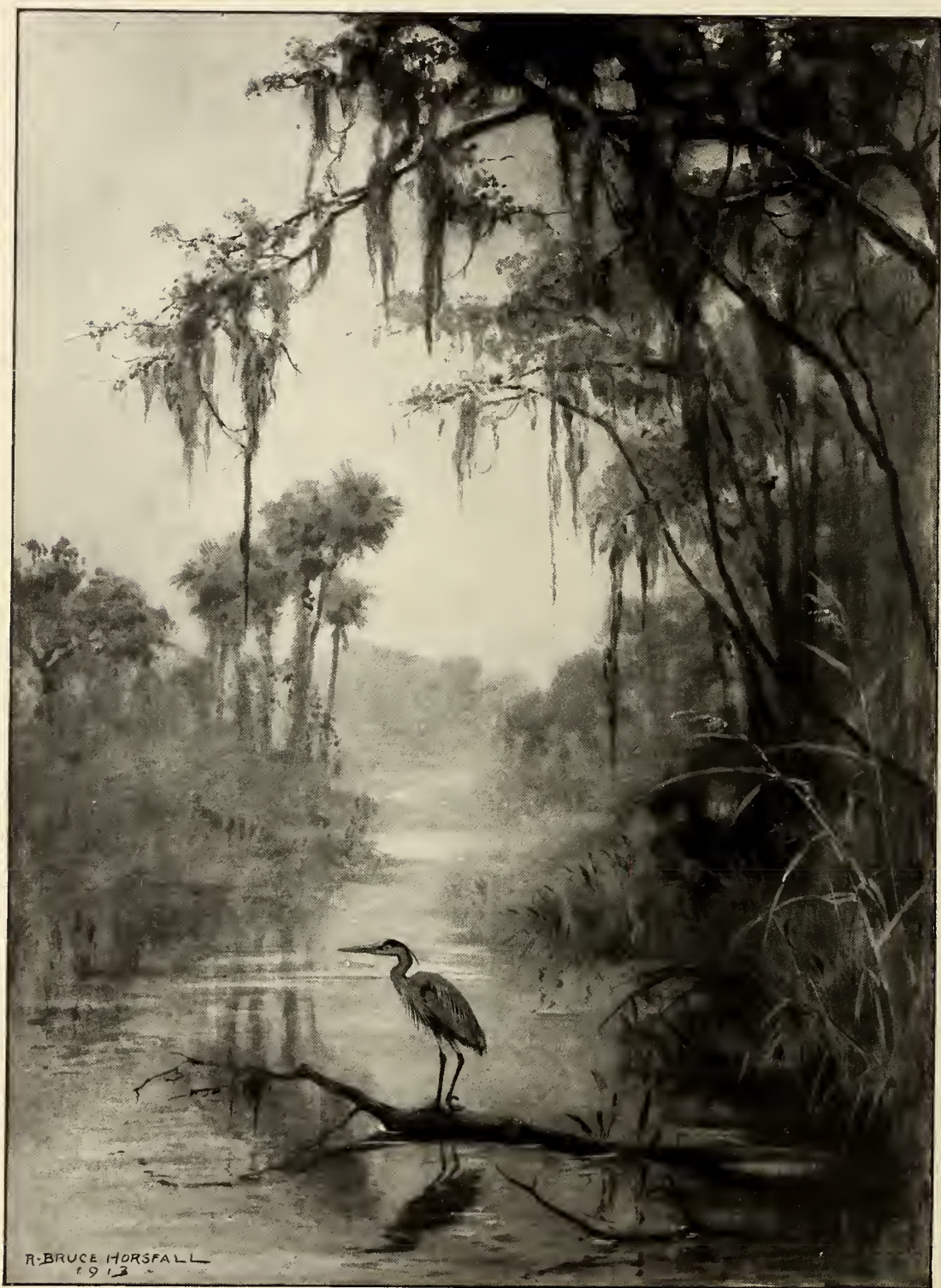


I

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

II

If all the world was apple-pie,
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink?



THE GREAT BLUE HERON—"AND HE WAITS AND THINKS, AND THINKS AND BIDES."

The Great Blue Heron

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR



THE great blue heron flies for the lakes,
But no one knows the path he takes.
We never know, and we never hear,
But there comes a time, at the turn of the year,
When from his wings the dew he shakes,
When from his dream he turns and wakes,—
His dream of the great blue Northern lakes.
Then his foot uncurls, slow, downward drawn;
Fan-like and sleepy, his wings they yawn,
Then twitter down quiet against his sides:
And he waits and thinks, and thinks and bides.
For his dream has been long, and his waking
slow,
But this is the way you may guess and know
That he tires of the swamps, and the Southern
breeze,
And the cypress-moss, and the Southern trees.
And the North, meantime,—though you hear
no word,
You know as plainly as though you heard—
It is saying, "Is it not nearly time
For the heron to come from the Southern clime?"
The low, bare apple boughs all wait,
And the poplars shiver and think him late;



And the maples watch in the evening chill
 Hour after hour, but he comes not, still.
 And the young moon climbs the sky, and says,
 "Is the heron come? Oh, length of days!
 Has he left the marsh for our Northern home?
 Does any know?—Has the heron come?"

Then the apples and maples and poplars sway
 Bloomless; and, shaking their boughs, say,
 "Nay."

Then the young moon wearies, and goes to bed,
 And the great stars watch in her place instead.
 Then another day and night; but still
 The moon sees naught from the western hill
 But bloomless pastures, leafless, chill.

Another night she comes and says,
 "Is the heron come? Oh, length of days!
 From the South is the great blue heron flown?"
 Then the first star whispers, "Yes, Lady, gone!"

Then the moon's pale finger beckons and gleams
 Heavy with jeweled rings of dreams;
 And her skirts trail over the woods and streams.
 And wherever they trail, on branch or stem,
 Stir wonderful dreams at the touch of them—
 In boughs all bare but yesternight,
 Stir wonderful dreams of blossoms white;
 In boughs that yesternight seemed dead,
 Stir marvelous dreams of blossoms red.
 Then the sap creeps swift; the bare boughs
 bloom;





The violets under the boughs make room,
And because the heron is on the wing,
The earth blooms into the waking spring!

And the heron? They say he seeks some tree,
The tallest northmost pine maybe,
Beyond the great blue Northern lakes,
And here it is his rest he takes,
Away from human sound and sight;
And he sleeps by day, and he dreams by night.
He sleeps with his head beneath his wing,
And he pays no heed to anything
Save his dreams of the year
And the tides of spring.
'Til he knows again 't is the mystic day,
'T is the time once more to fly away;
'Til he knows once more 't is the mystic time
To fly again to the Southern clime.



O great blue heron, wake and fly!
We are tired of the clouds and the leaden sky;—
We are tired of winter, my brother and I.

THE BABY AND THE BEAR

FOURTH STORY OF THE SERIES ENTITLED "BABES OF THE WILD"

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

A STIFFISH breeze was blowing over Silverwater. Close inshore, where the Child was fishing, the water was fairly calm, just sufficiently ruffled to keep the trout from distinguishing too clearly that small, intent figure at the edge of the raft. But out in the middle of the lake, the little whitecaps were chasing each other boisterously.

The raft was a tiny one, four logs pinned together with two lengths of spruce pole. It was made for just the use to which the Child was now putting it. A raft was so much more convenient than a boat or a canoe, when the water was still and one had to make long, delicate casts in order to drop one's fly along the edges of the lily-pads. But the Child was not making long, delicate casts. On such a day as this, the somewhat simple trout of Silverwater demanded no subtleties. They were hungry, and they were feeding close inshore; and the Child was having great sport. The fish were not large, but they were clean, trim-jawed, bright fellows, some of them not far short of the half-pound; and the only flaw in the Child's exultation was that Uncle Andy was not on hand to see his triumph. To be sure, the proof would be in the pan that night, browned in savory corn-meal after the fashion of the New Brunswick backwoods. But the Child had in him the making of a true sportsman; and for him a trout had just one brief moment of unmatched perfection—the moment when it was taken off the hook and held up to be gloated over or coveted.

The raft had been anchored, carelessly enough, by running an inner corner lightly aground. The Child's weight, slight as it was, on the outer end, together with his occasional ecstatic, though silent, hoppings up and down, had little by little sufficed to slip the haphazard mooring. This the Child was far too absorbed to notice.

All at once, having just slipped a nice half-pounder onto the forked stick which served him instead of a fishing-basket, he noticed that the wooded point which had been shutting off his view on the right seemed to have politely drawn back. His heart jumped into his throat. He turned, and there were twenty yards or so of clear water between the raft and the shore. The raft was gently, but none too slowly, gliding out toward the tumbling whitecaps.

Always methodical, the Child laid his rod and his string of fish carefully down on the logs, and

then stood for a second or two quite rigid. This was one of those dreadful things which, as he knew, *did* happen, sometimes, to other people, so that he might read about it. But that it should actually happen to *him*! Why, it was as if he had been reading some terrible adventure, and suddenly found himself thrust, trembling, into the midst of it. All at once those whitecaps out in the lake seemed to be turning dreadful eyes his way, and clamoring for *him*! He opened his mouth and gave two piercing shrieks, which cut the air like saws.

"What 's the matter?" shouted an anxious voice from among the trees.

It was the voice of Uncle Andy. He had returned sooner than he was expected. And instantly the Child's terror vanished. He knew that everything would be all right in just no time.

"I 'm afloat. Bill's raft 's carrying me away!" he replied, in an injured voice.

"Oh!" said Uncle Andy, emerging from the trees and taking in the situation. "You *are* afloat, are you! I was afraid, from the noise you made, that you were sinking. Keep your hair on, and I 'll be with you in five seconds. And we 'll see what Bill's raft has to say for itself after such extraordinary behavior."

Putting the canoe into the water, he thrust out, overtook the raft in a dozen strokes of his paddle, and proceeded to tow it back to the shore in disgrace.

"What on earth did you make those dreadful noises for," demanded Uncle Andy, "instead of simply calling for me, or Bill, to come and get you?"

"You see, Uncle Andy," answered the Child, after some consideration, "I was in a hurry, rather, and I thought you or Bill might be in a hurry, too, if I made a noise like that, instead of just calling."

"Well, I believe," said Uncle Andy, seating himself on the bank and getting out his pipe, "that at last the unexpected has happened. I believe, in other words, that you are right. I once knew of a couple of youngsters who might have saved themselves and their parents a lot of trouble if they could have made some such sound as you did, at the right time. But they could n't, or, at least, they did n't; and, therefore, things happened, which I 'll tell you about if you like."

The Child carefully laid his string of fish in a

cool place under some leaves, and then came and sat on the grass at his uncle's feet to listen.

"They were an odd pair of youngsters," began Uncle Andy, and paused to get his pipe going.

"They were a curious pair, and they eyed each other curiously. One was about five years old, and the other about five months. One was all pink and white, and ruddy tan, and fluffy gold; and the other all glossy black. One, in fact, was a baby; and the other was a bear.

that was intended to be conciliatory; for though the baby was small, and by no means ferocious, he regarded her as the possessor of the raft, and it was an axiom of the wilds that very small and harmless-looking creatures might become dangerous when resisting an invasion of their rights.

"The baby, on the other hand, was momentarily expecting that the bear would come over and bite her. Why else, if not from some such sinister motive, had he come aboard her raft, when he



"IT WOULD HAVE BEEN HARD TO SAY WHICH OF THE PAIR REGARDED THE OTHER WITH MOST SUSPICION."

"Neither had come voluntarily into this strange fellowship; and it would have been hard to say which of the pair regarded the other with most suspicion. The bear, to be sure, at five months old, was more grown-up, more self-sufficing and efficient, than the baby at five years; but he had the disadvantage of feeling himself an intruder. He had come to the raft quite uninvited, and found the baby in possession! On that account, of course, he rather expected the baby to show her white, little teeth, and snarl at him, and try to drive him off into the water. In that case, he would have resisted desperately, because he was in mortal fear of the boiling, seething flood. But he was very uneasy, and kept up a whimpering

had been traveling on a perfectly good tree? The tree looked so much more interesting than her bare raft, on which she had been voyaging for over an hour, and of which she was now heartily tired. To be sure, the bear was not much bigger than her own Teddy bear at home, which she was wont to carry around by one leg, or to slap without ceremony whenever she thought it needed discipline. But the glossy black of the stranger was quite unlike the mild and grubby whiteness of her Teddy, and his shrewd, little, twinkling eyes were quite unlike the bland shoe-buttons which adorned the face of her uncomplaining pet. She wondered when her mother would come and relieve the strain of the situation.

"All at once, the raft, which had hitherto voyaged with a discreet deliberation, seemed to become agitated. Boiling upthrusts of the current, caused by some hidden unevenness in the bottom, shouldered it horridly from beneath, threatening to tear it apart; and unbridled eddies twisted it this way and that with sickening lurches. The tree was torn from it and snatched off reluctantly all by itself, rolling over and over in a fashion that must have made the cub rejoice to think that he had quitted a refuge so unreliable in its behavior. As a matter of fact, the flood was now sweeping the raft over what was, at ordinary times, a series of low falls, a succession of saw-toothed ledges which would have ripped the raft to bits. Now the ledges were buried deep under the immense volume of the freshet. But they were not to be ignored, for all that. And they made their submerged presence felt in a turmoil that became more and more terrifying to the two little passengers on the raft.

"There was just one point in the raft, one only, that was farther away than any other part from those dreadful, seething, crested, black surges, and that was the very center. The little bear backed toward it, whimpering and shivering, from his corner.

"From her corner, directly opposite, the baby, too, backed toward it, hitching herself along, and eying the waves in the silence of her terror. They arrived at the same instant. Each was conscious of something alive, and warm, and soft, and comfortable, with motherly suggestion in the contact. The baby turned, with a sob, and flung her arms about the bear. The bear, snuggling his narrow, black snout under her arm, as if to shut out the fearful sight of the waves, made futile efforts to crawl into a lap that was many sizes too small to accommodate him.

"In some ten minutes more, the wild ledges were past. The surges sank to foaming swirls, and the raft once more journeyed smoothly. The two little voyagers, recovering from their ecstasy of fear, looked at each other in surprise; and the bear, slipping off the baby's lap, squatted on his furry haunches and eyed her with a sort of guilty apprehension.

"Here it was that the baby showed herself of the dominant breed. The bear was still uneasy and afraid of her. But she, for her part, had no more dread of him whatever. Through all her panic, she had been dimly conscious that he had been in the attitude of seeking her protection. Now she was quite ready to give it, quite ready to take possession of him, in fact, as really a sort of glorified Teddy bear come to life; and she felt her authority complete. Half coaxingly, but

quite firmly, and with a note of command in her little voice which the animal instinctively understood, she said: 'Tum here, Teddy!' and pulled him back unceremoniously to her lap. The bear, with the influence of her comforting warmth still strong upon him, yielded. It was nice, when one was frightened and had lost one's mother, to be cuddled so softly by a creature that was evidently friendly in spite of the dreaded man-smell that hung about her. His mother had tried to teach him that that smell was the most dangerous of all the warning smells his nostrils could encounter. But the lesson had been most imperfectly learned, and now was easily forgotten. He was tired, moreover, and wanted to go to sleep. So he snuggled his glossy, roguish face down into the baby's lap, and shut his eyes. And the baby, filled with delight over such a novel and interesting plaything, shook her yellow hair down over his black fur and crooned to him a soft babble of endearment.

"The swollen flood was comparatively quiet now, rolling full and turbid over the drowned lands, and gleaming sullenly under a blaze of sun. The bear having gone to sleep, the baby presently followed his example, her rosy face falling forward into his woodsy-smelling black fur. At last the raft, catching in the trees of a submerged islet, came softly to a stop, so softly as not to awaken the little pair of sleepers.

"In the meantime, two distraught mothers, quite beside themselves with fear and grief, were hurrying down-stream in search of the runaway raft and its burden.

"The mother of the baby, when she saw the flood sweeping the raft away, was for some moments perilously near to flinging herself in after it. Then her backwoods common sense came to the rescue. She reflected, in time, that she could not swim, while the raft, on the other hand, could and did, and would carry her treasure safely enough for a while. Wading waist-deep through the drowned fields behind the house, she gained the uplands, and rushed, dripping, along the ridge to the next farm, where, as she knew, a boat was kept. This farm-house, perched on a bluff, was safe from all floods; and the farmer was at home, congratulating himself. Before he quite knew what was happening, he found himself being dragged to the boat,—for his neighbor was an energetic woman whom few in the settlement presumed to argue with, and it was plain to him now that she was laboring under an unwonted excitement. It was not until he was in the boat, with the oars in his hands, that he gathered clearly what had happened. Then, however, he bent to the oars with a will which convinced even



"SHE SWAM FRANTICALLY, HER GREAT MUSCLES HEAVING AS SHE SHOULDERS THE WAVES APART." (SEE PAGE 490.)

that frantic and vehement mother that nothing better could be expected of him. Dodging logs and wrecks and uprooted trees, the boat went surging down the flood, while the woman sat stiffly erect in the stern, her face white, her eyes staring far ahead.

"The other mother had the deeper and more immediate cause for anguish. Coming to the bank where she had left her cub in the tree, she found the bank caved in, and tree and cub together vanished. Unlike the baby's mother, she *could* swim; but she knew that she could run faster and farther. In stoic silence, but with a look of piteous anxiety in her eyes, she started on a gallop down the half-drowned shores, clambering through the heaps of debris, and swimming the deep, still inlets where the flood had backed up into the valleys of the tributary brooks.

"At last, with laboring lungs and pounding heart, she came out upon a low, bare bluff overlooking the flood, and saw, not a hundred yards out, the raft with its two little passengers asleep. She saw her cub, lying curled up with his head in the baby's arms, his black fur mixed with the baby's yellow locks. Her first thought was that he was dead—that the baby had killed him and was carrying him off. With a roar of pain and vengeful fury, she rushed down the bluff and hurled herself into the water.

"Not till then did she notice that a boat was approaching the raft, a boat with two human beings in it. It was very much nearer the raft than she was, and traveling very much faster than she could swim. Her savage heart went near to bursting with rage and fear. She knew those beings in the boat could have but one object, the slaughter, or, at least, the theft, of her little one. She swam frantically, her great muscles heaving as she shouldered the waves apart. But in that race she was hopelessly beaten from the first.

"The boat reached the raft, bumped hard upon it, and the baby's mother leaped out, while the man, with his boat-hook, held the two craft close together. The woman, thrusting the cub angrily aside, clutched the baby to her breast, sobbing over her, and threatening to punish her when she got her home for giving so much trouble. The baby did not seem in the least disturbed by these threats,

to which the man in the boat was listening with a grin, but when her mother started to carry her to the boat, she reached out her arms rebelliously for the cub.

"'Won't go wivout my Teddy bear,' she announced, with tearful decision.

"'Ye 'd better git a move on, Mrs. Murdoch,' admonished the man in the boat. 'Here 's the old b'ar comin' after her young un, an' I 've a notion she ain't exactly ca'm.'

"The woman hesitated. She was willing enough to indulge the baby's whim, the more so as she felt in her heart that it was in some respects her fault that the raft had got away. She measured the distance to that formidable black head, cleaving the water some thirty yards away.

"'Well,' said she, 'we may as well take the little varmint along, if Baby wants him.' And she stepped over to pick up the now shrinking and anxious cub.

"'You quit that, an' git into the boat, quick!' ordered the man, in a voice of curt authority. The woman whipped round and stared at him in amazement. She was accustomed to having people defer to her; and Jim Simmons, in particular, she had always considered such a mild-mannered man.

"'Git in!' reiterated the man, in a voice that she found herself obeying in spite of herself.

"'D' ye want to see Baby et up afore yo'r eyes?' he continued sternly, hiding a grin beneath the sandy droop of his big mustaches. And with the baby kicking and wailing, and stretching out her arms to the all-unheeding cub, he rowed rapidly away, just as the old bear dragged herself up on the raft.

"Then Mrs. Murdoch's wrath found words, and she let it flow forth while the man listened as indifferently as if it had been the whistling of the wind. At last she stopped.

"'Anything more to say, ma'am?' he asked politely.

"Mrs. Murdoch answered with a curt 'No.'

"'Then all I hev' to say,' he went on, 'is, that to *my* mind *mothers* has *rights*. That there b'ar 's a mother, an' she 's got feelin's, like you, an' she 's come after her young un, like you,—an' I was n't a-goin' to see her robbed of him.'"





HELENE AND LUCY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY H. S. HUBBELL.

The Book Of Black Art

M R S R O B E R T R S E A M A N

*In the bleak region of the Russian steppes
Where the swift Volga flows,
Is told the legend of the Magic Book,
Which every moujik knows.*

Ivan, a soldier, came one stormy night
Into a comrade's tent
To while away an hour in friendly chat,
On social pleasure bent;

But found the tent was empty, and his friend
Gone for a little space.
And so, while waiting, he looked round for
aught
To make time go apace.



Albert Pauss
12

There, on a table, a great book he saw,
The Book of the Black Art.
"Now here is something worth my time, I vow!"
He muttered with a start.

Seated so that the lamplight lit the book,
To read it long he tried.
And turned its pages fully half an hour,
Then chanced to look aside,
And saw the tent with grinning goblins filled,
All pressing close about.
The more he read, the more they thronged
the place,
Nor could he drive them out.

Some sat on others' shoulders, and all cried:
"Quick! Give us work to do!"
Ivan thought swiftly, and his orders gave:
"This task I have for you,
Fill all the cisterns in the near-by town
With water in a sieve!"
Off flew the goblins. Ivan said, relieved,
"Long work, that, as I live!"

But e'en before he 'd turned to read a line,
Back came the goblins all.
"More work! more work!" they shrieked, and
thronged him close.
"More work!" each imp did call.
"Go to the house where dwells the governor,"
Cried Ivan in despair,
"Take it down brick by brick, then build it up,
Using such cunning care
That not an inmate there will realize
The feat that has been done!"
Off flew the goblins, but were back before
He had a word begun.
"More work!" they screamed. Some huge task
to invent
The wretched Ivan tried.

"Go! Count you every drop from source to mouth
Of the great Volga's tide!"

They disappeared, and straight were back once
more.

Then Ivan thought, "We 'll see
If while the Book of Black Art I peruse,
They 'll distant keep from me."

Again he turned a page, but thick and fast
Increased the impish band.
They dimmed the very lamplight, and, 't was
plain,
His suffocation planned.

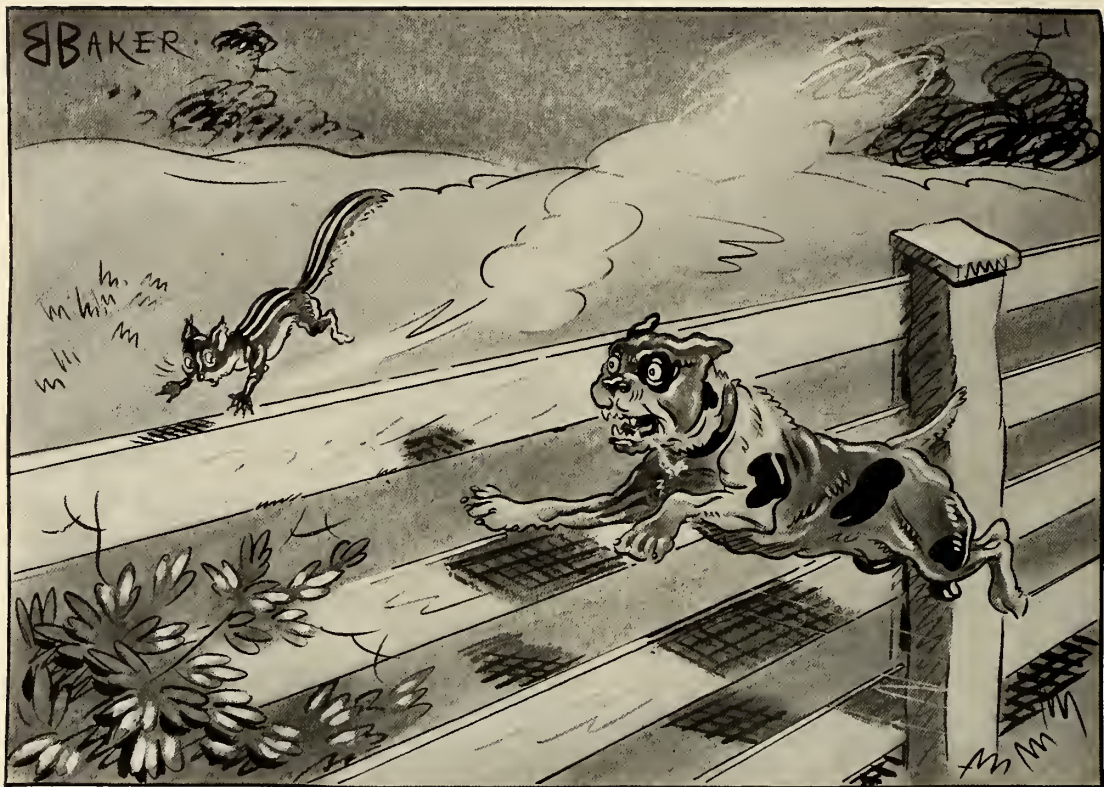
In terror for his life he now was placed,
And the distracted man,
Racking his brains to think what he should do,
At length hit on a plan:
"Since in this book with every page I turn,
The imps collect apace,
If I should change about and backward read,
Perchance they 'd leave the place!"

He started at the back, and one by one
The goblins disappeared;
The more he read, the thinner grew their ranks,
Until the tent was cleared.

When Ivan's friend the story heard, he said:
"You should have known before,
Those imps would surely soon have claimed
your life,
Had you read forward more!"

*This legend does the Russian moujik tell,
And counsels all to heed,
That when the Book of Black Art they peruse,
They from the BACK must read!*





RAPID TRANSIT.

THE CHIPMUNK: "Whew! Wish I'd taken the underground instead of the elevated!"



QUITE UNNECESSARY ALARM.

MASTER TOY-TERRIER: "Excuse me, sir. What does that sign mean?"

MR. NEWFOUNDLAND: "Don't be afraid, Tiny. You have only to read the last word to see that it does not apply to you."



"TUG SHOUTED AND DASHED UP TO TURN THE CATTLE BACK." (SEE PAGE 496.)

ON THE FLOOD CREST

BY CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

"DAY after to-morrow," said the captain of the levee guards, "the flood crest will be on us. The Government forecast says thirty-six feet, and, boys, that 's two feet more than our levees ever had to stand since they were built! And we can't get any help from the relief boats—they 're fighting the Morganza crevasse. Mr. Wilson, we 've got to put every man and boy in this town on the river, night and day, till the crest passes. How old is that lad of yours?"

"Thirteen," answered Wilson, the section boss, "and he is n't very big, either. But there is n't much about the river he don't know. He 's crazy to study navigation and be a pilot. He 's rigged a little gage of his own back of the plantations, and every night he comes to tell his mother and me how far the back-water has come in from the swamps. And I declare he gets it right with the Government register too!"

The weary levee captain wiped his brow. With the other men of Rose Mound, his sleep had been snatched in brief hours between watching the huge yellow flood of the Mississippi sweep around the bend of the levees, higher and higher day by day; higher now than the roof-tree of any house in the village. A break anywhere in

the eight-mile bend of earthworks would smash it like a town of cards, and bury every foot of land from the river to the Gulf beneath a rushing sea.

"Tug 's a good boy," resumed the father; "send him out."

But the levee chief shook his head. "I 'm afraid. It 's a big responsibility. The lives of every one of us—the town and all the plantations—everything depends on *every* man! A boy might watch for seepage and sand-boils all right, but there 's always the chance that some one across the river will sneak on us, and blow our levee to save *their* side. To-morrow—when every man 's dead-beat out—we 'll maybe call on the boys like Tug."

That evening, when he went off his shift, Wilson told Tug what had been said. He had offered his boy with a heavy heart, for it was facing the chance of death to walk the wave-lashed levees in the dark. A shift of the wind, a twisting eddy against the weakened banks, and the guardsman would be hurled into a crevasse from which there was no escape. At home, there might be ten minutes' warning to reach the rafts and boats, or the housetops and trees.

But Tug was disconsolate. "I wish you 'd let me go! If the captain *wanted* me—and they *need* me! I know every foot of the lower levee, Father, and—and they ought to trust me. If you 'd only let me go!"

He went off after the cattle after supper, the most disappointed boy in Louisiana. All the local river-men, levee guards, pilots, and masters—the hardy, resourceful men he most admired—would be on watch, and he wanted to be with them. He loved the mighty river; it was the dream of his life to be a pilot some day, and take one of the ocean liners up from Southwest Pass to New Orleans. He told his father that he was saving the money, earned by driving in the village milch cows, to pay his way through the school of navigation in the city.

It was dusk when Tug got his cows together in the swampy woods and out in the county road which led along the levee. He found the creeping back-water closer in on the meadows, and when he was in the road, urging on the last laggard yearling, it gave him a sense of the resistless power of the Mississippi to glance up at the green parapet of earth, and realize that, behind it, in the beating waves thirty feet above his head, the rains and melted snows of a third of the United States were rushing past to the sea.

When he came to the bend above the town, he decided to run up the bank and look over the flood. But before he reached the place, he saw the foremost cow turn sharply off and charge clumsily up the levee. During high-water, all stock was forbidden on the levees, and Tug shouted and dashed up to turn the cattle back. He discovered that the workmen, "topping" a weak spot with sand-bags, had torn down a section of the wire fence, and through this the thirty cows followed. Gaining the top, they ran along, and Tug could not head them. He realized the danger. The water was already lashing the soft earth where the levee top was not five feet wide, and the cattle hoofs cut the dirt into mud. Somewhere beyond, the herd would encounter a levee guard who would stop the flight, but Tug would be blamed for it all. Never would the men allow him to patrol the river now!

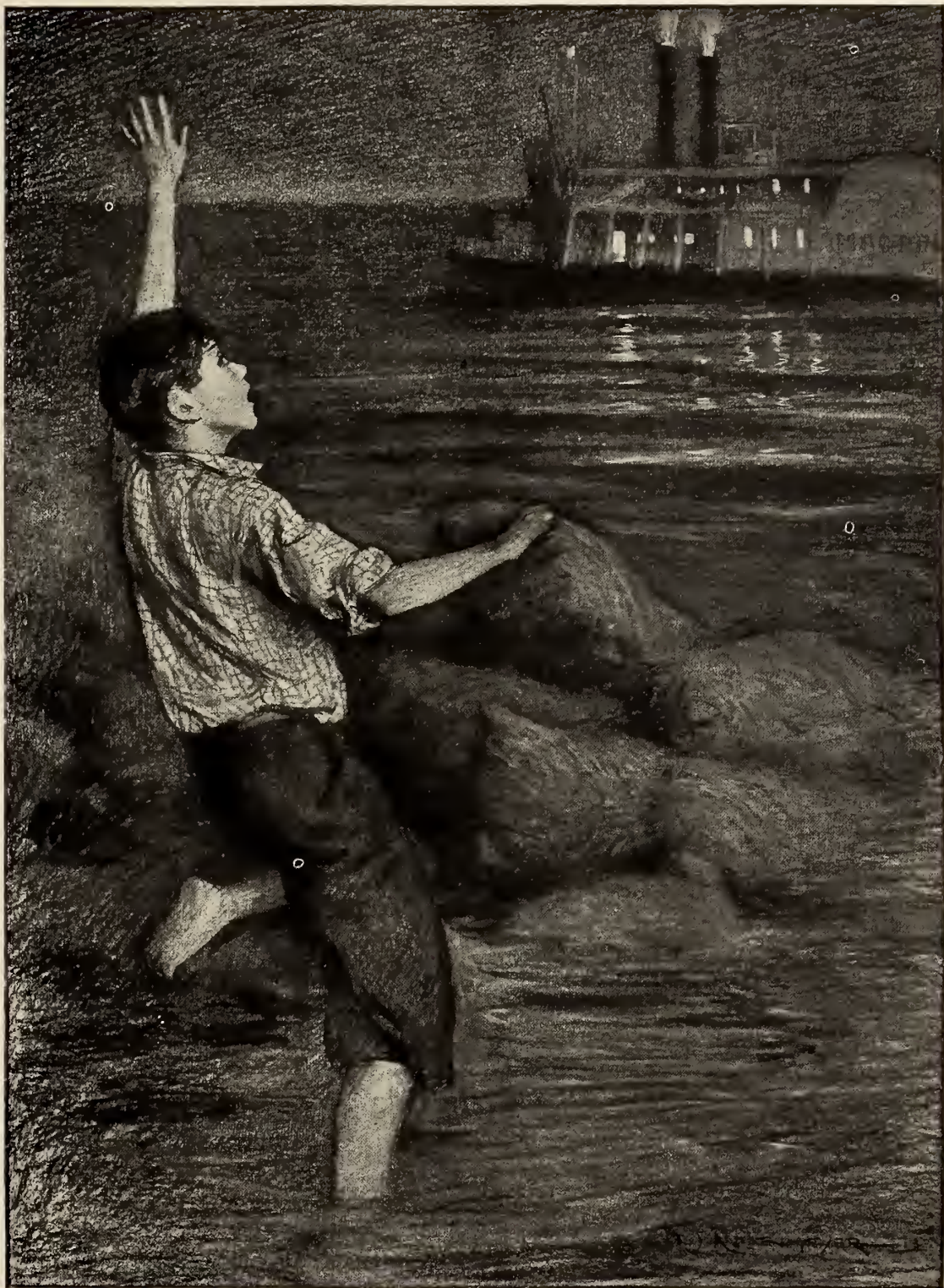
Barefooted and hatless, he dashed on to overtake the leaders. The younger cows he scattered down the bank, but the old "bell" and a few others kept on. It was almost dark when he reached them, and he could hear the roar of the big eddy in the bend. And then, just a few yards ahead, he saw the leader stop. The old brindled cow lowered her head, sniffed, then made a clumsy jump. The next cow tried it, and wallowed down. Another crowded after, and they

all passed on. But Tug stopped, staring down at the levee. Then he looked out on the river. The lights of a steamer were coming up. He knew it was the Government relief boat, carrying men and sand-bags up to the threatened crevasse twenty miles above. But she was sheering dangerously in toward the big bend. And right here at Tug's feet, the first water was pouring through a low spot where the guards had made a sand-bag "topping"—a mere trickle which the cattle had churned deeper, so that now the mud was being filtered over and down the grassy bank inside.

The boy was swept by the sense of peril. At flood stage, the steamers were warned away from the levees, but the heavily laden *Magnolia* was fighting a north wind and the pull of the big eddy, and, to bring her out of the bend, she would go hard to starboard, so that the wash from her paddle-wheels would come straight in on the crumbling bank. Already Tug saw one of the sand-bags sink and twist down in the soft earth, and the water come gurgling over it. He stood on the bag topping and shouted, but he knew at once that the steamer men could not hear him, or probably could do nothing if they did.

He turned and shouted wildly down the levee. No guard was in sight. The scanty force had beats much too long. The sentinel was probably watching some other weak point as the steamer went by. But Tug had no time to think. Only he knew, of a certainty, a crevasse was coming. Once the wash of the boat started the frail bank, it would blow out with a roar. He had had a moment's panic that urged him to run for his life back the way he had come. But below the levee lay the little town, the orchards, and, beyond, the great plantations, the lives of all the people; and, somehow, he felt they all lay in his hand. If the bank broke, it would widen with incredible rapidity; not only the country below the levee, but the *Magnolia*, with her men and the supplies hurrying to the aid of some other town, would be drawn straight into the crevasse, and wrecked in a moment's time.

Tug ran back to the topping bags. The water was boiling down among them now; the smear of yellow dirt was widening over the grass, and he heard the stream running into the roadside ditch. He bent down and dragged at one of the sacks. It was heavy beyond his strength, but he tumbled it into the breach. Then another, and another, lying down, sticking his toes among the sacks, and pushing the others with his shoulders. They wallowed down and were covered rapidly. He looked off in the wind and dark to see the



"'HOLD HER OUT! HOLD HER OUT!' SHOUTED TUG." (SEE PAGE 498.)

Magnolia's green port light almost abreast of him now. There she was, swinging seventy yards off in the flood to pull out of the bend, the hoarse exhaust of her stacks showing the struggle she was making to keep off the levee.

"Hold her out! hold her out!" shouted Tug, involuntarily. Then he bent to his frantic task of dragging the sand-bags off the line of topping into the sinking earth. A "sand-boil" must be developing in the outer edge of the levee, he thought, from the swiftness with which the water surged in on him. He was almost to his waist in the mud now, pulling at the last bag within reach. Then he felt the entire barricade he had built up in the crevasse settling; one of the sacks was jammed against his leg, and he dropped the other sack to try and draw himself out. But he was trapped!

Vainly he fought the heavy bags. With every surge of the flood, the mud and sand sank more tightly about him. Both his legs were caught now. After one desperate struggle, he knew it was useless; a quicksand could not have held more mercilessly. He lay over the sacks in the gap, and stared out over the mighty river as it rushed past him. The lights of the *Magnolia* were vanishing. Another instant, and only her high stern light and a faint blur from her paddle-box marked her path. The roar of the water under her wheel came on the wind.

Tug lay watching and listening in a fascinated guess as to when the steamer's wash would hit the levee, and at just what angle.

"If it hits me *straight*," he muttered, "there 's no use. Everything 's gone. The town, and the sugar-houses, and Mother, and Dad, and—and me!" And he added, with a choke in his throat, "Me *first*! Nobody 'll ever know I tried to stop it! The levee boss—nor *anybody*!"

Straining his gaze out in the dark, it seemed as if he could see a white surge coming in. He had sunk so much now that his head was hardly above the level of the water. Then he heard the rush of the wave against the eddy's current. It was coming!

And against his shoulder now he felt the main force of the break. The water was flowing between it and the toppling sand-bags. He could pull at nothing to stop the crevasse. Then he began to take off his flimsy cotton coat, dragging it out of the sand over his wet back. He held it against the flow, and began to reach around the sand-bags and scoop in the dissolving earth. Faster and faster he worked, raising himself a bit, and finding more mud. One of the sand-bags had become untied, and he was able to seize it and drag it into the gap and against his mud-

filled coat. Then he lay fiercely watching over the river, the roar of the steamer's wake now drowning the pant of her engines.

The next instant it struck the bag topping. Tug saw the white spray leap high in the air all along, yards above him, come cutting down the levee, and then it was flying over his head. The surge was on him. The sand-bags seemed to rise and mash in on him, but his eyes and mouth were filled with water, and he could do nothing but fight to hold the last armful of his defense. The earth was washed clean out of his coat, and he felt the spurt of the current all about him among the sinking sand-bags. He heard the roar of the water all along the topping, but now he heard something else—a shrill whistle down the levee, the patrolman's signal of danger that would bring the relief forces, the wagons standing ready with hitched horses to gallop to the breaks with timbers and bags to fight the crevasses.

A man came running up the bank through the water as Tug was struggling to keep his head and arms clear. The boy heard his frightened cry at the size of the break, then the frantic whistle again and again for help. Then the guard dashed at the topping, and began to drag at the sacks. He was tumbling the first one down in the crumbling levee, when he heard Tug's voice.

He bent to grasp the lad's hands. "What! Who? Tug Wilson—up, out of this!" They strained and heaved. "Hold on!" shouted the guard. "I can't move you—and the water 's coming fast!"

"Fill her in!" yelled Tug; "I been trying to!"

"*You!*" roared the guard, as he worked desperately. "What 're *you* doing on the levee? Keep still—here comes the gang and the wagons—they 'll pull you out, Tug." He turned and shouted at the men swarming through the fence. "Get that boy out—and the sacks in! In five minutes the whole river would have been through here—and *he stopped it!*"

It was the big levee captain himself who stooped down and lifted Tug out when the men dragged the sand-bags from his legs. Tug could not walk for a time, and crawled off on the levee to watch a score of men work desperately by the lanterns' light to fill the gap. It was half an hour before the levee boss could find time to come to Tug. He sat wearily down.

"Tug, this town sure owes everything to you. The whole State does! I reckon they ought to give you whatever you want most of all!"

"Some day I want a license to take one of those liners up over the bar," Tug answered.



