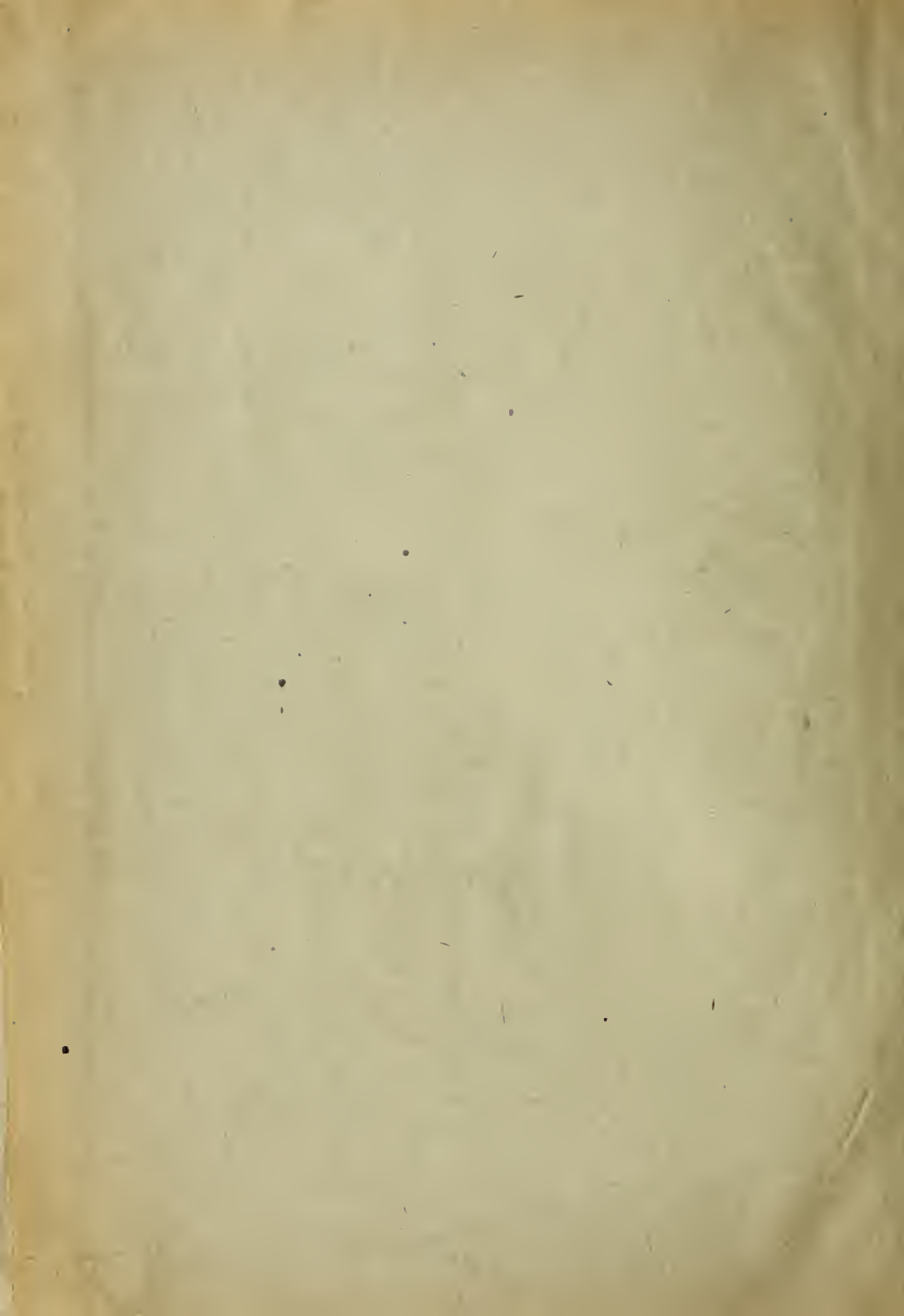


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AN

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FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

VOLUME XLIII.

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VOLUME XLIII.

PART I.

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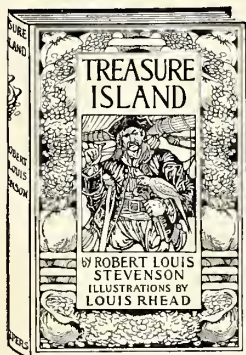
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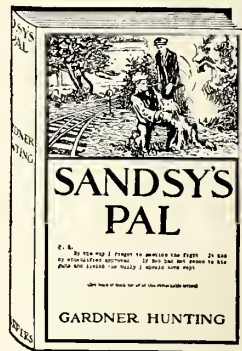
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AWARDED FOR EDUCATIONAL VALUE
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BY THE SUPREME JURY
PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION**

which simply means that this book has done more to help children grow up into wise and successful and good men and women than any other has ever done.

There are to-day thousands of children in *fourteen different countries* who know for themselves that what I have said is true. THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE has come to show you the whole wonderful world in *10,000 fascinating pictures*, and to explain to you everything you want to know in such an interesting and delightful way that you will never be able to forget it. There are pictures of animals and plants in many different countries, and pictures of the wonderful worlds that go spinning round in the sky; pictures of remarkable men and women who have painted beautiful pictures or written fa-

mous books, or performed brave deeds, and pictures of beautiful scenes and of splendid cities, and the interesting people who live in them. There are hundreds of stories and legends and poems, and ever so many interesting things to make and do with your hands indoors and outdoors, winter and summer.