ONE afternoon at sundown, about a hundred years ago, a slightly built boy in "blue nankeen"—not half so blue as his own eyes—might have been seen driving his mother's cow from pasture, along the streets of Boston. He was eating a big, juicy pear. When the cow came to the old wooden parsonage, at the corner of Summer and Chauncy Streets, near the place where Hovey's store now stands, she turned in naturally, jangling her bell, and Ralph Waldo Emerson turned in after her.

It was a peaceful home, though everything was simple and many things were poor. From the windows you could see the harbor and the ships that came and went; and there were wide, empty fields, neighborly barns and sheds, and always the open sky, and the changing tide, and the salt smell of the sea. It was very near here that, a hundred years before, Benjamin Franklin and his friends had built their fishing wharf of "borrowed" stones; and the five Emerson brothers had the same chance as Franklin to catch "tomcod and flounders."

Let us guess that this night, however, when the cow had been milked and stabled, the boy, Ralph Waldo, did not think of the sweet, familiar view, or even of the morrow's fishing, but of the new book which he had just drawn from the circulating library for the large payment of six cents. It was a novel, and he was part way through. But to-night his Aunt Mary found him reading, and talked to him so seriously of his extravagance and of his mother's need, that, we are told, "He left the story unfinished, and did not take out the second volume."

Yet it must not be thought that the Emerson boys did not love their Aunt Mary, or that she

did not love them. She was the "family sibyl," determined that the boys should be defrauded of nothing real, and determined that, poor as they were, they should have not only school but college, for, she said, they were "born to be educated." She, herself, trained in them "all the powers of the mind and heart." She gave them the sturdy maxim, "Always do what you are afraid to do." And no one knows how much that maxim may have braced the hearts of Ralph and Edward, when, sharing as they did the same greatcoat, other boys would call out, jeeringly: "Whose turn is it to wear the coat to-day?" "My grandfather," Emerson says, "prayed every night that none of his descendants might ever be rich," and surely his prayer was answered in the case of that one family.

When Ralph was only eight, his father died, leaving six children, all under ten. His mother took boarders, struggling through the crowded days, rising early and working late, with the fond hope throbbing in her heart that her boys might have every chance. Perhaps those boys shared her care too early and were over-serious; but, at all events, they were not selfishly irresponsible, thinking of no one but themselves; they sympathized with her lovingness and her weariness. Ralph told his older brother, William, that he thought it would be his "happiest earthly moment" when he had "a home comfortable and pleasant to offer his mother."

Though Boston winters are long and snowy, and coasting is fine on the hills, Ralph Emerson never owned a sled. But when we remember that, in the winter of 1814, when he was only eleven, the family were in actual need of bread, it is good to know that he did not whimper for

playthings. That year, too, his baby sister died, the only girl of the family. And so circumstances combined to give him a serious face and a serious heart.

Perhaps he cared less than other boys for athletics because he was never physically strong; but he was no "Miss Nancy," and no "saint," and once, at least, he played truant from Mr. Webb's school "to romp on the common."

There was one school, however, from which Emerson was willingly excused after a day's attendance. It was a singing-school, and Ralph Waldo had not the slightest ear for music. When his turn came to sing, the master said to him, "Chord!"

"What?" said the child.

"Chord! chord! I tell you," repeated the master.

"I don't know what you mean." The blue eyes looked puzzled.

"Why, sing! Sing a note!" So the boy made "some kind of a noise," as he called it, and the singing-master said: "That will do, sir. You need not come again."

To know that many of our greatest men have been lacking in some particular, as Emerson was in music, seems to make them human, like ourselves; and it is always inspiring to know that most of them overcame handicaps.

The handicap of poverty is one of the simplest to overcome. It makes men of fiber. Every one of the Emerson boys prepared for college, except Bulkley, who had to be cared for all his life because he "never grew up in mind." Each of the others helped himself to an education. Ralph Waldo wrote from Harvard: "I am to wait in the Junior Hall. I do like it, and yet I do not like it; for which sentiments you can easily guess the reason." And so it happened that the boy of brains was servant to the boys of money; while he brought them coffee and rolls, he was bringing himself character.

Meanwhile, matters were simplified at home by his step-grandfather, Dr. Ezra Ripley, inviting Mrs. Emerson and her sons to live with him in Concord. That made Ralph Waldo's climb to culture happier, because less burdened. Some one has said, "The best of his education he gave himself in rambling reading and incessant practice in writing, and by that note-book in which, from his junior year, he began the process of storing thoughts, phrases, suggestions, for future use." Emerson himself said: "A chamber alone, that was the best thing I found at college." And ever after, when he gave advice to young men, it was, "Sit alone; and keep a journal."

He was younger than most of his class, and

not physically strong; but, if he failed in athletics (which, in truth, he hardly attempted), he won in other respects, and did it, too, without being a "regular grind."

There were three specially happy days at college: the days he won honors. Although he was made class-poet only after seven others had been asked, he was perfectly delighted, and describes himself as walking up and down his lonely little room "flushed and proud of a poet's fancies." Another year, he took a second prize for a composition on Ethics, and the Boylston prize in declamation. He sent the Boylston prize-money straight home, joyfully hoping that his mother would spend it on a new shawl, and he was bitterly disappointed when a letter came from the eighteen-year-old brother William, "the care-worn head of the family," saying he had used it for the baker's bill.

The years following college were among the hardest of Emerson's life. He tried to teach school, to make enough money to study for the ministry, which he had chosen for his profession, and which had been the profession of *seven* generations before him. But, though he attempted several different schools, he was utterly miserable in them, and by no means successful. At first, when he taught boys and won their love, he seemed to manage fairly well; but when it came to assisting his brother William in a school for "fashionable young ladies," a school held in his mother's house, that was a different story. Let him tell it:

"I was nineteen, and had grown up without sisters, and, in my solitary and secluded way of living, had no acquaintance with girls. I still recall my terrors at entering the school and my timidities at French." Though he carried on the school for more than a year, he never overcame his bashfulness, or his powerlessness to discipline those young ladies of Boston, some of them older than himself. "They would ask him on Election Day to give them a holiday while he voted," knowing all the time he was a minor. "They liked to make him blush." When they got entirely beyond his control, he would send them to his mother's room for study. Here is part of a sympathetic letter written by him to a friend who was teaching: "How my heart bleeds for you! Better tug at the oar, dig the mine, or saw wood; better sow hemp, or hang with it, than sow the seeds of instruction." He called it "keeping school," and found his only comfort in the afternoons when he could get into the speechless company of trees and flowers, and where he was unblushingly at home.

It seems strange that Emerson, who heartily



"SOMETIMES HE WOULD WANDER IN AND TELL HER WHICH BOOKS SHE MIGHT LIKE." (SEE PAGE 502)

hated the official task of teaching, should have been so great and so understanding a friend to the countless young people who sought his sympathy and advice years later under the elms of Concord. If we could have run in on him in his Concord home, as did his child-neighbor, Louisa May Alcott, we should have known him much better than we know him through any books. Louisa Alcott went to school in his barn, and played there with his children, gathered moss from the woods for his arbor, ate pears from his laden trees, and grew up under his kindly eyes to be her brave, natural self. His library was always open to her; and sometimes, when she browsed among its shelves "for a new and very interesting book," he would wander in and tell her which books she might like, and which she had better wait to know. When she was a little girl, she sang the song of Mignon under his window, and, at fifteen, wrote him many letters—her thoughts, her feelings—all her growing-up ideas; but she never got the courage to send them. All through life, however, he was her idol and her hero.

Not only was he the strongest influence on her character, but he was the best friend her dreamy, unpractical, business failure of a father ever had. Knowing that Bronson Alcott could never earn anything, Emerson had a way of leaving money under a book on the Alcott table, or behind a candlestick. He gave Mrs. Alcott five hundred dollars to buy a place in Concord, and he offered his own home as her husband's lecture-hall. In Louisa's journal we read: "Father had four talks at Emerson's; good people came and he enjoyed them much; made \$30. R. W. E. probably put in \$20."

Not only in business stress was Emerson a master of sympathy; he helped Louisa in even sadder times. When her dear young sister died—the *Beth* of "Little Women"—he helped carry the beloved body "out of the old home to the new at Sleepy Hollow." And long years after, when Louisa's precious mother had smiled her last good-by, with "A smile is as good as a prayer," he was near the daughter to comfort her. The telegram announcing the death of May Alcott (*Amy*), in Paris, was sent to Mr. Emerson, to "soften the blow." When Louisa came downstairs, she found him looking at May's portrait, "pale and tearful, with the paper in his hand." "My child," he began, "I wish I could prepare you; but alas, alas!" Then his voice failed, and he gave her the telegram. Though she was a woman over forty, she was still his "child," to be deeply helped by a wordless grasp of his hand.

His love for her father, Bronson Alcott, had,

it may be, increased his love for the child, but he always had a genial way with young people, and a rare understanding of their thoughts. To her he would say, "What is true for your own private heart is true for others." His essays on "Self-reliance," "Character," etc., helped her to fathom herself, and "life and God and nature," and his life and companionship, helped her to be strong. On his part, he must have admired that "Spartan spirit." Content to wear cast-off clothes, eager to sew, and teach, and write, and work, able to sing and pray over the wash-tub, or to mother



"HIS LITTLE FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOY, WALDO, WORKED WITH HIM." (SEE PAGE 503.)

sick soldiers in war—that was Louisa Alcott. While he liked the books she wrote for children, he loved her growing, sturdy proof that "though an Alcott, she could support herself."

We have let ourselves wander a little from Emerson's own life to his neighbor's, but we have known him better for the wandering. He soon gave up the distasteful teaching, and, four years after he left college, when he was twenty-three, began to preach. He was too frail, however, for the work. As Professor Woodberry puts it, "He read if his eyes allowed; he walked

if his hip permitted; he preached if his lungs held out; he went slow." Yet, somehow, he found time and strength to help Dr. Taylor found a Sailors' Mission, and to keep up his own preaching, too, though, after each attempt, he had a pain in his chest. Finally, he had to go to Florida for the winter, a hard thing to do for a man like him, who did not know how to live luxuriously, and was bored by idleness. "I stroll on the beach," he wrote miserably, "and drive a green orange over the sand with a stick."

In the shadow of great hardships, however, such petty irritations disappear. Two years later, Emerson's brother Edward, who had been working in Daniel Webster's law office and also teaching school, was suddenly taken violently insane. Edward was almost a part of Ralph's self. As boys, they had bravely shared poverty, and sympathy, and love; but now Ralph carried this sorrow alone. For Edward there was no consciousness of the disaster; to Ralph it brought an agony of grief. The sick brother was sent first to an asylum in Charleston, and then to travel on the Mediterranean and among the West Indies. He died in 1834, after a six years' fight to save his mind.

We pass swiftly in *words* over the long dark-nesses in people's lives; perhaps because we need to seek the sunlight, perhaps because we would not try to utter what is unutterable. It was by bearing sorrow himself, in the death of his brothers, his wife, and his lovely boy, that Emerson learned how to feel for others. His brother Charles died soon after Edward, of lung trouble, the same illness that conquered Emerson's first wife, a frail flower of a woman, who lived less than two years after her marriage.

I am glad he learned to love again, and that he had a home and children, for he and children always "took" to each other. The babies held out reaching arms, to be strongly clasped in his. Then, too, by this marriage he realized, for eighteen years, his boyish hopes of giving his mother a home; and it was, as he had wanted it to be, "comfortable and pleasant."

It stood among the peaceful fields of Concord, not far from its lazy river, a big, square, hospitable house with its thrifty orchards, and shading elms, and sweet air full of song. Almost across the road, Alcott mused and talked; a mile or so away, lonely Hawthorne thought; and deep in the woods near Walden Pond, Thoreau lived in his hut, caught the fishes in his hands, and learned the hidden secrets of the outdoor world. Emerson was Alcott's true friend and practically his business-manager—and if ever a man needed a business-manager, it was Alcott; Hawthorne

was too shy and Emerson too reserved for them to get very well acquainted; Thoreau and Emerson were thoroughly congenial, loving the same things in the same way. When Emerson, through his great awkwardness with tools, failed to do all he tried, Thoreau came to the rescue: he was his carpenter, and he planted his larches and pines.

In his fourteen acres, more or less, there were woodlands, fields, and a blackberry patch. Sometimes, much to Emerson's delight, the Indians and gipsies camped on his ground. Then there were the pines where his mother sat; a part of the shore of Walden, where he and his children swam, and fished, and skated; and his orchard and garden. Here he worked an hour or more a day, pruning trees, digging, and weeding. Emerson's pears brought the highest price in the Boston market. When he hoed his garden, "a crop of comfort straightway sprang up." But the work of weeding was as disheartening to him as it is to other people. "I stoop to pick up a weed that is choking the corn, and find there are two; close behind it is a third, and I reach out my arm to a fourth; behind that there are four thousand and one." His little five-year-old boy, Waldo, worked with him, silently happy by his father's side. Seeing that his father did not use a spade like any one else, he would call out, "Take care, Papa, you will dig your leg!"

Emerson's habits of writing were very irregular; he had a method all his own, and one that few would imitate. One day a friend found him seated at his desk with papers spread all around him on the floor. From these, here and there, he gathered a sentence or paragraph for his essays. Like many other writers, however, he sometimes composed out-of-doors in the woods or fields where he loved to be.

Most of his writing was done in the mornings; in the afternoons, he gardenened or walked. In the evenings, he often read aloud. He was a good walker, "light, erect, and strong of limb." Occasionally he hunted, but not to shoot. Though he learned to use a rifle, his best friends believe that he never used it on any living thing; and though one night he paddled out to see a deer, and drew close enough to have fired, he let the sad-eyed creature have his life. To his own question,

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?

he could answer a joyful *yes*. "Anemone and chipmunk, titmouse and rhodora, black ice and starlight, he knew and loved them all, and was almost more than Thoreau a forest citizen."

With a child's love for nature he would say, "I expand and live in the warm day, like corn and melons." To him there was "beauty in fog, astronomy in plants and 'punctual birds,'" and song and shine in all things of the earth, for

In the mud and scum of things
Always, always, something sings.

"Look," he seems to say, "above your desert and find a star."

Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach and sunsets show?

Here is part of an open letter of Emerson's to his great friend, Carlyle. It gives us an indoor glimpse of his home on May 10, 1838: "My wife Lidian is an incarnation of Christianity. . . . My mother, whitest, mildest of ladies . . . my boy, a piece of love and sunshine well worth my watching from morning to night; these and three domestic women, who cook, and sew, and run for us, make all my household." Other children followed, among them the little Ellen, for whom Louisa Alcott wrote "Flower Fables"; and always the old Aunt Mary, who had been his boyhood adviser, was welcome in his home.

Emerson managed to give more time to his children than such busy men can often give. Awkward as he was with all tools and animals, he knew well how to handle the smallest babies, and they came to him with cooing gladness. At his thoroughly New England breakfast, he liked to eat his *pie* in peace, and would say to his children, "At breakfast all must be calm and sweet; nothing must jar." And if a child cried at the table, he was apt to send it to see whether the gate was shut, or whether the clouds were in the sky, as if he trusted the "great, all-loving Day" to bring it peace. "The small ambassador, a little perplexed . . . as to why he was sent there, returned, solemnly reported, and climbed back into his high chair." "You are bound to be healthy and happy," Emerson would say; "do not have any hobgoblin of the sick sort, but live out-of-doors, and in the sea-bath, and the sail-boat, and the saddle, and the wagon, and, best of all, in your shoes, so soon as they will obey you for a mile. When you have worn out your shoes, the strength of the sole-leather has gone into the fiber of your body."

Though he was a preacher, he allowed his children a great deal of liberty on Sunday. They could walk and read, and bathe in Walden Pond; but they could not have playthings, or drive, or row. They learned hymns, as he had done, and went to their grandmother's quiet room for Bible readings. Their father liked to have them go to

church, and they knew it; but the church service was never insisted upon. It was possible that they, like him, would find a church in the solitary wood.

Emerson thought all young people should learn to think of others. At one of the little Emersons' birthday parties, the children got into the haycocks and began throwing the hay all round, much to the distress of the hired man. Out came the father with "long strides." "Lads and lasses! You must n't undo hard work! The man has worked in the heat all day; now all go to work and put back the hay"; and he stayed and saw it done, working himself."

When pleasures were harmless, however, the father was heartiest of all in his encouragement. Louisa Alcott remembered many such times with his children, "when their illustrious papa was our good playfellow. Often piling us into a bedecked hay-cart, he took us to berry, bathe, or picnic at Walden, making our day charming and memorable by showing us the places he loved . . . so that when, years afterward, we read of 'the sweet rhodora in the woods,' and the 'burly, dozing humblebee,' we recognized old friends." He called the pines "gentlemen," praised the specially tall ones, and once he took off his hat to an extra large red rose.

There came a time, however, when Emerson's heart was robbed of its spirit of play. His little Waldo—a living sunbeam and his father's constant companion, the "deep-eyed boy" who followed him from study to garden without bothering or interrupting—was suddenly taken ill with scarlet fever. Four days later, Louisa Alcott, then eight years old, was sent over to ask how he was. Mr. Emerson himself, worn with watching and sorrow, opened the door. When the little girl saw how changed he was, she could hardly stammer out her question.

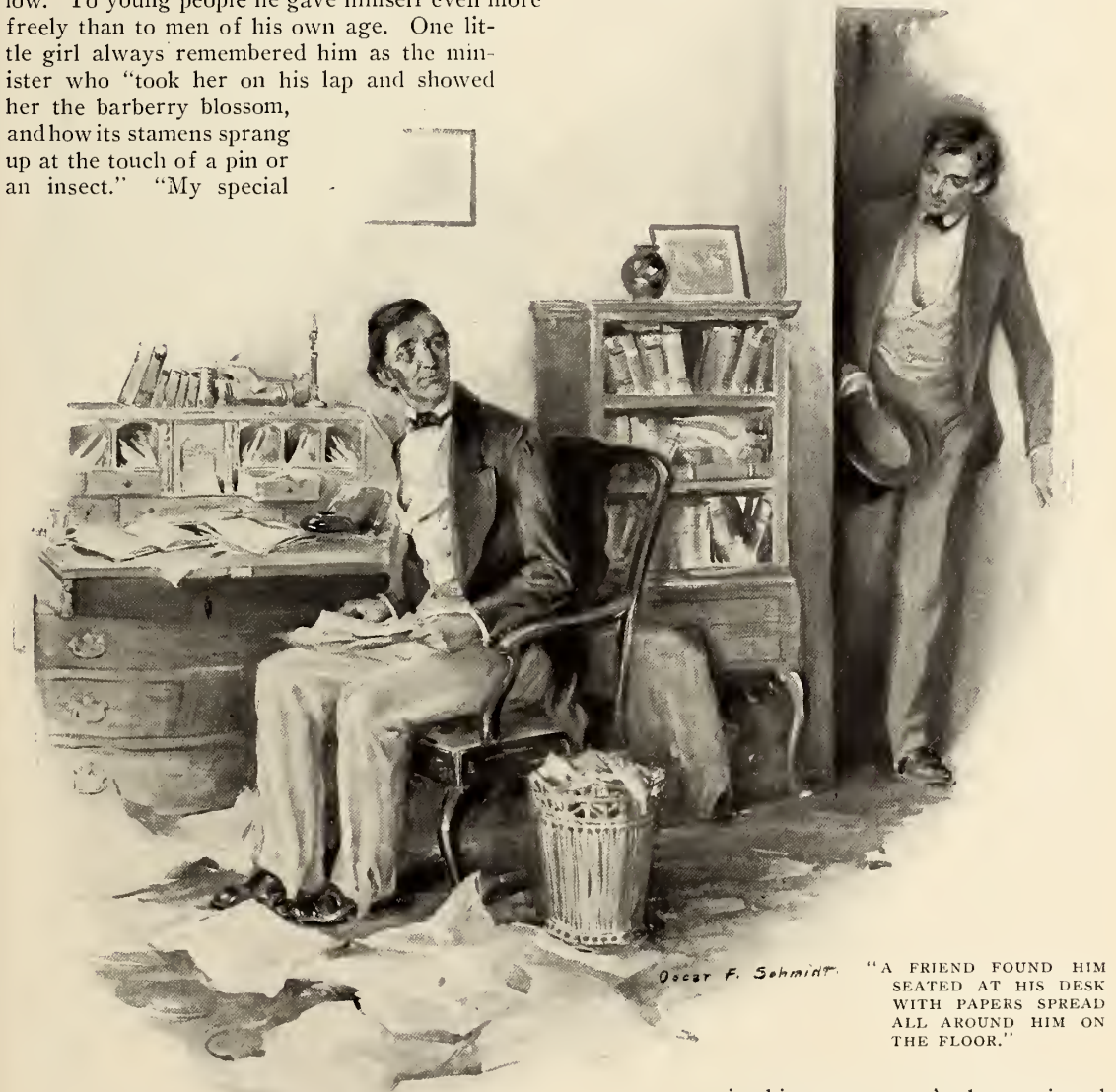
"Child, he is dead!" fell the hollow answer. Then the door closed, and she ran home to tell the dreadful news and never to forget that anguished face. Emerson's beautiful "Threnody," in memory of Waldo, is one of the greatest of American poems.

But poetry or prose could not begin to tell the story. "You can never know," Emerson wrote to Carlyle, "how much of me such a young child can take away." He was lost for the "forever of this world." Yet, even out of Emerson's bereavement, he breathed a blessing on John Thoreau, who had urged him to have Waldo's daguerreotype taken. There was, at least, that part of his sunlight child to keep, besides the sacred memory of his love.

We have talked much of Emerson's home and

neighbors because through them he is best understood. To many folk of his time he was a mystery, a far-away enigma. And yet he was a man of many friends. Like Agassiz, he belonged to the famous Saturday Club where gathered Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, Norton, Hawthorne, and others. He came regularly and sat near Longfellow. To young people he gave himself even more freely than to men of his own age. One little girl always remembered him as the minister who "took her on his lap and showed her the barberry blossom, and how its stamens sprang up at the touch of a pin or an insect." "My special

"His smile was the very sweetest I have ever beheld," though it was a smile given to a perfect stranger. It was he who pushed Carlyle's works



Oscar F. Schmidt. "A FRIEND FOUND HIM SEATED AT HIS DESK WITH PAPERS SPREAD ALL AROUND HIM ON THE FLOOR."

parish," Emerson once said, "is young men seeking their way." Boys and girls came to him with all their problems and confidences; college fellows asked his advice for their futures. Howells said, when as a young man he went to see him:

in this country, and who continued to push them for twenty years; and, as we have said, he was Bronson Alcott's bank-account, and Louisa Alcott's guiding star.

In farmers who plowed the fields, in sea-captains who hoisted sail, in boys and girls who hoped and worked, he was deeply and permanently interested, but never, never in those who shirked and sagged. "The sun grudges his light,"

he would say, "the air his breath, to him who stands with his hands folded in the great school of God." When a letter came, then, from a young girl, asking him to write her valedictory, we can imagine that he gave her no gentle answer. "Stand on your own feet; think your own thoughts; live your own life," was his motto.

"To have a friend one must be one," Emerson believed. It was beautifully touching to see the eagerness of his many Concord friends to show the genuineness of their friendship. As fellow-citizen, Emerson had belonged to the fire association. "The leathern buckets and baize bag always hung over the stairs in his side entry," and at many fires in the woods he had helped beat out the flames with pine boughs. And now, in 1872, the Concord citizens were given a chance to fight a fire for him. Very early, one July morning, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson were waked by the crackling of flames, and barely escaped with their lives from the burning house. Though the whole upper half of their home was a ruin, hurrying neighbors saved many of the household goods, Louisa Alcott guarding the precious library, badly soaked by the rain. Moreover, those loving neighbors insisted, much against Emerson's will, in rebuilding the house. Perhaps they saw that the early morning work in the pouring rain had been too hard on their dear friend of nearly seventy. At any rate, the following October, while Emerson, with his daughter, Ellen, took his third trip to Europe, his Concord friends restored his home.

He returned like a conqueror. There were signals to announce his coming, a triumphal arch, and a brass-band; there were carriages to drive him and his family to the "new" house, round which a crowd of old and young were gathered. Even the babies in their wagons came out to smile a welcome. Just before Emerson entered his door, he turned round, and, walking back to the gate, said in his old, gracious way: "My friends! I know that this is not a tribute to an old man and his daughter returned to their house, but to the common blood of us all—one family—in Concord!"

So far, we have thought of Emerson almost entirely as an influence on others, and have forgotten what influence life itself had on him—Emerson, the minister, and yet not the minister, for he preached only three years. In 1832, he reached a crisis in thought which drove him to the White Hills to consider his duty. He was a kind of "walking sincerity," and he was, above all, a believer in religious freedom. "God can be worshiped in a barn," he said; and when some one once remarked that she did "not trouble the

church much," he answered quietly, "Then you have somewhere a little chapel of your own." This summer of 1832 he had reached the point where he must be as free with himself as he had always been with others. As the years had advanced, he had concluded that prayer to be real prayer must come direct from a heart-felt longing to talk with "Our Father." It was a Quaker thought. With it had come an inability to follow, sincerely, all the ceremonies of the church. Accordingly, one memorable Sunday, Emerson stood before his quiet little congregation, and made a plain statement, asking to resign unless he could be privileged to leave out certain ceremonies which to him were insincere. His resignation was accepted, and, in consequence, the man who had spent his youth on teaching, which he disliked, in order to earn money for the ministry, which he hoped to love, found himself adrift, without a profession, poor, and with a family dependent upon him, but too practical and too noble to shirk responsibility.

Let no one think that the decision was easy. It was reached through hours of lonely thought and through the help of the solitary hills, and of the Maker of the hills who helps us all. And it was the steep, white path of truth that he had chosen. His own gentle judgment of others may teach us a gentle judgment of him—with honor added for the sacrifice.

For it was a sacrifice. On his return from Europe, in the winter of 1833-34, Emerson began his life anew as lecturer. It meant hard work in the study and hard work on the road, traveling with those brain-stuffs of his as peddlers travel with their wares. It meant, also, very small pay,—an average of only \$20 a lecture,—but Emerson was a "shrewd, sensible Yankee" who knew that "a dollar is a dollar and a cent a cent, and that dollars and cents are convenient things to have in pocket. He was no crank, no dreamer."

He gave more than he got, for, to all who heard him lecture, he was an inspiration. To young men he taught the hardy doctrine, drawn perhaps from his own defeat, that "a good failure is always a good experience." He made them ashamed of frivolity, uselessness, and untruth; it was as if he prayed with them that they might always "know what is sacred."

Over six feet tall, Emerson stood before his audience, slender, graceful, erect, with a smooth face and clear, almost ruddy complexion, and a wonderful smile that warmed. As he spoke in that deep, musical "ground swell of a voice," he was at once rousing and restful. Though by many he was less understood than *felt*, he gave courage and strength like a mountain wind.

"Do you understand Mr. Emerson?" asked one.
 "Not a word, but I like to go and see him stand



RALPH WALDO EMERSON IN 1854.

up there and look as if he thought every one was as good as he was."

The impressions of Lowell, who heard him as a young man, are interesting: "It was as if, after vainly trying to get his paragraphs into sequence

and order, he had at last tried the desperate expedient of shuffling them. . . . Did you say he was disconnected? So were the stars." And later, in a letter to Norton, "Emerson's oration was more disjointed than usual, even with him. It began nowhere and ended everywhere, and yet, as usual with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way—something more beautiful than anything else. . . . Every possible criticism might have been made on it but one,—that it was not noble. . . . He boggled, he lost his place, he had to put on his glasses; but it was as if a creature from some fairer world had lost his way in our fogs, and it was our fault, not his. . . . All through it I felt something in me that cried, 'Ha, ha, to the sound of the trumpets!'"

Emerson died of pneumonia in 1882, a few weeks before his seventy-ninth birthday. It was early spring, too early for many of the wild flowers he had loved. But his friends placed vases of lilies of the valley, red and white roses, and arbutus on the mantel in the Concord home; and Louisa Alcott made a harp of yellow jonquils. She and others softened the church pulpit with boughs of pine and hemlock and the tender coral of the maple blossoms,—wild things which many do not see, but which his love had welcomed every year. Then he was laid to rest in Sleepy Hollow, close to his own little Waldo, and a few steps from Thoreau, Hawthorne, and Beth Alcott. There is a great rock of rough rose-quartz over his grave; mating-birds come in the spring to nest in the tall grass, and violets blossom underneath the pines. It is all as peaceful as it should be,—the resting-place of a "royal soul" who had fulfilled his kingship, and a captain who had kept his "rudder true."

A FEW QUOTATIONS FROM EMERSON

If we live truly, we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong, as it is for the weak to be weak. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
 Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
 But it carves the bow of beauty there,
 And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.

The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
 Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world.

Our helm is given up to a better guidance than our own, the course of events is quite too strong for any helmsman,

and our little wherry is taken in tow by the ship of the great Admiral which knows the way, and has the force to draw men and states and planets to their good.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force; that thoughts rule the world.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
 So near is God to man,
 When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
 The youth replies, "I can!"

O friend, never strike sail to a fear! Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas!



THE DANCING CLASS—"THAT AWKWARD BOY!"

DRAWN BY GERTRUDE A. KAY.

BEATRICE OF DENEWOOD

(A sequel to "The Lucky Sixpence")

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

CHAPTER XI

NEWS FROM ENGLAND

THE sight of Blundell and Schmuck brought a chill to my heart, and I had scarce a word to say on our way back to Denewood from the ball.

"Why are you so gloomy?" asked Polly, as we rode on.

"Brother John is going to the front," I answered, thinking that a sufficient explanation for my lack of gaiety.

"Oh, is he?" said Polly, indifferently.

"B-Bee, dear, I'm s-s-so s-s-sorry," cried Peg, reaching up and patting my cheek with her soft little hand; and, for the time being, I was comforted.

We all slept late the next morning, but, when I awoke, my thoughts turned instantly to the two men, and I began again to wonder what they could have to say to each other. Though I saw no way in which they could injure us, I could not shake the fear of them from my mind, and I wished Brother John had not been forced to go away just then.

It was a gossipy breakfast we had, Polly and Betty regaling us with chatter of the ball, and making light of the affront put upon the Mischianza ladies, by insisting that the Colonial officers knew no better, but would learn. Peggy stuttered volubly in their defense, but I could not bring myself to care very much what Polly and Betty might say, and so was rather silent.

After breakfast, on going to straighten my room, I noted the silver paper lying under my bottle of lavender-water, and, seeing the piece Polly had torn off, I thought what a pity it was she could not have been more patient, and taken some other bit of paper for her purpose. I picked up the strip, intending to smooth out a crease or two that the curling-iron had made, when, in turning it over, my eyes were attracted by many faint lines drawn on the white undersurface.

In amazement I carried it to the window to examine it closely, remembering that John and Bart and I had certainly found it blank. Here I saw clearly that it was a map of some kind, rough, 't is true, but still a chart, with names and figures carefully set down, where before there had been nothing. I could scarce believe my eyes.

I sat with it in my hands, too astonished to do aught but look and look, and turn it over and over.

Upon studying it further, it at once became plain that I had, as yet, only a portion of the map, the rest evidently being upon the other bit of paper. I arose, and hurried to the dressing-



THE TORN MAP.

table in a fever of excitement, to fit the torn edges together.

But the other half was absolutely blank, and, though the torn edges matched, there were no lines on the second piece of paper to complete the picture.

I puzzled my brains for an explanation. Could some one have drawn the lines there after the sheet was torn in two? But 't was impossible to believe that so careful a drawing should have been put upon a torn piece of paper. Moreover, the lines ran in such a way that it seemed clear they must be completed on the other half. It was a mystery for which I could find no solution.

It seemed more than probable, however, that I had, at last, come upon the paper which the Magus had wanted, and had gone to such lengths in his effort to obtain, and I decided to hand it over to John at the first opportunity. To which end I put both pieces beneath a pile of tuckers in my clothes-press, where they were less likely to be blown away.

I had scarcely concealed them when Clarinda came running into my room.

"Miss Bee! Miss Bee!" she cried, her eyes wide open and showing much of the whites. "Mrs. Mummer says you-all is to come right off! There 's been a robber done got into Mas-

ter John's room, and the place looks worse than yours did awhile back. Come on, Miss Bee, 'cause certainly somethin' am queer!"

I hurried with her to John's room, and found it in quite as much confusion as Clarinda had described. The presses, drawers, and book-shelves had been emptied, and their contents lay scattered on the floor. Chairs were upturned, the bed was pulled apart, rugs had been piled in a corner; it was clear, at a glance, that some one had been hunting for something with the same thoroughness that had been shown when my room had, in a like manner, been ransacked.

That this outrage could be the work of an ordinary thief was out of the question, for, as had been the case in my room, an examination showed that nothing had been stolen, and confirmed my belief that the drawing was the object of these strange visitations.

At first, the matter seemed plain enough. Schmuck was still looking for his map, and, having failed to find it in my possession, had, not unnaturally, come to the conclusion that I had given it to John.

And yet this explanation was far from satisfactory; for, when my room had been ransacked, the silvered paper was in plain sight, and may even have been in the hands of the searcher. Could it be that there was still another map? I puzzled over it, but found no reasonable answer to the riddle.

Then another thought came into my mind to plague me: could Blundell, whom I had seen talking to the Magus, have aught to do with the matter? I feared Blundell more than any one on earth, and it was with a sigh of relief that I dismissed this idea. Hans Kalbfleisch had said nothing of the British officer, and I could not reasonably connect him with this affair. 'T was only my nervousness where he was concerned that had suggested such a possibility.

After Mrs. Mummer and I had put Brother John's room to rights, I went back to my chamber and took out the map, viewing it with even more interest than I had before. With such a search going on, it was clear that it was of importance, and that, if I wished to keep it until John came, I must find a safer place for it.

I puzzled a little as to just where I should hide it, but, after some thought, I decided to put it inside the silk-embroidered cover of my book of Maxims. Once before I had secreted a paper there, and carried it through many dangers.

I cut the stitches holding the cover, and slipped the pieces of silvered paper inside, taking a last glance at the map to be sure that it was really there, and that I had not been dreaming. Then,

smoothing all out nicely, I took a needle and thread, and fastened the cover as it had been before.

"I shall tell Brother John about it the first chance I have," I said to myself, as I put the little book away.

But more than a year went by before I saw John again, the months passing quickly without many events of importance to mark them in my memory.

In January, I had an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with His Excellency, General Washington, who was in Philadelphia to attend a banquet given to celebrate the alliance with France. We heard news of it, and it must have been a most splendid affair, for thirteen toasts were drunk, one for each State, accompanied by salutes of artillery.

It was at this time that General Washington sat to Mr. Peale for the portrait which, two or three years later, was totally defaced by Tories who broke into the council-chamber where it hung.

Madame Washington, too, was in Philadelphia, and there was an entertainment given in her honor, to which we all went under the care of Mrs. Bache.

When I made my curtsy to her, Lady Washington was pleased to say that the general had brought her word that the little mistress of Dene-wood was an accomplished housewife.

I blushed mightily at this compliment, and was, for the moment, too embarrassed to speak, but Madame Washington said: "There, there, my dear," in so kindly a tone, that I was set at my ease.

The Fourth of July, 1779, was celebrated on Monday the fifth. We went in the evening to see the fireworks, Polly and Betty in gay gowns made by Mrs. Ann Pearson in Second Street; which gowns, being adorned with gauze at fifty dollars the yard, called forth some fine comments on elegant extravagance from little Peg.

That summer saw two victories for our arms which I only recount because John was engaged in both of them. The British had sent expeditions into Connecticut, plundering and burning New Haven, East Haven, Fairfield, and Norwalk. New London was to be the next victim, but the British force was recalled after our men, under Mad Anthony Wayne, attacked and took Stony Point.

General Wayne was wounded in the head, and John, with one of the general's aides-de-camp, carried him on into the fight, because, they said, "Mad Anthony would never forgive those who carried him *away* from a battle."

The second victory was at Paulus Hook, where John and Allan McLane were with Major Henry Lee of Virginia. They swam the canal and captured the fort ere the British could fire a piece of artillery.

John told us about it himself, when he returned

John now took out letters of marque and shipped crews on several of his trading vessels, which were roughly outfitted as privateers. Captain Timmons appeared unexpectedly at this time, having but newly escaped from the British, who had captured him when he had brought me to the Americas. He and I were the best of friends, and I had a warm welcome for him, and a thousand questions to ask of his adventures since we had last seen each other. It was Captain Timmons who had made a rebel of me, so I had a soft place in my heart for him.

Allan McLane having been promoted to a majority, John was a captain now, and, although I had hoped he would stay with us, he insisted upon sharing the lot of his troop during that cold and snowy winter of 1780, which was almost as bad as Valley Forge had been.

But the winter passed, new campaigns were planned by both sides, and the war seemed no nearer an end than before.

At Denewood, our affairs prospered, and Mummer ceased to growl at the destruction wrought by the British, for all signs of it had been wiped out, even the new fences and buildings that had replaced those which had been burned having taken on a weather-beaten look, and ceased to remind us of those unhappy days.

I had many plans for the future, and was longing for the time to come when Brother John would be back



“‘WHEN DID YOU ARRIVE?’ I WENT ON, RUNNING DOWN TO GREET HIM.” (SEE PAGE 512.)

at the end of the year’s campaign to set some of his affairs in order.

“Both our young soldiers were blooded there, and behaved with credit. Mark will make an officer when he’s older, if he but gets over his present idea that he is a special providence sent to guard me.”

I laughed to myself at this, much pleased to learn that my substitute was attentive to his duty.

for good. Now and then, I would remember the Magus and Blundell, but I neither saw nor heard aught of them, though occasionally I recalled the map hidden in the cover of my little book of Maxims, where it had remained undisturbed all this time. I always told myself that I must show it to Brother John, but when he came, I was so busy, and his visits were so short, that I was sure to forget till he was gone again.

In July, 1780, there came news that put all thought of such things out of my head for a long, long time, and brought a change that altered my whole way of life.

I was astonished one morning as I came to the head of the stairs on my way to breakfast, to see

"Is aught wrong?" I asked, for plainly he was not himself, and lacked the happy, boyish manner I was used to. "Have we lost a battle?"

"Nay," he answered, and tried to smile in the old way; "we 've driven Clinton back into New York, and his quarters there are almost as close as were Howe's in Philadelphia."

"Then come to breakfast," I said, taking his arm; "you must be hungry, or you would n't look so doleful."

That brought a little laugh, though not a hearty one.

"So, disciple of Mrs. Mummer!" he cried. "If aught seems wrong with a man, 't is but an empty stomach."

At the table, he sat listlessly over his food, going off now and then into a brown study, and coming back to his surroundings with an effort, so that I began truly to be worried, nor was I the only one who noted it.

"B-b-but, Cousin John, have the B-B-B-British taken your a-a-appetite?" asked Peggy, pointing to the untouched food on his plate.

But instead of answering, he pushed his chair from the table.

"Have you finished, Bee?" he asked, and then, without waiting for an answer, went on: "I can't eat, and that 's a fact!"

"What is it, John?" I said, getting up and going to him.

"I know not how to tell you," he replied; "but they have sent for you from England. And—and I must let you go."

I looked at him in amazement, not taking in the full purport of his words.

"Nay," he continued, almost roughly, "'t is the bitter truth I 'm telling you. You must go back to England, and that at once."

CHAPTER XII

A RUDE WELCOME

"AND now for the whole tale," said John, in a strained voice, drawing forth two letters, one of which he handed to me. I saw that it was writ



"I TURNED TO TAKE A LAST LOOK AT DENEWOOD." (SEE PAGE 514.)

Brother John awaiting me in the great hall below.

"John!" I exclaimed, for, as I had grown older, the ceremonious "Brother John" had been dropped.

He looked up and waved a hand to me.

"When did you arrive?" I went on, running down to greet him.

"I came late last night," he answered gravely, taking my hands; "I would not have you awakened."

in Granny's neat hand. The other he opened and prepared to read.

"Before I begin," he said, looking up from the page, "I must tell you that the letters came in under a flag of truce by the hand of a messenger sent to treat for an exchange of prisoners. His first inquiry was for a relative of Sir Horace Travers, and I did not speak up and claim the honor, as, in truth, I had forgotten all about Sir Horace; but when he went on to say that Mistress Beatrice Travers, sister to Sir Horace, was staying with the gentleman he sought, I pricked up my ears and went forward, little thinking what good luck it would have been had I been born deaf."

"But, John," I put in hastily, "I am not Sir Horace's sister. I am but a cousin."

"You are Sir Horace's sister now," answered John, gravely. And then I remembered that Horrie was the heir of Sir Horace, who had been ill for years. The old man must have died and Horrie come into his inheritance at last, and, once this fact had gotten into my head, I understood, all. Long ago, when we were about to be parted, Granny and Hal to go to Aunt Prudence in Amsterdam, and I to seek my fortune among the savages, Horrie had promised that, when he came into his money, he would have us all back again. So now I was sent for.

'T was a little strange what small joy that thought brought me.

"Oh, John!" was all I could say, "must I go?"

"Aye, Bee, that was the question I asked myself at once. 'Must she go?' But listen to the letter. 'T is from your brother's man of business"; and he read as follows:

"JOHN TRAVERS, Esquire,

At Germantown, in the Colony of Pennsylvania.

"Honored Sir:

"I write to apprise you of the demise, on the 3d day of April, 1780, at Frobisham, in Kent, of Sir Horace Travers, Bart. His young cousin having succeeded to his title and estates, is most anxious that his sister should join him here at the earliest possible moment, and bids me say that, by the time of her arrival, his grandmother, who is appointed his guardian, and his younger brother will be there as well. It is further his intention to provide his grandmother with a suitable home for the remainder of her life, and to set aside a generous jointure for his sister so soon as he is of age to execute the deed.

"He wishes to express to you his gratitude for the protection you have accorded to his sister, and to say how glad he is to be able to relieve you of all further responsibility. It will increase his indebtedness if you will arrange for the young lady's passage on the first possible vessel, as he is anxious that the family should be reunited.

"Yrs. respectfully,

"JABEZ NORTH."

"Why did not the lad write to me himself?" asked John, as he folded the letter.

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I gave a half-laugh, although my heart was aching.

"He was afraid he would not spell it right, of course," I said. "Just look at the long words. But oh, John! must I go?"

"What bad news is in your letter?" he said, putting my question aside.

"'T is from Granny," I answered, and, opening it, I read as follows:

"MY DEAREST BEATRICE:

"I am like a child let loose from irksome tasks. Sir Horace has had the grace to die at last, and we are off for England to join Horrie. Glad am I to shake the dust of Amsterdam from off my shoes—only 't is too abominably clean to have dust, and the people are so virtuous that one longs for a chance to find fault with something.

"Your Aunt Prudence thinks 't is scarce decent to be in such haste to be gone; but, for my part, I shall not spend in exile one day more than I must. At my age, time is precious, so come to us soon, my sweet one, for my heart is sore for a sight of you. Your exile has been so much more dreadful than mine, that, were I not a selfish old woman, I should have thought of naught else. Hurry then, to your devoted old

"GRANNY.

"Post Scriptum. Hal says he hopes you have learned the use of the bow and arrows from the Indians, and can teach him. For my part, my one fear is that you may have taken to the native fashion of painting your face, which, I hear, is three wide stripes on each cheek."

"Oh, how like Granny it is!" I exclaimed at the end. "Poor, dear Granny, with her foolish notions! though she does love me."

"And has your exile been so dreadful?" asked John, with a very serious face. "'T is true you have had some rough adventures for a little maid—but has it been so dreadful?"

"Nay, 't is not necessary to answer that," for this speech brought back my thoughts from Granny, where they had strayed for a moment. "Tell me, John," I went on, "must I go?"

"I can see no help for it," he said gloomily.

"And I can see no reason for it," I burst out. "'T is true I love Granny and the boys, but when I was friendless, you gave me a home, the best home a maid could have. 'T is not fair that the minute my fortune changes, I should up and run away from you!"

"I would not have you stay out of gratitude," he broke in.

"I know that, John," I answered. "'T is because Denewood is my home, my real home, where all my love is, and to leave it would be like tearing up my heart by the roots. Say I need not go, and 't will be all right. I will write a nice, long letter to Granny, and when the war is over, we will go together and pay her a visit."

I was eager that he should agree to this, thinking little of the difficulties in the way of such a plan, but he shook his head.

"Go you must, Bee, though your going will take all the sunshine from Denewood," he answered. "I have talked with Madame Washington about it, and she is strongly of the opinion that you should go."

"Then I thank her not!" I answered sharply; "and it seems to me that this is a matter between us, and one that Madame Washington can have little knowledge of."

"Nay, Bee," he answered gently, "'t is a matter for older heads than either of us possess. There is more in it than appears on the surface, and 't is your future I must look out for, rather than my present desires. 'T is for your sake, and 't is your position in the world that I must think of; for, remember, the sister of Sir Horace Travers is a great lady."

"I had liefer remain the sister of plain John Travers of Germantown!" I broke in.

"Ah, but, Bee!" he replied, "you are not my sister, and that makes all the difference."

We argued it a while longer, in fact I protested to the very last, but John was firm. Finally, when 't was settled, little Peg, who had sat listening all the while, broke in upon our talk.

"W-w-who 's to tell Mrs. M-M-M-Mummer?" she asked, whereat John gave a low whistle.

"Not I!" he said, with shameless cowardice.

Indeed, it was a task to fright any one, and when at last the news was broke to her, she knew not which to do most, pity or blame me. As to John, she treated him, whom she idolized, with supreme contempt.

"Let her go!" she would mutter darkly, "you 'll never be sorry but once—and that will be always, as Mummer says."

There was little time wasted on the preparations for my journey. The excuse for the hurry was the fact that Captain Timmons was in port with the privateer bark *Alert*, and it was on her that my voyage was to be made. The captain had pressing matters to attend to in France, or, at least, that is what John said, but it may well be that, having once decided that I should go, he feared that, with any delay, he might change his mind; and, in truth, it was better that the parting should not be prolonged over weeks of anticipation.

Mrs. Mummer was in tears near all the time as the day of my departure approached, and, indeed, the parting from her was not the least of my heartaches. First she was for going with me, but that I put a stop to because John would have been left alone; and so it was settled that Clarinda should accompany me.

Even Polly and Betty showed a most surprising and unexpected feeling over the matter. Lit-

tle Peg, somewhat of a small Indian, was loth to show her feelings. She hugged me hard, and said convulsively: "You will come back, B-Bee, I know you w-will!" Then she ran away, that I might not see her tears.

'T was a compliment and a comfort to me to know that a friendless little maid had made a warm place in so many hearts, but it scarce eased the pain of parting.

All the men and boys and women about the place were on hand to drop a curtsey and wish me a "God-speed," the morning of my departure, and when I turned to take a last look at Denewood, it seemed as if the flowers and trees, and even the mansion itself, regretted my going; but that, of course, was only my heavy heart that put a shade of sadness into all I looked at.

Brother John came aboard the *Alert* to see me comfortably settled, and, finally, the moment for parting with him came.

"Must I go?" I said, looking up at him, my eyes filled with tears.

"It breaks my heart to part with you, Bee," he answered, rather chokily; "but when the war is over—"

"Ah, the war!" I exclaimed wildly, "I had forgotten; and, John, you may be killed, and I far, far away from you."

"Nay now, don't think such thoughts," he said, comforting me, though I knew his heart was as sore as mine. "Remember, I have the half of a lucky sixpence about my neck, and that will protect me!"

"And you will always wear it?" I questioned anxiously.

"Always," he answered simply, and no vow could have been more binding, as I well knew.

"Can't you leave the war and come to England with me?" I urged. "Sure you have done enough."

"Bee! Bee!" he cried, "you would not ask me to desert the cause?"

"No, no," I sobbed, "I would not have you a coward an I could, but oh, John! if aught happens to you—"

"Nay, do not torture yourself with such thoughts," he answered. "Good-by, and God keep you!" and, with that, he kissed me and was gone. As for me, I fled to my cabin, and we were well out of the Delaware before my sobbing ceased.

To me the voyage seemed long and most monotonous, though Captain Timmons said we made a fine trip of it. He was an old friend, and scarcely a day passed that I did not look up from my sewing to find him shaking his head and mumbling to himself that, when he had brought

me to America, he had little thought to take me away again; and I would assure him that 't was not of my own free will that I was aboard his ship. Whereat he would give a hearty laugh, and vow a privateer was not so very different from a pirate such as once, in my ignorance, I had called him.

But, as the days passed, and the sting of the parting became less acute, I began to think of those to whom I was going. Granny I knew would be the same; but four years is a long time in the life of a child, and I wondered would Hal and Horrie have changed greatly. They had been careless, fun-loving boys, and I a hoiden; but as I looked back, it seemed that the years had brought so many changes, that I could scarce believe myself the same child. So I was by no means sure in my mind what they would be like, and was somewhat curious about it, wishing the *Alert* would hurry a little.

Thus the days passed, and, one morning, I awoke to find the boat riding on the smooth waters of the river Loire. Soon we passed the town of Saint-Nazaire, dropping anchor at last at Nantes.

We counted on the French having cleared the Channel of the English ships, and when we came to anchor, Captain Timmons put on his best clothes and went ashore, while I was forced to stay content on the deck of the *Alert*, watching the various craft and the strange people who manned them, and thinking how glad and gay I would be if we had dropped anchor in the Delaware instead.

About tea-time the captain came back.

"'T was not so easy a task as I had thought to find it," he announced at once. "It seems that England is too strong to be conquered on the sea, as they expected here, and commerce between the two countries is as dead as a herring. But there are still some honest smugglers at work, and I have arranged that you are to go with one of them. Till he sails you must e'en be content."

Truth to tell, I liked not this plan at all, but I had been put in Captain Timmons's hands, and felt sure it was the best he could do.

It was some days before the smuggler's craft was ready, and once or twice Clarinda and I were allowed to go on shore, where the black girl thought that all who did not understand her English must surely be deaf, and shouted herself hoarse in her effort to make them hear.

At length the day came when the French smuggler was to start, and all my effects were put aboard a small hooker named the *Claire de la Lune*. She seemed safe enough, and, as a matter of fact, I was made entirely comfortable.

Just as we were leaving the *Alert*, Captain Timmons took me to one side.

"I have two presents for you, Mistress Beatrice," he began. "They were left in my charge by Mr. Travers, to be handed over when we parted."

One of the parcels was a purse containing a large sum of money, and the other was a small, leather-covered case. I opened it hastily, and found a locket of gold; inside this was a miniature of John, and a slip of paper upon which was written: "This, so you will not forget one who is ever thinking of you."

I gave a cry of joy. It was as if I heard John speak to me.

"'T is like him, is it not?" asked the captain, who was looking at the picture over my shoulder. "He had it done by Mr. Peale, the same that painted the portrait of His Excellency, General Washington. A bit flattered, I should say, but 't will do well enough."

"'T is not at all flattered!" I retorted indignantly, and then I caught the twinkle in the captain's eye, and saw that he was teasing me.

"Do not be too free with your money, lass," he said to me at parting. "'T is an honest smuggler you go with, but 't is safer in these foreign countries not to put temptation in the way of any one. Hide your gold and your locket where they will not be easily found. Your route will be by post from Rye, in the east of Sussex, where you are to land, to Frobisham, in Kent. 'T will take a long day, and, though there are highwaymen about, those gentry ply their trade at night. Nevertheless, hide your money, and—oh, yes, Mr. Travers bade me tell you he would send more from time to time."

"You have all my thanks for your kindness, Captain Timmons," I murmured, holding out my hand.

"Nay, Mistress Beatrice," he said, "I have done naught. But do not let us part until I have been told when I am to come for you again."

At that I burst into tears, for, in saying farewell, I seemed to be severing the last tie holding me to the country of my adoption, and my heart was heavy.

"I would that I knew when I might return," I sobbed; "but one thing you may promise an you will."

"Say on and 't is done," he answered heartily.

"That you will come for me if aught happens to Brother John," I went on. "Wait not to see how he fares. Even a little hurt might prove serious, and 't will take long to reach him," and at the thought my tears began to fall afresh.

"To be sure I 'll promise!" said the captain,

hastily, and I think he would have undertaken anything if it would stay my tears.

And so I parted with the good captain in better spirits than I would have thought possible; for it seemed that I had made him a link between John and myself.

We were most civilly treated aboard the *Claire de la Lune*; but their bearded faces and tasseled caps gave the French captain and his men a most sinister look to my unaccustomed eyes. The boat was not particularly clean, but the food and wine were most excellent; indeed, vastly superior to that with which we had been satisfied upon the *Alerc*.

We were destined, because of contrary winds, to spend a longer time on the "*Claire*," as the men called her, than I had thought would be needful, and it was near a week before we sighted a shore, early one evening, which the captain told me was "Angleterre."

But even then we could not go direct, for there were suspicious-looking sails about, and the captain drove past Rye Bay as if it were nothing to us.

When night had fallen, we crept back slowly again, only to find a ship riding at anchor in the bay.

After a hurried consultation with his son, who acted as mate, the captain explained, most politely and with many shrugs and expressions of regret, that he dared not run the risk of seizure. The English were more than usually watchful, and he and his son had come to the conclusion that it was best to put about and await a more favorable opportunity.

"And what is to be done with me?" I demanded, to which he replied that the same question had bothered him more than he could well express.

I protested that I did not wish to go back to France, and that, as I was not contraband and did not fear seizure, I saw no reason why they could not set Clarinda and me ashore with our boxes, without any great risk to themselves.

The captain promised to take the matter under advisement, and, at length, it was agreed that an attempt should be made to land us on the beach that very night.

"But why not during the day?" I protested, not liking the thought of being landed in a strange country in the darkness.

"'T is impossible!" he answered, and though

I knew not why it should be so, 't was clear they would not consider my wishes on this point.

I was far from liking the prospect, but I wanted mightily to be on shore, and so consented with as good a grace as I could.

It was a moonless night, though fairly clear, and Clarinda and I were put in a small boat after the *Claire* had been brought to, a mile or so off-shore. Every move was made with extreme quietness, and the men spoke in whispers, giving the impression that we were upon some desperate venture, which I could not help thinking very absurd and French. I bade farewell to the captain, thanking him for his care of me, and, a few moments later, we were rowing silently away from the hooker.

Nothing appeared to stay our progress, and, at length, a line of white wave breaking gently upon the shore showed over our bow, and a few moments later we grounded softly.

The Frenchmen made short work of relieving themselves of their passengers, and, in scarce more time than it takes to tell, we were standing on the soft sand in the midst of our boxes, unable to see ten yards in any direction, alone on a strange beach where not a light showed nor any sound came to us.

"Save us, Miss Bee, but I d'clare dis certainly am lonesome. I don't think tha 's a soul livin' in dis land," said Clarinda; but scarcely had she whispered the words than the harsh voice of a man smote our ears.

"Halt! Stand where you are!"

The command came from a point on my right.

"'T will be a pleasure to shoot you, an you come in my direction," cried some one behind me.

"Or in mine!" shouted another.

"Or in mine!" cried a third, and, in a moment, other voices took up the words, till it sounded as if a regiment was surrounding us.

Clarinda, with a faint wail of fear, dropped at my feet, and I, scarce less alarmed, stood rigid, awaiting—I knew not what.

'T was as if we were hemmed in by ghosts, so noiseless had been the approach of those who spoke, though that we heard no footfall was doubtless due to the muffling sand. And now in the silence I seemed to feel our enemies closing in on us.

Suddenly the slide of a dark lantern was withdrawn, and in its light a circle of hostile faces confronted us.

(To be continued.)

The Nightmare

by James Rowe



ONCE I dreamed
Till I screamed
Out with fright;
And I fret
Even yet
In the night,
When I wake
With an ache
Or a pain,
For I seem
Just to dream
It again.

Then a bear
Shouted, "Where
Is my meat?"
While his nose
Touched my toes
And my feet;
Then the claws
Of his paws
Clutched my head,
And a yell
Found me—well,
Out of bed.

Heard a cow
Make a row
Like a hen,
And some frogs
Squeal like hogs
In a pen;
Saw a rat
And a cat
Eat a dog,
And a lamb
Eat a ham
And a frog.

Now at night
I recite
To myself,
When I spy
Any pie
On the shelf:
"None for me,
No, siree,
Not a bite,—
Till I die,
No more pie
Late at night."

PENNYBRIGHT'S CIRCUS

BY THOMAS H. ROGERS

FOR a few minutes only, she admired the gorgeous pictures, then, turning, hobbled away as fast as she could go. It was too great a treat to be enjoyed alone.

"Oh, Chorus!" she called out excitedly, as she caught sight of a girl about her own size; "come on, quick, you and everybody, and see what I have found! Great, big, circus pictures! Over by the station!"

Rapidly the news spread, and when Pennybright, handicapped by her crutches, again reached the bill-board, she found an excited lot of children, shouting, laughing, and all talking at once. "This is my circus," she asserted, as she joined the group. "Finders, keepers," she added, applying the generally recognized law.

"Aw! what you givin' us? Finders ain't keepers on'y when you find things you c'n pick up off'n the ground!" protested one, scornfully; then, turning to the others, asked, "Is it?"

"No!" and "Course not!" was the general response. Nothing daunted, she replied: "Well, even if I *can't* carry the pictures off, they 're mine *anyway*." Which met with derisive shouts and "No, they ain't!". "I guess not!" "Not much!"

"I *found* 'em first."

"That don't give you any real right," said one.

"Yes, it does," persisted Pennybright, "hist'ry says so." This proved a very startling argument. Each tried in vain to recall any reference to circus posters in the school-books, but before they could think of a satisfactory reply, she continued: "Columbus, and all the other explorers, claimed what they discovered, even if they could n't carry it away; and this is just the same. It *is* my circus, 'cause I discovered it first."

They were unable to think of any convincing arguments against this emphatic one. After a moment of silence they admitted defeat by dropping the subject of ownership, and with great gusto and much loud talk, they fell to discussing the various scenes depicted.

Endowed with a more imaginative mind, Pennybright was the recognized leader of the neighborhood children. Fairy stories were her particular delight, and she could think of more new and interesting make-believe things to do and play than all the others put together.

"That 's the royal family—all those people riding on the horses," and she indicated with one little crutch a group of jaunty horsemen and wo-

men. "The king is up front there in the gold wagon."

"It ain't real gold in the real parade," a small boy suggested.

"Yes it is, *solid* gold and *precious* jewels!" The little girl emphasized each adjective more strongly by bobbing her sunny head as she pronounced it. It was her hair, shining like a new copper penny, and her bright, animated face that had won for her the appellation "Pennybright." "Kings don't think anything much of riding in gold carriages!" she continued; "they 're used to 'em. There 's a mermaid in that wagon," pointing. "See the picture on the side."

"Huh! I bet it 's empty. I 'd rather see the performin' elephants. I choose the elephants for mine!"

"The white horse with pink eyes for mine!" another called, quickly.

"I choose that band and the ponies!" some one else shouted.

"Oh, I want a pony!" wailed a tiny boy; "I want a pony!"

Pennybright cast a withering glance at the pony monopolist. "Shame on you, Jim! you 're a regular piggywig! Come, now, you give the baby one of your ponies. Never mind, honey, you can have that little spotted one in front. He 's all yours, forever and forever, so don't cry. Here, let me wipe your eyes," which she proceeded to do with a corner of her somewhat shabby, but otherwise presentable, dress skirt.

She was really unselfish. Her childlike claim to ownership established, she generously permitted the others to choose various features of the display for their own, cutting down extravagant claims here, and allowing more elsewhere, in an effort to impartially distribute the numerous glories of the gaudy show. "Sure, there 's enough to go round, and no use quarrelin'," she admonished them.

Day after day found her in front of "Pennybright's Circus," as it had come to be known. One day Chorus joined her.

"Are you goin' to the real circus, Pennybright?"

"We-e-l-l, I 'm not sure, Chorus," slowly and wistfully. It was a question she had hardly dared to ask herself, the numerous chances against such a great extravagance looming behind it too grim, as yet, to be faced. "You see, I have n't asked Mother yet."

"When you goin' to ask her? She 's been very

'mournful' lately?" "Mournful" was a term invented by a charitably inclined neighbor in referring to Mrs. O'Neil's spells of sulky melancholy.

"She 's been sighin' a good deal. I have n't even told her how much more my knee hurts, 'cause that always makes her feel worse. She can't help gettin' discouraged sometimes."

"Teacher 's goin' to take our class to the show Saturday, when it comes," said Chorus; "I 'll ask her to take you too. Do you s'pose you can go?"

"I 'll ask Mother right now!" cried Pennybright, dazzled by the prospect.

To her mother, who, for economical reasons, was unsympathetic on the subject, she had not ventured, after a first vain attempt, to mention the circus, and it was an effort to do so now, when she felt sure her request would be denied.

Mrs. O'Neil was ironing when Pennybright hobbled into the kitchen that also served as living-room, dining-room, and laundry. Pennybright stood staring out of the window for a while, uncertain how to begin. At last, "Where have you been?" from her mother, offered an opening.

"Over by the circus poster. Have you ever been to a circus, Mother?"

"Yes."

"Some of the children are goin'. Chorus and—and—most of her class. Some will go to the parade and circus both, and some only to the parade. It takes only ten cents for street car to see the parade, and twenty-five cents for the circus." To Pennybright's surprise, there was no outburst, and a flicker of hope stirred within her breast. Mrs. O'Neil merely said: "Children with fathers to support 'em can afford it."

"Then I can't go," said the disappointed child, a sob in her voice.

"Pennybright O'Neil! do you want to break your mother's heart, asking for things she can't give you? What with rent, coal bills, and the doctor, there 's no use talking about circuses. I can't do more, nor be any more saving than—"

But without waiting to hear more, and choking back her disappointment, Pennybright hobbled out. "I can't go," she told Chorus. Suddenly her face brightened. "Oh, Chorus! if I save every cent I get, mebby I 'll have enough to go and see the parade!"

Notwithstanding the meagerness of her means, Mrs. O'Neil occasionally gave Pennybright a cent to spend, so that the child was able to accumulate the necessary carfare long before circus day, with but little difficulty beyond that of mustering sufficient fortitude, by looking hard at her circus poster, to resist the blandishments of

chocolate mice and "all-day-suckers, two for a cent" at "Ol' Miss Simpson's Little Shop," to which she now became a total stranger.

But on the very day when she proudly added the tenth penny to her savings, came the doctor in his automobile. After examining her knee, he said: "She must go to the hospital immediately for proper treatment." He reconciled Mrs. O'Neil by adding, "No special preparation is necessary. Proper clothing will be furnished here. There will be no expense to you, Mrs. O'Neil, as she will have one of the free beds."

"I 'm goin' to the city," she proudly exclaimed to the curious children who clustered round as she gaily clambered in for her first automobile ride. "Take care of my circus, Chorus. Good-by, everybody; good-by, Mother; don't cry, I 'll come back soon, all well again." She waved cheerfully to Mrs. O'Neil, who stood by the gate, dabbing at her eyes with a corner of her apron.

During the ride, Pennybright amused the doctor with chatter about her circus. She saw other show-bills, one much larger than hers, with different pictures. The automobile, however, whizzed by so fast that she had time only for a momentary glimpse, and they were gone. And then, all at once, they turned a corner, the machine stopped, and the doctor said: "Here we are!" and, sure enough, there they were in front of the hospital, a big, brick building with many balconies and large windows. There were children in wheel-chairs and cots on the balconies, and close to the open windows in the sunshine and pleasant air.

One of the nurses, Miss Gray, was instructed to put Pennybright to bed.

"You have come to make me a long visit, have n't you?" the nurse inquired.

"Until Saturday of circus week," was the answer. "Then I 'm goin' to the parade," and she displayed her savings tied in a corner of her handkerchief, and explained about Chorus and her class, with whom she expected to go.

"Don't you think it would be nicer to stay here with all these other little girls until you are well, and then go to the real circus itself, next year, instead?"

Pennybright sat up in bed. "Can't I go this year?" she demanded, in a startled tone.

"I 'm afraid not, dear, unless your knee gets well more quickly than the doctor thinks it will."

The child sat very still, staring this new situation square in the face. There was one last hope. "Does the parade pass here?"

Miss Gray shook her head regretfully. "We are too far out."

"I can't see the parade!" whispered Penny-

bright. Then, remembering all her planning, self-denial, and saving, there came a lump in her throat, a catch in her breath, her lip trembled and trembled, until, at last, shaking with sobs, she buried her face in her pillow.

Miss Gray tried to comfort her. "Such a brave, little girl as you are surely won't cry over this. Why, you never complained about your knee!"

"T is n't the same," sobbed Pennybright. "I d-don't th-th-think about m-my knee, b-b-but I'm always thinking about the p-p-parade."

Next morning, the friendly advances of the other little patients distracted her attention somewhat from herself. With her active, imaginative mind, Pennybright was a born story-teller. Her first shyness soon wore off, and before she knew it, she was weaving fanciful tales about fairies, hobgoblins, and other strange folk, and the people and animals of her beloved circus posters at home. She also told how she had saved her pennies so she could see the parade. "And now the doctor says I must stay here in bed, and miss it all." Sobs choked further utterance, whereat there was a chorus of sympathy from the surrounding cots that, to some extent, tended to assuage her grief.

For more than a week, the little girl bore uncomplainingly the pain and discomfort occasioned by the rather severe treatment her knee had to undergo, thinking by that means to hasten the cure. "Mebby I 'll get well enough yet!" she fondly hoped.

At last came Monday of circus week. In at the open windows came the bright, warm sunshine, the balmy, spring air, and many sounds of outdoor life—the chirping of the saucy little sparrows, the noise of passing vehicles and electric cars, the calls of push-cart men, the rumble and distant roar of the great city. Occasionally, there drifted in faint snatches of music played by the circus bands in the parade. The ward was unusually quiet, all the children trying to hear the music. Sometimes, in spite of her efforts, tears would persist in filling poor Pennybright's eyes. Tuesday came, and Wednesday. The doctor gave her no hope, but, nevertheless, she did not despair. Something might happen yet so that she could go. Thursday, she had no heart for stories, although, in response to insistent requests, she made a brave effort to comply. They were not a success. Late in the afternoon, she abandoned hope. For a long time, the sorely disappointed child cried and sobbed, refusing to be comforted. But, by and by, a new idea introduced itself. All about her were other children who would also like to see the parade, and they were not crying. Why, then, should she? "I'm as brave as they. I 'll show 'em!" she thought.

"Miss Gray," she called, "please wash my face; I 'll be real good now, and not cry any more." Nor did she. Having made up her mind to it, she felt better.

Next day, she was brisk and gayer. In the very midst of a most absorbing tale, however, another new idea popped into her busy little head. Stopping abruptly, she called: "Miss Gray, I want to write a letter." But such a chorus of protests arose, "Go on, Pennybright!" "Oh, don't stop there!" "What happened next?" "Tell us the rest!" that, finally, she resumed the story, but brought it to an end as soon as possible with, "And they lived happily ever after," in approved fairy-tale fashion. All the coaxing to postpone the letter was in vain. As Miss Gray gave her pencil, paper, and envelop, she was met by the inquiry:

"And will you send the letter?"

"Of course I will," answered the nurse, glad to have her winsome little patient so much improved in spirits.

Now, while Pennybright could read without much difficulty, and tell stories, her spelling, like that of many other children, was inclined to be "fonetical." Oral composition flowed from her mouth like a reproduced phonograph record, but the medium of communication between her brain and the pencil in her hand appeared to be defective. Written composition was a difficult task, and, with the exception of one sent to her mother a few days previously, she had never before tried to write a real letter. To do this, therefore, occupied the little girl all of Friday afternoon, and when finished, could not have been correctly called a model of neatness, because of the many erasures and smudges; nor were the grammar and punctuation faultless.

THE heavy sound of many immense wagons, drawn by magnificent matched teams of four or six horses, distributing huge loads of canvas, lumber, ropes, and gigantic poles, rumbled out upon the morning air, accompanied by the rapid, staccato rat-tat-tat-tat of heavy sledges wielded by gangs of brawny men, driving the long guy-rope stakes, and the clicking sound from the pulley-blocks through which the ropes run as the immense canvas roofs are hoisted into place.

Scores of men everywhere, but no confusion. With practically no tools except the heavy sledges, the tent city, large enough to shelter thousands of people, springs into existence almost like magic.

Beside the main show, menagerie, and side-shows, there are tent stables with canvas managers for the horses, and a completely equipped

blacksmith shop with forges and anvils, for the many wagons must be kept in repair, and scores of horses must be kept shod. In kitchen tents,

So it happened one Saturday morning, in a certain month of May, the manager, having finished his breakfast, sat at the end of one long table,



"'THEN I CAN'T GO,' SAID THE DISAPPOINTED CHILD, A SOB IN HER VOICE."

competent cooks prepare excellent meals for hundreds of the show people, by means of huge ovens and cooking-ranges, mounted on wheels like wagons. Bushels of vegetables, immense quantities of cereals, and hundreds of pounds of meat are cooked, and gallons and gallons of coffee made and served at long tables. The food is as good as the market affords; even the manager, at times, finds it most convenient to eat in the dining-tent. Usually he knows most of his employees, and is often on intimate and friendly terms with many, especially with the older ones.

opening his morning's mail and dictating replies to a stenographer who sat beside him. Occasionally, he addressed some of the other people at the tables, many of whom were also reading letters and newspapers.

Presently the manager's voice remained silent longer than usual. He no longer joked nor made running comment. This attracted the attention of some, and, looking curiously toward him, they noticed a peculiar, absorbed expression on his face, and an open letter in his hand. He lifted it up, and read it again. A man sitting near him,

who had known him from boyhood, broke the silence.

"Hope you have n't heard bad news, Jim."

"Bad news?" The manager looked up with a start. "Not a bit of it. Boys," he continued familiarly, "I've been up against all kinds of letters during my circus life, requests, demands, threats, but never one quite like this, and I'm going to put it up to you. Just listen to this, will you?"

"Dear Circus," he began. A derisive laugh some distance down the table. He stopped abruptly. "See here," he growled, "whoever that was, before passing opinion on this letter in any manner, just wait until I get to the end. Then, if you have anything to say, say it."

In perfect silence he began again:

"DEAR CIRCUS:

"Mother says childern with no father to suport them cant go to the circus. I am only a litle girl but I got 10 cents street car fair saved to come and see your perade and no candy for a long time. My nee is bad agen but cryn never helps even with a krutch. So I am at the childerns hospittel. I thout mebbly you wood like to no how verry much I wanted to see the for sure perade that I saw on the big bored fence and the elefants and gold charriot and everthin but the hospittel is so far off that we can only hear the teenyest litle bit of the band in the perade. Ide rather see it than ennythin in the world. Mebbly I can nex yere so goodby for the present with match politeness

PENNYBRIGHT O'NEIL.

"My real name is Annie but peeple call me Pennybright cause my hair is red and shines."

For a few moments, not a sound came from all those people around the tables. Some had families of their own. Rough their outward appearance might be, but workaday clothes covered many a warm heart. Even young fellows in their teens felt the appeal of weak, helpless childhood. The manager spoke again.

"Now, that's the real stuff! She means just what she says, and she don't expect anything. That's *my* opinion; what do *you* think?"

And then a little German, the director of the band and a general favorite, jumped to his feet, and, in a suspiciously husky voice, said:

"Mister Ring, you know mine leedle boy Nick mit de lame leg. Vor his sake I would like, vit so many of de bandt as vill kommen undt go bei de schildern's hospital after de parade undt blay for de leedle sick kinder,—vat you call dem? Ach! yah, de leedle kiddies."

And immediately arose a great clatter from the hammering of knives, forks, spoons, and dishes, and clapping of hands, and cries of "Great!" "Just the thing!" etc.

"Good for you, Louis!" and Mr. Manager stood up to reach and shake the little German's hand heartily. "How many of you band boys will

go too?" he inquired, turning to them; and every bandman there shouted, "I!"

"Carried unanimously," said "the boss."

"Look here, Jim," spoke up a solemn-faced individual, who, notwithstanding his serious countenance, was a famous clown. "I, too, have a little lame kiddie at home, and I want to be in on this. I'll go along with the band, and do a turn or two, and I am sure my trick mule and my clown dogs would say, 'Me, too,' if they could."

"Sure! that'll be great!" assented Jim Ring. And then he was showered with requests from animal trainers, the little lady who wore the fluffy dresses and rode on the beautiful horses, and many other performers, all clamoring for a place on the impromptu program.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed the manager, "this is an embarrassment of riches, sure! but *everybody* can't go! There won't be time between the parade and the afternoon performance. Only some of the simple and easily arranged acts will do. But, hold on, everybody! We're going at this wrong end to, the cart before the horse. I'll find out first if it will be all right to turn ourselves loose in front of the hospital.

"All right, boys," he said, as he came back from the nearest telephone. "I told the hospital people to have the kiddies ready about eleven-thirty."

As the appointed time approached, on all the balconies and at all the windows on the street side of the hospital, the delighted little inmates who were well enough were arranged as comfortably as possible by the nurses and attendants.

Pennybright's letter was intended solely as a polite expression of regret that she could not be present and view the parade. She had no selfish motive in writing it, nor did she realize that it was due the coming unexpected treat. In fact, joy and excitement drove every remembrance of the letter from her mind. If Miss Gray had a suspicion, she wisely refrained from mentioning it.

Pennybright, radiantly happy, chattered like a magpie, but all the time the thought danced through her brain over and over again, "Oh! I'm going to see the parade! I'm going to see the parade!" and that was all anybody expected, because Manager Ring had only said that, if agreeable, the parade would come past the hospital for the children's benefit.

Passers-by stopped to watch the children and to listen to their chatter. "Just like so many sparrows," one said. But when, with a great blare of music, around the corner at the other end of the block, came the gaily caparisoned

band-wagon horses, with plumes on their heads and covered from head to feet with draperies spangled all over, the sparrow-like chatter died away, at first to only a few twitterings, to recommence with augmented force as the procession approached. Professor Louis' band in the

geously dressed women waved gay scarfs at the children. Then a band of gaily dressed men and women—the "Royal Family" of the poster—on horses that pranced and danced under their glittering trappings. There were many other things, and, finally, all the clowns in little carts, no two



— JOHN EDWIN JACKSON —

"A LETTER FOR MISS PENNYBRIGHT O'NEIL." (SEE PAGE 524.)

gold chariot ("It is gold, every bit," thought Pennybright, remembering her contention in front of the bill-board at home) played bravely, and enjoyed the evident delight of their appreciative audience. Next came a drove of elephants, also covered with gay trappings, some with little, box-like saddles on their backs, from which gor-

alike, some drawn by ponies, some by donkeys, and some by dogs. To everybody's surprise, when the band-wagon reached the front entrance of the hospital building, it stopped, and in a ring hastily formed by the riders and other people in the parade, right out in the middle of the street began a performance on which pale, eager faces

smiled radiantly down, and dozens of little hands, some so frail and thin, waved in welcome and clapped, and little voices shouted and laughed for joy and wonder.

A big elephant without trappings, at his master's command, stood on his head with his hind legs up in the air, and did a lot of other queer and wonderful things. Other acts were going on at the same time—acrobats, tumblers, Japanese pole balancers. There was something to please everybody all the time. The clowns sang their funniest songs, cracked their funniest jokes, and enjoyed it as much as the children, playing tricks on one another, and making their donkeys and ponies and dogs do almost everything but talk. The little lady in a pink dress rode her beautiful white horse, and threw kisses to the happy children as she jumped through the paper hoops held by the clowns, while the ringmaster gaily cracked his long whip. And through it all, Professor Louis and his band played their finest music.

At the very last, a clown made his way up through the crowd on the front steps, and disappeared inside the building. A "Here we are!" at the door of the room, caused Pennybright and the enthusiastic throng about her to turn, and there stood the clown, with a broad grin on his comically painted face. Turning a handspring, he landed on his feet near the children. His

quick eye had caught the sheen of the coppery red hair, and with a low bow to the bewildered child, he said: "A letter for Miss Pennybright O'Neil." With his funny peaked hat in his hand, again he bowed low to all of them, turned a backward somersault, and was gone. The band struck up a lively march, the procession again formed, and, with everybody cheering, shouting, and waving in final adieu, it was soon out of sight; but that wonderful, unexpected performance served as a topic of conversation for many, many days, and until long after Pennybright's knee was well again, so that she could throw away her crutches.

Oh, yes, the letter! It contained only a card. At the top was printed:

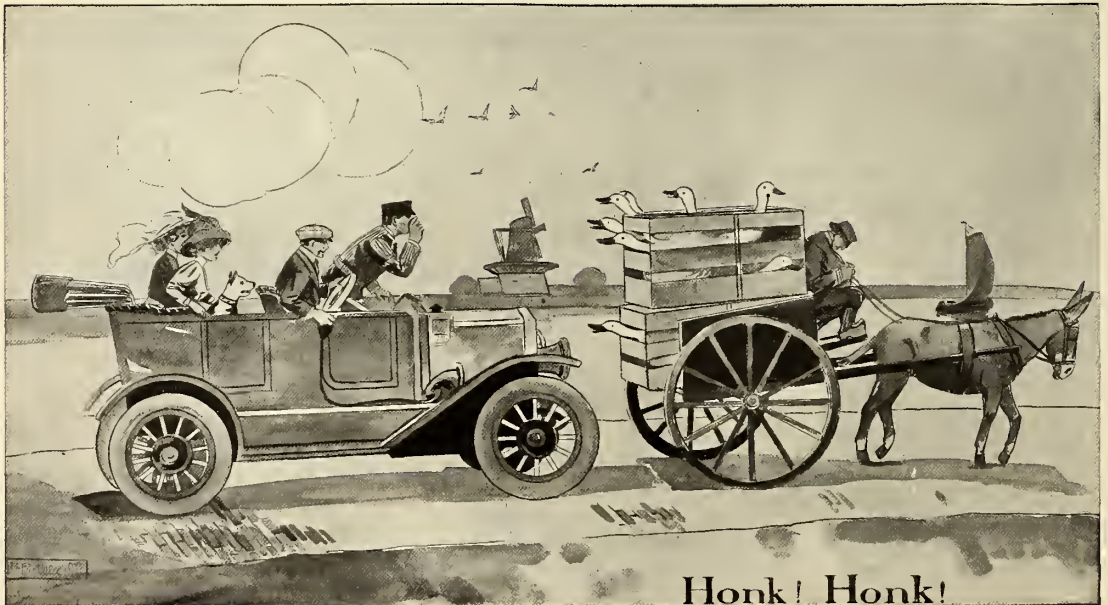
RING BROTHERS' CIRCUS

and below it was written:

*Admit Pennybright O'Neil, and one, whenever presented.
With the compliments of the manager,
Jas. Ring.*

Good during her lifetime.

When she understood that, so long as she lived, she could go to see Ring Brothers' real circus, and take any one else that she wanted to, her cup of happiness was completely filled. "It's just like having a real circus of my own, instead of nothing but pictures on a bill-board," she said.



A "HONK! HONK!" CHORUS.

THE LAND OF MYSTERY

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Author of "Careers of Danger and Daring," "Through the Wall," "The Battle," etc.

CHAPTER XV

AT THE SANCTUARY

AFTER eating a hearty luncheon in the hotel dining-room (the basket of food had been left in the quarries for Telecjan), the boys decided that it would be well for them to rest in their rooms for a couple of hours before braving the Greek monk.

"Try to get a little sleep, old fellow," said Jack, sympathetically, as he noticed Harold's pale face. "It will make a lot of difference."

"All right. I'll meet you at four o'clock—in the courtyard," answered Sandy.

But Sandy did not feel like sleeping. He was troubled in his mind, full of fears and somber fancies. How would this struggle end? What chance had two boys in a strange, far-off land with enemies all about them? Suppose they were attacked again! Suppose they fell ill! Suppose—suppose—

From these gloomy imaginings the boy tried vainly to rouse himself. What was the matter with him? He was sad and lonely, and—and yet he did not want to see Jack. It seemed as if he was getting too much of Jack.

"I'm in one of my cranky fits," muttered Sandy. "I'll get up and—do something."

He looked out of his window over the spread of blue and white domes that fill the Armenian quarter of Jerusalem, and, as he blinked in the sun's burning glare, he remembered his purpose of buying one of those cool, white linen puggies that the tourists wear flapping down from their cork helmets, to protect themselves against the heat. There was a shop in Christian Street where he could order one of these, and—yes, he would order two, one for Jack.