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IT is deliciously told, a fitting successor to "The Runt" and "Dumb Bell's Check."

FIVE short stories, fourteen articles, the regular departments and serial novel round out a big fifteen cents' worth of wholesome, invigorating entertainment.

In the NOVEMBER
AMERICAN MAGAZINE

"HERE I AM the ST. NICHOLAS CHRISTMAS TREE"



"Dear You:

"I mean all Boys and Girls and Fathers and Mothers and Uncles and Aunts and grown-up Cousins and Grandmothers and Grandfathers and other readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

"Do you wonder why ST. NICHOLAS asked you to 'Look for me'? I shall tell you why—but first I'll tell you a secret. Don't tell *anybody!*—*Christmas is coming!* (And also Christmas gifts to give and to receive.)

"And the reason why you should 'Look for me, the ST. NICHOLAS Christmas tree'—is just this: every maker of good things to eat, or wear, or read, or play with (or upon), or use,—every maker of *anything especially good for Christmas gifts* will advertise it in ST. NICHOLAS this month, and in December.

"And wherever you find me, the ST. NICHOLAS Christmas tree, there you will find out about something which ST. NICHOLAS has carefully investigated and found to be especially good.

"'Grown-ups' know how tiring and tedious Christmas shopping usually is for them. That is only because they don't know what on earth to buy. If they will look for me, your whole family can 'shop' comfortably at home, decide what to get and spend only a little while at the store in *buying*.

"See how many of us trees you can find in this number of ST. NICHOLAS.

"Yours affectionately,



"The ST. NICHOLAS Christmas Tree."

New Books for Boys and Girls



Once upon a time any book with a pretty cover seemed just the thing for a Christmas gift. But mothers and fathers soon found out that there was much more to a book than an attractive cover. Now they know that the best books by the best authors are none too good for their boys and girls who are just beginning to form the habit of reading.



ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls are making out their lists for Christmas. They are sure to want books for their young friends, and they will want to find them among their gifts on Christmas morning.



Among the authors who have this year written books especially for young readers are those whose work bears the stamp of the highest approval. Altsheler, Barbour, Camp, Heyliger, Tomlinson, Elderdice, Agnes McClelland Daulton, Ellen Douglas DeLand, have each written stories for their young friends. Their new books are all described in a splendid new Catalogue we have just prepared, and which we shall be glad to send to any one who will write for it. Send a post-card for it to-day.



D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
Publishers
New York

“I’m Going To Marry A Millionaire!”



CHLOE MALONE

Chloe Malone is the girl who deliberately set out to marry a millionaire. Deliberately made up her mind to do it, and—but we are not going to take away the fun by telling you *that*, here.

What we will tell you is this—her adventures are absorbingly interesting. She herself is as charming, as wholesome, as lovable as the famous “Sicily Ann.” And Fanny Heaslip Lee has told the story beautifully!

Few novels you have ever read have been as well written, as well worth reading as this. Be sure to begin it in the November number.

This is the first of four complete novels that readers of *The Woman’s Home Companion* will enjoy. A new one will start every month, for four months, beginning in November. Later, thousands of people will pay \$1.50 each for these four novels—but *Companion* readers will have read them *first!*

Woman’s Home Companion for November

Five other Splendid Stories

will delight *Companion* readers this month. “The Peaceful Day,” by Mary Heaton Vorse; “Robin Hood and his Barn,” by Grace S. Richmond; “The Geranium Lady,” by Sylvia Chatfield Bates; “The Smoke’s Swish,” by Sophie Kerr; “In Different Worlds,” by Mary Hastings Brady—not in a long, long time have you found so many really good stories in one magazine. Be sure to get this big November issue.

Can You Market By Mail Profitably?

Out in the country there is an eager woman with eggs, and butter, and cheese to sell—but no way to sell them. In town there is another woman who would like to buy country produce direct from the farm—but has no way to get it. How these two women can get together with satisfaction for both is told by Postmaster-General Burleson.

Twelve other articles round out this big November issue—all equally timely, equally interesting, equally important.

And of particular value just now is the "Christmas Present Section." Pages and pages of easy-to-make, inexpensive, really desirable gifts—gifts in the various crafts—gifts in embroidery—gifts for the woman who "can do just sewing." Some of the pages will be in full color—all will be fully illustrated. The Christmas Present Section is a complete and very delightful answer to the question: What shall I give?



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POSTMASTER-GENERAL
BURLESON

Woman's Home Companion for November

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

PLEASE enter my subscription for one year, beginning with the _____ issue. I will remit \$1.50 upon receipt of your bill on or about _____

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "T. TEMBAROM"

THE LOST PRINCE



By
**FRANCES
HODGSON
BURNETT**

Once more the creator of "T. Tembarom," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "The Secret Garden" adventures into the land of golden romance and thrilling adventure, and with a hero as captivating as any she has ever introduced to a delighted public.