This puggie transaction occupied Harold only a few minutes, and left him an hour and a half before four o'clock. What should he do? As he glanced down Christian Street with its noisy swarm, his eyes fell upon the square, stumpy tower of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. And, straightway, there came into the boy's mind his father's message—"You must go to Jerusalem and find the Greek monk, Basil, who has a carpenter shop in the tower of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and ask him to—"

Ask him to—what? The time had come to solve this mystery. Here was the tower of the

Church of the Holy Sepulcher. He had waited all these days on account of Telecjan, but there was no reason to wait any longer. Telecjan could make no more trouble. Perhaps the monk was in the tower now. He might ask for him—there was no harm in asking, and—anyway he could make an appointment.

With strange feelings, Harold drew near the sacred building. A flight of narrow steps led him down to a stone-paved courtyard swarming with beggars, and peddlers, and Russian pilgrims—sad-eyed women with shawls over their heads, and big-bearded men, counting their beads with looks of devotion as they moved toward two heavy wooden doors where a white-turbaned Moslem in long, purple garment stood indifferently on guard.

Harold pressed forward with the throng, and was surprised, as he entered the edifice, to come upon a group of Turks squatting on a divan at the left, lazily smoking their chibouks, without paying the slightest attention to the crowd of entering Christians, except, now and then, to cast looks of scorn or derision at them.

Presently, Harold found himself face to face with a man of cheery countenance, whose smile was so kindly that the boy was prompted to speak to him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he hesitated; and then he blushed in embarrassment, for, observing the man's apparel, he discovered that he had addressed a member of some priestly order. There was the long, girdled garment of coarse, brown cloth, and the heavy sandals with bare feet inside.

"What can I do for you, my young friend?" replied the other. "I am Brother Nicodemus, one of the Franciscans."

"Oh, thank you," murmured Harold. "I'm an American—er—I wanted to ask—er—"

He stopped awkwardly, not knowing what to say.

"Is this your first visit here?" inquired Brother Nicodemus.

"Yes, and—er—I suppose you know all about the Holy Sepulcher!"

The Franciscan smiled.

"I ought to. I have been here for three years."

"You mean here in Jerusalem?"

"I mean here in this church. I live here. Ah, no wonder you look surprised! This is a strange

building, with all sorts of wings, and garrets, and queer corners. Up-stairs there are living-rooms, a dozen beds—more than a dozen. Besides that, scores of pilgrims sleep on the stone floors every night. They are locked in."

"Why is that? Why are they locked in?"

"Because the Turks will have it so. You know the Turks own everything here. See that tall fellow in purple near the door? He is the guardian. He locks those big doors after sunset, and then nobody can go out or get in until he

nary things, a stone that is said to mark the exact center of the universe, and many startlingly intimate scenes of the Bible story.

Harold looked and listened in amazement.

"How can they know the very spot where all these things happened?" he marveled.

"That 's a hard question," smiled the Franciscan. "I don't think I 'll try to answer it. The fact is, I must ask you to excuse me now. I have my duties at the Garden of Gethsemane. I take care of the flowers there, and of the old olive-trees. Stop and see me some day. I will show you Methuselah."

"Thank you," said Harold, puzzled by this ancient name. "I suppose Methuselah is—er—"

"Methuselah is my pet cat," laughed Nicodemus. "He 's a fine, big Angora. Well, good-by."

"Good-by, sir. You 've been very kind." Then, remembering what he had forgotten for the moment, "By the way, did you—did you ever hear of a Greek monk named Basil?"

The Franciscan's face hardened, and he eyed the young American in sudden suspicion.

"Basil? Yes, I 've heard of him—very often."

"He has a carpenter shop in the tower, has n't he?"

"Yes, but he never works there now. He has a relic factory in Bethlehem that pays him better." Nicodemus spoke scornfully. "Why do you ask about Basil?"

"Because I—I want to see him," said Harold.

"Oh! You 'll have to go to Bethlehem for that. Of course it 's not my affair, but I warn you to be very careful if you have any dealings with that man."

At this moment, the swell of an organ caught their ears, and the sound of distant chanting.

"It 's the Russian pilgrims—there—up those steps—on Mount Calvary."

Harold stared at his guide. "Is that Mount Calvary?" he asked.

"Yes," said Nicodemus, and, with another good-by, he hurried away, leaving Harold thoroughly perplexed.

Now, in spite of the throng, the boy felt again that depressing sense of loneliness and helplessness. If there was only some one to advise him, some one wise and kind to whom he might tell his troubles. He followed along absently in the crush of worshippers, past rows of huge, painted candles higher than a man's head that rise in golden candlesticks at the entrance to the Holy Sepulcher. And, in his turn, he passed through a low door, and entered the white marble Chapel of the Angel, where endless pilgrims bend reverently over the rock that they believe was rolled away from the tomb.



"I TAKE CARE OF THE OLD OLIVE-TREES."

unlocks them in the morning. If he feels like it, he passes in food for the pilgrims. See those round holes in the door? That 's what they are for."

"I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed Harold.

"Doubtless there is much you have never heard of if this is your first visit. I don't suppose you know that Adam is buried here?"

"Adam?" stared the boy. "You mean—Adam and Eve?"

Nicodemus nodded good-humoredly.

"I don't know about Eve, but we are taught to believe that the father of all men is buried—over there—to the right of those arches. If you like, I 'll show you the place."

Young Evans thanked the Franciscan, and was presently gazing at this most venerable tomb. Then Nicodemus showed him other extraordi-

Presently he stooped through another small door, and came into the innermost sanctuary, where forty-three lamps of silver and gold burn ceaselessly, and where every stone has been hal-



“HE LOCKS THOSE BIG DOORS AFTER SUNSET.”

lowed down the centuries by the tears and prayers of countless worshippers.

Harold's face was white as he came out again into the body of the church. His heart was swelling with emotion. He felt that he should do something in keeping with the solemnity of the place and the seriousness of his own situation. But he did not know what to do.

The Russians were still chanting—there at the left. It seemed queer to call that little place Mount Calvary. Harold had always thought of Mount Calvary as a great, green hill. How well he remembered the words of that beautiful hymn, “There is a green hill far away, without a city wall.” He could almost hear the appealing voice of the contralto as she used to sing it in the choir, and now they showed him, as Mount Calvary, this corner of a church that was certainly *inside* the wall.

Slowly the anxious boy climbed the narrow stone steps that brought him to the pilgrims. He recalled with misgivings that he had neglected to say his prayers a good many times lately. Perhaps that was the trouble. Perhaps he would get more help if he asked for more. It was being so much with Jack McGregor that had made him neglect these things. Jack was a boy who never spoke of religion, never thought of it, probably. All he cared about was

making jokes, and taking pictures, and having a good time.

Suddenly Harold thought of his appointment at four o'clock, and looked at his watch. It was half-past four! How the time had gone! He was just turning to leave the church when a venerable Russian pilgrim, with high cheek-bones and white, flowing beard, lifted his hand; whereupon the chanting ceased, and, with one accord, the whole band of men and women, their eyes shining with devotion, knelt down upon the stone floor. There was a moment's silence, then, in a deep, rich voice, the leader began to recite the Lord's Prayer.

Harold knew enough Greek to understand the words, and they went straight to his aching heart. He could not resist the power of that kneeling company. They were queerly dressed people, poor people, but they were getting the kind of help and comfort that he needed, and, with a blessed sense of relief, the boy dropped on his knees, and, with closed eyes, joined in the great appeal.

Soothed and strengthened, Sandy rose to his feet. It was all clear to him now—he must have faith. That was all he needed. He must be *sure*, as his mother was sure, that they were guarded and guided by some higher power, and then everything would come out right. Of course he must do his best, too, and—he was sorry he had had unkind thoughts about Jack.

Suddenly Harold started forward. Why—what an extraordinary thing! Then he drew back, moved cautiously toward the steps, and then stole quickly out of the church. A most extraordinary thing, indeed! He had seen Jack McGregor kneeling among the pilgrims!

CHAPTER XVI

THE MEETING WITH BASIL

EARLY the next morning, the boys set out for Bethlehem in pursuit of the Greek monk. They expected to be back in Jerusalem that same evening, but Deeny had quoted a wise Turkish proverb to the effect that the rising sun never knows what the setting sun will see, and this gave Harold the fortunate inspiration of providing Telec-jian with food and water for three full days. Which, as it turned out, saved the imprisoned Syrian from suffering.

In addition to Nasr-ed-Din, the young Americans were attended on their journey by a highly decorative dragoman named Amurath Gargulio, who, with his pearl-handled short sword, his gilt tassels, and his wide, blue sash, looked like a comic-opera villain. Amurath provided four horses and his own services for the immense

honor of serving two such "vair disteinguish Amurican gents," so he declared, and then stood out for three liras (twelve dollars) for the excursion, but allowed Deeny to bargain him down to one and a half—after much lively parleying.

trudging along bravely through the dust and heat. From all of these the young horsemen, as they passed, received respectful salutations, which made them feel like two princes of the blood. Indeed, they presented quite an imposing appearance in their helmets and pugrees, their fresh linen suits, and their neatly strapped riding-leggins.

As they passed along, Amurath pointed out the famous pools of Solomon, three great rock reservoirs built thousands of years ago to supply water to the holy city; also a small white-washed building by the roadside that is known as the tomb of Rachel, and is much revered; and various scenes from the familiar stories of David and Ruth.

"What a lot of wonderful things!" marveled McGregor.

"Here 's the most wonderful of them all!" said Harold, a moment later, as they reached the top of a rise of ground. "Pull up, Jack, and look over there. In all the States, under all the stars and stripes, we have n't got anything as wonderful as that little town; that's Bethlehem."

On the crest of the hill, the boys drew rein and looked down on a picture that an artist would have loved to paint, a spread of pleasant harvest-time colors, yellows and browns of the ripe grain fields, greens of the pasture, and deeper greens of olive orchards dotting the landscape down the gentle valley and reaching up the purple hills beyond,—hills that bore proudly on their shoulders the snow-white City of David, now outlined clearly against the blue of the southern sky.

"So that is Bethlehem!" murmured Jack, and then fell silent, for what is a boy to say at such a moment—or a man either, for that matter?

They rode on a little way without speaking, and presently Nasr-ed-Din came clattering along—



"I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THAT BUILDING. SEE? THE ONE WITH THE WHITE DOME."

It is a beautiful four-mile ride from Jerusalem to the City of David, and the road is fairly good. Carriages travel over it, and squeaking bullock carts, and donkey trains, and camel caravans, besides picturesque peasants and weary pilgrims,

side on his big gray horse, with an important piece of news which he communicated eagerly to Harold, pointing to a low building with a white dome that rose in the distance across a waste of stony ground.

"What is it? Wh-what 's he saying?" asked Jack, tugging at his horse. "Tell me, Sandy."

"Deeny 's been talking with a donkey driver back there, and—it seems this donkey driver knows all about Basil, the Greek monk. He says we 're apt to find Basil over there. See that little white dome?"

"W-well?—Whoa, there!"

"It seems there 's something queer about it. I did n't quite get the idea, only—Hello! What 's the matter with *you*?"

Harold turned sharply to the dragoman, who was edging up to them on his horse, and listening with evident uneasiness.

Amurath stammered forth a confused explanation as to why they must be hurrying on to Bethlehem.

"Don't you worry, my friend," answered Harold. "We 'll get to Bethlehem all right, but—I want to know about that building. See? The one with the white dome."

The dragoman shot a queer, sidelong glance at Harold, and, at the same moment, Jack saw him clutch nervously at an amulet of blue beads that hung from his horse's bridle.

"It ees nothing, sair," he declared, and then went on rapidly to say that, if they would ride ahead a short distance, he would show them a miraculous spring in a wonderful cave.

But the boys cut him short. They had seen caves enough to last them for some time. Besides, they were interested in this building with the white dome, and proposed to have a look at it. In vain the dragoman tried to persuade them from this purpose. His arguments and excuses only strengthened their determination.

"Come!" ordered Harold. "No more talking. We 're going to ride over there—right now." He turned his horse from the road toward the waste of stony ground.

"No, no!" cried Amurath, his eyes wide with fear. "You must not go, sair. It ees—it ees vair dang'russ."

"Ah! Then you *do* know what it is?" put in Jack.

"Yes, sair, I—I know," confessed the troubled servant, but he would not reveal his knowledge, only insisting that he "muss perfect two such vair disteinguish American gents."

"Don't be afraid. We can look after ourselves," replied Harold. "Come on!"

At this Amurath threw up his chin and clucked

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his tongue in solemn refusal. He would not go. If the young gentlemen insisted on going alone, he could not prevent it, but—the risk must be on their own heads.

Whereupon the young gentlemen, with some impatience, decided to take the risk, and the end of it was that Amurath remained stubbornly behind at the roadside, following the boys with looks of gloomy foreboding as, accompanied by Nasr-ed-Din, they set forth for the mysterious white dome.

"It 's queer—the way that fellow acts!" muttered Harold, as they guided their horses in and out among jagged boulders.

"He 's probably just lazy," suggested Jack.

A short distance farther on, they came upon two girls clad in coarse garments of blue and green—the typical Bethlehem costume—who were gleaning in the stony harvest-field as poor women have gleaned for centuries in this ill-nourished land. Thinking to gain some information from them, young Evans drew in his horse, and, holding up a piece of silver, beckoned to



A GROUP OF XEIBECKS.

the girls. They came forward laughing, and, throwing back their white veils, stood, half-embarrassed, half-amused, while McGreggor noticed the strings of coins braided in their dark hair.

"*Shu nek bina dir?*" ("What is that building

there?") questioned Harold in his pleasantest manner, as he pointed to the white dome.

It was a simple question, but it produced a startling change in the two young women. In an instant, their smiles and friendliness vanished, and, without further thought of the proffered money, they drew their veils over frightened faces, and, springing away, ran across the field as fast as they could go, crying, "*Altun At! Aman! Altun At!*" ("The golden horse. Oh! the golden horse!")

"What 's the trouble? What are they shrieking about?" asked McGreggor.

"I have n't the least idea," replied Harold. "'*Altun At*' is Turkish for 'the golden horse,' but what a golden horse has to do with this is more than I know."

Here Nasr-ed-Din came forward with an explanation. His keen eyes had been studying the low building, now only a few hundred yards distant, and had made out the figure of a golden horse surmounting the dome.

"Deeny 's right!" agreed McGreggor, looking through his field-glasses (they were really Telecjian's). "I see a golden horse"—

"Maybe it 's a big weather-vane," suggested Evans, "but I don't see—"

He paused, frowning, while Jack thoughtfully screwed down his field-glasses and put them back in their case.

"Neither do I. Why should those girls be afraid of a little gold horse?"

"There 's something or somebody there besides the gold horse," muttered Sandy, and his lips tightened as they drew near to a heavy iron-bound gate in a massive stone wall that surrounded the building.

McGreggor lowered his voice. "You mean—Basil?"

Evans nodded. "That 's what I mean. If Deeny 's got it straight, we 're going to see the man we 've been looking for, and—Jack—old boy—you 're with me?"

Harold's face was pale, and there was just the slightest quiver in his voice as he held out his hand to his friend. The great moment had come. Something was about to happen, and both boys knew it.

"I 'm with you, Sandy," answered McGreggor, and he leaned forward along the neck of his mount to clasp Evans's hand; but just at that moment the gate in the wall swung open, and three huge wolf-dogs rushed out, showing ugly, white fangs, and snarling fiercely. Jack's horse shied and reared back suddenly, with the result

that the boy certainly would have been thrown had not Nasr-ed-Din come to the rescue.

Harold, meantime, had sprung to earth, and quickly gathered up some large stones. Then, waiting until the dogs were almost on him, he hurled these stones with sure aim.

"You brutes!" he shouted. "There! And there! Now then! Ah! It 's all right, Jack. See 'em run." Evans watched the dogs as they scurried back through the gate, yelping and limping.

And now, stepping forward resolutely, the boy lifted his riding-whip and struck the handle three times in sounding summons against the open portal. Jack was close behind him, while Nasr-ed-Din came last, leading the horses.

Presently a red-eyed, frowsy-looking servant in peasant's costume, his bare feet thrust into wooden shoes, came shuffling forward, and showed them into a stone courtyard with arches and doors opening out of it.

"Is the monk Basil here?" began Harold in Turkish.

The servant stared in dull surprise.

"Don't you understand? I want the Greek monk Basil. What do you speak? Arabic?"

The servant continued to stare, then, presently, he moistened his thin lips and answered in English, a kind of slow, far-away English that he might have learned in a book.

"You—wish—to—to see the—monk Basil?"

"Certainly," said Evans, sharply. "He 's the head of this place, is n't he?"

"Yes—sir."

"Well, he 's here, is n't he?"

Again the servant did not answer, but, pointing to a door under the nearest archway, he backed down the courtyard, keeping his eyes fixed on the Americans in fascinated interest.

"He 's a queer chap," reflected Jack. "I s'pose he means that our friend Basil is in there where he pointed."

"We 'll soon find out," said Harold, starting toward the archway; but scarcely had he taken two steps in this direction, when he was stopped by a heavy sound, and turning, he saw that the gate in the massive wall had been closed. And before the gate stood a formidable fellow wearing a black *astrakhan* hat, a purple jacket embroidered with silver, and under this a yellow silk vest across which ran diagonally two rows of shining cartridges. At his side hung a pair of daggers, and, carelessly poised over his arm, was a Remington rifle.

"A *Xeibeck!*"¹ muttered Harold.

¹ The *Xeibecks* are described by the Reverend Edwin M. Bliss, in his book on Turkey, as a tribe of fierce mountaineers in Asiatic Turkey, noted for their lawless ways.

"A *what?*" asked McGregor.

"Wait! Deeny! Come here," beckoned Evans. Still leading the horses, Nasr-ed-Din came forward over the flat stones, and stood before his

"It does n't matter what *he* thinks. *We 've* got to do the thinking," answered Evans, and he gave quick instructions to the Turk. "I 'm telling him to wait here with the horses while we go inside. He 's armed, and—if that chap tries to start anything—well, you know what Deeny is."

"Yes, but, Sandy—"

Evans turned gravely to his friend. "Jack, you know what we 're here for," he said; and there was something so inspired in his look that McGregor's protests all ceased, as Jack felt himself thrilling with his friend's brave spirit. After all, this was what they had come for, to see the Greek monk; upon this depended their chance of finding Dr. Evans.

"All right, old boy," answered McGregor, and he followed Sandy through the gloomy archway.

The boys now came into a small, dimly lighted chapel whose walls were painted in dull red and gold. At one end, before a battered altar, two candles were burning in tall candlesticks. No one was in sight.

"Stay here," whispered Evans.

Moving softly, he pushed aside a leather-bound curtain, when his ear caught the echo of angry words in the courtyard, and he hurried back to McGregor.

"What is it? What 's the trouble?" he asked quickly.

Jack was listening, white-faced.

"I—I don't know," he trembled. "You can't see out of these windows. They 're too high."



"DON'T TOUCH ME!" SAID HAROLD. "I 'M AN AMERICAN CITIZEN."

master, watching the man at the gate, meantime, out of the corner of his eye.

They spoke in low tones, the boy and the grizzled Turk, and it seemed to Jack that Nasr-ed-Din was appealing to Harold to leave the place.

"Sandy, what is he saying? Don't he think we

Harold rushed to the entrance, but the door was barred against him.

"Deeny!" he shouted, rattling the lock.

The only answer was the sound of a struggle outside with confused cries, the stamping of frightened horses, the snoring of the wolf dogs.

"Deeny!" the boy shouted again with all his strength. "Deeny!"

And now, above the tumult, Harold made out the voice of his faithful servant lifted in a desperate cry: "*Aman Effendi! Jannini kurtar!*" ("Dear master, save yourself!")

Then there fell a silence, while the boys stared at each other with ashen faces. What had happened? What was going to happen?

At this moment, a small window on the other side of the chapel was pushed up cautiously, and the frowsy servant climbed in, and exclaimed:

"This way! Quick! You can—escape!"

Jack rushed to the window.

"We 'd better go, Sandy."

Sandy Evans stood still, his hands clenched, his breath coming quickly. He was afraid. There was danger all about them. Deeny had fallen. Jack was ready to leave him, and—the boy was about to spring toward the window after McGregor, when, suddenly, something steadied him. He thought of his mother. He remembered her tender blessing there by the pyramid: "And us to Thy service." Perhaps this was *His* service. Perhaps this was to be the test of his faith.

"Wait!" said Harold, turning to the servant. "Did you tell the Greek monk that I want to see him?"

"Yes, sir, but—" the man shot a frightened glance toward a small red door in the chapel wall.

"Is he in there?" asked the boy.

"Yes, sir, but—"

A heavy tread sounded from beyond the red door and seemed to be coming toward them.

"Quick—sir!" begged the servant.

McGregor's lips were white. "Come, Sandy!"

"You go, Jack," said Evans, in a quiet voice; "but—I've got to stay here."

The tread came nearer.

"I—I can't stand it, Sandy," stammered Jack, and, springing into the window, he wriggled his way through, and disappeared outside. The servant followed him, leaving Evans alone.

There was just a second's pause, then, driven by some strange power within him, Harold moved toward the door. He knew he was going to open it. He knew that nothing now could keep him from opening it. He felt his heart pounding, and—with a last effort, he turned the knob and strode forward.

Immediately the boy found himself in a wide, vault-like chamber lighted by two flaring torches that projected from niches in the stone walls. In the middle of this chamber stood the bearded monk Basil in his black robes and black hat—Harold recognized the small face that he had seen

the day before in Jerusalem. And, beside him, were two Xeibecks.

Basil's face darkened at the sight of the young American.

"How dare you come in here?" he burst out in excellent English. "I 'll show you what it means to force yourself upon me." He spoke rapidly to the Xeibecks, who bowed in grim understanding, and advanced upon young Evans.

"*Gheuturin!*" ("Take him!") roared Basil.

"Don't touch me!" said Harold. "I 'm an American citizen. My name is Harold Evans. I 'm the son of Wicklow Evans. You know all about him, and I've come here to ask you—"

The boy paused for breath, and at that moment there came a startling change in the monk's expression. It was as if he had suddenly remembered something that he wished to forget, something that filled him with extraordinary agitation.

"Wait!" Basil ordered, and waved back the ruffians. Then, with his hard, black eyes fixed on Harold, he stood silent, breathing heavily, and twisting his beard in his thick, white fingers.

"You—you came here from Cairo?" he asked hoarsely.

"Yes."

"You went inside the Great Pyramid—did you? You—found something there? Tell me, boy."

"I found a message from my father," answered Harold. "He told me to come to you."

The monk gave a gasp, and clenched his fists so hard that his whole body trembled.

"It 's true!" he muttered. "It must be true!" Then, as if still doubting, "Why did you go inside the pyramid? *Why?*" His eyes were troubled with a haunted, anxious look.

"My mother sent me there," the boy said quietly. "She dreamed this message was on the wall. It was n't exactly a dream. She—she *knew* it was there."

"A vision!" whispered Basil, and, lifting his black hat, he wiped the perspiration from his brow. Then, in a low tone, with all his arrogance gone: "I have tried to frighten you; I have tried to drive you away, but—you are a brave boy; you are your father's own son, and—now I must tell you everything."

Harold stood speechless before this incredible change in the strange man that he was facing.

"You mean you will tell me—about my father?" he cried.

"I will tell you everything you wish to know, but—not here—at Bethlehem. Come!"

With a gesture bordering on humility, Basil swung open the heavy door, and pointed the way to the courtyard.



From a Copley print, copyright by Curtis & Cameron, Inc.
THE LITTLE CRITIC.—PAINTED BY FRANCIS DAY.

WITH MEN WHO DO THINGS

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "The Scientific American Boy" and "Handyman's Workshop and Laboratory"

CHAPTER III

ONE HUNDRED FEET BELOW BROADWAY

IMMEDIATELY after breakfast, on the next day, we went down-town to see how foundations are sunk to bed-rock in lower New York. The place we wished to investigate was inclosed by a high board fence, but projecting far above it was a confusion of derricks, concrete mixing-machines, bucket elevators, enormous wooden boxes, and curious, cylindrical objects from which, every once in a while, would come the sound of a whistle signal, followed by a loud gust of escaping air. The lid

of dry, white sand would be drawn forth and dumped into a hopper; then the bucket would be swung back into the yawning mouth of the cylinder, and an attendant would swing a lever, closing the lid. Thereafter, there would be a number of toots of the air whistle, and we could see the bucket cable pay out or in, in accordance with the signal.

It all seemed very mysterious, and whetted our curiosity. We sought out Mr. Squires without further delay. He proved to be a very approachable man, the kind that had n't forgotten that he was once a boy. "If Dick Hutchkiss sent you

Will explained that we were anxious to know how foundations are sunk.

"Simply a case of dig, dig, dig," said Mr.

hogs,' as we call them, get into and out of the working chamber under this deck through a tube, or 'shafting,' as it is called. They dig away the soil and gravel below, constantly undermining the caisson, so that it gradually sinks into the earth. As the caisson is sunk, the concrete pier is built up on its deck, and its weight helps to force the cutting edges into the ground. As the work progresses, new caisson sections are added on top, and the shafting is extended for the sand-hogs and excavating material."

"But where does the water come from?" I asked.

"The lower end of New York is built over a deep layer of sand and porous soil that is saturated with water from the river. About fifty feet below the curb, in this part of New York, we come to water; then we have to put on the



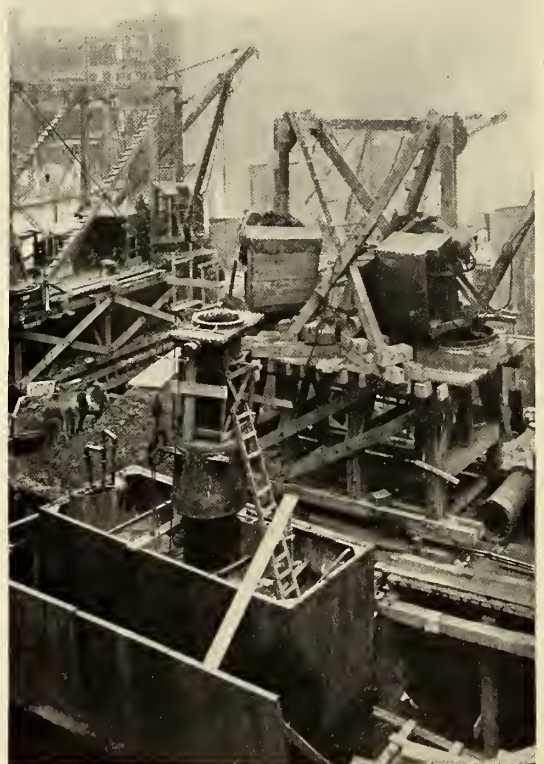
Photograph by Brown Brothers.

SWINGING THE BUCKET UP TO THE AIR-LOCK—THE IRON BLOCKS ARE USED TO KEEP THE CAISSON DOWN.

Squires, "until we get to rock; when we get down to water, we keep it out of the excavation with compressed air."

"How do you do that?"

"On the same principle as the diving-bell. You know, if you plunge a tumbler mouth down into a basin of water, the air trapped in the tumbler will keep the water from filling it completely. If enough air were pumped into the tumbler, it would be possible to keep out every drop of water. We do that very thing in building foundation piers. First we make a big diving-bell, called a caisson. It is a large box of wood, or steel, or concrete, with the top and bottom open. At the bottom, the box has fairly sharp cutting edges; about seven feet up from this cutting edge, there is a horizontal partition called the 'deck.' This is made very strong, because it has to carry the weight of the whole concrete



Photograph by Brown Brothers.

AT WORK ON THE FOUNDATIONS OF A SKY-SCRAPER. IN THE FOREGROUND IS A NARROW WOODEN CAISSON.

air-pressure to keep it out. The first thing we must do is to put on a shield, with the



Photograph by Brown Brothers.

GOING DOWN TO WORK IN THE SAND BUCKET. THE MEN ARE SUPPOSED TO USE THE LADDER.

pressure. The lock is just a cylinder with a hinged lid, or door, at the top and bottom. One or other of those lids must be closed all the time, to hold the pneumatic pressure in the caisson. The bottom door is closed when the top door is open to let the men in. After they enter the lock, the lock-tender lifts the upper door shut, and turns a valve to let the compressed air in. All the time, the bottom door is kept closed by the air-pressure in the shaft below, but, as air is let into the lock, its pressure at length equals that in the caisson, and, there being nothing to hold up the bottom door, it swings open of its own weight, so that the men can go on down to the working chamber."

"*Could we go down into one of the caissons, sir?*" asked Will.

"Oh, no, that is entirely out of the question," said Mr. Squires. Then, as he saw the disappointment in our faces, he explained: "There is n't anything to see down there, and it is pretty dirty work."

"We don't mind the dirt," I interrupted.

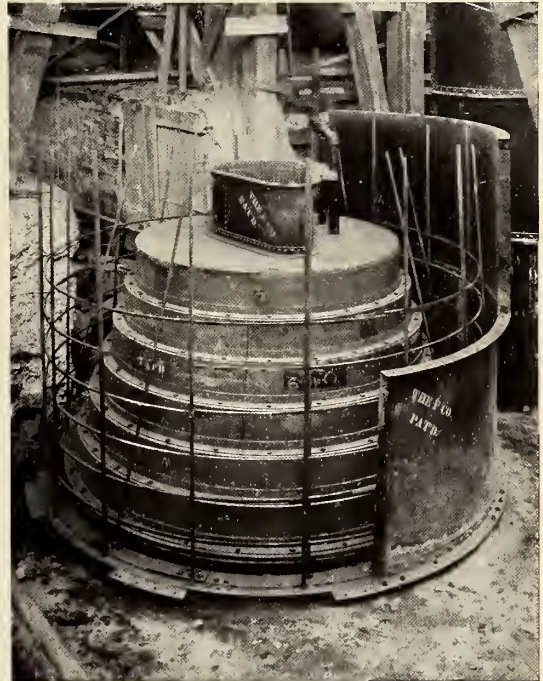
"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Squires, hesitating. "You say Dick Hotchkiss sent you to me? That settles it then, if you really want to go. Come on to the sand-hog house, and I'll see if I can rig you out in boots and oilskins. But hold on. When did you have breakfast? Eight o'clock? You did n't have a very substantial meal, did you?"

We told him what constituted our usual morning fare.

"That 's not enough," he said. "Run over to that restaurant, and fill up with all you can eat."

That seemed like an odd preliminary to our work. "It 's like feeding the prisoners just before they are to be executed," I remarked.

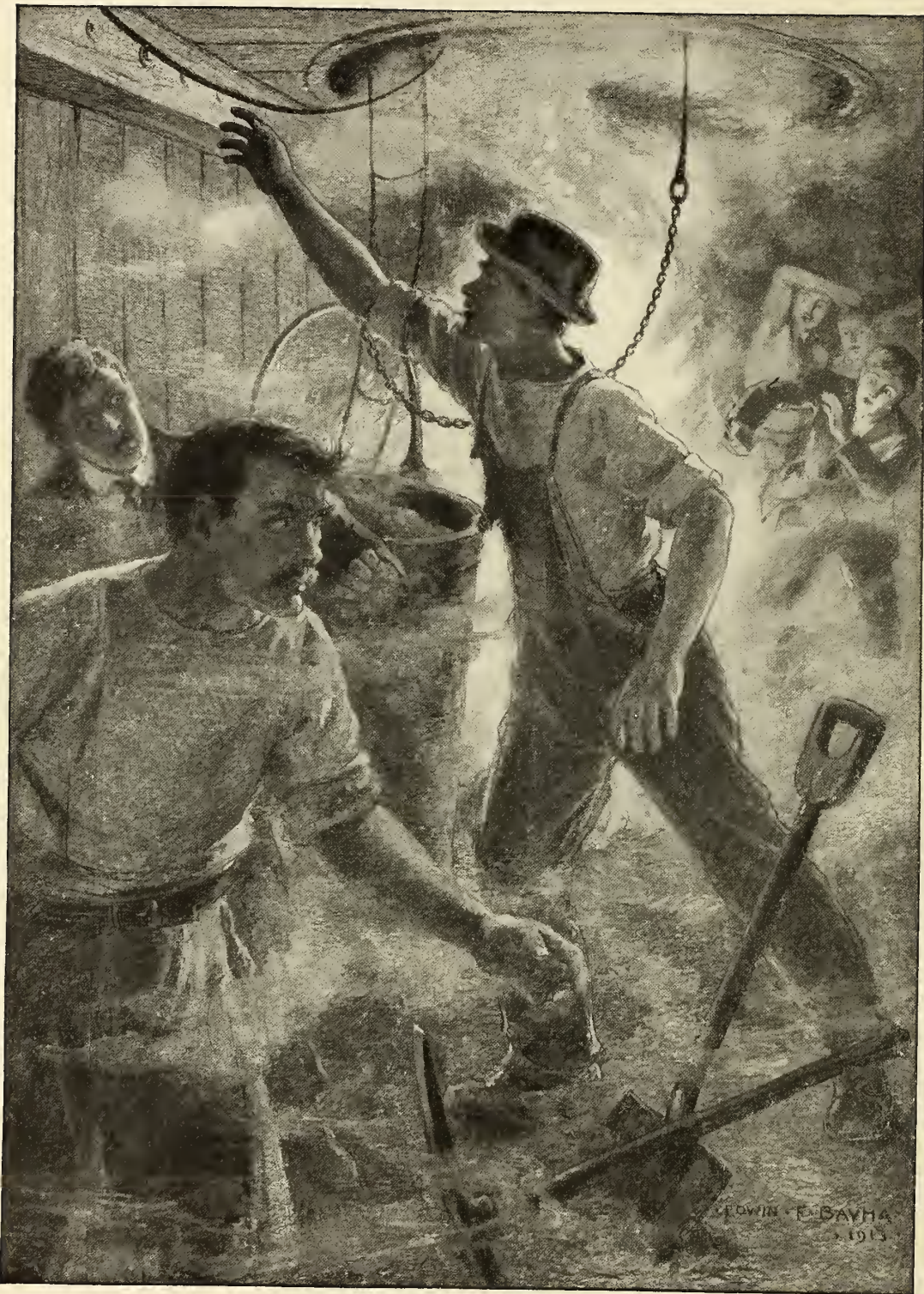
"But," Mr. Squires explained, "down there you



Photograph by The Foundation Company.

SETTING UP THE FORMS AND REINFORCING BARS FOR CASTING A CONCRETE WORKING CHAMBER.

will take in three times the usual amount of oxygen with every breath. Your 'inwards' are going to work under forced draft, and so you



THE FIRE IN THE CAISSON. "DANNY REACHED FOR THE SIGNAL ROPE." (SEE PAGE 540.)

must have plenty of fuel aboard. It is one of the rules that the men cannot go under pneumatic pressure except on a full stomach." So we repaired to the nearest restaurant, and filled our bunkers with broiled steak and apple-pie.

"Now we shall see the doctor," said Mr. Squires.

"The doctor!" we both exclaimed; "why, we are not ill!"

"Certainly. Every one has to undergo a physical examination before entering a caisson."

All this preliminary was most impressive. For the first time it occurred to me that there might really be some danger, but, shucks! what did I care about dangers as long as I could feel good, solid earth beneath me.

The doctor was such a serious-looking man that we never, for a moment, imagined he might play a joke on us. He felt of my pulse, looked at my tongue, listened to my heart, and then thumped and pounded me unmercifully all about my chest and back, to see if I were perfectly sound. I tell you I was sore before he got through with me! I ached all over, but found some consolation in the thought that Will's turn was coming next. After Will had stood the test, the doctor began in a clerical tone to sermonize on the awful hazard we were inviting upon ourselves. He told us that we were to enter a chamber where the air was compressed to over three times the density of the atmosphere. "On every square inch of your body," he said, "there will be a pressure of thirty-five pounds above the ordinary pressure of the air, and thirty-five pounds on every inch means 5000 on every square foot, or about fifty tons on your whole body. Think of that, young men, fifty tons! Why, that would smash you as flat as a griddle-cake if you did not take air of the same pressure inside your body, so that it would press out and counteract the outside compression. The weakest spots are your ear-drums. You will have to look out for them. They are liable to burst unless you can get compressed air up your Eustachian tubes. The only way to do it is to take a long breath, and then, holding your nose and keeping your mouth shut, blow for all you are worth."

I began to suspect that we were providing a lot of fun for these men, but they were both so insistent about it, that we had to practise blowing so that we should know how to do it when in the air-lock. I learned afterward that that bit of practice was the only really important item in the whole farcical examination. The doctor explained how men who did not heed instructions were affected with a dreadful malady known as the "caisson disease."

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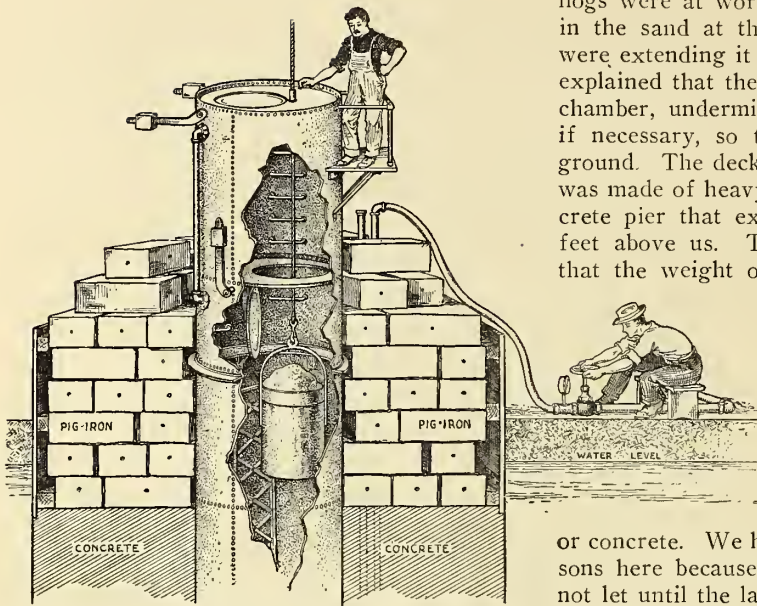
"In its very mildest form," he said, "you are seized with cramps and shooting pains from which you can get no relief. Every bone in your body will ache so that you cannot sleep. In the more serious stages, you become paralyzed. There is one simple test of your condition. Can you whistle? Yes? Well as long as you can whistle, you are all right, but if, after you have been in awhile, you experience any difficulty, it means trouble. Your lips are losing their sensitiveness, a slow paralysis is coming on."

At this, Mr. Squires had a terrific coughing-spell, but there was not even the flicker of a smile on the doctor's face as he waved us off.

Mr. Squires led the way up a ladder to a platform surrounding one of the cylinders we had seen. Just as we reached it, there was a sudden blast of air, the trap-door at the top opened, and out came a load of sand. We climbed into the lock, and the lock-tender closed the upper door. The lock was a large chamber about ten feet in diameter, lighted by an electric bulb. At the bottom, there was a trap-door. Mr. Squires warned us against standing on it. The lock-tender turned a valve and let the compressed air rush into our chamber with a loud, hissing noise. The noise was so deafening, we could not talk, but Mr. Squires motioned to us to follow his example of taking in deep breaths, and blowing with nose and mouth tightly shut. I felt a little queer as the pressure came on, but was in no distress. The pressure on my ear-drums was far from pleasant. I looked at Will, and could not help laughing. He was following directions so conscientiously, taking in copious breaths, and blowing until his cheeks were distended like balloons.

Suddenly, the trap-door below us dropped open with a clang that echoed and re-echoed down the yawning well that seemed to run to the very center of the earth. The well was pear-shaped, with a latticed partition dividing it into two shaftings, the smaller one for the workmen, and the other for the sand bucket. The trap-door opened into a chamber with a narrow ledge to stand upon, and we had to climb down into it and then over to the workmen's shafting. Mr. Squires then pulled a whistle cord, in response to which the lock-tender swung the bottom door shut.

A ladder led down the workmen's shafting, which was lighted with a few electric lamps. We could see the shafting tapering with the perspective until it formed but a tiny hole where it passed into the workmen's chamber, a hundred feet below. In the murky darkness, we could barely make out the forms of men in the cham-

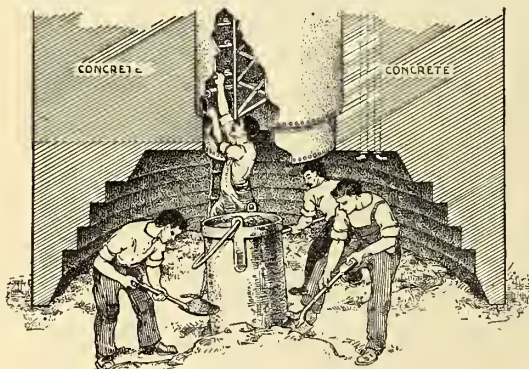


PASSING A BUCKET THROUGH THE AIR-LOCK. BEHIND THE LATTICE IS THE WORKMEN'S LADDER.

ber. They looked like gnomes in an elfin world. We had been transformed into a real, live chapter of the Arabian Nights.

I tried to speak to Will, but my voice sounded so high and nasal that I could scarcely tell what I was saying. Mr. Squires had already started down the ladder, and we scrambled after him. It was a long, tedious descent, and I wondered how we should ever get up again. Somehow, I felt a peculiar exhilaration. It seemed easier to do things in that atmosphere.

When, at last, we reached the bottom of the shafting, we wriggled down a rope ladder to the ground. The working chamber was rectangular, measuring about ten by fifteen feet; five sand-



THE WORKING CHAMBER OF A CONCRETE CAISSON HAS A STEPPED ROOF.

hogs were at work. They had dug a wide hole in the sand at the center of the chamber, and were extending it toward the sides. Mr. Squires explained that they would dig to the edge of the chamber, undermining the edges of the caisson if necessary, so that they would sink into the ground. The deck, a foot or so above our heads, was made of heavy timbers, and supported a concrete pier that extended in a solid mass eighty feet above us. The shaft was getting so deep that the weight of the concrete was no longer enough to force it down, and tons of pig-iron were loaded on top to overcome the friction of the earth on all sides of the caisson.

"Nowadays," said Mr. Squires, "caissons for deep building foundations are nearly always made of steel or concrete. We happen to be using wooden caissons here because the contract for this job was not let until the last moment. The wreckers had already removed the old building that stood on this property, and we had to start operations at once. There was no time to build concrete caissons, or wait for steel ones from the mill. It does n't take long to build a timber caisson, and lumber is always at hand."

It was damp in the chamber, and water dripped from the ceiling; but the sand floor was quite dry. The air forced all the water out of the sand. It was hot in there, too. Mr. Squires explained that compressing the air heated it, and if they did not use a special cooling system, the temperature in the working chamber would be simply unbearable.

My! how those men worked. "You see, they are taking in such a lot of oxygen at each breath," said Mr. Squires. "Take them out in the open, and they are too lazy to do a thing. 'Once a sand-hog, always a sand-hog,' the saying goes. They are simply unfit for work unless stimulated with oxygen. They can only work two hours at a time in this pressure. It is dangerous for them to be in any longer."

Mr. Squires turned on his heel and started off, whistling. As if of one mind, Will and I puckered our mouths for a whistle, but the sound failed to come. In alarm we tried again, and yet again, but without avail. Thoroughly frightened, we ran after Mr. Squires, and told him that we had symptoms of paralysis; we could n't whistle.

"Try harder!" he urged. "Sometimes if you put forth a little effort, the symptoms disappear." We blew and blew, until we were red in the face.

He looked genuinely concerned, and, calling to one of the men, said: "Here, Pat, take these two boys to the doctor at once, and tell him they can't whistle."

Pat grinned from ear to ear as we made for the ladder and began climbing like mad. I thought we should never reach the lock. A hundred feet up was three times as much as a hundred feet down. Try running up to the ninth floor of a building, and then imagine how much harder it would be to make that same ascent up a vertical ladder. What if the paralysis spread to our arms and legs before we got to the top! We were pretty well fagged before we reached the lock and scrambled through the lattice, but the rich oxygen we took in with every breath sustained us wonderfully. Pat was not far behind us. He shouted to us to get down out of the way of the trap-door, then he gave the signal, and presently the door fell open.

We dragged ourselves into the lock and the door closed behind us; then we waited an interminable time for the compressed air to be let out. The chamber filled with fog as the pressure was reduced, and, after a time, the upper door clanged open, and we jumped out into the sunshine.

A shift of sand-hogs gathered around the door of the doctor's shack as we were ushered in.

"Doctor," said Pat, "these bhoys is afflicted with serious symptoms. Their whistlin' organs is paralyzed."

"Most distressing, most distressing," replied the doctor. "You will have to get them a tin whistle, Pat." The guffaws of laughter that greeted this prescription were disconcerting, to say the least. We were completely taken in. How should we know that it is very difficult to whistle in air as dense as that in a caisson, and that only by considerable practice can one acquire the art of making "lip music" under pressure? However, there was nothing to do but to

laugh with the rest, and make the best of the joke. The doctor made us stay in his office for a half-hour or so, to keep us from becoming chilled, and made up for the prank he had played upon us by recounting some very curious adventures he had had. Presently Mr. Squires came in, and we had to go over the whole story again.

"It was one on us, all right," said Will, with a forced laugh; "but you sent us out before we had seen half there was to see. You will have to answer questions now. What do you do when the caisson is sunk all the way down to rock?"

"We blast out a good footing if the rock is tilted."

"What! You blast rock down in that small chamber!"

"Oh, yes, the sand-hogs all get out of the chamber when the charge is set off. We have a trap-door at the bottom of the shaft. The men all climb into the shaft and pull up the trap-door, then the gang boss sets off the charges with electricity."

"But after you have finished blasting, what then?"

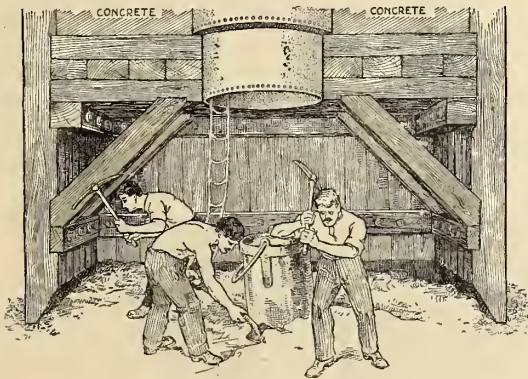
"Oh, then we just fill in with concrete. The concrete is laid round the cutting edges first. The filling then proceeds toward the center. Then we work up the shaft, filling up the hole behind us until the entire pier is built up solid. What next?" asked Mr. Squires.

"I can't think of anything more; can you, Will?"

"No, not without going in again," he replied.

"You can go down with Danny Roach in one of the narrow coffer-dam caissons, if you like," he answered. "We find it necessary to build a solid wall all the way down to rock on two sides of the building, because we expect to have a pretty deep cellar, and the adjacent buildings were built on floating foundations. Not many years ago, foundations used to be made that way. Piles were driven into the mud and sand as close to one another as possible, and then upon them was built a grillage of iron rails, that is, the rails were piled in tiers that crisscrossed one above the other, and upon this grillage the columns of the building were supported. That form of foundation is pretty good until some one digs a deep hole near by, then, under the weight of the building, the quicksand oozes into this hole, and the building settles badly, sometimes dangerously.

In Chicago, most of the buildings are supported on floating foundations, because the sand is so deep that it is impossible to get down to rock. A man can't work at much more than 110 feet below water-level, because the pressure would be over 47 pounds per square inch. Some Chicago



THE WORKING CHAMBER OF A WOODEN CAISSON.

buildings are constantly sinking. For this reason, scores of hydraulic jacks are placed under the columns, and now and then the building is jacked up to its original level. We have to run a wall all around our foundations to keep the quicksand out of our subcellar. But run along with Danny Roach. He 'll explain the whole thing to you. He knows more about real caisson work than any other man alive."

Danny Roach, a big, broad Irishman who looked in at the doorway just at that opportune moment, seemed only too glad to show us around. The caisson we entered was only five feet wide by twenty feet long. A group of sand-hogs were digging away the sand. It seemed peculiarly sticky material. Our feet sank into it as if it were soft mud, and yet, apparently, it was dry when we picked up a handful.

"Trichorous stuff thot," said Danny Roach; "if there wuz no pressure on it, it wad be the wurst koinnd of quicksand."

There was a man in the chamber putt'ing leaks in the caisson, close to the deck, with clay and oakum. He carried what I thought was a torch, but it proved to be only a common wax candle. The rich oxygen in the caisson drew out the flame to a length of four or five inches. It was wonderful how things burned in that air.

"Hey! luk out there," called out Danny Roach. "Kape that candle away from thim timbers, or yez 'll have thim afoire."

"Could you really set that damp wood afire?" asked Will.

"Sure, if there was a laik, the outpourin' air wad suck the flame through the hole, and we wad have the wurst koinnd of a foire. Luk out, ye fool of a man!" yelled Danny Roach. The man stumbled, clutched at something to save himself from falling, and, as luck would have it, tore down the electric-light wires, broke the circuit, and, instantly, we were in darkness. Even his candle was extinguished, for he fell upon it and snuffed out the blaze. The only light was a brilliantly glowing ember in Danny Roach's pipe. Once, when I was a child, I had read of a young chap who crawled into a hollow log after a rabbit, and was trapped in there by the inwardly pointing splinters. I did n't get over it for weeks,

and now that same feeling of horror seized me. It was all I could do to keep from venting my panic in a yell. I don't know about Will, but I venture he was thinking about the blessed sunshine just then. Presently some one scratched a match; it blazed up brilliantly. A candle was lighted, and the match was tossed carelessly aside. Almost immediately there was a flare of light like the flash of gunpowder.

"The o-akum!" cried Danny Roach.

There was a big pile of it in the center of the working chamber. It burned fiercely, and the heat was intense. We saw that the deck would be ablaze in another instant, if something were not done to quench the fire; and if the deck gave way, might not the mass of concrete above crush through and mash us as if we were so many flies? But the chances were we would be burned to death before that happened. All this went through my mind like a flash.

In the meantime, Danny Roach had taken in the situation. There was a bucket nearly filled with sand standing beside the burning oakum and almost enveloped in the flames. He reached for the signal rope, gave a signal, in response to which the bucket was lifted three feet off the ground, then, rushing through the flames, he kicked the trip of the bucket. A ton of sand poured out over the blazing oakum and smothered the fire. Danny Roach's clothes were afire, and he rolled around on the ground, trying to quench the flames. It was with difficulty that we extinguished the blaze, and poor Danny was very painfully burned. He was placed as tenderly as possible in the sand bucket, and, with the gang boss attending him, was hauled up to the surface.

The rest of us climbed up the shaft, which was filled so full of smoke that we could scarcely breathe. We came so near smothering in the lock that we signaled to the lock-tender to let the air out as fast as he could. I tell you what! we were glad to get out of that stifling atmosphere.

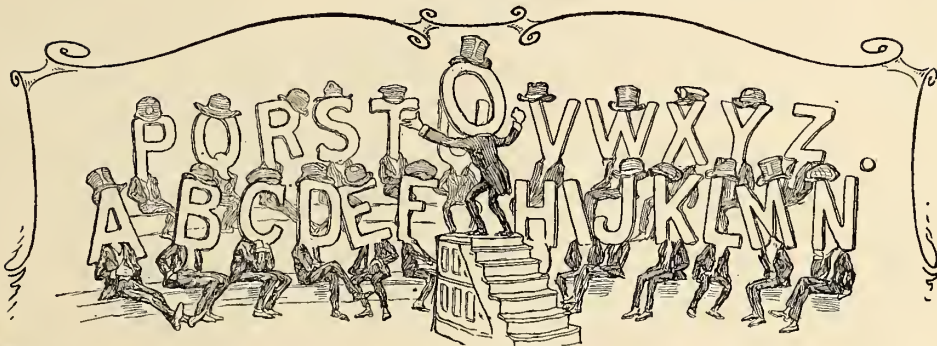
Poor Danny Roach had done his duty so quickly, that we scarcely realized what a hero he was. The doctor was doing his best to relieve the man's suffering until the ambulance arrived, but told us that the brave fellow would have to spend a week at least, in the hospital.

(To be continued)



THE ALPHABET'S HOLIDAY

By Margaret Johnson



ONCE on a time—I won't say when,
But long before *I* used a pen!—
The letters of the Alphabet
Began with one accord to fret,
Their tasks disdained, declared for play,
And boldly claimed a holiday.

Said O,—the spokesman, it appears,—
“We’ve worked for years and years and *years*,
Since long before the printing-press
Made all our labors more, not less.
Some old Phenician, so they say,
First sent us on our arduous way;
And ever since that fateful day
We’ve been the most obedient crew!—
Done just what we were told to do,
Worked overtime, by day, by night,
By sun- and gas- and candle-light,
At beck and call of every wight
Who chose to read or spell or write!
Through all the centuries marching down,
For others we have won renown,
Nor broken ranks, nor—heed it well!—
From spelling had one breathing-spell!
With all the world it is not thus!
Why then, my friends, this fate for us?”

The very comet, high in space,
Is free sometimes to run a race;
The week-days have their Sunday out;
The seasons too, beyond a doubt,
Their regular vacations take,
The dull routine of work to break.
We only— Comrades, are we slaves!
Shall we submit to scribbling knives!
Or shall we, scornful, rise” (a cheer,
And cries of “Bravo!” and “Hear, hear!”).
“Declare to law and order ‘Bah!’
And ‘Freedom!’ shout! ‘Hip, hip, hurrah!’”



"Hip, hip, hurrah! Break ranks!"
cried A,
"By laws all mortal things obey,
I here proclaim a Holiday!"

Then—stars and garters! what a
sight!
The letters flew to left and right;
They danced and pranced this way
and that,
They stood up straight, they fell
down flat.

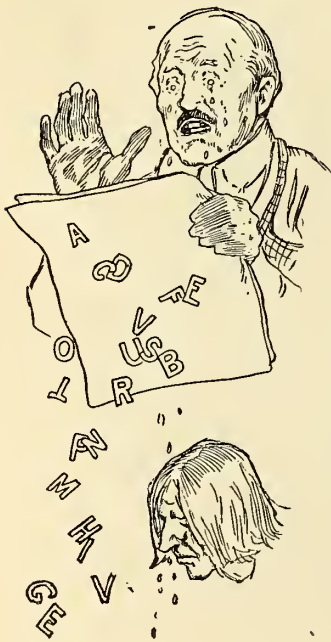
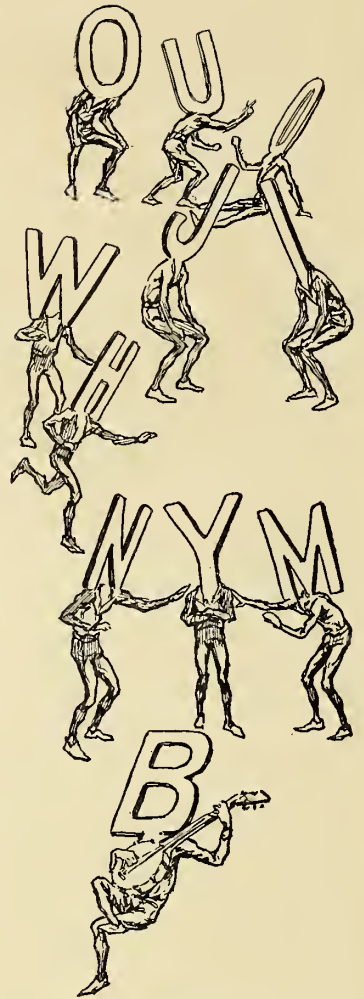
A scampered down to chat with Z,
And X came skipping up to C.
I stared at J, and J at I,
And M and N kept asking Y.
Q quarreled dreadfully with U,
And H deserted W,
And O made mouths—O fie!—to jeer
At U and I, his comrades dear!
V proudly stood upon his head,
Pretending he was A instead;
And crooked S turned somersaults,
And rudely hissed at others' faults.
K kicked at R, who tried to sing,
F danced with L a Highland Fling;
And B the banjo plucked, ping, ping!
While P at leap-frog played with E,
And arm in arm strolled D and G,
And went and choked themselves
with T!

Meanwhile the world, I need not say,
Was in a most distressing way!
The teachers one and all resigned;
The preachers were not far behind;
The printers looked with streaming
eye

Upon their pages, full of "pi";
The authors wept by day and night
Because their books they could not
write;
The ink in all the ink-wells dried;
And all the little children cried
Because (and some are crying yet!)
They *could* not learn the Alphabet!

What next had happened, no one
knows,
But all at once a man arose,
A very wise and learned man
(From Harvard or from Hindustan)
Who could, with certain magic words,
Turn eggs to rabbits, mice to birds,
And things like that,—the kind, you
know,

You see each year at Barnum's Show.





And when that man those letters met,
To that misguided Alphabet
He made a dark and dreadful threat,
Which caused each one from A to Zed
To shiver in his shoes with dread!

"If,"—terrible his booming voice!
To hear or not they had no choice,—
"If," he declared, "you don't behave,
But once this little wand I'll wave,
And turn you all, in twenty whiffs,
Into Egyptian Hieroglyphs!"

O fearful words! O fate unknown!
Oh, better, better far their own!
Those frightened letters, how they jumped!
How knees and elbows banged and bumped!
They ran, they flew, they leaped, they skipped,
In frantic haste they turned and tripped,
Till, spent and breathless with the race,
Each one regained his wonted place;
And in their ancient order, led

By him who always took the head,
Once more they stood, from A to Zed.
Then—not till then—the wizard blue
His stern and awful gaze withdrew,
And chuckling softly in his sleeve,
Retired—to Jersey, I believe.
But such the deep impress he made,
The letters thus till now have stayed,
And done their duty as before
For all these many years, and more.

Yet, even now, so teachers tell,
In theme and composition,—well,
Of course, we all know how to spell!
And 't is n't fair, perhaps, to state,—
But I myself, or soon or late,
In strange misconduct here and there
Of letters—not *my* fault, I swear!—
I too have seen, I'm free to say,
Some traces of that fateful day
When, as it cannot quite forget,
In freedom roved the Alphabet!

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N
O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

THE ADMIRAL

BY HERBERT PUTNAM



WHILE all you lazy people take your ease,
 I sail
 The seas.
 To many lands through many seas I sail
 And nev-
 Er quail,
 Nor, even when the ship goes up and down,
 So much
 As frown,
 For I 've been middy, captain, commodore,
 And now
 Much more—
 An *admiral!* with cocked hat and epaulet.
 They call
 Me "Vet,"



And always, when I pass by in my ship,
 The col-
 Ors dip;
 And often, when I go from ship to shore,
 The can-
 Non roar.

A fleet of ships, not one, you understand,
 Is my
 Command;
 All ready, when I buckle on my sword
 And give
 The word,
 To battle with the foe, however strong,
 And right
 The wrong:
 For that 's the only battle I shall fight,
 The one
 For Right,
 And never shall my ships or cannon seek
 To hurt
 The weak.

But when our foes my pennant once espy
 And know
 It 's I,
 They hurry up their sails and scud away,
 Nor wait
 The fray.
 So both my sword and pistol never cease
 To make
 For peace,
 And dreadful to you as they now appear,
You need
 Not fear.

With this long glass I readily can see
 Where dan-
 Gers be;
 The compass tells me where we ought to go
 To find
 The foe.
 But—let me whisper—though I seem so bold
 And am
 So old,
 There *arc* times when I really am perplexed
 And e-
 Ven vexed;
 Then, when I want to do the truly right
 With all
 My might,
 I ask the compass that is *always* true:—
 Mama,
That 's you!

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

STORIES OF NORMAN ENGLAND

LAST month, with *Hereward the Wake*, we saw the end of William I, the Conqueror, after he had made an end of Saxon England. For almost a century, England was under Norman rulers; and a terrible century it was. To be sure, there were troubles enough with the Plantagenets, who followed the Normans. But somehow the two Williams, Henry, Matilda, and Stephen, the Norman sovereigns, managed to be more oppressive, tyrannical, and generally unendurable than any king or queen who came after them.

The time was one of struggle and fighting. The nobles were all trying to snatch as much of the country as they could, in order to wring money from its wretched population. Each bold, ungoverned spirit behaved like a beast of the jungle, knowing no restraint, no law but its own desires. The great lords bore nicknames that tell sufficiently what sort of characters they possessed: the Wolf, the Flaming Torch, the Death, the Heavy Hand, were some of these nicknames.

When the people were n't actually starving, they were usually being killed, or imprisoned, or sold as serfs, or forced into the wars. To escape these woes, many men became outlaws, adding to the danger of the rest, burning, robbing and slaying, fighting among themselves, living a hand-to-mouth existence in the forests that covered a large part of England and Wales.

Exciting, no doubt of that, these wild times! History passes over them with a general indication that they could n't have been much worse—darkest England, that of the latter half of the eleventh and first half of the twelfth centuries; but full of romantic possibilities, dashing stories, and stirring adventures. And so, good material for the historic novel. Many a quaint old manuscript tells personal tales of those far days, while records and letters and documents relating to the men in the thick of affairs yield many details. From these and other sources the romance writers have taken their facts.

In spite of all the terror and the suffering, life was still tolerable most of the time. Men and women married, and their children grew up, playing and laughing. There were good friends then as now, splendid acts of courage and self-sacrifice, cheerfulness under difficulties, and a sturdy manhood that showed under the unlikeliest cir-

cumstances, with that same determination to be free which eventually brought about *Magna Charta*, and finally our own great Declaration.

It is all this we want to know about, and which we seek among the stories told of the men and women of that time. Stories that show us how the common people lived, what their homes were like, how they managed to withstand their oppressors, the jobs they worked at, the clothes they wore. England could hardly, as yet, be called a nation, so at enmity were its various parts; but it was being formed, and all this pain and suffering and grim struggling against tyranny had a glory.

William II, the second son of the Conqueror (whose eldest-born remained in Normandy), succeeded him. He was called Rufus, or the Red King, because of the extreme ruddiness of his complexion, which burned brick-red between the flowing blond hair that he wore long. Short and squat, powerful and utterly without even the haziest notions of right and wrong—everything he wanted being right, and whatever opposed him wrong—his one occupation was robbing; though, to be sure, he had a thousand methods for getting the money or land from its real owners, a few of which were dignified by the name of law.

Henry I, who followed Rufus, was called the Fine Scholar, because of a trend toward study remarkable in a royal personage at that time. Things were not so bad under him, but when he died, the long, fierce wars between Matilda and Stephen the Usurper began, desolating England.

You can get a brief glimpse of these rulers and some idea of their characters from the first few stories in Church's "*Stories of English History*," and Charles Morris's "*Historical Tales: English*," both of them excellent reading. They will refresh your memory as to the facts which the books I am going to tell about in this number base their stories upon. Church tells us that Rufus was said to have had but two virtues: one a devotion to his father, the other great personal courage. Once, it is said, while pursuing an enemy on horseback, he came to the sea, and commanded the owner of a small vessel to cross the Channel with him. A fierce storm was raging, and the man feared to attempt the crossing, saying no ship could live in such a sea, that to set out was certain death.

But Rufus shouted to him that go he would.

"Hold thy peace, man," he commanded. "Kings are never drowned."

There are several good historical novels telling the story of England from 1087, when William the Conqueror died, to the end of the Norman rule in 1158. Unluckily, they are not very easy to come by.

I don't think you should have any trouble in getting Gertrude Hollis's story, "In the Days of St. Anselm," however. It is a comparatively recent book, and it is so good that it remains in print, and is usually in the public libraries.

In this story we follow the fortunes of a Saxon "villein" and his wife throughout the reign of the Red King. Purkess and Judith are two fine specimens of the old race, then reduced to slavery, but still retaining a spark of the sturdy, liberty-loving spirit which distinguished it in the past. They live near Canterbury and are serfs to the monastery under Prior Godrich, a good man, but unable to do much for his people, since he is himself oppressed by the king and his wicked minister, Ranulph. We are given a clear view of this oppression, and then, by a fortunate circumstance, Purkess and Judith are freed.

This ceremony of "manumission," as it was called, was extraordinarily picturesque and impressive. Miss Hollis puts it very vividly before us, with all its color and tense feeling. After it, Purkess is allowed to bear arms, to defend himself to some extent at least from wrongful oppression, and to choose his own lord and place of abode.

In this book we look out on the England of the end of the eleventh century with the eyes of one of the lowliest of the country's population. We rage with him at the overpowering insolence and rapacity of the great captains and noblemen; we are conscious of his helplessness and sharers in his bitter poverty. And we rejoice with him and his wife as gradually things get a little better; for luck is on Purkess's side, as it is apt to be on the side of a fine, strong, fearless young fellow, faithful and trustworthy. Good friends come to aid him, and through a series of events he becomes one of the servants of Anselm, whom the king, thinking himself to be dying, has made Archbishop of Canterbury, the most important position in the state, next to that of the crown.

Adventures follow each other thick and fast; we get to Wales and see a large part of England. And in the end we are brought with Purkess, who has long since gone to live in the New Forest as a charcoal-burner, far from the tyranny of the masters, to find the body of the king, who was shot while hunting, by no man knows whom, an arrow having glanced and pierced his heart. This

forest was created by the Conqueror for his pleasure, he having turned hundreds upon hundreds out of their poor homes in order to reduce the land once more to a wilderness; and it was the common belief that the place was a fatal one for his family. At any rate, two of his sons and a great-nephew were killed in it.

I have only been able to find one book on the times of Henry I—"Pabo," by S. Baring-Gould. Its scene is Wales, and it is especially concerned with showing how Henry tried to subjugate the wild Welshmen. The author was a finished writer, capable of taking you straight into his book, of making you feel twelfth century and Welsh yourself, and no one knows better how to make a story alive and interesting.

If you can get R. D. Chetwolde's book, "The Knight of the Golden Chain" (Appleton, \$1.50, 1898), it is just the volume to read next. It is a collection of splendid stories of outlaws in the years immediately following Henry's death, when the long and terrible strife between the Empress Matilda and Stephen was devastating the land, and when many thousands of men took to the forests and hills, living by robbery. This is a book that any girl or boy will love, it is so crowded with adventure, and with many a fine and brave deed to redeem the general lawlessness.

Quite another view of these dread times of Stephen and Matilda is to be found in the story by Charles MacFarlane, "A Legend of Reading Abbey" (Dutton, \$1.00, 1904). It is a book that gives a most intimate, gentle, home view—pictures of people engaged in their every-day occupations—and yet through it runs the constant menace of sudden death and violent disturbance.

Another book that covers the same era is by Rev. C. W. Whistler, "For King or Empress" (T. Nelson Sons, \$1.25), and is a good, thrilling story that puts the situation pretty completely. It is set in Somersetshire and Norwich, where the struggle was particularly fierce. There were wild doings, and these disturbances were fated to endure for centuries. You find them still going on in "Ivanhoe," though that is in the time of Richard, the Lion-Hearted, many years later.

There is a glimpse of England in the time of Rufus at the end of Scott's "Count Robert of Paris." Most of the book is in the Holy Land with the first Crusaders, but it closes in England.

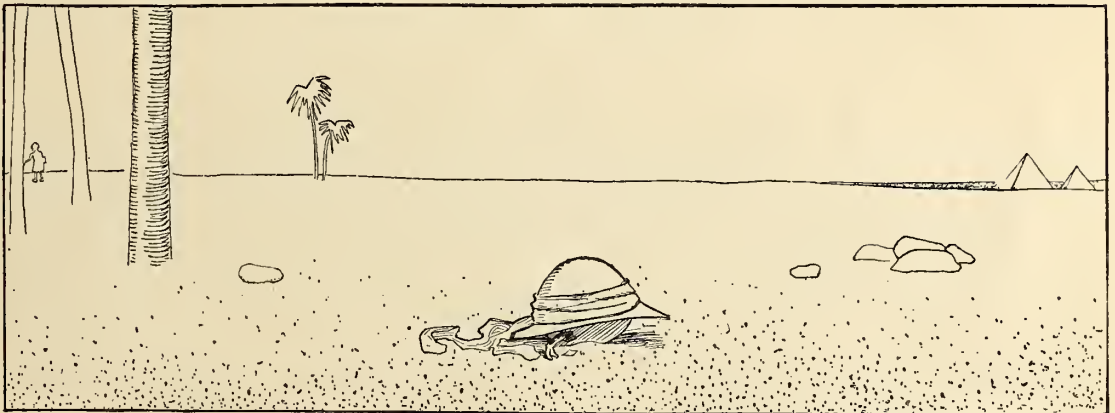
With the above books, or even half of them, you will get a fine idea of Norman England, and I can promise you an enjoyable time reading them. And by this time you will begin to feel very much at home in Old England, quite as though these ancient ancestors of yours were friends and companions.

PROFESSOR WISEACRE AND THE OSTRICH EGG

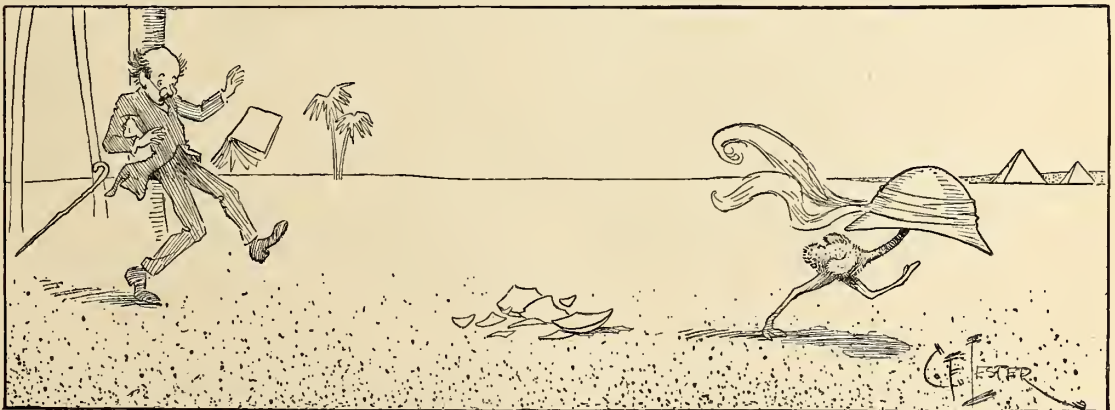
DRAWINGS BY CHARLES F. LESTER



"AH! AN OSTRICH EGG! I 'LL JUST PUT MY HAT OVER IT TO SHIELD IT 'TILL I COME BACK."



BUT THE SUN WAS WARM, AND DURING HIS ABSENCE SOMETHING HAPPENED THAT—



PROFESSOR WISEACRE HAD NEVER SEEN RECORDED IN ANY OF HIS SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.



BY CAROLINE VERHOEFF

(For children between the ages of seven and eleven. All the parts may be taken by girls)

DIRECTIONS FOR STAGING: But one full set of scenery is required, a wood scene. If the play is presented in a large hall, the scenery may often be procured from a local theater, at little, or no, cost. If a drawing-room is used, a small wood scene, either mounted or unmounted, may be purchased from Samuel French, 24 West Twenty-second Street, New York City. Where economy is desirable, the following home-made scenery will prove quite satisfactory: *Background*, stretch a rope from one eight-foot ladder to another. Hang sheets over the rope, and to the sheets fasten wall-paper representing a forest. If a good grade of wall-paper is selected, the effect is excellent. For the *wings* use two large-sized clothes-horses covered as the background, and placed to allow entrances to front and back. The backs of the clothes-horses are hung with white sheets, and in the garret scene they are simply turned to inclose the foreground of the stage, representing white walls. In the last act, a pretty transformation may be effected by means of a tarlatan curtain, green and hung with paper spring flowers, which is allowed to roll down and cover the background by the Spring Fairy. Or, if more convenient, strips of wall-paper with a design of flowers, birds, or butterflies may be used.

PROPERTIES: Two chairs, preferably gilt, for the King and Queen. A couch for the sleeping Princess, and a robe to throw over her. This robe is made of brown cambric, covered on one side with cotton batting and sprinkled with "Christmas snow"; on the other with paper flowers and artificial moss. One or more bare trees or branches. These last are not absolutely necessary.

COSTUMES: These are made of cambric or sateen, in the brightest colors. For King, Queen, and Page copy the pictures in any good fairy-tale book. The

Princess requires two costumes, a brown dress to represent the earth in the fall, and one of bright green, hung with spring flowers, to wear when she awakens in the spring. The Prince requires a suit of the brightest gold, with long, flowing sleeves and strings of tinsel hanging from his neck like rays of sunshine. The Fairies dress to represent their respective parts as spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Winter should be all in white, with silver tinsel.

CHARACTERS: There may be as many Lords and Ladies as the stage can accommodate. There *must* be three of each if the procession in Act II is to be effective, but if the stage is very small, the two children who take the parts of Prince and Princess in the last act may appear as a Lord and Lady in the second. Two Lords and two Ladies will be sufficient for the dance in the last act.

King	Page	{ Spring Summer Autumn Winter
Queen	Four Fairies	
Princess		
Lords and Ladies		

TIME: The play requires from a half-hour to an hour, according to the number of Lords and Ladies, and to the length of the dances.

SCENE: Act I—The depths of the woods; Act II—The palace garden; Act III—A garret; Act IV—Winter woods; Act V—The awakening in the palace garden.

ACT I

(*Curtain rises on the three Fairies, Spring, Summer, and Autumn, dancing in the woods. After dance is finished, enter the King's Page with three letters, one of which he hands to each Fairy with a courtly bow.*)

PAGE. A message from the court, so please Your Fairyships.

FAIRIES. (*Tear open the envelops and read*) The King and Queen do now request that you, as God-mama, will attend the christening of the Royal Princess Erda, in the palace garden, to-morrow evening, e'er the sun shall sink to rest.

SPRING. Well, Sisters mine, shall we accept the invitation?

SUMMER. It will give us pleasure, will it not, to serve so good a King and Queen?

AUTUMN. Indeed, we shall be glad to serve the court. Besides, of all the world, we love a baby best.

(*Winter enters from the back, and remains in background, unseen by rest. She is plainly in a rage.*)

SPRING. Come, then, let 's write our answer to Their Majesties, and we must consider well our gifts.

(*As they turn, they see Fairy Winter, and step to right of center.*)

WINTER. (*Coming forward, to Page*) How, now, did Their Majesties send me no invitation?

PAGE (*shivering as though cold*). No, Madam, not by me.

WINTER. Then they will regret it.

(*Three Fairies come forward anxiously.*)

SPRING (*pleadingly*). Oh, Cousin, you will not cause any trouble. Surely the King and Queen did but forget. They have so much upon their minds at present.

WINTER. No, not I. 'T is not the first time the court has slighted me; but I can promise this, 't will be the last.

THREE FAIRIES (*in chorus, shaking heads sadly*). Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

SPRING. But always, Cousin, you have shown yourself so disagreeable at court; perhaps they fear you now.

WINTER. And well they may. They 'll have good cause for fear. (*Exit.*)

AUTUMN. How cross she is! She 'll cause serious trouble, too, I know.

SPRING. Let us then keep watch of her. Be ready to undo the harm. Come, to send our answers to the court.

(*As they dance off, CURTAIN FALLS*)

ACT II

(*Palace garden. Two chairs to the left. Trumpet-call. Music. Enter from left and back, Page, Lords, and Ladies, one carrying the baby Princess—a large doll. Procession to right; stand in semi-circle facing the chairs. Pause. Enter King and Queen, who walk in front of Lords and Ladies, and take their places in front of chairs. They bow in return to the bows and courtesies of the court. King and Queen sit down. Lady places baby in Queen's arms. Music ceases.*)

QUEEN. Of all the babies ever born, this is the sweetest.

ACT I. I LIKE NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN



WINTER (*violently enraged*). I like not to be forgotten. Their Majesties must be taught a lesson. Ne'er shall they forget that they 've forgotten me.

SUMMER. I know they did not mean an insult. Do, I beg, forgive the seeming injury.

LORDS AND LADIES. (*To one another*) The sweetest baby ever born.

FIRST LADY. Such soft and silken hair.

SECOND LADY. A rosebud for a mouth.

THIRD LADY. Her dimpled hands are soft as satin.

ACT II THOU SHALT NOT PERISH



FOURTH LADY. Her eyes a heavenly blue.

KING (*rising*). Come, my Lords, pledge allegiance to Her Royal Highness.

LORDS. Sire, with right good will.

(*Music. Each Lord in turn kneels before the baby with his sword drawn, kisses her hand, and returns to his place, walking backward. As last does so, the music changes to a waltz movement, and first three*

AUTUMN (*stepping forward*). Graciously permit us to bestow upon the baby the gifts which we have brought. (*Touches baby with wand*) With beauty I endow thee. Beauty not alone of face and form, but loveliness of soul I give thee, so thou shalt be beloved of all the world. (*Steps back.*)

SUMMER. Wisdom is my gift, O Little One; men shall not love thee merely, they shall seek thee out that they may learn the wondrous secrets hidden in thy heart. (*Steps back.*)

(*Dreary strain of music. Winter enters unnoticed, and remains in background, close to entrance, until Spring begins to speak, when she moves a little forward and to the right.*)

SPRING. And I—but who comes?

(*Winter moves slowly forward, but keeps to the right. Every one except Fairies shiver with cold. Baby cries out. Two Lords attempt to bar her entrance with crossed swords.*)

WINTER (*contemptuously*). Do you think to prevent me with your swords? My Lords, I am a fairy.

KING. (*To Lord who stands close to him*) Who is this?

LORD (*very earnestly*). 'T is the Fairy Winter, Your Majesty. Send her quickly hence. Where'er she goes, she causes darkness, gloom. The flowers fade at her approach. Birds fly away in terror to escape her. Wild beasts seek their holes. Bid her be gone, I beg you, for her coming bodeeth ill.

KING. That I cannot do upon this day of days. Madam, I know you not, yet, for the Princess's sake, I bid you welcome.

WINTER. You know me not? That is passing strange. But Your Majesty *shall* know me. I was not bidden to the christening feast as were these, my cousins—

QUEEN. The slight was unintentional. I do assure you, Madam.

WINTER. Yet I came, and I also brought a gift.

ACT III SLEEP PRETTY ONE



Fairies dance in. They courtesy to the King and Queen.)

KING AND QUEEN. Fairies, you are welcome.

FAIRIES. Your Majesties, we thank you.

(Touches baby with wand; other Fairies look on anxiously.)

WINTER. Thou, Princess Erda, wilt grow up beautiful and wise according to my cousins' wishes. But when thou art become a lovely maiden, thou shalt (slowly) one day thrust into thy hand a needle, and (very slowly and very impressively) **THOU SHALT SURELY**—

(Great excitement. Queen hands baby to King, and faints in her chair. Ladies tremble. Lords draw swords, and step forward threateningly. Spring jumps forward and interrupts Winter just in time.)

SPRING. STOP! 'T is fortunate, indeed, I had not time to speak before you came, my cousin. Little Princess (touches her with wand), it must be, alas, even as my cousin said. Thou wilt, indeed, thrust a

(Procession off stage. King and Queen, Fairies, Lords and Ladies.)

(CURTAIN)

ACT III

(A garret. Winter disguised as old woman by means of long, dark cape. Sits sewing on a square of tartan, on which has been pasted cotton to represent a house covered with snow. Enter Princess, quite out of breath. She is dressed in brown, decorated with autumn leaves to represent the earth in the fall. She wears one large, red rose, which is almost ready to fall to pieces.)

PRINCESS (shivering). Ugh! it's cold and dismal up here. Why, good day, Granny.



ACT V 'T IS THE SHINING PRINCE

needle into thy hand, **BUT THOU SHALT NOT PERISH**. (Relief on every face; Queen opens eyes.) Thou shalt only sleep awhile. (Soft music.) And I do here decree that while thou sleepest, thou shalt lovelier grow. And thou shalt dream of him, the Shining Prince, until he comes to rescue thee, to waken with his kiss.

WINTER. And so I am frustrated! Yet I do not greatly care. It were a pity to lose so fair a child. Perhaps the long sleep will be sufficient punishment, and teach this court 't is never safe to slight a fairy. (Exit.)