Samavia is the setting for the story—Samavia, which is no more to be found on the map than the fabled Zenda, though heroic little Serbia suggested to Mrs. Burnett the ancient home of the Lost Prince. His family having been for five hundred years exiles from their native

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Unaware of his high destiny, though he bears always in his heart the ideal of princely conduct, he makes his way through Europe in the guise of a stalwart young tramp, secretly carrying a sign and a message to stray men in crowded streets, at palace gates, in forests, and on mountain sides, he himself obedient, though the object of his mission is not disclosed to him—till the end of his long journey.

Sixteen illustrations by Maurice L. Bower

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New Century Books for Young Folks

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The third and final story of a series, the first two of which, "A Lucky Sixpence" and "Beatrice of Denewood," full-fledged novels for boys and girls, abounding in surprises and telling incidents, met with instant popularity.

Now comes the story of *Peggy of Denewood*, a bewitching little figure, who meets with adventures quite as exciting as those of the two preceding books. The further fortunes of all the other leading characters are also told.

A charming story and an introduction as well to a knowledge of life among our forefathers.

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THE STRANGE STORY OF MR. DOG AND MR. BEAR

By Mabel Fuller Blodgett

Author of "In Poppy Land," etc.

A book for Very Little Folk.

Mr. Bear is very lazy, but he lives in a beautiful house. He engages *Mr. Dog* to come and do the work for him. There is trouble at first, but everything comes out right and they have some wonderful and interesting adventures together.

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Tommy, a country boy, finds out by accident that whenever he sits on a certain old gray stone his wishes come true. He can wish himself any kind of animal he likes, and, best of all, wish himself back as a boy again. So he first wishes himself a meadow-mouse, and has all the fun to be had in being that; then a red squirrel, a fox, a rabbit, a wild goose—altogether a round dozen of his little brothers of the wild.

Thus *Tommy* learns much—and the reader learns much too—about their pleasures and their dangers, their curious ways and manner of living.

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A new and inspiring kind of children's cook-book

A family of two girls and a boy find how much fun is to be had in doing all sorts of cooking. They prepare lunches for school, make dishes for the sick, help at an afternoon tea-party and a luncheon party, and cook food for camping, and they get genuine fun out of it all. Incidentally there is an excellent receipt on almost every page.

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Author of "Jacqueline of the Carrier-pigeons," etc.

Everybody knows the fascination of a boarded-up house. We always feel perfectly sure that all sorts of terribly interesting, mysterious things are to be encountered inside.

In *this* boarded-up house there were many such things. Cynthia and Joyce, two girl chums, invaded it in pursuit of their impetuous cat. What mysteries they found there, and how they unraveled them, make as tense a narrative as a good detective story; and their redemption of "the boarded-up house" is a beautiful climax to a very unusual and entertaining story.

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Send for a list of books suitable for young people, and classified according to ages

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By the Author of "Daddy-Long-Legs"

DEAR ENEMY

By JEAN WEBSTER

The story of one hundred and thirteen orphans and a crusty Scotch surgeon who had forgotten how to laugh, and of Sallie McBride, who had a tremendous time teaching them how to do it again. This is that Sallie once more whom you remember in "Daddy-Long-Legs."

It is impossible not to be interested in Sallie, and so in her problems; and beneath the main current of the love story there is an undercurrent of keen and wise comment upon the management of such institutions as asylums. The author has studied the ground covered by the novel; and though Sallie maintains that she is only a social butterfly, yet she turns a flood of light upon the question of so treating the waifs and strays of civilization as to develop their best instincts and give them a fair chance in life.

"Dear Enemy" is in the manner of "Daddy-Long-Legs." In a year of darkness and depression, when American men and women are necessarily hearing and thinking so much about the inevitable cruelties and horrors of war, it is as gratefully bright as the sun across a gray day, as inspiring as an autumn breeze, as tender and human as the old earth in spring. It is the same mixture of laughter and tears, of keenness

and kindness and courage, of the things that make life—take it all in all—the beautiful and thrilling adventure that people, in their heart of hearts, know it is.

*Forty whimsical pen-and-ink drawings by the author
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Also by Jean Webster

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An exquisite romance told with rare originality and charm; a story that has captured the country twice—first as a novel, then as a play.

Illustrated by the author. Price \$1.00 net, postage 5 cents

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A boarding-school story.

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Which takes Patty through Vassar.

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NEW YORK CITY



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People who have spent years studying Economics in college and in business say that "Big Production is Economical."

And what do they mean by those big words?

Well—suppose you wanted a sled with steel runners, and suppose nobody made that kind, or you had never heard of the manufacturer, so you decided to make it yourself.

First you would have to buy the materials of which it is to be made.

A sheet of Steel,
A plank of Wood,
Some Bolts,
A can of Paint.

You would have to cut the sheet of steel into the right lengths and then roll them into rods which could be bent to make the runners.

You cannot cut steel with mother's scissors, so you would have to buy a special machine which cuts steel. You cannot roll steel with your hands, so you would have to buy a steel rolling machine.

You would need a saw, a chisel, a plane, a paint brush, and some overalls. And you would have to have a special building to put your steel machines in,

because they are too big to put in your cellar or in your bedroom.

And when you finally had your sled all done you would find it had cost you *several thousand dollars*, because, of course, you would have to pay for all that machinery and everything else.

Everybody knows you can buy a sled every bit as good as one you could make which costs only a few dollars.

It costs so little because so many are made at once. And the cost of the building and the machinery and everything is divided among thousands of sleds instead of just one.