QUEEN (quite recovered, rising). Thank you, Fairy, for your timely aid. But oh, alas! my daughter needs must sleep—for who knows how long? (Takes baby from King.)

KING. I do hereby command that every needle be destroyed throughout my broad domain. Page (Page stands before him), send forth heralds to proclaim my will. (Page bows and goes off.) Be comforted, my Queen, how can our daughter prick her finger?

LORDS AND LADIES (happily). That is true, how can she, when all needles are destroyed?

KING. And now, good Fairies, my Lords and Ladies, let's hasten to the feast; forget the evil prophecy, and make merry all.

WINTER (in voice of old woman). Good day, Princess.

PRINCESS (clapping her hands). Do you know, Granny, I'm having such fun. I have run away, and the whole court is searching for me. I wanted to see what was hidden up here. What are you doing, Granny? What is that tiny sharp thing in your hand?

WINTER. 'T is a needle, child. See, I put it in (slowly) and draw it out, so. It leaves a pretty picture on the cloth. (Holds it up.)

PRINCESS (delightedly). How very interesting! Good Granny, do give me leave to try.

WINTER (rising). Certainly, my child, sit here. (Princess seats herself in the chair and takes the

sewing.) I will teach you to embroider to your heart's content.

(Princess handles the needle very awkwardly, Winter bends over as if to help her.)

PRINCESS (slowly and in a vexed tone). It is n't so easy as it did appear. There, I think I'll not work longer now. Oh! oh! I've pricked my finger. See, it bleeds! Oh! oh! oh! (Falls back in the chair asleep.)

(Winter laughs softly. Throws off her cape, and waves wand over sleeping Princess. Music, "The Last Rose of Summer." A fall of paper snow here is effective, but unnecessary. Winter touches the rose, and it falls to pieces.)

WINTER (softly to the music accompaniment). So there, my Pretty One, sleep. Dream of the Prince if you must, but sleep until he comes. I'll see to it that the time be long. Sleep! sleep! By my magic I'll waft you downward where sleeps the court. 'T will be a brave prince who'll venture here when I have done my best. Sleep, my Pretty One, sleep, sleep.

(CURTAIN)

ACT IV

(Woods. A bare tree or branch placed here and there, and hung with cotton for snow. If possible, stage should be unlighted throughout act, and a light thrown on the actors from the hall as they move about. This is easily managed in a house which has electric lights, for a small reflector may be borrowed without difficulty. Gloomy music to suggest winter. Winter enters, dancing. The dance is best left to the child to originate. It should suggest the scattering of snow, the rush of wind which blows the trees about, and the mischievous joy of the Fairy in her work. When she has danced off the stage, the Shining Prince enters. As he represents the sun, his costume should be as bright and sparkling as possible.)

PRINCE (mournfully). This is the gloomiest spot I ever chanced upon. For weeks, I've wandered here, and seen no waking thing. No birds to charm me with their songs, no flowers to cheer with fragrance sweet. The bare trees nod and whisper in their dreams, but I hear no murmuring brooks or waterfalls. Wild beasts meet I none. There's some enchantment here. (Determinedly) But lonely though it be (draws sword), dangerous though it prove, I'll press on, and if I can, I'll break the spell that holds all life asleep. 'T would be a joyous deed to rouse this gloomy forest into gladsome life again. (Penetrates through forest to back of stage.)

(CURTAIN)

ACT V

(Palace garden. At center of background, Princess lies asleep on a couch. She is covered with a blanket of snow so that only her face is visible. The King and Queen are asleep in their chairs. The Page lies on the ground at the King's feet. The Lords and Ladies are all asleep in various attitudes to the right. Stage is quite dark; brightens gradually as Prince enters. Mournful music, changing to something bright and springlike. When the Princess awakes, all

the light is turned on. The music suggests the calls of birds.)

(Prince enters from front right followed by Spring, who remains shyly in the background. Looks about him wonderingly.)

PRINCE. A court asleep! King, Queen, and courtiers. 'T is plain that some enchanter here hath cast his spell. (Catches sight of Princess, tiptoes to couch, and stands beside her.) The loveliest maiden ever seen! Why does she sleep? Oh, waken, Lady Fair, and speak to me. I pray you waken! (Gesture of despair.) What shall I do, she sleepeth still? (He looks at her a long time, bends closer and closer, finally drops on one knee, and kisses her.)

(Every one stirs and slowly awakens. Fairy Spring produces the transformation in the scenery. Princess, in dress of green, with flowers, slowly arises, keeping her eyes fixed on the Prince, who looks at her. Together they throw back the snow covering, showing the other side covered with flowers. They cast it onto the couch.)

PRINCESS (softly). 'T is the Shining Prince of my dreams. (Prince and Princess continue to gaze at each other.)

KING. (Regarding the Prince with astonishment, to Page) Who is the noble stranger? Why did you not announce him?

PAGE (rubbing his eyes sleepily). Indeed, Your Majesty, I did not hear him enter. I think I was asleep.

QUEEN. I, too, feel strangely drowsy; have I had a nap?

PRINCE. That you have, Gracious Queen, you and all your court. I doubt not a spell was cast upon you here.

PRINCESS (coming forward and speaking dreamily). I do remember now. I pricked my finger with a needle which an ancient dame did give to me. At once my eyelids closed, but yet I heard her murmur, "Sleep until the Shining Prince shall come." (Turns and courtesies to Prince, who makes her a low bow.) And that is you, I thank you, sir.

KING. 'T is the evil prophesy fulfilled.

QUEEN. It must be so. But the long sleep is over, waking-time has come. Our daughter lives, and is more beautiful than ever. Let us thank the noble Prince (courtesies to him) who has brought us joy, and let us celebrate with song and dancing.

PRINCE. But first I must ask permission to wed this lovely maid whom I awakened.

KING AND QUEEN. We give permission gladly, if the maid herself consents.

PRINCE. What say you, Lovely Princess, will you marry me?

PRINCESS. I will, O Shining Prince.

(Spring crowns them with flowers. Prince kneels and kisses Princess's hand. Wedding march. Procession about stage, Prince and Princess, King and Queen, Lords and Ladies, forming themselves in sets for the minuet. Then two other Fairies dance in and take their places on the couch, where they keep time to music with wands. Dance one figure of minuet. If children find this too difficult, the simpler and more lively lancers may be substituted.)

(At conclusion of the dance, all the actors group themselves on the stage and make their final bow to the audience.)

(CURTAIN)



From a Copley print, copyright by Curtis & Cameron, Inc.

"SUPPER."—PAINTED BY ERNEST FOSBERY.

The Nicest Place in the World

by
Katharine L. Edgerly

THE sun was shining down through the trees on Little Brother Rabbit and Grandma Badger. She was telling him a story; it was all about the Nicest Place in the World. Pretty soon, Grandma Badger's head began to nod, and it nodded, and nodded, and nodded,

until it nodded itself right into Sleepy Land. Then Little Brother Rabbit got up and stretched himself; then he hopped off, looking very busy. Pretty soon, whom should he meet but Friend 'Possum, who said to him: "Where are you going, Little Brother Rabbit?"

"I'm going to look for the Nicest Place in the World," said he.

"Is n't that a long way off?" said Friend 'Possum.

"I don't care," said Little Brother Rabbit.

"Well, then, neither do I," said Friend 'Possum; "I'm going too."

So they hopped along, and they ran along, until they met Neighbor Bluebird, who said: "Where are you going, Friend 'Possum?"

"I'm going with Little Brother Rabbit."

"Where are *you* going, Little Brother Rabbit?"

"I'm going to find the Nicest Place in the World."

"Is n't that a long way off?" said Neighbor Bluebird.

"I don't care," said Little Brother Rabbit.

"Nor I," said Friend 'Possum.

"Well, then, neither do I," said Neighbor Bluebird; "I'm going too."

So they hopped along, and they ran along, and they flew along, until they came to the great big black cave where Grandpa Bear lives. He was sitting outside, enjoying the warm sun and the smell of the pine-trees.

"Where are you going, children?" said Grandpa Bear, in his kindly way.



"I'm going with Friend 'Possum," said Neighbor Bluebird.

"Where are *you* going, Friend 'Possum?"

"I'm going with Little Brother Rabbit."

"Where are *you* going, Little Brother Rabbit?"

"I'm going to find the Nicest Place in the World," said Little Brother Rabbit. "They say it is very far off. Do you know where it is?"

Grandpa Bear looked up at the sky, and saw that the sun was setting. Then he looked at the ground, and saw that the shadows were growing longer. Then he sniffed the air, and smelled night coming along; so he said:

"Indeed I do; and it is n't far at all. You must walk to the big oak-tree on the edge of the pond. Then walk to the little pine-tree at the beginning of the road. Then walk to the middle-sized maple-tree at the foot of the hill, turn to your right, and you'll walk directly into the Nicest Place in the World."



So they hopped along, and they ran along, and they flew along, until they came to the big oak-tree. And they hopped along, and they ran along, and they flew along, until they came to the little pine-tree. And they hopped along, and they ran along, and they flew along, until they came to the middle-sized maple-tree. Then they turned to the right, and where do you think they were?

RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEIR OWN HOUSE!

Then Neighbor Bluebird looked at Friend 'Possum and laughed; and Friend 'Possum looked at Little Brother Rabbit and laughed; and Little Brother Rabbit looked at them both and laughed. Then he said: "Did n't Grandpa Bear know, though? Home *is* the Nicest Place in the World!"

Nature and Science for Young Folks

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW

WOHELO! WOHELO!

IT sounds like an Indian cry, but it is not. It is a call made up of parts of three important English words, and is addressed to American girls of the present time. This Wohelo, "Wo-he-lo," is a new word composed of the first two letters of the important watchwords of the Camp-Fire Girls

is the secret of the great success of the Camp-Fire Girls. It combines the development of a knowledge and love of nature with regard for others.

The symbol of the Camp-Fire Girls is also admirable. It is fire, as one would naturally expect from the term, and the fire means more than the ordinary flame for cooking or heating. The in-



"THE FIRST DEGREE IS THAT OF WOOD-GATHERER."

—work, health, love, these really comprising about all there is to life. The call, therefore, is not only euphonious, but is followed by a long, rolling echo when sung in the right tone where the echoes live. Try it sometime on the bank of a lake, in a valley, and hear the sound come ringing back from the rugged hills in a hearty response from old Mother Nature, reciprocating your desire to work, to have health, and to let your whole life be permeated by a spirit of loving, kindly regard for your associates. Therein

tense heat of fire is a symbol of enthusiasm. Anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well and heartily. We are inspired to good works by seeing the work of others, and here is the first step in the life of a Camp-Fire Girl. She never finds the fire ready-made. She must learn to be independent of every one else. The first degree is that of wood-gatherer, and the emblem, crossed logs. She must go alone when the others go, each into her own section of the woods, to find her contribution to the general



"THE GIRLS STAND IN A CIRCLE AROUND THE GATHERED FAGOTS."

fire. Each has her own field to glean from and to develop. But while she is working in her own part of the field, others are working elsewhere. She strives to excel, and so do they, a commendable preliminary to the fire-building, which typifies the work of life.

Having brought the symbols to one common social center, they cannot fail to have impressed upon their minds the advantages of coöperation, and that any community, even the world itself, is, after all, only a unit. It is one fire from the contributions of many workers.

When the wood-gatherer has fulfilled these duties for a period of not less than three months,

she advances to the next degree, that of fire-maker. While she is merely a wood-gatherer, she expresses her desire as follows:

"Seek beauty.
Give service.
Pursue knowledge.
Be trustworthy.
Hold on to health.
Glorify work.
Be happy."

But after a candidacy of three months, satisfactory to the Guardians, she is permitted to become a fire-maker, and then no longer does she have isolated work, but joins with others in the



AROUND THE FIRE—"SO SHE TAKES SOME OF THIS FIRE AND CARRIES IT TO OTHERS."

common desire to build a fire. The girls stand in a circle around the gathered fagots, hold their hands aloft, and repeat the fire-maker's desire:

“As fuel is brought to the fire,
So I purpose to bring
My strength,
My ambition,
My heart's desire,
My joy,
And my sorrow,
To the fire
Of humankind.
For I will tend,
As my fathers have tended,
And my fathers' fathers,
Since time began,
The fire that is called
The love of man for man,
The love of man for God.”

But after she has brought her own life of individual service into union with that of her asso-



A TYPICAL CAMP-FIRE GIRL AND HER COSTUME.

ciates, she and the others must not be content with their own selfish enjoyment of even the most picturesque fire, or of the ardor of enthusiasm. She must make that fire beneficial and helpful to others in their work. She must be a humanitarian, and do missionary work for the good of others. So she takes some of this fire and carries it to others, and then, having become a torch-bearer, she expresses her desire in the following words:

“That light which has been given to me,
I desire to pass undimmed to others.”

She is now next to the Guardian, and must be trustworthy, happy, unselfish, a good leader, a good “team worker,” and liked by the other girls. There is one pretty symbolism in the building of the fire that not only brings to us the picturesque primitive methods of the Indians, but carries a lesson with it. The fire, as the instruction book says, “may be started with matches, but better still it may be started with the rubbing of sticks. If directions are carefully followed, it is not difficult to learn this method of starting a fire.” The management wisely recommends this Indian method, which not only takes the girls and the bystanders back to primitive days, but impresses this important lesson: do not wait to be led; do not wait for somebody to inspire you. Create your own original fire of enthusiasm. There are many young people, and older ones too, I fear, who are ready to follow, but slow to originate. They wait till somebody else coaxes and urges or inspires them. This is not the best method. The fire of enthusiasm should be developed by one's own personal efforts. It is, therefore, wisely directed that this fire in the woods of the Camp-Fire Girls shall, if possible, be started by individual effort, not with borrowed fire or even with matches, for that symbolizes some one else's work. But what, after all, is the ardor of enthusiasm worth if it does not lead to loftier, spiritual ideals? So the ode sung by the girls standing around the fire leads their thoughts to the Infinite.

“ODE TO FIRE

“Oh Fire!

Long years ago, when our fathers fought with great animals, you were their protection.
From the cruel cold of winter, you saved them.
When they needed food, you changed the flesh of beasts into savory meat for them.
During all the ages, your mysterious flame has been a symbol to them for Spirit.
So (to-night) we light our fire in remembrance of the Great Spirit who gave you to us.”

After roll-call, reports, bestowing of honors, initiation of new members, songs, toasts, or any other part of the program, the girls rise and repeat in unison:

“Burn, fire, burn!
Flicker, flicker, flame!
Whose hand above this blaze is lifted
Shall be with magic touch engifted
To warm the hearts of lonely mortals
Who stand without their open portals.
The torch shall draw them to the fire
Higher, higher,
By desire.
Whoso shall stand by this hearthstone,
Flame-fanned,
Shall never, never stand alone;
Whose house is dark, and bare, and cold,



SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE MYNAH CAMP-FIRE.

Whose house is cold, this is his own.
Flicker, flicker, flicker, flame;
Burn, fire, burn!"

The fire is then extinguished, and the hearth left in order, to symbolize that, from the hearth of interest in the activities of life, we may attain the best results by storing away in our heart the unseen fire of spiritual desire that shall animate and permeate our life, and inspire it to higher ideals.

What are these higher ideals? Certainly it is the first of Wohelo—our work. In a ceremony of lighting three candles where one stands for work, one for health, and one for love, the Camp-Fire Girl light one candle and repeats the following:

"I light the light of Work, for Wohelo means work."

After the candle is lighted, she says:

"Wohelo means work.

We glorify work because through work we are free.
We work to win, to conquer, to be masters.

We work for the joy of working, and because we are free.

Wohelo means work."

She then retires, and her place is taken by a second girl, who comes forward and says, in reference to the spirit of health:

"I light the light of Health, for Wohelo means health."

After lighting the candle, she says:

"Wohelo means health.

We hold on to health, because through health we serve and are happy.

In caring for the health and beauty of our persons, we are caring for the very shrine of the Great Spirit.

Wohelo means health."

A third comes forward and lights the candle of love, and says:

"I light the light of Love, for Wohelo means love."

And as it burns, she adds:

"Wohelo means love.

We love Love, for love is life, and light, and joy, and sweetness.

And love is comradeship, and motherhood, and fatherhood, and all dear kinship.

Love is the joy of service so deep that self is forgotten.

Wohelo means love."

While the candles of work and health and

love are slowly burning, these two stanzas are sung:

“Lay me to sleep in sheltering flame,
O Master of the Hidden Fire.
Wash pure my heart, and cleanse for me
My soul's desire.

“In flame of sunrise bathe my mind,
O Master of the Hidden Fire,
That, when I wake, clear-eyed may be
My soul's desire.”

The practical things of the Camp-Fire Girls are as commendable as the symbolisms and ideals. They include a long list of health-giving activities pertaining to regularity of school or other

methods for erecting and keeping the tent, selecting a proper location, making a shelter and a bed of material found in the woods, making a bed on the ground and sleeping on it out-of-doors for five nights, doing for one day camp cooking for four or more persons without help or advice. This includes getting wood and making an open fire. One must know Weather Lore, how to follow the trail, to tie knots in strings and ropes, to do clay modeling, brasswork, silver work, dyeing, basketry, wood-carving, carpentry, textile work. The girls are also instructed in business, and thoroughly trained in patriotism, including the proper celebration of all the principal holidays;



CAMP-FIRE GIRLS IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE TENTS OF THEIR ENCAMPMENT.

work, diet, sleep, games, athletics of a wide variety of interests. The Home Craft includes marketing, washing and ironing, housekeeping, inventing methods for doing better work, of entertaining members of the family, and caring for the little folks.

Under "Nature Lore," there are the identification and description of fifteen trees, keeping records of outings, doing work in the garden, learning the planets and seven constellations with their stories, identifying a large number of birds, keeping bird books, making notes, providing lunch-counters, etc. There are further requirements in connection with the identification of wild flowers, caring for a hive of bees for a season, learning the habits of honey-bees, and making careful study of four-footed animals.

Naturally, the Camp-Fire Girls should understand Camp Craft, and they have a long list of

they are taught the conservation of streams, birds, trees, forests; the beautifying of front yards, and a knowledge of the history of the country.

They are to attend religious services ten times in three months, and to give brief accounts of what has been done in the world of religious work.

Patriotism is united with religion, and they are required to commit to memory Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, the preamble to the Constitution, and to the Declaration of Independence, and also one hundred verses of the Bible, or stanzas of hymns or other sacred literature. So the pursuits of the Camp-Fire Girls comprise all that makes life really worth living. Long may echo the call of Wohelo to inspire thousands and thousands of girls in outdoor activities in personal improvement, and in helpfulness to others.

A WASP SUSPENDS A SPIDER IN THE FORK OF A WEED

I HAVE noted that the digger-wasp (*Pompilus*), when it has captured and killed a spider, hangs it in a fork of a weed, evidently to keep it from marauding ants. Sportsmen do the same thing



A WASP SUSPENDING A SPIDER.

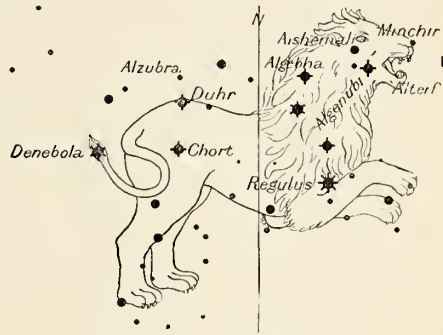
with game to prevent wolves, racoons, bear, and other animals from reaching it. I have done it many times in the South and Southwest. This illustrates, as much as anything I have ever seen, an insect trait that is very nearly, if not quite, within the scope of what we may call insect intelligence.—S. FRANK AARON.

THE "LION" IN THE SKY

At about nine o'clock in the evening, at the beginning of April, if you will look at the sky toward the south, you will see a group of bright stars in the form of a sickle, and another group to the east of it in the form of a right-angled triangle. The very bright star at the eastern point of the triangle is Denebola. The bright star at the end of the "handle" of the sickle is Regulus. In olden times, people fancied that the stars in this vicinity formed the figure of a lion.

Modern charts of the stars do not show the picturesque beasts, birds, men, and women, as fancied by the early star-gazers, but the ancient

names, usually in the Latin, are still retained to designate the various groups of stars in the heavens. Thus, Leo is the lion, Ursa Major the big



THE FANCIED FIGURE OF A LION.

bear, Coma Berenices, Queen Berenice's hair, etc. North of Leo is Leo Minor—the little lion.

The most beautiful stars to be seen in the month of April are in this vicinity. But beautiful as they are to the unaided eyes, you will find that a strong field-glass or even an ordinary opera-glass will make them still more so, and will also reveal hundreds of "small" bright stars in Coma Berenices.

Westward from the sickle is a small closely clustered group of "small" stars known as the



A MAP OF LEO AND SURROUNDING CONSTELLATIONS.

beehive (*Prasepe*). We have not located it on the map, leaving to you the pleasant surprise of finding it, by carefully "sweeping" the sky westward and not very far away from the sickle.

“BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW”
????????????????

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York

SEEING COLOR WITH THE EYES CLOSED

SHARON, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you please tell me why, when you close your eyes, you see colors? I would love to know.

Yours as ever,
ELEANOR CARSE.

There are several reasons: (1) Considerable light really passes through the closed lids, as through an egg-shell. Under some circumstances the long waves of the red end of the spectrum would be the only ones which would get through and make an impression upon the retina. (2) Sometimes the color of an object makes a distinct impression upon the retina, but we do not consciously distinguish it unless the eyes are closed, and conflicting color impressions shut off. (3) In some forms of indigestion poisons in the circulation may stimulate the cells of the retina to suggest color—more likely from the violet end of the spectrum. (4) A sudden hard blow upon the head may excite the cells of the retina to the point of suggesting color. (5) Some drugs have the effect of making one see a certain color, and this may persist with the eyes closed—santonin, for example, makes one see yellow. (6) There are other reasons, too, but they would require technical explanation.—R. T. M.

CAUSES OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you please tell me what causes thunder-storm and lightning?

Yours respectfully,
ELSIE FRIEDMAN.

The thunder-storm is caused mainly by the violent upward rush of moist air. As the weight of the atmosphere is greater at the surface of the earth than it is in the higher regions, this moist air has less weight to bear as it rises. It then expands, and the cooler upper air cools it, and condenses some of its moisture into drops of rain. These drops are united, and torn apart again, and so tossed about by the wind, especially by the upward currents that continually arrive, that the rubbing, and tearing, and friction set free what is called frictional electricity. When this process has gone far enough, a sudden discharge of the electricity takes place, and we say, “It lightens.”

The atmosphere along the path of this discharge is violently agitated, and the waves of pressure that travel out in every direction from

each disturbed region produce the roar and rumble of the thunder.—WILLIS L. MOORE, Chief U. S. Weather Bureau.

THE NUMBER OF EGGS IN A QUAIL'S NEST

FALMOUTH HEIGHTS, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know how many eggs there may be in a quail's nest. I ask you this because



A QUAIL'S NEST.

my father found a quail's nest in the fifth hole of the Woods Hole Golf Course, Woods Hole, Massachusetts. It had fourteen eggs in it.

Your loving reader, HELEN F. SMITH (age 9).

The usual number of eggs laid by a quail is from ten to eighteen, though sometimes a nest has been known to have as many as twenty-five.

WHEELS IN MOVING PICTURES RUNNING BACKWARD

RENO, NEV.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me, through “Nature and Science,” why wheels on a wagon in moving pictures appear to be moving slowly the wrong way.

Your interested reader, PAUL HARWOOD (age 13).

In turning the handle of a moving-picture camera to take the first picture, if the operator turns at a very much slower rate of speed than he should, and if the operator of the projection machine, who throws the picture on the screen, turns the handle of his machine at a greater rate of speed, the result will be that the wheels of the vehicle will appear to be turning the wrong way. This is one of the many means that the moving-picture camera man uses to get some of the results seen in so-called trick pictures. For instance, by reversing, they can show people diving or jumping upward, or show a broken tray of dishes come together again and going back into the hands of the person that dropped the tray. Any of the reliable books on moving-picture camera work will explain a number of these apparently mystifying results.—“The Moving Picture World,” J. WYLIE.

ST NICHOLAS LEAGUE



THAT fine saying, "All for each and each for all," might well be the motto of the various guilds of League competitors. There is only the friendliest of rivalries. All have done well, and all rejoice in the achievements of those who have done best.

For the fact is, they simply swept everything before them! There was magic in that subject "My Best Photograph," or else it was, as the boys say, "too easy." The photographic triumphs of boys and girls came pouring in by dozens and scores, by tens and twenties and hundreds! And as to selecting the *very* best from all these "best"—well, we have conscientiously tried to do *our* best, and that is all we can say. This surging tide of photographs has made the League pages overflow their usual limits by two full pages, and could easily have filled ten pages more.

With this spirit of mutual pride and fellowship animating equally the young artists, writers, and photographers, it is good, indeed, to see how Fortune approves by favoring each in turn. Two months ago, the young poets forged decidedly ahead; last month, they held even place in the van with the young artists; and this time it is to the knights of the camera that we must unhesitatingly accord

the highest honors. But you will find plenty of good verse and prose interspersed among the pictures. And next month it will be the prose-writers' turn, or the young artists', to swing into the lead—"All for each and each for all!"

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 158

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

- PROSE.** Gold badge, **Claire H. Roesch** (age 15), Philadelphia, Pa.
 Silver badges, **Mabelle Louise Piaget** (age 11), Upper Montclair, N. J.; **Elizabeth L. Baker** (age 15), Sioux Falls, S. Dak.; **Raymond Gage** (age 14), Wenonah, N. J.; **Grace C. Freese** (age 14), South Framingham, Mass.; **Helen Haynie** (age 14), Newton Center, Mass.; **Robert Wormser** (age 12), San Rafael, Cal.
- VERSE.** Gold badge, **Nellie Adams** (age 14), Fayetteville, Ark.
 Silver badges, **Ruth G. Merritt** (age 15), Riverside, Ill.; **Mazie La Shelle** (age 15), Greenwich, Conn.; **Adrienne Wilkes** (age 15), Waco, Tex.
- DRAWINGS.** Gold badge, **Rebekah Howard** (age 15), Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Silver badges, **Edgar Miller** (age 13), Idaho Falls, Idaho; **Mabel Maxwell Coutts** (age 16), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Jessie E. Alison** (age 14), Brookline, Mass.
- PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold badge, **Carol Clark** (age 15), Boston, Mass.
 Silver badges, **Ruth H. Cutting** (age 17), New York City; **James Stokley** (age 12), West Philadelphia, Pa.; **Martina Flygare** (age 15), Westfield, N. J.; **Clara Fredericks** (age 13), Tompkinsville, N. Y.; **Christina C. McMurtrie** (age 16), Montclair, N. J.; **Wadleigh Barton** (age 14), Omaha, Neb.; **Horton H. Honsaker** (age 14), Pasadena, Cal.; **Dorothy E. Bayles** (age 17), Detroit, Mich.; **Louise Valentine** (age 14), New York City; **Elizabeth F. Cornell** (age 12), Attleboro, Mass.; **Amy Jackson** (age 16), River Forest, Ill.; **Betty Lowe** (age 13), Aurora-on-Cayuga, N. Y.; **Edwin H. Thomas** (age 15), Wilmington, Del.
- PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver badge, **Phebe Ann Richmond** (age 12), Providence, R. I.
- PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Silver badge, **Edith H. Baumann** (age 16), New York City.



"MY BEST PHOTOGRAPH." BY RUTH H. CUTTING, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



"MY BEST PHOTOGRAPH." BY MARGARET HINDS, AGE 15.



"MY BEST PHOTOGRAPH." BY ELEANOR FOSTER, AGE 13.



"MY BEST PHOTOGRAPH." BY ABRAM LE BARON GURNEY, AGE 13.



"MY BEST PHOTOGRAPH." BY JAMES STOKLEY, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

THE STORY OF THE GATE

BY MAYBELLE LOUISE PIAGET (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

It was Hallowe'en, and everybody was taking everything indoors so they would n't fall into the hands of mischievous boys.

Farmer Brown had four of his bean-poles chopped down the year before, so he said he would "set out on the stoop an' smoke his pipe, an' keep them pesterin' children away."

That night, while he was sitting on the porch in front of his house, smoking, he began to nod, and the chil-

"Say! Let's put Brown's gate on Henk's fence, and bring Henk's and put it on Brown's," said a boy.

"Yes," said another; "won't it be funny to see



"MY BEST PHOTOGRAPH." BY MARTINA FLYGARE, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"MY BEST PHOTOGRAPH." BY CLARA FREDERICKS, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Henk's green gate on Brown's red fence, and Brown's red gate on Henk's green fence!"

They got the gate off, and disappeared around the corner to go to Henk's farm.

In about fifteen minutes, they came back, bearing a green gate.

Nobody would know the difference of color on that dark night.

Just as they got Henk's gate on Brown's fence, there came a loud, harsh, "Hey, there!" from the porch.

"Skidoo!" said a boy. "It's Farmer Brown!"

They all scampered up the lane.

Farmer Brown came down off the porch and saw the gate, and thought it was his own red one.

"They almost got it!" he chuckled.

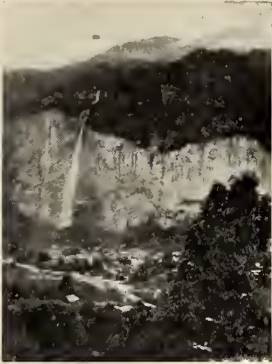
dren, thinking he was fast asleep, came running down the lane toward the farm.

In the dim starlight they could n't be seen plainly.

THE next day, Farmer Brown got ready for church. As he opened the door, he spied the green gate.

He said: "Them rascals! Oh, never mind! I'll ketch 'em next year, sure!"

But he did n't!



LAUTERBRUNNEN, SWITZERLAND
BY EDITH R. BALDWIN, AGE 12.



THE VALLEY OF THE TEN PEAKS. BY CHRISTINA C. MCMURTRIE,
AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)



THE JUNGFRAU. BY VIRGINIA
NIRDLINGER, AGE 14.



THE MOUNTAIN STREAM. BY
PHOEBE GORDEN, AGE 14.



THE MATTERHORN. BY CAROL CLARK, AGE 15. GOLD BADGE.
(SILVER BADGE WON SEPT., 1912.)



THE YOSEMITE. BY BENJAMIN
R. KITTREDGE, AGE 12.



"A FAMILY TREE." BY WADLEIGH
BARTON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



THE BROOK. BY ELEANOR WHITE, AGE 15.
(HONOR MEMBER.)



A GLACIAL TORRENT. BY BEATRICE D.
BUSH, AGE 17.



BY BEATRICE AFGAR, AGE 15.



BY GEORGE E. WALRATH, AGE 14.



BY HORTON H. HONSAKER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ALICE REQUA, AGE 12.

"MY BEST PHOTOGRAPH."

THE STORY OF THE GATE

BY CLAIRE H. ROESCH (AGE 15)

Gold Badge. (Silver Badge won November, 1911)

THE Emperor Constantine's gate is built of stone, wonderfully carved with beautiful statues and relief-works of a pale yellow color. It is quite high, and wide enough for the gay chariots of long ago to pass under it, which they did, so many, many times.

I can imagine it looking down upon a vast crowd of people, surging to the races or into and out of the city. I can see their many-hued gowns fluttering in the wind; their faces, some gay, some sad; some frowning, and some laughing. Beautiful women, with their perfect statuesque forms and carriage, and their deep, dark eyes. Girls bearing water-jars supported on their heads and held in place by a white, rounded arm. And youths, of supple, graceful limbs, speeding under its massive arches in some foot-race, or loitering beneath its shade to see their lady-loves pass by. Grave senators, with their trailing togas, ponderous, stately, and silent, brooding over some case of the tribunal, or conversing eagerly with a fellow-senator. Children, presenting the happy, light side of the scene, sporting beneath its columns, and receiving the echo of their laughter from its high, arching sides. And then a rumble sounding along the streets, when a chariot passes through, drawn by four swift coursers, with foaming flanks and wind-blown manes.

But now, all, all, are gone. Dost thou remember, O gate, standing now so silent and so still? Didst thou wonder at the gay processions that passed beneath thee, —or dost thou wonder more at the tourists of to-day? How old thou art! But still older shalt thou grow, and

when this generation, too, is gone, thou shalt live on, and we shall join the throng of silent ghosts that linger beneath thy portals.

DAWN

BY RUTH G. MERRITT (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

THE gloaming time is misty sweet,
When shadows fall o'er wood and lawn,
But, oh, there 's one hour I love best—
The dewy hour of dawn.

Night's shades and terrors all have fled,
The great trees toss their arms on high;
And, oh, my heart is like to burst,
So full of life and joy am I.

The world seems waiting breathlessly;
The hour is nigh; it seems to know
When once again life's miracle
Its charms across the sky will throw.

There! see those rosy, wondrous lights
Which softly o'er the heavens creep,
Faint streaks of amethyst and pink,—
Oh, silent earth, how can you sleep?

But now the sun is fairly up,
The magic hour at last is gone;
And once again day reigns supreme.—
Where art thou—mystic hour of dawn?



THE CHURCH WINDOW. BY MARGARET LEATHES, AGE 11.



BY THE RUSHING WATERS. BY DOROTHY E. BAYLES, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



VENICE. BY NANCY A. ELY, AGE 14.



A WINDING STREAM. BY BETTY LOWE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



PASTURE-LAND. BY HARRIET APEL, AGE 14.



ROMAN RUINS. BY HELEN WOODRUFF, AGE 12.



A FOOT-BALL SCRIMMAGE. BY LOUISE VALENTINE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



THE LEANING TOWER. BY CORINA ELY, AGE 15.



THE NATION'S CAPITOL. BY KATHERINE BEATTY, AGE 12.



SUMMER SPORT. BY MARGARET DEERING, AGE 14.



BY CATHERINE TARR, AGE 14.



BY AMY JACKSON, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELIZABETH F. CORNELL, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY EDWIN H. THOMAS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

“MY BEST PHOTOGRAPH.”

THE STORY OF THE GATE

BY ELIZABETH L. BAKER (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

I AM different from any other gate that there is anywhere, for I am the gate between fairy-land and earth. Many, many fairies have passed through me; perhaps you have heard of some. And then there is Santa Claus, too,—I always look forward to the time when

when he passes on his way to earth with his sleigh full of toys, but when I think of the time when he comes back with his happy, satisfied smile, I think I like that time the best.

Then, too, there is Jack Frost. He passes every night in the autumn and winter; his cold fingers sometimes make me shiver, but, after all, he is a good, mischievous sort of sprite.

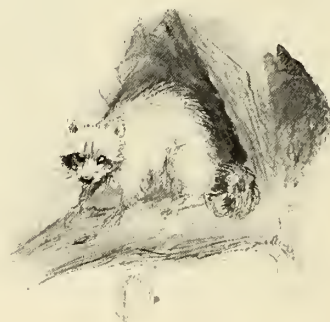
There are also the snow-fairies, which I love very much: they pass on their way to earth, but, alas, they never come back again. I often sigh when I think of what may await them on that strange earth.

There are the dew-fairies, which go to earth in the summer and dance their merry dances in the night, when all mortals are asleep. There are many other fairies too, the star-fairies, the wood-nymphs, and water-sprites.

Sometimes mortals have passed through into fairy-land; usually they have been children, although I do remember a few instances of old, old people also.



“A BIT OF LIFE.” BY REBEKAH HOWARD, AGE 15. GOLD BADGE. (SILVER BADGE WON JUNE, 1912.)



“A BIT OF LIFE.” BY EDGAR MILLER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Santa Claus will pass through, for he is such a jolly, merry old elf. I sometimes think I love the time best

The silver badge must be won before the gold one can be awarded.

THE DAWN

BY NELLIE ADAMS (AGE 14)

Gold Badge. (Silver badge won September, 1912)

I LIE and watch, thro' heavy mist,
The winking lights of Linden Town;
Like dewdrops that the sun has kissed,
Like jewels in a crown.

I hear the wind pass thro' the trees
With many a weary moan and sigh;
And in the road I hear the tramp
Of workmen passing by.

Over in some wild cedar-wood
Comes the first bird-note, faint and far;
And in the unbroken solitude,
Twinkles the last pale star.

The mist grows thin and thinner still,
The winking lights are pale and drawn;
One crimson streak above yon hill
Gives promise of the dawn.

TWO NATURAL GATES

BY RAYMOND GAGE (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THIS story is not so much of one as of two gates, which are known to the world as the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. These natural gateways, or straits, as they really are, connect the Ægean with the Black Sea, and separate southern Europe from southern Asia.

These gates have been the scene of many a bitter struggle between the representatives of the two great streams of civilization, the east and the west.

Since the invasion of the Persian king, Darius I, on Greece to the present war between Turkey and the little Balkan States, these two small gates have witnessed many a bloody struggle.

Coveted by all, and held by the little country of Turkey, which is fast losing its power, the question is: Will one of the great nations step in and seize these great commercial highways, and, if so, which nation?

It has long been thought that Russia would do it. Russia has no seaport open throughout the year, and the Black Sea, her southern boundary, is controlled by the gates. Russia's ships may pass through these straits only at the permission of Turkey. So it seems probable that Russia will be the one to take the seizure of them for herself.

THE STORY OF THE GATE

BY GRACE C. FREESE (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

ONCE upon a time, many years ago, there lived, in Greece, King Marnus. He was very powerful, and his only sorrow was that his son was sickly.

It was his own law that no sickly children should be allowed to live in the city, since they wanted no weak men or women.

The king was very fond of his son, but he knew that the law must be enforced. Outside the city, he found a peasant who agreed to bring up Prince Hermius for a certain sum of money.

The people mourned publicly seven days for Hermius's supposed death.

Meanwhile, the little prince grew to manhood in the

peasant's cottage, in ignorance of his birth. He was given only the barest necessities, but the country air was so invigorating that he soon became as strong as his father could have wished him to be. The peasant's own children received most of the money sent by the king.

One night, when he was about twenty years old, Hermius overheard the peasant and his wife talking about him, and for the first time he knew who his real parents were.

Hermius immediately sent word to the king, and told him that he had just found out about his parentage. He also said that he was perfectly well, and was very anxious to see his father.

The king was overjoyed, and at once came to Hermius and told him to come to court.

As for the people, they begged the prince to wait till they could show him more honor. He agreed, and they built a beautiful gate ornamented with two stone lions. Through this gate the prince passed when he came to his kingdom.

Who knows but that this is the story of the Mycenaean Gate of Lions lately discovered in Greece?

THE STORY OF THE GATE

BY HELEN HAYNIE (AGE 14)

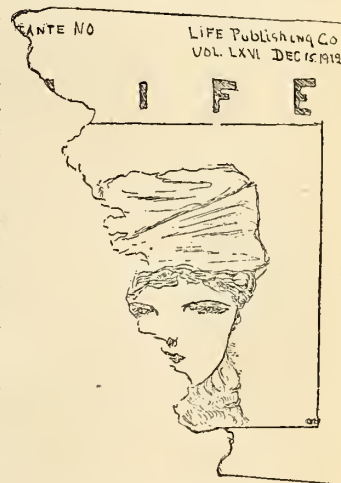
(Silver Badge)

MINE is not a garden gate, or a driveway gate; indeed, it is not a real gate at all. By that I mean it is not of wood or iron, and that one cannot touch it; but, in spite of that, it is passes. Every one? Yes, every one, for it separates two great countries. On the south, the sunny side, is "Childhood," while the northern country is called "Grown-up Land."

The gate swings easily from the south; but from the north side, it is always closed. Hundreds of children hurry through its magic portals every day, eager for the charms beyond; while many others linger on its threshold, filled with a sudden fear of the future, and a half-longing to go back to Childhood. But the crowd from behind pushes them, and they are forced to wander on.

Very often they are as happy in Grown-up Land as in Childhood, but sometimes there is one who, pressing her face against the bars of the gate, cries in her heart, "Oh! why did I hurry from Childhood? Why did I not stay where I was happy?"

And the gate is sorry for these few, and would fain let them depart into Childhood again. But it cannot, for only from Childhood can the gate of adolescence be opened, and the grown-ups can but *look* back.



"A BIT OF LIFE." BY MABEL M. COUTTS, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE DAWN

BY MAZIE LA SHELLE (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN the darkest shadows fade away,
 And there gleams the gold of the sun's first ray;
 When the little stars twinkle, and then blow out
 Like fairy candles, roundabout;
 When the purple hills in the distance are veiled with
 rainbow hues,
 Pale lavenders, soft yellows, enchanting pinks
 and blues,
 The wind makes music in the trees,
 The flowers nod to a passing breeze,
 And dew hangs heavy on leaf and flower;
 Hark! a bird's sweet note, oh, magic hour!
 The world is bathed in golden light, for night is gone,
 And one and all we welcome—the dawn.

THE STORY OF THE GATE

BY ROBERT WORMSER (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

It is, indeed, the story of a gate I will tell; the story of the greatest gate ever built by man, a gate that will bring commercial prosperity to many nations—the Panama Canal.

As early as the sixteenth century, the idea was conceived of joining the two great oceans by a canal. But the plan was dropped and forgotten until 1879, when Ferdinand de Lesseps called a congress of nations in Paris, and showed them the feasibility of cutting a canal through some part of Central America. A company was immediately formed, the Panamanian route chosen, and work begun. But because of lack of funds, the project was soon abandoned.

In 1903, the United States leased, for a period of a hundred years, from the newly established Republic of Panama, a strip of land ten miles long and in breadth some two miles. For this they paid an initial fee of \$10,000,000, and are to pay a rental fee of \$250,000 every four years.

Over the entire strip the United States was given full control, and before sending her workmen to the Canal Zone, she improved the sanitary condition of the country greatly.

In the fall of 1904, work on the canal was started, and has been progressing with such wonderful rapidity ever since, that, although the official opening will not be until 1915, the actual work will be completed by the end of 1913.

The man at the head of operations in the Canal Zone is Colonel Goethals, and it is he who, in a great measure, has made the canal what it is.

THE STORY OF THE GATE

BY EDITH BALLINGER PRICE (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

"UGH!" said the old gate, as the butcher's boy slammed it violently, and climbed, whistling, into his cart.

"I sha'n't last much longer if they rack my poor, old bones with this perpetual slamming," and it sighed creakily.

"Ah, me, how different it was in the old days! How well I remember Miss Cynthia leaning out over me, in the twilight, to watch for David, her gallant soldier-lover. How dreamy were her gray eyes as she absently twirled a blossom of the clematis vine, which, in those days, made an arch over me. And, when he came, his blue Federal uniform almost gray with dust, and his

horse, Nightwind, in a lather, how Miss Cynthia would open me, and run out into the lane, to spend a few happy minutes with the young captain, before he galloped away again. Miss Cynthia must needs latch me very tenderly as she came in, ah, yes!

"One day, they brought him in, wounded, our gallant David. Never shall I forget the way Miss Cynthia turned as white as my new coat of paint, and leaned upon me so heavily, as she held me open, that I feared for my hinges. But he got well, the brave young captain, under her loving care, and, months later, it was I that opened, with my best click, to admit the bridal party. Yes, those were the good days, when men were brave, and women's hearts were true.

"The other day, I heard Miss Dositia telling her father that I really *must* be pulled down, and a fine drive for the new automobile put in. My four-year-old David has made a hard fight for me, with tears in the blue eyes that are so much like the other David's. He says I am so nice to swing on.

"And though it costs me many a rheumatic twinge afterward, I let little David swing upon me, even as Cynthia's children swung—half a century ago."

DAWN

BY BRUCE T. SIMONDS (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

FIRST, naught but darkness and the solemn stars;

Then, in the east, a long, low streak of light,
 Which spreads and widens into level bars

That faintly gleam, while westward flees the night.

The color deepens, glowing warm and bright,
 Till o'er the eastern heavens are unfurled

Those rosy clouds with flaming pennons dight;

And, as their flickering edges are uncurled,
 Up leaps the glorious sun, to greet the expectant world.

List to the meadow-lark! How sweet and clear

Over the eastern fields his bell-notes ring!

And robins carol loud with merry cheer;

From graceful, branching elms the orioles sing.

The purling brook rejoices in the spring,

A million dewdrops glitter on the lawn;

I, only, bear no thankful offering,

And yet my spirit, too, is upward drawn

Into the life and joy of this transcendent dawn.

THE STORY OF THE GATE

BY DOROTHY REYNOLDS (AGE 10)

ONE day, some men put me in place, for I am a little, picket foot gate. I was not bothered for some time.

One day, a little girl came out. She swung on me, and then opened me and went out into the road, where she got all dirty.

The next day, a lady came out and fastened me with a rope.

That afternoon, the little girl came out with a clean dress on. She tried to untie me, but could not.



"A BIT OF LIFE." BY ISABELLA B. HOWLAND, AGE 17.

Then she tried to climb over me, but I was too high.
So she got down and tried to get under me. She
pushed and pushed, but could not get under.

Then she tried to get back, but she was stuck fast.
She screamed so loud, that her mama, who was in the
house working, rushed out of the house to see what was
the matter.

She tried to get her out, but she could not. She
untied me, but could not open me without hurting the
little girl.

Finally, her father came home, took me off my hinges,
and got the little girl out.

After she became older, she often went over me, but
never under me again.

THE DAWN

BY LUCILE E. FITCH (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

ONE morn I rose, and, kneeling down in prayer
Before the Moslem temple's sacred stair,
Whispered devoutly with the pilgrims there,
"Great is Allah!"

Mine eyes beheld the glory of the dawn,
Soft tinting every spire it glinted on;
Faintly the Arab chant came back anon,
"Great is Allah!"

The tenting skies with darts of fire were rayed,
'Gainst which all Orient jewels seemed to fade.
Each in its lovely radiance displayed
The hand of Allah.

For all the West was amethyst alone,
The South was pearl, the North a sapphire shone;
The East was gemmed with brilliants from the throne
Of mighty Allah.

Still, as the beauty of that dawning grew,
I felt, somehow, the presence of the true,
The real Creator; and, behold, I knew
It was not Allah!

Wondrous as was the fame by Allah won,
Too earthly he to reach the glowing sun
Whose christening veil, the dawn, was wrought by One
Greater than Allah.

THE DAWN

BY ELSA ANNA SYNNESTVEDT (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

ONE morning, at the early break of day,
An artist slowly paced the lonely sands
Beside a broad expanse of sheltered bay,
And watched the dawn creep forth from Night's
dark hands.

The water stretched, unruffled and serene,
Out to the sea, as far as eye could reach;
And, inward-rolling from that silver sheen,
The tiny wavelets rippled up the beach.

The artist stood and watched with gaze intent,
And saw how all the gloomy shadows fled;
How, slowly, through the vaulted firmament,
The radiant Dawn her rainbow colors shed.

"Almighty God," he murmured reverently,
"Such scenes as this no mortal can portray;
The power is Thine alone, and sky and sea
Reflect Thy glory with each dawning day."

DAYBREAK

BY ADRIENNE WILKES (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

ALL nature lies in solemn hush,
A mist surrounds the earth,
And silence, calm in daybreak's blush,
Awaits the new day's birth.

A rosy tinge paints yonder east,
A dash of gold and blue;
And woodland folk shall seek their feast
While yet the day is new.

And now upon the morning air
There rings a faint, sweet cry,
Which, swelling louder, clear, and fair,
Goes mounting to the sky.

Another and another sound
Joins in the sweet-voiced lay,
And fields and forests all resound
With nature's hymn to Day.

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.

PROSE, 1

Sherman Humason
Eleanor W. Haasis
Helen Nathan
Virginia Sledge
Esther Freeman
Baldwin Maull
Vivian E. Hall
Harriet Wickwire
Margaret Finck
Thyrza Weston
Marjorie Moran
Nina Hansell
Bryan H. Ripley
Richard Gudeman
Eunice Eddy
Rosebud Segal
Elsie Terhune
Frances D.
Pennypacker
Harriet McKim
Helen Creighton
Marie H. Taylor
Elmer H. Van Fleet
Anna Saur
Hedwig Zorb
Clarisse S. De Bost
Catherine F. Urell
John Reed
Dorothy Reed
S. Frances Hershey
Constance Holmes
Edith Brodek
Rose Cushman
Dorothy M. Russell
R. Bruce Lindsay
Mary Daboll
Elizabeth Baldwin
V. H. Coryell
D. O. Palmer
Lelia L. Delaplane
Nell Upshaw
Marie Merriman
Harriet Henry
Winifred C. Johnson
Henrietta M. Archer
Peggy Gantt
Isabel B. Peavey
Mildred Longstreth
Frances Riker
Eliza A. Peterson
Wm. L. Theisen
Alice J. Tully
Michael Glassman
Elizabeth Finley

PROSE, 2

Elwood Squires
Donald Reed
Nelson Munson
Katharine Ferriday
E. Browning, Jr.
Gladys Funck
Marion S. Bradley
Beryl Collins
Helen A. Dority
Charlotte Chace
Louise M. Gorey
Hannah Ratischer
Ida Cramer
Halah Slade

VERSE, 1

Emily T. Burke
Dorothy Morris
Marian Thanhauser
Elwin B. White
Dorothy B. Mack
Morris Ryskind
Eleanor Johnson
Stanley E. Reid
Elizabeth M. Duffield
Marion G. Reeder
Lucy W. Renaud
S. V. Benét
Elsie L. Richter
Elsie L. Lustig
Lillian N. Miller
Mary E. Verner
Frances M. Ross
Edith V. Manwell
Merrill Anderson
Coralie Austin
A. H. Nethercot
Sarah M. Bradley
Frances Harmon
Etta M. Chant
Vernie Peacock
Gwendolyn
Frothingham
Mildred Morgan
Marjorie M. Carroll
Grace N. Sherburne
Janet Hepburn
Elizabeth Morrison
Margaret Duggar
Renée Geoffrion
Frances C. Duggar
Caroline F. Ware
Mabel Eldridge

Frances S. Meader
Mattie Hibbert
Dorothy Staples
Elizabeth Dauchy
Fannie W. Butterfield
Frances Swan
Josephine Richards
Frances Wilkinson
Annie F. Napier
Margery Berg
Jeannette Ridlon
Mary B. Thayer
Anita Louise Scott
Frances I. Ogilvie
Helen A. Winans
Lucy Mackay



"A HEADING FOR APRIL," BY JESSIE E. ALISON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Kenneth Sater
Edythe J. Riordan
Beatrice T. Constant
Ethel C. Litchfield
Hope Satterthwaite
Marion F. Hayden
Hester D. Nott
Amy Smith
Marie L. Muriedas
Lucy Locker

VERSE,

John F. Welker
Isidore Helfand

S. Curtis Bird
Anne Dauchy
S. Janney Hutton
Margaret E. Ash
Ruth Schlesinger
Eugene Scott
Eleanor Coryell
Narcissa Gellatly
Mildred Tim
Louise Cramer
Donovan Hinchman
Ruth L. Franc
Elizabeth Elting
George P. Reynolds

DRAWINGS, 1

Emil P. Thiemann
Dorothy E. Handsaker
Margaret Conty
Jeanne Dartiguenave
Alverd Corbly
Robert Riggs
Miriam T. Wilson
Adelaide White
Louise S. May
Lucile Crockett
Lois C. Myers
Isidore Freed
Dorothy Hughes
Marguerite Steber
Wethelba B. Thoday
Jeanette B. Day

DRAWINGS, 2

Arthur T. Lincoln
Solomon Werber
Audrey Noxon
Edward S. Weyl
Henrietta H. Henning
Mac Clark
Anne S. Garrett
Hazel Wichern
Mildred Fisher
Marion Monroe
Margaret Barcalo
A. B. Sbarboro
Russell Hitchcock, Jr.
Katharine Parsons
Verna Wichern
Margaret Sanders
Aubrey Tholin
Muriel W. Curtis
Marjory Lee
William Burkley
Roy Stratton
Charlotte Malsbary
Katherine Abbott
Beatrice Ritchie
Marion Clark
Frances Leech
Baxter Mann
Margaret A. Train
Roderick M. Grant
Paulyne F. May
Caroline L. Lovett
Velma D. Hooper
Carroll Mason
Margaret Waite
Anna Gray
Lucy F. Rogers
Arthur J. Voelker
Helen B. Weiser
Margaret A. Halstead
Eva R. Morwitz
Jennie E. Everden
Alice M. Hughes
Eleanor M. Kellogg
Copeland Hovey
Helen F. Drain
Margery Kagle
Mary H. Bosworth

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Hildegard A.
Diechmann
D. Peabody
Margaret E. Hoffman
Mary Barnett
Sherwood Vermilye
Gertrude Seery
Josephine Connable
J. Barrows

Henry M. Justi, Jr.
Janet W. Victorious
Kathryn D. Hayward
Rachel Trowbridge
Robert L. Moore
Flora Ros
Margaret C. Valentine
W. Kenneth Wilson
Helen McHarg
Edith S. Lowenstein
Gymaina Hudson
Jeannette C. Owens
Helen M. Purdy
Margaret Mortenson
Cornelia S. Jackson
Heath Dudley
Rainmund Wurlitzer
Eleanor Stevenson
Joyce W. Butler
Winifred H. Jelliffe
Fanny A. Fleuret
Jessica B. Noble
Ethel Malpas
Emily Williams
Paul Detlefsen
May Lindsay
Sherman Pratt
James B. Wilson, Jr.
Edith Wibelbach
Margaret Pratt
Dorothy H. Burton
Eleanor Gotthell
C. Marion Trueb
Addie E. Smith
William Wilson
Edwin A. Gallun
Dorothy Gladding
Anne L. Forstall
William W. Kane
Willis K. Jones
Alice Laurence
Sibyl E. Collins
Louise Blumenthal
Eleanor Doremus
A. C. Neave, ad
Mary S. Webster
Walter E. Myers
Marie Rupp
Gordon L. Kent
J. Sherman Murphy
Dorothy V. Tyson
Alice W. Hall
Muriel G. Read
Dickson Green

G. Ruhland Relmann
Frances M. Sweet
Alice C. Chamberlain
Bella Puerin
Laura Hadley
Elizabeth C. Bayne
Andrew N. Adams
Gilbert W. Chapman
Helen Spook
Linda Schroeder
Eversley S. Ferris
Alexander M. Greene
Priscilla Alden
Dorothy G. Schwarz
Joseph Sill Clark, Jr.
Margaret M. Benny
Noel Macy

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Helen M. Lancaster
Joe de Ganahl
Margaret M. Horton
Mary Smith
Ethel F. Frank
Georgiana Slade
Elizabeth K. Brown
Easton B. Noble
Marion A. Ross
Georgine Dismukes
Delia Wolf
Betty Humphreys
Helen Easterwood
Wilhelmina Reichard
John F. Huyck
Frances M. Weed
Annette B. Moran
Isabel Morrow
Katharine Clark
James Embree
Burton Leavens
Patrina M. Colis
Jean N. Flanigen
Lucia W. Liddle
Gerald H. Loomis
Gladys E. Livermore
Robert D. Clark
Marianne C. Brown
Peggy Smith
Doris Miller
James McHenry
Elizabeth Skeele
Sybil Appleton
Frederick Ford
Rhoda Lee
Louis Joseph
Jack Bray, Jr.
Lauretta Wheat

G. Ruhland Relmann
Frances M. Sweet
Alice C. Chamberlain
Bella Puerin
Laura Hadley
Elizabeth C. Bayne
Andrew N. Adams
Gilbert W. Chapman
Helen Spook
Linda Schroeder
Eversley S. Ferris
Alexander M. Greene
Priscilla Alden
Dorothy G. Schwarz
Joseph Sill Clark, Jr.
Margaret M. Benny
Noel Macy



"A BIT OF LIFE," BY
MARION O'HARA,
AGE 14.

Emily M. Gile
Charlotte M. Turk
James K. Angell
G. Raby Burrage
Mary G. Ferris
Margaretta Foltz
Murray Pease
E. Edwin Weibel
Elias Ball, Jr.
Agnes Watkins
Eric Brunnon
Roger Preston
Nellie R. Albert
Francis Coletti
Margaret Van V.

Powers
Helen N. Thomas
Elizabeth N. Doremus
Anna Schwarz
Richard L. Cooch
R. Symington
Phyllis Sears
Charlotte K. Skinner
W. Robert Reud
Anita Lee
Marjorie Shurtleff
Reinold M. Parker
Frank Isely
Anna U. Wheeler
Frances Kinghorn
Esther Huntington
Marjorie C. Huston
Virginia M. Bliss
Lenore J. Hughes
Howard R. Sherman
Elizabeth Davis
Priscilla Hammond
Laury A. Biggers
Jack Dean
Dorothy von Olker
Gertrude De Sautelle
Jean F. Benswanger
Arthur Beckhard
Leonora Andrews
Kenneth D. Smith
Elizabeth C. Bates
Mildred J. Cary
Joseph S. Sylvester, Jr.

PUZZLES, 1

Allen H. Raymond
Gladys Naramore
Harry B. Kirkland
Theodore Neustaedter
Marion Ames
Susan B. Nevin
Gertrude Bendheim
Marjorie K. Gibbons
Eleanor K. Newell
Ruth Harris

Catharine M. Weaver
Ruth Wineland
Fanny Ruley
Rose Greeley
Anica Chambers
Mitchell V. Charnley
Phyllis Young
Isabel B. Diggs
Myra Schutz

PUZZLES, 2
Ruth Putnam

Gordon M. Jackson
Elsa S. Roeder
Carl Fichandler
James R.
McTaggart, Jr.
Margaret Anderson
Henry Greenbaum
Margaret Billingham
Florence Temple
Augusta Roberts
Grace E. Lustig
Dan Thompson, Jr.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 162

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 162 will close **April 10** (for foreign members **April 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **August**.

Versé. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "On the Waters," or "The Butterfly."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Pleasant Journey."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "All Aboard!"

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Face to Face," or a Heading for **August**.

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. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

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 who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

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 notes 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

At the request of one of the good friends of Sr. NICHOLAS, we take pleasure in reprinting the following item and its illustration, believing that it will interest our young readers of to-day as much as it did those who were our readers in 1879, when it appeared in "Jack-in-the-Pulpit." It was written by Mary Mapes Dodge.

THE MAGIC LEAF

Now, my serious young botanists, here is something for you, and for everybody else who has a magnifying-glass, to look at carefully—a Magic Leaf, which your Jack presents to you with the compliments of the season.

The leaf has the necromantic power of revealing the secret most important for a person to know; but it will act only on three conditions: First, that the in-



quirer be quite alone; second, that every line on the leaf be examined through a good magnifying-glass, and with the left eye only, the right eye being kept closed by a gentle pressure from the middle finger of the left hand, which must first be passed around by the back of the head; and third, that the secret, when known, be faithfully kept by the lucky finder.

If you will follow these simple rules closely, my young wisecracs, the secret no longer will be a mystery to you.

We gladly give place in the Letter-Box this month to this clever little translation, by a member of The St. Nicholas League, Katherine Bull, of three verses entitled "Toddlekins and Trot," written by Anna M. Pratt, and published in Sr. NICHOLAS in September, 1886. We reprint also the original verses, following the translation, so that those of our young readers who are French students may compare the two.

"Chère Toddlekins," lui dit petit Trot;
 "Puis-je parlé avec vous?"
 "Oui, Trot," lui répondit Toddlekins,
 Avec un sourire doux.

"Si nous rencontrons un ours quelque jour,"
 Lui dit petit Trot—
 "Mon Dieu!" lui cria-t-elle;
 "Par peur je ne dirais pas un mot!"

"Si nous le ferions," dit-il;
 "Pourrais-je sauver votre vie?"
 "Je ne veux pas être votre femme
 Mais vous pouvez le faire—Ah oui!"

"Dear Toddlekins," said little Trot,
 "May I talk to you awhile?"
 "Why, yeth, of courthe," said Toddlekins,
 With a bashful little smile.

"Now, Toddlekins," said little Trot,
 "If we should meet a bear"—
 "Good graciouth me!" said Toddlekins,
 "You give me thuch a theare!"

"If we should meet a bear," said Trot,
 "Would you let me save your life?"
 "Oh merthy! Ycth!" said Toddlekins,
 "But I will *not* be your wife!"

NAPLES, ITALY.

DEAR Sr. NICHOLAS: You must excuse me if I don't write to you very well, but it is the first year that I learn English.

Perhaps you know all about Naples, and how beautiful the sea and the sky is when it is blue. I am a little Neapolitan, and I like it very much.

One of my friends, Nora Ricasoli, is also a League member, and she has had the silver badge. The first time I read the Sr. NICHOLAS, I thought that badge was the same thing as bag, so I ran off to tell my father that Sr. NICHOLAS gave away bags full of gold and silver! Nobody would believe me, and my English governess laughed at me very much, and told me what "badge" meant, and I saw the big difference!

Your interested reader,

GIOVANNA COLONNA (age 10).

NOME, ALASKA.

DEAR Sr. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly four years, and this is the first time I have written to you.

I have only seen two or three letters in the Sr. NICHOLAS from Alaska, and just one from Nome; so I thought if I wrote, you might publish my letter, as the boys and girls in the States seem to be quite interested in the far North.

We came to Alaska in the fall of 1902, and have lived here ever since. Nome is not our home though, as we live at Shelton, in the Kougarok precinct, about eighty miles north of Nome.

My brother and I came down to Nome last fall to attend the public school as there is n't any school in the Kougarok except the government school at Igloo for the Eskimos.

We have long, cold winters and short, hot summers here. In the winter, it is sometimes 50° or 60° below zero, and in the summer the mercury has been known to reach 100° above.

The country is very hilly, with small lakes and swamps between. In quite a few places the ground between the lakes is just like a sponge filled with water. When a

person walks over it, he will sink to his knees at every step, getting well soaked, unless he has rubber boots on.

In other parts there are "niggerheads," which make walking as difficult as it is in the swamps. A "nigger-head" is a formation of earth which extends about a foot above the ground and is shaped like a head, with wiry grass growing all over it. When there are a great many of these niggerheads growing close together, with water between, a person not used to walking will get worn out very quickly.

There is no timber in the western part of Seward Peninsula except two or three groves of cottonwood or Balm of Gilead trees, and a small grove of birch. In the creek valleys, little red willows grow, and there are large willows and a few alders along the river-banks.

We also have several kinds of berries: salmon-berries, cranberries, blueberries, and two kinds of little black-berries. The cranberries are small, being about the size of a pea, and are the same kind as those imported in large barrels from Norway. They grow on cliffs among the rocks, and have a stem two or three inches long. It is a pretty sight to view them from the base of the cliff, as they are a bright red, and show up very plainly.

The salmon-berries are about the size of large rasp-berries, and grow where it is rather damp. Each berry grows by itself on a stem about two or three inches long, while the cranberries grow in small clusters. We all like the salmon-berries very much, but there are quite a few people who can't bear the taste of them. The Eskimos pick barrels of them and pour seal oil over them to eat in the winter.

We have the arctic hares and ptarmigan for meat, and the fur-bearing animals are: fox, muskrat, mink, and weasel. One winter there were quite a few lynx

trapped, but they are all gone now. The arctic hares are very wild, so there are not many killed. In the fall, hundreds of ptarmigan are killed by hunters and by flying against the telephone-line while going at full speed.

Your interested reader,

CARL L. LOKKE (age 15).

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you one year, and am taking you again. I think you are the best children's magazine published.

The last surviving member of the Boston Tea-party was my grandfather's uncle, David Kennison, who died in Chicago, at the age of 116 years. The Chicago Historical Society erected a bronze marker to his memory in Lincoln Park.

Your interested reader,

THEODORE KENISTON (age 10).

CEDAR GROVE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to tell you about two alligators we brought home from Florida. They are only five months old, and they are about ten inches long. They have yellow stripes across their backs, which the old ones do not. On one of the very cold days, they were nearly frozen, and we have to keep them wrapped up in flannels near the radiator. The other day we had them by the fireplace in a cage. One of them got out and crawled over the hot ashes. He croaked loudly, not unlike a frog, when taken away from the ashes.

Your interested reader,

CLARENCE E. THORNALL, JR. (age 12).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER

NOVEL BIRD ZIGZAG. Chickadee. 1-6, Grouse; 7-13, Ostrich; 14-16, Emu; 17-21, Pipit; 22-25, Lark; 26-29, Teal; 30-33, Rook. Cross-words: 1. Cuckoo. 2. Thrush. 3. Ibises. 4. Scoter. 5. Kakapo. 6. Magpie. 7. Dipper. 8. Petrel. 9. Eaglet.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Longfellow, Evangeline. Cross-words: 1. Lover. 2. Olive. 3. Naval. 4. Grand. 5. Flags. 6. Elder. 7. Lowly. 8. Limit. 9. Opens. 10. Wheel.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Let us be inflexible, and fortune will at last change in our favor."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Peter Lely, Henry Clay. Cross-words: 1. Paragraph. 2. Eglantine. 3. Tarpaulin. 4. Encounter. 5. Rotundity. 6. Lethargic. 7. Empirical. 8. Libellula. 9. Yesterday.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Eureka. Cross-words: 1. Easter. 2. Bundle. 3. Garlic. 4. Easels. 5. Clocks. 6. Alpaca.

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 Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received before January 10 from "Queenscourt."

A DIAMOND OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. W. 2. Lea. 3. Weird. 4. Charm. 5. Druid. 6. Pitch. 7. Divan. 8. Tapir. 9. Niche. 10. Resin. 11. Eider. 12. New. 13. R. II. 1. W. 2. Lea. 3. Weird. 4. Armor. 5. Dross. 6. Matin. 7. Siren. 8. Pined. 9. Elfin. 10. Sinew. 11. Fider. 12. New. 13. R. III. 1. W. 2. Lea. 3. Weird. 4. Arm. 5. D. IV. 1. D. 2. Pit. 3. Divan. 4. Tap. 5. N. V. 1. S. 2. Tin. 3. Siren. 4. Ned. 5. N. VI. 1. E. 2. Sin. 3. Eider. 4. New. 5. R.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Xenophon, Anabasis. Cross-words: 1. Xanthura. 2. Penitent. 3. Mandrake. 4. Jacobite. 5. Seraphim. 6. Sisyphus. 7. Picaroon. 8. Solution.

ADDITIONS. Katharine of France. 1. Kid-nap. 2. Ant-rim. 3. Tar-get. 4. Has-ten. 5. Asp-ire. 6. Rat-her. 7. Imp-act. 8. Notice. 9. Err-and. 10. Off-end. 11. Fat-her. 12. Fin-ale. 13. Rotate. 14. Arc-her. 15. Nut-meg. 16. Can-did. 17. Eye-let.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Chanticleer.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received before January 10 from Edith H. Baumann, 10—Carlisle Cabaniss, 10—"Midwood," 10—Theodore H. Ames, 9—Claire Hepner, 9—"Dixie Slope," 7—Lothrop Bartlett, 6—"Wyndermere Avenue," 5—Dorothy Berrall, 4—Mable H. Fisher, 3.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from M. and E. W. P.—F. F., Jr.—S. C.—L. P. B.—D. L. T.—S. R. R.—D. C.—D. R.—B. S.—M. McL. T.—C. O.—F. V.—E. D. T.—K. H.—P. G.

EASY DOUBLE ACROSTIC

THE words described are of the same length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals will spell the name of one of the United States, and the finals its capital.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An outfit of tools. 2. Past. 3. Doze. 4. To perceive. 5. A boat we have all heard of. 6. A body of salt water.

GERTRUDE BENDHEIM (age 13), League Member.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the words described are of equal length. When correctly guessed and written one below another, the downward diagonals from the upper right-hand and left-hand letters will spell the names of two famous rivers.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A drinking-place. 2. A celestial creature. 3. Obscurity. 4. A beautiful autumn flower. 5. An angle. 6. Imaginary sea-beings.

PHEBE ANN RICHMOND (age 12).

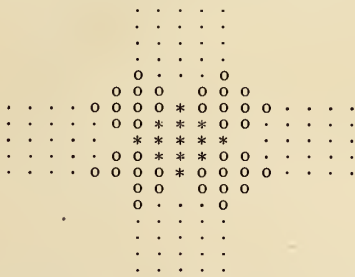
ZIGZAG AND ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag through the first and second row will spell the name of a President of the United States. And the third row of letters will spell the name of a Vice-President who served with him.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Hewn or squared stone. 2. A calculating device. 3. Fame. 4. A kind of shoe. 5. A young cow. 6. A small flat slab. 7. A tract of grass-land. 8. To attract. 9. To draw into the lungs. 10. Glass applied as a coating to metal or porcelain. 11. A fight. 12. Sober. 13. To linger. 14. Yearly.

GUSTAV DIECHMANN (age 13), Honor Member.

SQUARES CONNECTED BY DIAMOND CROSS



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Part of a door. 2. A market-place. 3. A cover. 4. To rub out. 5. To put on a cargo.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Plunder. 2. An Italian city. 3. A wind-instrument. 4. A statue. 5. Narrow ways.

III. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In servile. 2. Inexperienced. 3. Roman household gods. 4. A texture. 5. In servile.

IV. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In servile. 2. A tavern. 3. To speak derisively. 4. To gain as clear profit. 5. In servile.

V. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In servile. 2. A curse. 3. Taste. 4. To sway. 5. In servile.

VI. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In servile. 2. A Japanese coin. 3. To disjoin. 4. Modern. 5. In servile.

VII. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In servile. 2. A female deer. 3. Part of a spur. 4. A kind of fish. 5: In servile.

VIII. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To repulse. 2. Lifted up. 3. A Turkish governor. 4. An anesthetic. 5. To acquire knowledge.

IX. LOWER SQUARE: 1. To revolt. 2. Weird. 3. A newly married woman. 4. A kind of duck. 5. Malicious glances.

DUNCAN SCARBOROUGH (age 15), Honor Member.

CHARADE

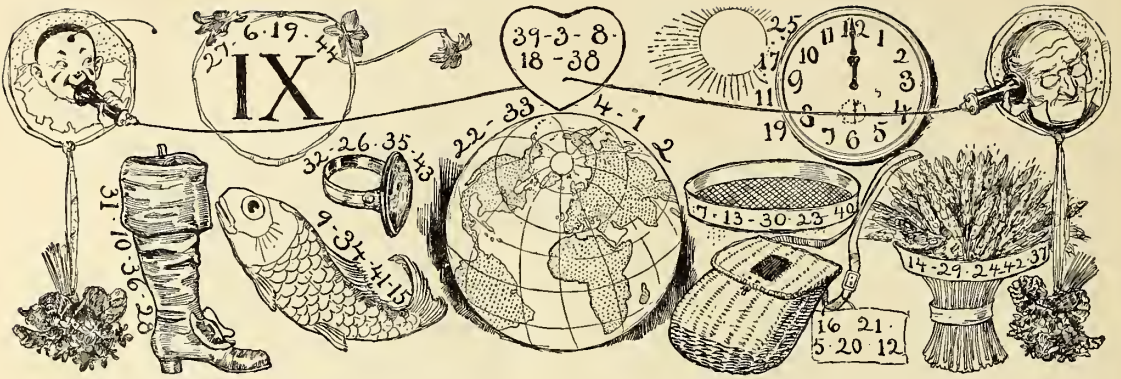
HUNDREDS my first hath named, and hundreds more Shall hear that name, till Time's long round is o'er. Like Time itself, in every clock it lurks; Yet needless wholly to those complex works. 'T is blue, 't is green, 't is purple, and 't is white; And sometimes flashes with resplendent light. Without its aid destroyed were every grace Yet here farewell! it flies abroad through space.

My second is an emblem and a word, Endless yet ending, always in accord; A painter's boast as old-time legends tell; Sometimes a whisper and sometimes a yell. It speaks of anguish, terror, bliss, or care, And tells amazement, pleasure, or despair. A sigh for that we breathe when all alone, And yet 't is nothing when its tale is done. But o'er and o'er repeated let it stand, Each dowers with wealth the leader of its band; Yet when it follows not, but goes before, Alas! Alas! Aladdin's dream is o'er!

My third is single, yet 't is double, too. Fair maiden reader! it can make you woo. Whate'er you say makes wit of it with ease, But 't is not known in some lands over seas— Phenicia had it not, nor Greece, nor Rome, In Saxon land it made its early home. Sometimes 't is silent, then again 't is heard, And ever single—doubled 't were absurd. It is not found in earth or sky or sea, Yet in the world it is—will ever be.

My whole: ah! now, what differing scenes arise— A city street, and early morning cries; A lovely landscape, smiling and serene, With waving grass and earth's abundant green; The breath of May, the host of sprinkled stars, A peasant maiden letting down the bars; In Scripture pages noted more than once, Known everywhere to donkey, babe, and dunce; Devoid of grace, yet one Olympian dame Wore for her beauty's crown this earthly name. Respected, valued, yet, oh tale of woe, Thy language is, and always hath been, low. Patient and faithful, if bereft of thee To man or matron what would living be? And they who have thee not are driven to a tree.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

In this enigma the words are pictured instead of described. When they have been rightly guessed and their forty-four letters placed in the order here given, they will form a timely quotation from Aristotle.

METAMORPHOSES

THE problem is to change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters always in the same order.

EXAMPLE: Change *vale* to *hill* in three moves. Answer: vale, hale, hall, hill.

1. *Fiber* to *paper* in seven moves.
2. *Grate* to *stove* in seven moves.
3. *Lead* to *pipe* in eight moves.
4. *Lamp* to *wick* in six moves.
5. *Crust* to *bread* in seven moves.
6. *Wolf* to *bear* in seven moves.
7. *Serf* to *free* in ten moves.
8. *Paper* to *slate* in ten moves.
9. *North* to *south* in seven moves.
10. *Cake* to *pies* in six moves.

JESSIE S. RAND AND H. A. DAVIS.

REARRANGED WORDS

EXAMPLE: Rearrange a *nobleman*, and make *genuine*. Answer: earl, real.

1. A heavenly body, and make small animals.
2. To mount on wings, and make rowing implements.
3. A gown, and make to weary.
4. Anything very small, and make an article.
5. Part of a stanza, and make a large river of Africa.
6. A South American ostrich, and make to heed.
7. To dirty, and make unctuous substances.
8. Blood, and make a wicked giant.
9. To despatch, and make caves.

The initials of the rearranged words will, in the given order, spell the name of a famous character in one of Scott's novels.

DOROTHY BROCKWAY (age 13), *League Member*.

HIDDEN BIRD PUZZLE

In the following story the names of at least twenty birds are concealed.

Elizabeth rushed swiftly down-stairs, looking very smart in her new dress, her walnut hat charmingly becoming. She and her brother John were going picnicking. He helped her onto her horse, and then started off in charge of the lunch basket. They soon came to a pretty brook where they spread their luncheon on a stone, chatting pleasantly.

"Do you like lobsters or nettles best?" asked John, as he handed her some of the former; leaning across

he had stung himself on the latter, not at all to his enjoyment.

"Well," she began, "nettles sting whenever you touch them, and lobsters nip every time they get a chance. But I think I feel, in nettle time, that nettles are the worst." Then she continued, "Do you know Miss Robinson? She now rents that homestead over there. Her servant, a Negro, uses every possible means to make her comfortable, but she cannot rest well because that poplar keeps her awake."

Noticing that it was now late, they went home. Both enjoyed the outing extremely.

MARY R. GLOVER (age 13), *League Member*.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE



In solving follow the above diagram, though the puzzle has twenty-one cross-words.

1. In Charles.
2. An exclamation of triumph.
3. A song.
4. A record of the events of a year.
5. Stories.
6. A physician.
7. A fragment.
8. A head covering.
9. Prostrate.
10. A sluggard.
11. A large sea-duck.
12. According to law.
13. Mad.
14. Written slander.
15. To shut out.
16. Work.
17. A bird.
18. To mature.
19. At no time.
20. A snare.
21. In Charles.

WYLLYS P. AMES.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

* 4 9 12 19 WHEN the words described are rightly
 * 16 23 30 6 guessed and written one below an-
 * 20 8 33 17 other, the primals, indicated by stars,
 * 21 3 15 32 and the letters represented by the fig-
 * 27 22 10 26 ures from 1 to 8, and from 9 to 16,
 * 25 5 2 7 will each spell the name of an opera
 * 31 4 5 34 written by the author named by the
 * 24 28 18 11 letters from 17 to 34.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. A tropical animal.
 2. An exclamation. 3. Wide-mouthed
 pitchers. 4. To chop fine. 5. Mohammedanism. 6.
 One of a South African tribe. 7. Behind. 8. A finger.
 9. To think.

EDITH PIERPONT STICKNEY (age 13), *Honor Member*.



"That's a good Soup ad!"

"YES; and a good *soup*, too. And I find there are a hundred good ways to use it."

This is a most surprising fact about

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

It is not only the ideal soup-course when prepared simply with hot water, milk or cream; but used in condensed form—just as you receive it—and combined with many other simple dishes, it makes a most delicious seasoning; and adds greatly to their wholesomeness and flavor.

Are *you* one of the clever house-wives who have discovered these helpful facts; and does *your* table get the full benefit of this perfect soup?

Why not write for our little free booklet which describes a number of tempting ways to serve it.



Flirty Miss Gerty so fair
is frequently heard to declare
Her rosy attractions
And vigorous actions
Are due to her Campbell's
Soup fare.

21 kinds 10c a can

- | | | |
|----------------------|--------------|-------------------|
| Asparagus | Clam Chowder | Pea |
| Beef | Consommé | Pepper Pot |
| Bouillon | Julienne | Printanier |
| Celery | Mock Turtle | Tomato |
| Chicken | Mulligatawny | Tomato-Okra |
| Chicken Gumbo (Okra) | Mutton Broth | Vegetable |
| Clam Bouillon | Ox Tail | Vermicelli-Tomato |



Look for the red-and-white label

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR

PURITY in Crystal Domino Sugar is proved by the glistening whiteness and clear sparkle of every crystal.

Scrupulous cleanliness at every step of manufacture insures its wholesomeness.

The carefully sealed package safeguards the cleanliness under which it is made. And the last touch of perfection is added by the dainty, easy-breaking shape.

One of the "Quality Products" of

The American Sugar Refining Co.
ADDRESS NEW YORK

Full and half-size pieces





Just Look at the Figures!

"Every month it has been costing more for the table, and I'm just discovering how to save money and at the same time give the folks good things to eat. For one thing, I make the loveliest desserts of

JELL-O

instead of expensive puddings and pies. It saves money and time, too, and pleases the children, for they certainly like Jell-O."

That is the sensible course which every woman should follow. Why does any housekeeper buy high-priced things for the table when she can get better things that do not cost as much?

A Jell-O dessert costs 10 cents.

There are seven different flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

Each in a separate package, at grocers', 10 cents.

Our beautiful recipe book, with pictures in ten colors and gold, will be sent free to all who write to us and ask for it.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it is n't there, it is n't JELL-O.



Boys, imagine what an improvement pneumatic tires were over the old solid bicycle tires. Well, Vacuum Cup Tires are just as much of an improvement over ordinary pneumatic tires to-day.

When you equip your wheel with

PENNSYLVANIA *Red Oilproof Tread* VACUUM CUP TIRES FOR BICYCLES

you have something to be proud of, and sure of, too.

You don't have to worry over punctures—these tires are practically **puncture-proof**.

You can ride right over freshly oiled roads without hurting these tires—the tread is absolutely oil-proof rubber.

You can ride safely on wet or greasy pavements—the Vacuum Cup Tread makes a suction that holds against side slips, without the least bit of drag on the wheel.

And the "Red Tread" puts your wheel in a class by itself for locks.

Sold under our exceptional guarantee covering a season's service under the liberal conditions printed on tag attached to each tire

Vacuum Cup Tires for Automobiles and Motorcycles are the highest known standard.

If your dealer shouldn't have **V. C. Red Treads** in stock—just write to us.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO., Jeannette, Pa.

Branches

Pittsburgh, 505 Liberty Avenue	Minneapolis, 34 S. 8th Street
Cleveland, 1837 Euclid Avenue	Kansas City, Mo., 514 E. 15th St.
Detroit, 254 Jefferson Avenue	Omaha, 215 S. 20th Street
Chicago, 1004 Michigan Avenue	Seattle, Armour Building

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. OF NEW YORK

New York City, 1700 Broadway Boston, 149 Berkeley Street
Dallas, 411 S. Ervay Street

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. OF CALIFORNIA

San Francisco, 512-514 Mission Street
Los Angeles, 930 S. Main Street

An Independent Company with an independent selling policy.