So when people say "Big production is economical," they mean, "By making many things at once, each one costs only a little."

But what has all this to do with advertising and trade-marks?

Just this—the advertising you read in good magazines tells many people all about particular products and makes them want to buy the advertised products, because they see how good these products are. So the advertiser is able to do a great big business and sell very good things for very much less than if he sold only a few things.

Trade-marks help you to recognize advertised products, and so are helpful in making good things cost less.

ST. NICHOLAS
MEMBER OF THE QUOIN CLUB
THE NATIONAL PERIODICAL ASSOCIATION

ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

What's to Come in 1916

THE SAPPHIRE SIGNET; or, The Lass of Richmond Hill

By Augusta Huiell Seaman

Author of "The Boarded-Up House"

RARELY, if ever, in the history of this magazine, have the successive instalments of a serial been awaited with a more sustained and eager interest than was the case with "The Boarded-Up House." Girls were not the only spell-bound victims. One boy reader was tempted to "raise a mob and come down and wreck the ST. NICHOLAS office" if the magazine dared again to break off the story with "that beastly old 'to-be-continued'" at such a thrilling point. Still other impatient youngsters begged for "more chapters at a time," and when it ended there was a unanimous demand for another story by the same author.

All readers, therefore, both the old and the new, will rejoice to hear that Mrs. Seaman has written that "other story," "The Sapphire Signet," especially for ST. NICHOLAS; that, like "The Boarded-Up House," it is a mystery story for girls, but with a "peach of a boy" in it, as one favored youngster who has read the story puts it; and that it begins in this number. The new story covers a wider field of action than the author's first serial, for in certain phases the mystery harks back to Revolutionary times, though it is, in its main interest, a story of to-day, and its scene is laid chiefly in the old Greenwich district of New York City.

Another important serial will be

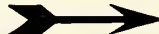
THE BOYS' LIFE OF MARK TWAIN

By Albert Bigelow Paine

Author of "Mark Twain: A Biography"

DO you remember "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn"? Well, Mr. Paine, whom Mark Twain chose to be his biographer because he knew the author so intimately, has written the life-story of the man who wrote about Huck and Tom and

See Next Page



ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

What's to Come in 1916

all the rest. That biography has been a remarkable success, and now Mr. Paine has set out to retell the wonderful story, or the essence of it, for the especial benefit of the American boys and girls of to-day. It will be profusely illustrated with photographs and with drawings made especially for the magazine.

A third serial, absolutely unlike either of the foregoing, but of extreme interest and practical value to every young reader, and to grown-ups as well, is entitled


ON THE BATTLE-FRONT OF ENGINEERING

By A. Russell Bond

*Managing Editor of "The Scientific American,"
and Author of "With Men Who Do Things"*

IN this series, Mr. Bond will present even more vivid "fairy tales of science" than any he has hitherto described, and will deepen and enlarge his young readers' appreciation of the triumphs of American engineering. They will learn, for instance, of "the Water Cure" for a flattened pipe-line; of an enterprise that was bent upon "diverting a creek through a tunnel"; of "how engineers utilize a waterfall of 4000 feet"; of "a hole in a lake" and what was done with it; and a score of other engineering marvels. Moreover, these wizard-like achievements are made doubly interesting by being described as actually witnessed by the boy-heroes of the story, who ask questions galore and thus gain for themselves (and all St. NICHOLAS readers) a clear explanation and understanding of each process or expedient involved. This serial is an education in itself.

OF the new volume's short stories, articles, descriptive sketches, travel papers, and miscellanies, the list is so long that only a few titles can be culled from it here at random. "Silverheels," the story of a boy and his horse, by Gabrielle E. Jackson, will delight all the younger readers. "Where Journeys End" will finally establish its author, Beth B. Gilchrist (who contributes "The End of the Road" to the November

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ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

What's to Come in 1916

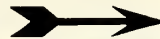
number), in the affection of girl-readers everywhere. "Anna Belle's Christmas Tree," by Josephine Scribner Gates, is one of the best stories this popular author has written. "Akbar and Birbal," by Arthur Guiterman, tells most entertainingly of a famous Oriental potentate and his shrewd chief counselor.

ST. NICHOLAS intends, in the coming year, to do full justice to the magic world of make-believe, "where everything can happen," by a delightful series of fanciful stories entitled, "Will Bradley's Wonder-Box." This fascinating "wonder-box" will contain twelve stories in which imagination and humor are charmingly blended, and each of them will be enriched by inimitably clever and captivating illustrations.

ONE of the treasures of the new volume will be a set of brief biographical stories, recounting memorable or little-known and romantic incidents in the lives of some of the world's geniuses. They are written by Katherine D. Cather, and beautifully illustrated by Maurice L. Bower. The first article, "The Boy of Cadore," telling of the boyhood of Titian, printed a year ago, was so favorably received that the author has now, by request, completed several others; among them: "The Shepherd Boy of Tuscany" (Giotto); "The Wonder-Child of Warsaw" (Chopin); "The Whittler of Cremona" (Stradivarius); and "Old Jan's Twilight Tale" (Thorwaldsen). There will also be printed two or three additional biographical articles of the "More Than Conquerors" series, which proved so popular some months ago.

THE new volume will contain, too, a great number of travel sketches, all of them up-to-date, and several dealing with regions or localities brought into prominence or exceptional interest by the progress of events in the great World War; such, for instance, as the article on "Constantinople: A Geography City Come Alive," by a recent resident at Robert College; "The Wonderland of Arcadie," by Arthur B. Cooke, U. S. Consul at Patras, Greece; and "In the Cities of Salt," the remarkable mines in that portion of Galicia which was captured by the Russians and then recaptured by the German and Austrian forces. All these articles will be fully illustrated with beautiful photographs or drawings.

See Next Page



ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

What's to Come in 1916

IN the field of Athletics, there will be notable articles by notable experts. Mr. Parke H. Davis, author of "Football in America," and representative of Princeton on the Rules Committee, has contributed to the October and November numbers two articles on "National Stars of the Gridiron." Francis Ouimet, champion, will have another article on "The Game I Love," which will interest all golfers. "Lawn-Tennis" will be taken up in due time by J. Parmly Paret; and Billy Evans, one of the best-known umpires in the American League, will contribute several articles on "Base-Ball," giving advice and incidents based upon his years of experience in the National Game. There will also be articles on "Motor-Boating"; and those who prefer the Sail-Boat will welcome a well-written story setting forth the Why and Wherefore.

In the "Books and Reading" pages, Hildegard Hawthorne will continue her invaluable reviews and suggestions; and the "Nature and Science" Department will be crammed each month with brief articles relating to the Great Outdoors and its denizens, and the achievements of science and invention the world over.

Dr. S. E. Forman's new department, "The Watch-Tower," will continue its illuminating review of current events, the events that will make history.

And then there is **The St. Nicholas League!** More than sixty thousand boys and girls have enrolled in the League, and more than five thousand have won gold and silver badges and become honor members. It is to-day more popular than it ever was.

OTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS WILL BE MADE FROM TIME TO TIME

On request we will gladly send a Christmas card, announcing the gift of a subscription, to arrive on Christmas morning. These cards are delightfully decorated from a new design. Send this request early.

Use This Coupon To-day

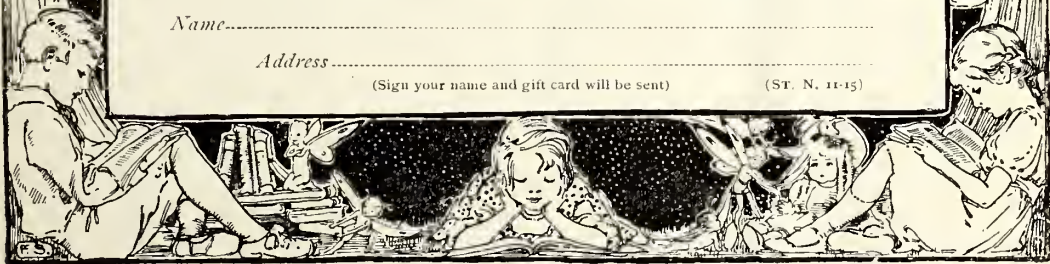
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(ST. N. 11-15)



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YOUNG SAM CLEMENS
AND THE MISSISSIPPI.

*"But it was the river that he cared for most.
It was the pathway that led to the great world outside." (See page 10.)*



ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLIII

NOVEMBER, 1915

No. 1

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THE BOYS' LIFE OF MARK TWAIN

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Author of "Mark Twain, a Biography," "Hollow Tree" Stories, etc.

This is the story of a boy born in the humblest surroundings, reared almost without schooling, and amid benighted conditions such as to-day have no existence; yet who lived to achieve a world-wide fame; to attain honorary degrees from the greatest universities of America and Europe; to be sought by statesmen and kings; to be loved and honored by all men in all lands, and mourned by them when he died. It is the story of one of the world's very great men—the story of Mark Twain.

CHAPTER I

THE FAMILY OF JOHN CLEMENS

A LONG time ago, back in the early years of another century, a family named Clemens moved from eastern Tennessee to eastern Missouri—from a small unheard-of place called Pall Mall, on Wolf River, to an equally small and unknown place called Florida, on a tiny river named the Salt.

That was a far journey, in those days, for railway trains in 1835 had not reached the South and West, and John Clemens and his family traveled in an old two-horse barouche, with two extra riding horses, on one of which rode the eldest child, Orion Clemens, a boy of ten, and on the other Jennie, a slave girl.

In the carriage with the parents were three other children—Pamela and Margaret, aged eight and five, and little Benjamin, three years old. The time was spring, the period of the Old South, and while those youngsters did not realize that they were passing through a sort of Golden Age, they must have enjoyed the weeks of leisurely journeying toward what was then the Far West—the Promised Land.

The Clemens fortunes had been poor in Tennessee. John Marshall Clemens, the father, was a lawyer, a man of education; but he was a dreamer, too, full of schemes that usually failed. Born in Virginia, he had grown up in Kentucky, and married there Jane Lampton, of Columbia, a descendant of the English Lambtons and the belle of her region. They had left Kentucky for Tennessee, drifting from one small town to another that was always smaller, and with dwindling law-practice John Clemens in time had been obliged to open a poor little store, which in the end had failed to pay. Jennie was the last of several slaves he had inherited from his Virginia ancestors. Besides Jennie, his fortune now consisted of the horses and barouche, a very limited supply of money, and a large unsalable tract of East Tennessee land, which John Clemens dreamed would one day bring his children fortune.