CHUMS—
the boy and his
BROWNIE
CAMERA



The Brownie answers every need in a boy's camera—is strong, efficient, simple—and inexpensive too.

Brownie Book at your dealers, or on request. Free.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



Madam, Why Do You Darn Their Stockings

When Holeproof Stockings are Guaranteed to Wear Six Months?

We use yarn that costs us an average of 74c. a pound, while common yarn costs 32c. It is three-ply Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton—the finest grown for the purpose.

It is pliable and soft. But it wears as no other does.

We are able to put into stockings the very utmost quality and sell them at the common price because of the enormous demand for "Holeproof."

1,000,000 People Wear "Holeproof"

A million men, women, children and infants are wearing Holeproof Stockings and Sox. Less than 5 per cent. are returning them on our six months' guarantee. Don't you think that a wonderful record? Don't you think you would save both money and darning by having *your* children wear them?

Tell Your Husband, Too

Ask him to try them. Try them yourself. See what they do. Learn why so many prefer "Holeproof."

Be sure you get the *genuine* "Holeproof."

It bears this signature: *Carl Fuschl*

Six pairs of men's cotton "Holeproof" cost \$1.50 to \$3 a box; women's and children's cost \$2 to \$3 a box of six pairs. Infants' cost \$1 a box of four pairs.

All above boxes guaranteed six months.

Silk "Holeproof" for men cost \$2 a box of three pairs; women's silk stockings, \$3 a box of three pairs. Three pairs of *silk* are guaranteed *three* months.

Our new Mercerized sox at \$1.50 for six pairs are the latest "Holeproof" addition. They have the lustre of silk and 22 per cent. added strength due to our exclusive process.

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Sold in Your Town

Genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We 'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct, where there 's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

Learn the facts. Decide that you want the *whole family* to wear them.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY

Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada

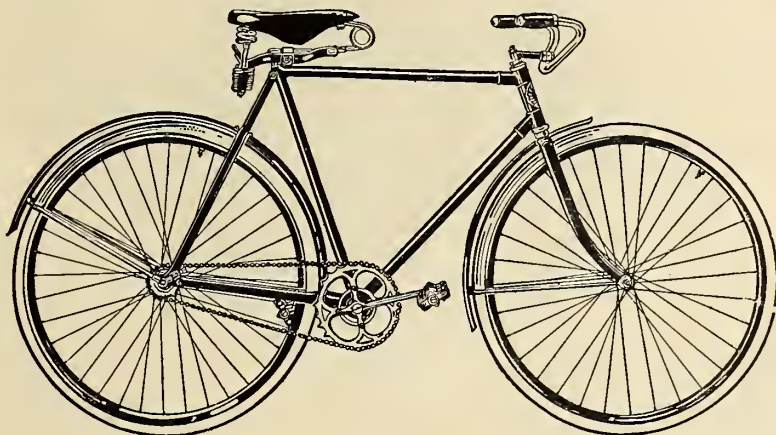


Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Fuschl

"Wear Holeproof Hosiery and End the Mend"

Yale Health Insurance



Yale Juvenile Bicycle, 26-inch wheels, \$25; 24-inch wheels, \$22; 20-inch wheels, \$20

NOTHING can take the place of a Yale Bicycle for a youngster. It takes him out in the open air, puts color in his cheeks, hardens his muscles, and keeps him in top-notch health. If his appetite grows sluggish, get him a Yale Bicycle and watch the change. It's a guarantee against sickness.

YALE JUVENILE BICYCLES are built to stand the hard use that an active boy gives them. They run so easily that he can go faster and farther than the lads on other machines—and the Yale never gets out of order. It pays to give him the best.

CONSOLIDATED MANUFACTURING CO.

1762 Fernwood Ave., TOLEDO, OHIO

Eastern Representative, F. C. CORNISH, 219 Clinton Ave., NEWARK, N. J.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DISTRIBUTOR:

BEAN SON COMPANY, 660-664 Howard St., SAN FRANCISCO

Makers also of Yale Motorcycles, Hussey Handlebars, Brazed Tubing, Bent Parts and Drop Forgings of Every Description

Why Experiment?

Use a
Standard Brand
of Cocoa.

BENS DORP'S

is
Absolutely
Pure.



Requires only

$\frac{1}{2}$

as much
as of other makes
because of its

BENS DORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA

DOUBLE STRENGTH

Always in Yellow Wrapper. Sample on request.

STEPHEN L. BARTLETT COMPANY, Importers, Boston

THOSE advertisers who use The Century Magazine do so with an appreciation of quality, character and prestige. They realize that The Century is unique, that it is the leading magazine in art and literature, in paper, letterpress, engraving and printing.

They realize the strength of The Century appeal to people of education, refinement and taste. They want such people—the leaders of their communities—to be on their side. Moreover, they realize the long life of the magazine.



“THIS is a picture of my favorite pair of shoes. I like them best of all because they have O’Sullivan Rubber Heels on them. They are just fine and comfortable, and I have worn them for over a year, as you can see. I like the rubber heels because they make me walk quietly—just like I was on my tip-toes.”

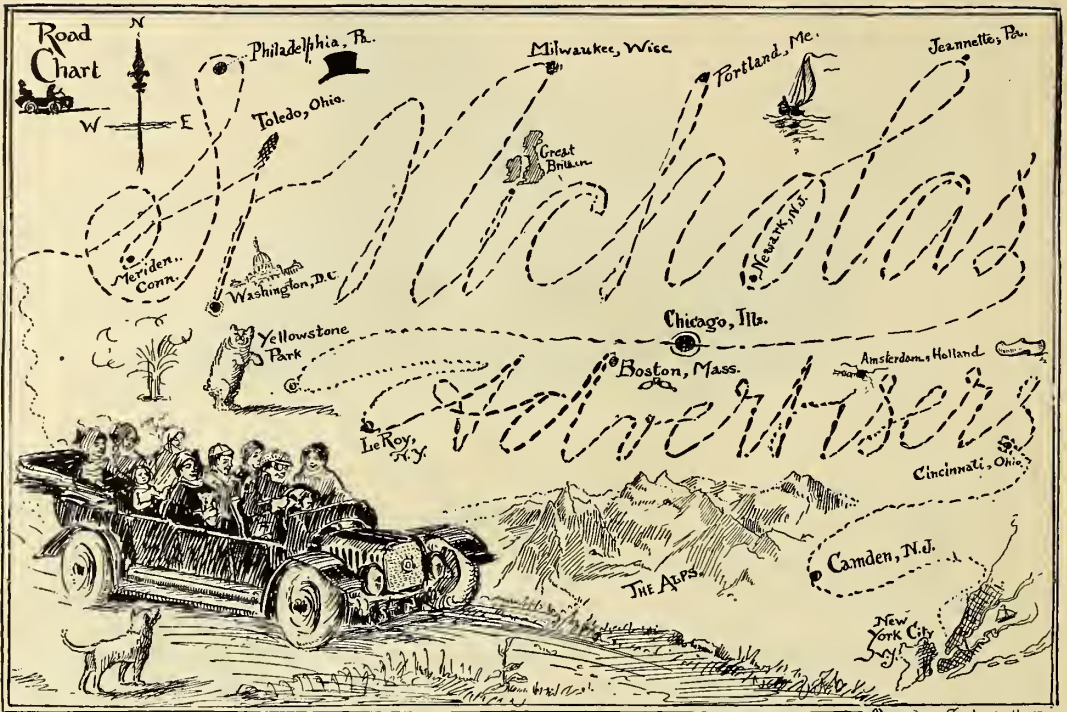
“I think every little boy and girl should wear O’Sullivan Rubber Heels. I have told Mother that I want her to buy all my shoes with rubber heels on them, and Father says O’Sullivan Rubber Heels are the best. I want the kind he wears.”



This is the way they look when they have n't been worn a year.

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 136.

Time to hand in answers is up April 10. Prize-winners announced in June number.



The other day we met Alexander the Little riding in a very handsome automobile, from which he greeted us with an air of pride that showed plainly he was not riding in his own car. The next time we saw him, remembering this meeting, we asked whether he could not get up an advertising competition which had to do with automobiles.

With his usual easy confidence, he said, "Certainly I can," and in a day or two he brought us the road-map which you see pictured above in his drawing. Alexander seemed rather proud of this artistic work, especially drawing our attention to his dog in the left foreground, which he said he obtained through the ST. NICHOLAS Pet Department.

Then we called upon him to explain what the competition was to be, for certainly it is not evident from the drawing alone. It took him some time to explain the scheme, and we shall not trouble you with all he said. The Judges have boiled it down to a simpler statement.

The picture shows the supposed track of an automobile party of ST. NICHOLAS readers who make a journey in their car for the purpose of visiting a number of different places, each one of which has something to do with an advertisement not smaller than a quarter page, appearing in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS. To solve the problem, you must find at least one reference to every locality shown upon this chart, being careful, however, not to include the name of any one advertiser twice. The journey is supposed to begin in New York City and to end in the Alps. If you will follow the waving line that spells out the words "St. NICHOLAS Advertisers," you will come, in order, to each locality, and finally reach the car standing in a place whence the Alps are seen.

You will find, of course, more than one reference to a number of places mentioned. For example, many advertisements refer to New York City, but it will be sufficient if you give the full name of at least one advertiser having in his announcement reference to the place on the road-chart.

You see that this is an exercise in advertising geography, and as you look up the answers we hope that you will be

impressed by the broad territory covered in the ST. NICHOLAS advertising pages.

Write the names of the advertisers, as they appear in the March issue, in the order shown by the automobile road-chart. Number them, and at the end of your list state how many companies there are which mention New York City by name in advertisements of any size in the March issue.

Your letter which is to accompany the list may be very short. If you have ever had anything to say regarding the purchase of an automobile or anything used in connection with it, state the facts. If not, tell why you think manufacturers of automobiles and their accessories should advertise their products to ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls.

As usual, the letter will decide the winners in the case of equally correct lists.

Here follow the list of prizes and the conditions of the competition:

One First Prize, \$5.00 to the sender of the correct list and the most interesting letter.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each to the next two in merit.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each to the next three.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each to the next ten.

Here are the rules and regulations:

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 list give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (136).

3. Submit answers by April 10, 1913. Do not use a pencil. Do not inclose stamps. Write on one side of your paper only and when your answer requires two or more sheets of paper, fasten them together.

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. 136, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.

(See also page 20.)

Suggesting, perhaps a new thought—certainly a true thought—by turning an old saw end for end:

“Perfect makes practice”



How you have over-worked that true and ancient adage “practice makes perfect,” to induce your boys and girls to take an interest in learning to play. How constantly and earnestly you have drilled into them the fact that only by practice and constant application can they become good musicians.

You know it is *true*—we know it is true. But *they* don't know it. They don't know what music is. They don't know what they are driving at—but they *do* know one thing—practicing certainly isn't music.

Have they ever heard a really great piano player? Have they ever been given any clear idea of the great things that *can* be accomplished with ten fingers on an ivory keyboard? Have your children ever been *shown the reward* for the constant hours of drudgery in learning to play?

But suppose Paderewski were their uncle and came to see them every afternoon—and played for an hour or two. Do you think that you could keep them away from the piano—from striving *to be like him*?

There is even a better way than that to give your boys and girls the incentive they need—the genuine Pianola Player-piano. Its presence means that all the great music masters from Beethoven, Liszt, and Chopin,

to Rosenthal, de Pachmann and Paderewski, *live* right in your home all the time. In such an atmosphere as this

your children cannot help but become musicians. Yes—“practice makes perfect.” But the *perfection* of the Pianola Player-piano will make your children *practice*—as they never practiced before—by showing them the glorious end towards which this hard work leads.

When you go to choose your instrument be sure it is the *genuine* Pianola Player-piano. Pianola Piano does not mean just *any* player-piano. It is our trade mark name. There is a gigantic difference, as you will comprehend when you have heard and seen and *played* the genuine Pianola Player-piano. Every genuine Pianola Player-piano from the least expensive, at \$550.00, to as high as you care to pay, includes every exclusive Pianola device such as the Themodist, the Metro-style and other features just as important—which no other make of player-piano at *any* price can offer you.

Just one store in your city sells the genuine Pianola Player-piano. Go and hear it demonstrated—and take your children with you. Also we suggest that you read “The Pianolist” a book by Gustave Kobbé, on sale at all bookstores, or if you will write us we will send it with our compliments. Address Dept. “D”

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

Aeolian Hall, New York

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 134

The Judges have left their places at the conference table, where many hours have been spent looking over the February competitions. The big light above still shines brightly down on a good-sized heap of competition papers. These have been examined and rejected. To one side is a neatly arranged, but much smaller, pile of answers waiting to be looked over again and judged on the merits of the letter, in accordance with the rules. In this latter pile are the papers in which all rules have been carefully followed and the lists of articles correctly given. There are a larger number of these than there have been for many months, which indicates a steady progress on your part in observation and careful work.

The short recess is over, and in file the Judges to finish their work. Why did n't they stick to it until they finished, you wonder. Well, conscientiously to look through and carefully to judge hundreds of papers is no light task—a short rest is much appreciated. And in connection with this work do not think that the hard hearts of even the sternest of the Judges do not sometimes feel sorry when some little St. NICHOLAS reader who has tried so hard to win honors, has grown a bit careless or sleepy or forgetful and allowed a little mistake to creep into his work, which fairness to all makes it necessary that we count as an error.

The last step in the judging—that of looking over the letters—is now under way. How much you boys and girls have traveled! So many of you have had such interesting experiences—in Turkey, China, England, at the sea-shore, in the mountains, at home. It would almost seem as though you were a big band of St. NICHOLAS Brownies.

What pleased us most of all were the many evidences of your loyalty to St. NICHOLAS advertisers. They believe in you, and go to much trouble and expense to tell you all about their goods, and now for us to learn how true you are to them, and how steadily you insist upon

having their goods in spite of difficulties, is most gratifying. Loyalty is one of the finest things in the world, boys and girls, and enthusiasm is another. You seem to have both, for this fine old magazine and its advertising friends.

Now to all you splendid boys and girls who did not win prizes I would say, Don't be discouraged. Keep on trying, and be more careful each month; and some fine day when the postman hands you your copy of St. NICHOLAS, there among the prize-winners you will see *your* name.

This month we are all off on an automobile ride among the St. NICHOLAS advertising folks. All of you who have not won prizes might take that ride, as explained in Competition No. 136.

But to return to the letters. A majority of these were much better than usual, although some of them, I am afraid, failed to win a high place because they showed too plainly how over-anxious you were to make your point. Those of you who wrote natural, boy and girl letters in your own style—and there were a goodly number of these—were those whom the Judges finally chose as being worthy of St. NICHOLAS honors. We are very proud of them. Here they are:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Helen G. Barnard, age 14, Missouri.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Charlotte P. Edmand, age 16, Massachusetts.

Faye H. Mix, age 16, Connecticut.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Marion Copeland, age 16, New Jersey.

Archibald DeB. Johnson, age 14, Pennsylvania.

Hilda Potter, age 12, Illinois.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Marion Reinoehl, age 12, Pennsylvania.

Dorothy Von Olker, age 14, Massachusetts.

Harry Guthmann, age 16, New York.

Marion Howell, age 14, New York.

Helen West Jenks, age 16, New York.

Bessie T. Keens, age 17, Rhode Island.

Irene Clara Smith, age 14, Missouri.

Arthur Newell Moore, age 10, Massachusetts.

Esther R. Harrington, age 13, Massachusetts.

Janet Wurlitzer, age 10, Ohio.

Honorable Mention for uniqueness and originality:

Edith M. Johnston, age 13, D. C.

(See also page 18.)

1847 ROGERS BROS.

Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., of the highest grade carry the above trade mark.



OLD COLONY PATTERN



"Silver Plate that Wears"

Guaranteed by the largest makers of silverware.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.

NEW YORK
CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO

Send for catalogue "D-5."



A "F-a-i-r-y" Story

CHAPTER II

(This story began in the March issue of this year)

Of course, when the Queen cried "Wait," everybody stopped to listen. "Call the wise men! They surely can help us," she commanded. So the wise men came and stood solemnly before the Court.

When they heard the tale of the little mortal boy who wouldn't wash his hands, they grew solemnner than ever. With their chins resting on their canes they pondered and thought, and thought and wondered,—for you see, there is nothing ugly or dirty in Fairyland.

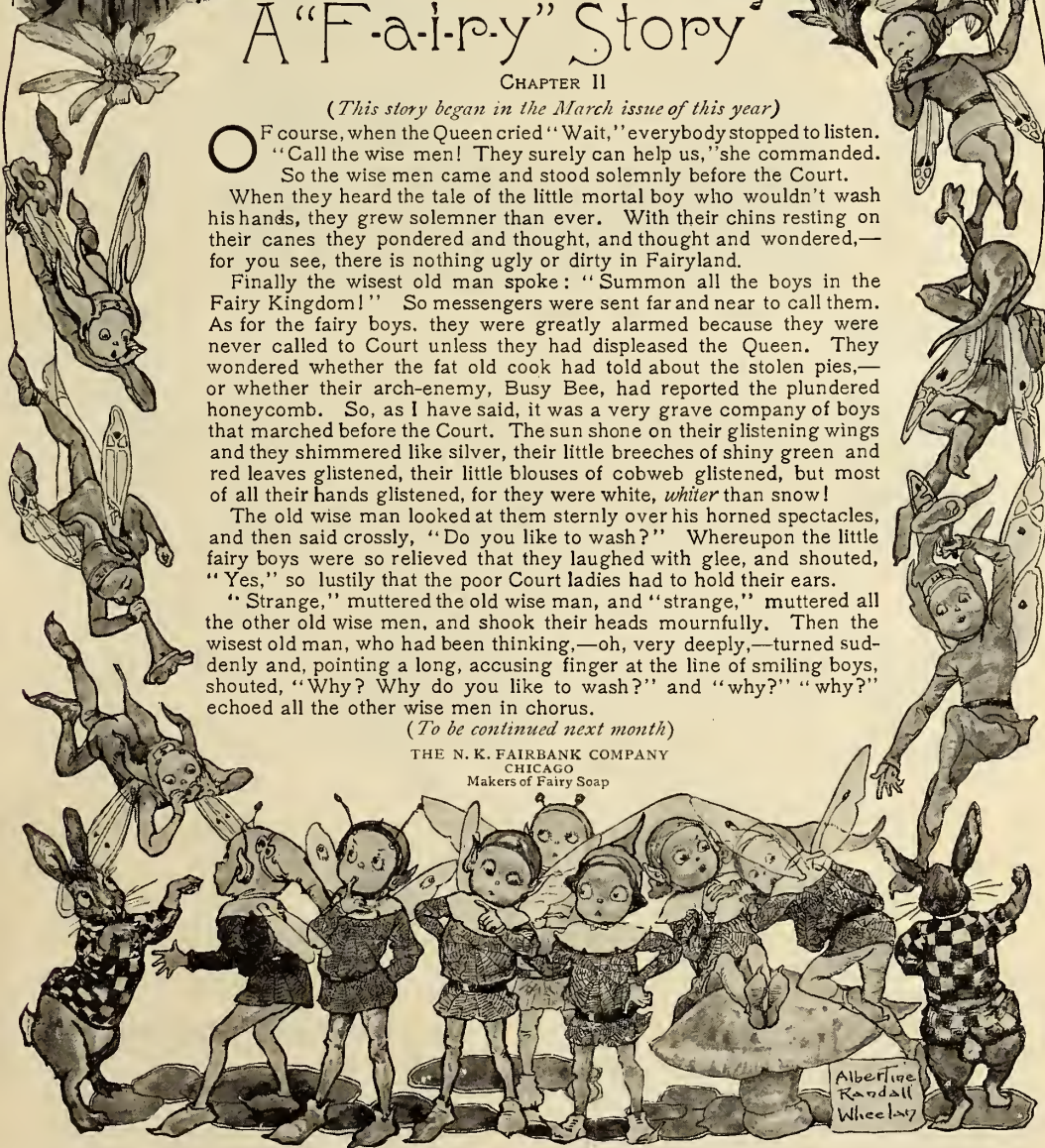
Finally the wisest old man spoke: "Summon all the boys in the Fairy Kingdom!" So messengers were sent far and near to call them. As for the fairy boys, they were greatly alarmed because they were never called to Court unless they had displeased the Queen. They wondered whether the fat old cook had told about the stolen pies,—or whether their arch-enemy, Busy Bee, had reported the plundered honeycomb. So, as I have said, it was a very grave company of boys that marched before the Court. The sun shone on their glistening wings and they shimmered like silver, their little breeches of shiny green and red leaves glistened, their little blouses of cobweb glistened, but most of all their hands glistened, for they were white, whiter than snow!

The old wise man looked at them sternly over his horned spectacles, and then said crossly, "Do you like to wash?" Whereupon the little fairy boys were so relieved that they laughed with glee, and shouted, "Yes," so lustily that the poor Court ladies had to hold their ears.

"Strange," muttered the old wise man, and "strange," muttered all the other old wise men, and shook their heads mournfully. Then the wisest old man, who had been thinking,—oh, very deeply,—turned suddenly and, pointing a long, accusing finger at the line of smiling boys, shouted, "Why? Why do you like to wash?" and "why?" "why?" echoed all the other wise men in chorus.

(To be continued next month)

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO
Makers of Fairy Soap



Albertine
Randall
Wheeler

If you will write The N. K. Fairbank Company, Chicago, and tell them what you think of their Fairy Soap story, they will send you a copy of their Juvenile History of the United States, free of charge.

St. Nicholas Pet Department

Announcements of reliable advertisers only are accepted. The Department will gladly give advice to all those interested in pets. Address "PET DEPARTMENT," St. Nicholas, Union Square, New York.

WHITE SCOTCH COLLIES

Spring is the best time to get a puppy, as it can then play outdoors all the time and develop to best advantage, and by vacation time it will be in fine condition to be a splendid companion for any member of the family. Remember, a Collie is a protector as well as a playmate. Every line of his body indicates beauty, every movement is grace typi-



fied. His deep chest is proof of endurance, the heavy coat insures hardihood. His long strong limbs assure speed, every touch of his cool nose is a caress; his raised ears denote alertness and intelligence, every wag of his tail spells sincerity, the gleam of his eyes means loyalty and love, and his bark may be a welcome to a friend or a challenge to the enemy.



A Nut Brown Maiden with a White Collie or a Tan Colored Boy with a White Collie is a sight to warm the heart of any lover of outdoors. Every home should have such a combination of color and life. Collies are brave, kind, gentle, beautiful, graceful, enduring, hardy, intelligent, and active, and are ideal for city, suburb, country, or camp. Collies are intelligent and sympathetic companions for adults; beautiful, graceful, and sensitive comrades for young ladies, tireless playmates and FEARLESS PROTECTORS of children, and dauntless guards of the home or farm. Every boy and girl has an inborn right to be brought up with a faithful dog to attract them to outdoor play and *protect them on any occasion.* The tired man, disgusted with the shams and trickery of the world, has his faith renewed every time he looks into the face of his loyal Collie. Ours are country raised (on an island) pedigree stock and are hardy, healthy, and rugged, and never require artificial heat in winter. We ship anywhere in North America. A pair will raise \$150.00 worth of puppies a year. Kipling said: "Buy a pup and your money buys love unflinching that cannot lie." Address:

THE ISLAND WHITE SCOTCH COLLIE FARMS, Oshkosh, Wisconsin



Delight the Child's Heart

A Shetland Pony

—is an unceasing source of pleasure. A safe and ideal playmate. Makes the child strong and of robust health. Inexpensive to buy and keep. Highest types here. Complete outfits. Entire satisfaction. Write for illustrated catalog.

BELLE MEADE FARM
Dept. 9, Markham, Va.



THE BEST DOG

for a companion or watch-dog is the Collie. Alert, intelligent, faithful, handsome, he meets every requirement. We have some fine specimens to sell at low prices. Send for a copy of "Training the Collie," price 25 cents.

F. R. CLARK, Prop.

SUNNYBRAE KENNELS (Registered)
Bloomington, Ill.

BOSTON TERRIERS

French Bulls, Collies, Airedales
Any Breed of Dogs, Low Prices

CARPENTER'S

148 Portland Street

Boston, Mass.



Scottish Terriers

Offered as companions. Not given to fighting or roaming. Best for children's pets.

NEWCASTLE KENNELS

Brookline, Mass.



Do you love dogs?

Send stamp for
"Dog Culture" to

SPRATT'S Patent Limited
Newark, N. J.



Money in Squabs



Learn this immensely rich business we teach you; easy work at home; everybody succeeds. Start with our jumbo Homer Pigeons and your success is assured. Send for large Illustrated Book. Providence Squab Company, Providence, Rhode Island.

St. Nicholas Pet Department

Announcements of reliable advertisers only are accepted. The Department will gladly give advice to all those interested in pets. Address "PET DEPARTMENT," St. Nicholas, Union Square, New York.



Did you ever play horse? Just think what fun it would be with a real

Shetland or Welsh Pony!

Mother would see you grow stronger and healthier every day because you would be outdoors so much. It would surprise you to know how little it costs to keep a pony. Write us and find out.

PINE HILL PONY FARM
724 Forest Street Medford, Mass.



Buy a St. Bernard

Companion for your child and guardian of your property. Best Kennel in America.

HERCUVEEN KENNELS
Red Bank New Jersey

This Book
Shows How to Train House, trick and watch dogs, water and life-saving dogs. *It is practical.* 160 pages, fully illustrated; mailed for 25c.
THE DENT MEDICINE CO., Newburgh, N. Y.



Airedale Terriers

Most popular dog of the day
The Airedale is the best companion, watch-dog, and all-round hunting-dog. Ideal pets for children, faithful, kind, and wonderful intelligence.

Puppies from \$25 up.
Beautiful booklet free.
Elmhurst Airedale Kennels
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Hinds Cream

HONEY AND ALMOND



50c. Improves the Complexion 25c.



A toilet cream that is particularly agreeable and refreshing; that keeps the skin so pure and so clean that it never looks unwholesome, but always fair, fresh and attractive. It is not greasy and cannot grow hair.

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM—Sold by all dealers, Hinds Cream in bottles 50c, and Hinds Cold Cream in tubes 25c.

Write for Free Samples

A. S. HINDS, 74 West St., Portland, Maine



Famous Pictures

By Charles L. Barstow

Lavishly illustrated from copies of famous originals.
12mo. 239 pages. Price, \$0.60 net.

Most of the world's great pictures are here described in a simple, yet interesting manner. The child learns to appreciate these pictures and, at the same time, obtains a general knowledge of the way in which they were painted, and the principal facts in the lives of the painters themselves.

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

A BIG STAMP FIND

THE days of opportunity apparently have by no means gone by. The whole stamp world is talking about the recent find of rare stamps in Philadelphia. It seems that a dealer in waste paper purchased for about fifty dollars the accumulated letters of an old firm there. Upon looking them over, he discovered on a letter what seemed to him an unusual stamp. He showed it to a collector, and the news spread. It was a copy of the very rare twenty-cent St. Louis, issued in 1846, and known as the bear stamp, Catalogue No. 25. Upon further search more were found, and the waste-paper dealer now has more copies than all that have ever before been discovered. Not only has he the twenty-cent, but the five- and ten-cent as well, and in addition to the rare St. Louis issues are thousands of other early issues of the United States. It is thought that the value of the find will exceed a hundred thousand dollars. We illustrate the St. Louis bear stamp.



SIAM

WE illustrate this month the stamp of Siam, bearing the portrait of the new king. This young king has a name, but it is very, very long—out of all proportion to his years. We do not mention it because we have never twice seen all of the names spelled the same. How the poor boy remembers it all is past understanding. But the stamp is beautiful, and the design new. At the left is a long rectangle filled with a floreate ornament, each scroll ending in a jolly-looking little figure—the meaning of which we do not know. On the right is the head of the new king. The value appears above, and the name of the country below, both in two languages, the native and English. The value appears as 2 stg., an abbreviation for satangs.



into the waste-baskets, to be disposed of as waste paper. However, all these stamps are not absolutely lost to collectors. They may be gotten hold of in two ways: first, offer to buy from the postmaster the waste paper from his office. He will probably sell it to you as cheap as to any one else. Tell him that you will pay a little more for the paper if he will keep separate the contents of the waste-baskets of such clerks as handle the incoming Postal Savings mail. If he will not sell you the waste paper, he certainly will tell you to whom he does sell it, and a visit to that person will usually bring you the chance to get the official stamps for a very small premium. ¶ The sheets of the new Parcel Post stamps contain five rows of nine stamps, forty-five to the sheet. This is true both of the regular and due stamps. The regular stamps are all in red, although already there is quite a distinct variety in the shades. The postage due stamps are the same size as the regular Parcel Post stamps; but, with the exception of the lettering, the design is entirely of scrollwork, with a numeral in the center. All denominations of the dues are printed in green. We have so far seen only the one-cent, two-cent, five-cent, ten-cent, and twenty-five-cent dues. ¶ The new San Francisco Exposition stamps come in sheets of seventy. There are four values: one-cent, two-cent, five-cent, and ten-cent. Before long they will be on sale at all the post-offices. The two-cent was the last to appear. This was because of an error in the plate as originally made. In the center of the stamp is a picture of one of the canal locks. On the original plate this picture was inscribed "Gatun Locks"; this has been changed, and the stamp as issued reads "Panama Canal." The error was not discovered until after many thousands of stamps had been printed. The Department has ordered that all of these be destroyed, and is taking special pains that none of the errors reach the public. ¶ There is such a book as you mention. It is called the Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue. It can be purchased from any of our advertisers, and would be almost invaluable to you. It is really impossible to arrange a large collection satisfactorily in a blank album without constant reference to some guide. Most collections are arranged according to the year in which the stamps were issued. The stamps themselves seldom give one a clue to such dates, and only a catalogue will help us to put them in their proper places. The catalogue referred to is the best and most comprehensive issued in the United States. ¶ Whether to collect water-marks or not is a question for each collector to decide for himself. All the largest and best collections have in them all varieties of water-marks. One of the best things to be gotten by a lad from his stamp collection is the habit of observation. The collection of all shades, minor varieties, perforations, cancelations, and water-marks helps to develop this faculty of noting differences. It is not necessary to buy a water-mark detector, though one is desirable. You can buy from any photographer for a few cents a sheet of tintype metal. Place the stamp face down on the black side of the sheet, and drop upon it a few drops of benzene. This makes the water-mark visible, and is almost as efficacious as the ordinary benzene-cup.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

THE IMPERIAL STAMP ALBUM published for beginners. The best on the market. Bound in boards, 1,000 illustrations, spaces for 3,500 stamps. Price 25c., postage 10c. extra. 108 all different stamps from Paraguay, Turkey, Venezuela, etc., 10c. Finest approval sheets of 50 per cent discount. Agents wanted. Write to-day.
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43 WASHINGTON BUILDING BOSTON, MASS.

STAMP ALBUM with 538 genuine stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., only 10c. 100 dif. Japan, India, N. Zld., etc., 5c. Agents wanted 50%. *Big Bargain list, coupons, etc., all Free!* We Buy Stamps, C. E. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., DEPT. 1, ST. LOUIS, MO.



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STAMPS! CHEAP! 333 GENUINE FOREIGN Missionary stamps, 5c. 100 foreign, no two alike, incl. India, Newfoundland, etc., only 5c. 100 U. S. all diff., scarce lot, only 30c. 1000 fine mixed, 15c. Agts. wid., 50%. List free. *I buy stamps.* L. B. DOVER, D-6, ST. LOUIS, MO.



BARGAINS EACH SET 5 CENTS. 10 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Crete. Lists of 6000 low-priced stamps free.
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FREE 150 Newfoundland, Egypt, etc. Approvals one cent each. PROVIDENCE STAMP CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

RARE Stamps Free. 15 all different, Canadians, and 10 India, with Catalogue Free. Postage 2 cents. If possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. Special offers, all different, contain no two alike. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U. S., 20c.; 10 Paraguay, 7c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 20 Turkey, 7c.; 10 Persia, 7c.; 13 Sudan, 5c.; 10 Chile, 3c.; 50 Italy, 19c.; 200 Foreign, 10c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 50 Africa, 24c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 20 Denmark, 5c.; 20 Portugal, 6c.; 7 Siam, 15c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 7 Malay, 10c.; 10 Finland, 5c.; 50 Persia, 8c.; 50 Cuba, 6c.; 6 China, 4c.; 8 Bosnia, 7c. Remittin Stamps or Money-Order. Fine approval sheets 50% Discount, 50 Page List Free. MARKS STAMP COMPANY, DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA.



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9 " Prussia .10 Canada " 35 " .20
Gold California \$1, each 35c.; \$1, each 65c.; 25 diff. Foreign Coins, 25c.; Roman Silver (Caesar), 45c.
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32 CAMBRIDGE BUILDING

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C. STEGMAN, 5941 COTE BRILLIANTE AV., ST. LOUIS, MO.



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SPECIAL OFFER—25c. for 6 months and Choice of these Premiums:
A packet of 205 all different clean foreign stamps.
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A nice packet, "all over the world" foreign stamps.
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CLASS PINS For School, College or Society. The right kind are always a source of pleasure. Why not get the right kind? We make them. Catalog free. No pins less than \$5.00 per dozen.
FLOWER CITY CLASS PIN CO., 666 Central Building, Rochester, N. Y.



Fish Bite Like hungry wolves any time of the year. If you use **Magic-Fish-Lure**. Best fish bait ever discovered. Keeps you busy pulling them out. Write to-day and get a box to help introduce it. Agents wanted.
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Three beautiful mechanical drawings, showing how to make a modern racing yacht; sent upon receipt of 75 cents, club or postal order.
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Guaranteed 1913 Models \$10 to \$27 with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof Tires.
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100 Second-Hand Wheels All makes and models, good as new
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MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. R-272 CHICAGO

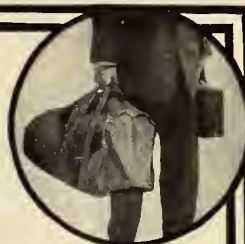


I'M GOING "EVINRUDING"

THE lake is mine. The river too and every little inlet of the bay, because I "Evinrude" to where I want to go. I go alone if I wish or I fill the boat with friends. Eight miles an hour I glide through the waters and the propeller never *did* know a weed. My



with its merry little purr of two full horse power, will fit *any* row boat; mine or a rented one and it's so simple that I operate it myself.



IT WEIGHS BUT FIFTY POUNDS and **IT CARRIES LIKE A SATCHEL.** Brother John takes it whenever he goes on fishing trips to the lakes, and he says that's why he gets fish. This motor doesn't crank you know; we simply give the fly wheel a swing and presto! We're "Evinruding" through the water.

Illustrated catalog sent upon request.

EVINRUDE MOTOR CO.,
251 M Street MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Members of National Association of Engine & Boat Manufacturers
New York City Show Room Hudson Terminal Bldg 30 Church St.
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The brake that saves!



Corbin Coaster Brake

is to your wheel what the air brake is to a locomotive.

Fitted to your wheel at any bicycle repair shop. Gives you instant control, prevents accidents. The two-speed model is an immense assistance when riding on up-grades and against strong head winds. Invaluable to elderly riders especially. Corbin Brakes are operated solely by the pedal. Simple, strong and reliable.

Send for 1913 free catalog showing all Corbin Brakes, Hubs and Axles

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Fly Rods

Before you do any fly fishing, ask your dealer to show you the new "BRISTOL" No. 29 — the lightest steel Fly Rod made. Only 5 1/2 oz. It is the fishing-rod sensation of the year. Price \$6.50 "BRISTOL" Fly Rods Nos. 9 and 14 are so popular because their flexibility and balance delight both novice and expert. Each \$6.50. All "BRISTOLS" are guaranteed three years. Your dealer has the exact "BRISTOL" you like. If not, we will supply you. Send for the

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167 Horton St., Bristol, Conn.

The Coward Shoe

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For Children whose ankles "turn-in"

Do not put weak ankles in *braces* when they need *bridges*. Don't try to *straighten* them without *strengthening* them.

Give ankles that "turn-in," the help of Coward Arch Support Shoes, and they will have instant relief and constant benefit. Built to help without hindering—to support without torturing. A practical, corrective style of shoe for weak ankles, falling arch and "flat-foot."

Made by J. S. Coward, P. D., and endorsed and recommended by physicians and surgeons.

Coward Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel have been made by James S. Coward, in his Custom Department, for over thirty years.

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Makes the daily bath a positive luxury. Its world-wide use for over a century has emphasized the delightful qualities of this matchless toilet perfume.

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Sample sent on receipt of six cents in stamps.

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Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder

keeps my skin in healthy condition.

Sample Box for 4c. stamp.

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Trade Mark

It Takes a Strong Boy to Become a Leader

To be the captain of your football or baseball team a fellow must have proven that he can play a little better and a little harder than the rest. He must have shown his team-mates that they can always depend on him to do a difficult thing and do it well.

That is precisely the reason that the Company which makes

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has come to be known all over the world as the leader among tire makers.

Way back in the bicycle days, the companies that now make up the United States Tire Company (Morgan & Wright, G & J, Hartford and Continental) proved that they could make stronger, longer-wearing tires than other makers. And they have kept that record ever since.

When you buy tires for your bicycle, or when your father or brother buy tires for their automobile or motorcycles, the *safest* way is to buy tires made by the *leader* among tire makers.

UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY
NEW YORK



This Summer

Yellowstone Park

Plan now to visit America's Only Geyserland during season June 15 to September 15, 1913. Geysers, Cataracts, Canyons, Beasts, Birds, Fish. Snow-capped peaks, mirror lakes, dashing streams swarming with trout. Don't fail to see this region of Nature's surprises! Go via only line to Gardiner Gateway—the northern and original entrance to Park. Write for illustrated booklets and information and plan your trip now. Address

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Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone and Great Falls



THE EXPERT

is able to distinguish the difference between wines of different ages or coffees of different countries.

It is not necessary, however, to possess a trained sense of taste to distinguish between the delicious flavor of Peter's Milk Chocolate and other milk chocolates.

Peter's superiority is evident to everybody.

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stands in a class by itself. If you will simply try it you will realize keenly that Peter's Milk Chocolate is unapproachable for its purity and its delicious true chocolate flavor.

Peter's stands alone!

Be sure and get
Peter's when you
ask for milk chocolate



"High as the Alps in Quality"



When the circus comes to town, it is not the show alone that fascinates, but the immensity of numbers, the quickness of movement, the sureness of operation and the efficiency which keeps everything as bright as new in spite of the soil of travel and weather. For instance—

Is it not surprising how the gilded figures and scroll work on the menagerie and parade wagons are kept so brilliant? It is evident that circus men know how to clean gold leaf without injury.

They use Ivory Soap and nothing but Ivory Soap.

Because it is mild and pure and free from alkali, Ivory Soap does not hurt the gilding. And because it contains no free oil, it is rinsed off easily, leaving the finish beautifully clear and bright.

With the circus people using Ivory Soap for this purpose all through the season, the housewife may be certain that there is nothing surer or safer for cleaning gilded articles in the home.

Here is an Excellent Way to Clean Gold Frames

Shave half of a small cake of Ivory Soap into a pint of water and boil for five minutes. When cool, apply this jelly with a very soft brush or sponge. Then, with a clean soft brush or sponge, apply cold, clear water and let dry immediately in a warm place.

IVORY SOAP 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

“My grocer tells me
that his most par-
ticular customers
insist on having

Libby's

**Canned
Foods**



“I always keep my pantry stocked with Libby's foods
for I know from experience that every Libby product
is just the best I can get.”

**Always buy Libby's California Fruits, Hawaiian Pineapple, Canned Meats,
Soups, California Asparagus and Evaporated Milk.**



**Every Educated Physician
Will Tell You Upon Inquiry**

That the soft gray filling of the nerve centres, including the brain, is made up of water, albumen and Phosphate of Potash, as the largest ingredients —

And that when the nerve centres are rebuilt every day as fast as worn by use, the individual is equipped to keep well.

Grape=Nuts

FOOD

Was specially designed to provide nutrition for both body and brain. It is rich in Phosphate of Potash, the vital salt of gray nerve tissue, often lacking in the usual diet.

A dish of Grape-Nuts and cream regularly for breakfast will show

“There’s a Reason”