Readers of "The Gilded Age" will remember the journey of the *Hawkins* family from the "Knobs" of Tennessee to Missouri and the important part in that story played by the "Tennessee land." Mark Twain wrote those chapters, and while they are not history, but fiction, they are

based upon fact, and the picture they present of family hardship and struggle is not overdone. The character of *Colonel Sellers*, who gave the *Hawkinses* a grand welcome to their new home, was also real. In life he was James Lampton, cousin to Mrs. Clemens, a gentle and radiant merchant of dreams, who believed himself heir to an English earldom and was always on the verge of colossal fortune. With others of the

The next thing was to find a home. There were twenty-one houses in Florida, and none of them large. The one selected by John and Jane Clemens had two main rooms and a lean-to kitchen—a small place and lowly—the kind of a place that so often has seen the beginning of exalted lives. Christianity began with a babe in a manger; Shakspeare first saw the light in a cot-



JOHN CLEMENS AND HIS FAMILY ON THE WAY FROM EASTERN TENNESSEE TO EASTERN MISSOURI, IN 1835.

Lampton kin, he was already settled in Missouri and had written back glowing accounts, though perhaps not more glowing than those which had come from another relative, John Quarles, brother-in-law to Mrs. Clemens, a jovial, whole-hearted optimist, well loved by all who knew him.

It was a June evening when the Clemens family with the barouche and the two outriders finally arrived in Florida, and the place no doubt seemed attractive enough then, however it may have appeared later. It was the end of a long journey; relatives gathered with fond welcome; prospects seemed bright. Already John Quarles had opened a general store in the little town. Florida, he said, was certain to become a city. Salt River would be made navigable with a series of locks and dams. He offered John Clemens a partnership in his business.

Quarles, for that time and place, was a rich man. Besides his store he had a farm and thirty slaves. His brother-in-law's funds, or lack of them, did not matter. The two had married sisters—that was capital enough for his hearty nature. So, almost on the moment of arrival in the new land, John Clemens once more found himself established in trade.

tage in Stratford; Lincoln entered the world by way of a leaky cabin in Kentucky, and into the narrow limits of the Clemens home in Florida, on a bleak autumn day—November 30, 1835—there was born one who under the name of Mark Twain would live to cheer and comfort a tired world.

The name Mark Twain had not been thought of then, and probably no one prophesied favorably for the new-comer, who was small and feeble and not over-welcome in that crowded household. They named him Samuel, after his paternal grandfather, and added Langhorne for an old friend—a goodly burden for so frail a wayfarer. But more appropriately they called him "Little Sam," or "Sammy," which clung to him through the years of his delicate childhood.

It seems a curious childhood, as we think of it now. Missouri was a slave State—Little Sam's companions were as often black as white. All the children of that time and locality had negroes for playmates, and were cared for by them. They were fond of their black companions and would have felt lost without them. The negro children knew all the best ways of doing things—how to work charms and spells, the best way to cure warts and heal stone-bruises, and to make

it rain and to find lost money. They knew what signs meant, and dreams, and how to keep off hoodoo; and all negroes, old and young, knew any number of weird tales.

John Clemens must have prospered during the early years of his Florida residence, for he added another slave to his household, Uncle Ned, a man of all work, and he built a somewhat larger home, in one room of which, the kitchen, was a big fireplace. There was a wide hearth and always plenty of wood, and here after supper the children would gather with Jennie and Uncle Ned, and the latter would tell hair-lifting tales of "ha'nts," and lonely roads, and witch-work that would make his hearers shiver with terror and delight and look furtively over their shoulders toward the dark window-panes and the hovering shadows on the walls. Perhaps it was not the healthiest entertainment, but it was the kind to cultivate an imagination that would one day produce *Tom Sawyer* and *Huck Finn*.

True, Little Sam was very young at this

John Clemens had not remained satisfied with Florida and his undertakings there. The town had not kept its promises. It failed to grow, and the lock-and-dam scheme that would make Salt River navigable fell through. Then one of the children, Margaret, a black-eyed, rosy little girl of nine, suddenly died. This was in August, 1839. A month or two later the saddened family abandoned their Florida home and moved in wagons with their household furnishings to Hannibal, a Mississippi River town thirty miles away. There was only one girl left now, Pamela, twelve years old, but there was another boy, baby Henry, three years younger than Little Sam—four boys in all.

CHAPTER II

THE NEW HOME, AND UNCLE JOHN QUARLES'S FARM

HANNIBAL was a town with prospects—and considerable trade. It was slumbrous, being a slave



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No, it is too stylish, it is not my birthplace.

THE SECOND HOME OF THE CLEMENS FAMILY, AT FLORIDA. THIS HOUSE, NO LONGER IN EXISTENCE, WAS OFTEN POINTED OUT AS MARK TWAIN'S BIRTH-PLACE.

Sept. 17/06.

Mark Twain

period, but even a little chap of two or three would understand most of that fireside talk, and get impressions more vivid than if the understanding were complete. He was barely four when this first chapter of his life came to an end.

town, but it was not dead. John Clemens believed it a promising place for business, and opened a small general store with Orion Clemens, now fifteen, a studious dreamy lad, for clerk.

The little city was also an attractive place of residence. Mark Twain remembered it as "the white town drowsing in the sunshine of a summer morning, . . . the great Mississippi, the

in his sleep and was often found in the middle of the night, fretting with the cold, in some dark corner. Once he heard that a neighbor's children had the measles, and, being very anxious



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THE HOUSE IN WHICH MARK TWAIN WAS BORN.

magnificent Mississippi, rolling its mile-wide tide along . . . the dense forest away on the other side."

The "white town" was built against green hills, and overhanging on the river were bluffs—Holliday's Hill and Lover's Leap. A distance below the town was a cave—a wonderful cave, as every reader of "Tom Sawyer" knows—while out in the river, toward the Illinois shore, was the marvelous island that was one day to be the meeting-place of *Tom's* pirate band, and later to become the hiding-place of *Huck* and *Nigger Jim*.

The river itself was full of interest. It was the highway to the outside world. Rafts drifted by; smartly painted steamboats panted up and down, touching to exchange traffic and travelers, a never-ceasing wonder to those simple shut-in dwellers, whom the telegraph and railway had not yet reached. That Hannibal was a pleasant place of residence, we may believe, and what an attractive place for a little boy to grow up in!

Little Sam, however, was not yet ready to enjoy the island and the cave. He was still delicate—the least promising of the family. He was queer and fanciful, and rather silent. He walked

to catch the complaint, slipped over to the house and crept into bed with an infected playmate. Some days later, Little Sam's relatives gathered about his bed to see him die. He confessed long after that the scene gratified him. However, he survived, and fell into the habit of running away, usually in the direction of the river.

"You gave me more uneasiness than any child I had," his mother once said to him in her old age.

"I suppose you were afraid I would n't live," he suggested.

She looked at him with the keen humor which had been her legacy to him.

"No, afraid you *would*," she said. Which was only her joke, for she had the tenderest of hearts, and like all mothers had a weakness for the child that demanded most of her mother's care. It was chiefly on his account that she returned each year to Florida to spend the summer on John Quarles's farm.

If Uncle John Quarles's farm was just an ordinary Missouri farm, and his slaves just average negroes, they certainly never seemed so to Little Sam. There was a kind of glory about everything that belonged to Uncle John, and it

was not all imagination, for some of the spirit of that jovial, kindly-hearted man could hardly fail to radiate from his belongings.

The farm was a large one for that locality, and the farm-house was a big double log-building—that is, two buildings with a roofed-over passage between, where in summer the lavish Southern meals were served, brought on in huge dishes by the negroes, and left for each one to help himself. Fried chicken, roast pig, turkeys, ducks, geese, venison just killed, squirrels, rabbits, partridges, pheasants, prairie-chickens, green corn, watermelon—a little boy who did not die on that bill of fare would be likely to get well on it, and to Little Sam the farm proved a life-saver.

It was, in fact, a heavenly place for a little boy. In the corner of the yard there were hickory and black-walnut trees, and just over the fence the hill sloped past barns and cribs to a brook, a rare place to wade, though there were forbidden pools. Cousin Tabitha Quarles, called "Puss," his own age, was Little Sam's playmate, and a slave girl, Mary, who, being six years older, was supposed to keep them out of mischief. There were swings in the big shady pasture, where Mary swung her charges and ran under them until their feet touched the branches. All the woods were full of squirrels and birds and blooming flowers; all the meadows were gay with clover and butterflies, and musical with singing grasshoppers and calling larks; the fence-rows were full of wild blackberries; there were apples and peaches in the orchard and plenty of melons ripening in the corn. Certainly it was a glorious place!

Little Sam got into trouble once with the watermelons. One of them had not ripened quite enough when he ate several slices of it. Very soon after he was seized with such terrible cramps that some of the household did not think he could live. But his mother said:

"Sammy will pull through. He was not born to die that way."

Which was a true prophecy. Sammy's slender constitution withstood the strain. It was similarly tested more than once during those early years.

He was usually regarded as a curious child. At times dreamy and silent, again wild-headed and noisy, with sudden impulses that sent him capering and swinging his arms into the wind until he would fall with shrieks and spasms of laughter and madly roll over and over in the grass. It is not remembered that any one prophesied very well for his future at such times.

The negro quarters on Uncle John's farm were especially fascinating. In one cabin lived a

bed-ridden old woman whom the children looked upon with awe. She was said to be a thousand years old and to have talked with Moses. She had lost her health in the desert, coming out of Egypt. She had seen Pharaoh drown, and the fright had caused the bald spot on her head. She could ward off witches and dissolve spells.

Uncle Dan'l was another favorite, a kind-hearted, gentle soul, who long after, as *Nigger Jim* in the "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" tales, would win world-wide love and sympathy.

Through that first warm golden summer-time Little Sam romped and dreamed and grew. He would return each summer to the farm during



JANE CLEMENS, MARK TWAIN'S MOTHER.

those early years. It would become a beautiful memory. His mother generally kept him there until the late fall, when the chilly evenings made them gather around the wide blazing fireplace. Sixty years later he wrote:

I can see the room yet with perfect clearness. I can see all its belongings, all its details; the family-room of the house, with the trundle-bed in one corner and the spinning-wheel in another—a wheel whose rising and falling wail, heard from a distance, was the mournfulest of all sounds to me and made me homesick and low-spirited and filled my atmosphere with the wandering spirits of the dead; the vast fireplace, piled high with flaming logs from whose ends a sugary sap bubbled out but did not go to waste, for we scraped it off and ate it . . . the lazy cat spread out on the rough hearthstones, the drowsy dogs braced against the jambs, blinking; my aunt in one chimney-corner, and my uncle in the other, smoking his corn-cob pipe.

It is hard not to tell more of the farm, for the boy who was one day going to write of *Tom* and *Huck* and the rest learned there so many things that *Tom* and *Huck* would need to know.

CHAPTER III

SCHOOL

BUT he must have "book-learning," too, Jane Clemens said. On his return to Hannibal that first summer, she decided that Little Sam was ready for school. He was five years old and regarded as a "stirring child."

"He drives me crazy with his didoes when he 's in the house," his mother declared, "and when he 's out of it, I 'm expecting every minute that some one will bring him home half dead."

Mark Twain used to say that he had had nine narrow escapes from drowning, and it was at this early age that he was brought home one afternoon in a limp state, having been pulled from a deep hole in Bear Creek by a slave girl. When he was restored, his mother said:

"I guess there was n't much danger. People born to be hanged are safe in water."

Mark Twain's mother was the original of *Aunt Polly* in the story of "Tom Sawyer," an outspoken, keen-witted, charitable woman, whom it was good to know. She had a heart full of pity, especially for dumb creatures. She refused to kill even flies, and punished the cat for catching mice. She would drown young kittens when necessary, but warmed the water for the purpose. She could be strict, however, with her children, if occasion required, and recognized their faults. Little Sam was inclined to elaborate largely on fact. A neighbor once said to her:

"You don't believe anything that child says, I hope."

"Oh yes, I know his average. I discount him ninety per cent. The rest is pure gold."

She declared she was willing to pay somebody to take him off her hands for a part of each day and try to teach him "manners." A certain Mrs. E. Horr was selected for the purpose.

Mrs. Horr's school on Main Street, Hannibal, was of the old-fashioned kind. There were pupils of all ages, and everything was taught up to the third reader and long division. Pupils who cared to go beyond those studies went to a Mr. Cross, on the hill, facing what is now the public square. Mrs. Horr received twenty-five cents a week for each pupil, and the rules of conduct were read daily. After the rules came the A B C class, whose recitation was a hand-to-hand struggle requiring no study-time.

The rules of conduct that first day interested

Little Sam. He wondered how nearly he could come to breaking them and escape. He experimented during the forenoon and received a warning. Another experiment would mean correction. He did not expect to be caught again; but when he least expected it, he was startled by a command to go out and bring a stick for his own punishment.

This was rather dazing. It was sudden, and then he did not know much about choosing sticks for such a purpose. Jane Clemens had commonly used her hand. A second command was needed to start him in the right direction, and he was still dazed when he got outside. He had the forests of Missouri to select from, but choice was not easy. Everything looked too big and competent. Even the smallest switch had a wiry look. But over the way was a cooper's shop. There were shavings outside, and one had blown across just in front of him. He picked it up, and, gravely entering the room, handed it to Mrs. Horr. So far as known, it is the first example of that humor which would one day make Little Sam famous before all the world.

It was a failure in this instance. Mrs. Horr's comic side may have prompted forgiveness, but discipline must be maintained.

"Samuel Langhorne Clemens," she said (he had never heard it all strung together in that ominous way), "I am ashamed of you! Jimmy Dunlap, go and bring a switch for Sammy." And the switch that Jimmy Dunlap brought was of a kind to give Little Sam a permanent distaste for school. He told his mother at noon that he did not care for education; that he did not wish to be a great man; that his desire was to be an Indian and scalp such persons as Mrs. Horr. In her heart Jane Clemens was sorry for him, but she openly said she was glad there was somebody who could take him in hand.

Little Sam went back to school, but he never learned to like it. A school was ruled with a rod in those days, and of the smaller boys Little Sam's back was sore as often as the next. When the days of early summer came again; when from his desk he could see the sunshine lighting the soft green of Holliday's Hill, with the glint of the river and the purple distance beyond, it seemed to him that to be shut up with a Webster spelling-book and a cross teacher was more than human nature could bear. There still exists a yellow slip of paper upon which in neat, old-fashioned penmanship is written her teacher's commendation of Pamela Clemens' "amiable deportment and faithful application to her studies."

Thus we learn that Little Sam's sister, eight years older than himself, attended the same

school, and that she was a good pupil. If any such reward of merit was ever conferred on Little Sam, it has failed to come to light. If he won



"THE FIRST EXAMPLE OF LITTLE SAM'S HUMOR."

the love of his teacher and playmates, it was probably for other reasons.

Yet he must have learned somehow, for he could read, presently, and was a good speller for his age.

CHAPTER IV

EDUCATION OUT OF SCHOOL

ON their arrival in Hannibal, the Clemens family had moved into a part of what was then the Pavay Hotel. They could not have remained there long, for they moved twice within the next few years, and again in 1844 into a new house which Judge Clemens, as he was generally called, had built on Hill Street—a house still standing, and known to-day as the Mark Twain Home.

John Clemens had met varying fortunes in Hannibal. Neither commerce nor the practice of law had paid. The office of justice of the peace, to which he was elected, returned a fair income, but his business losses finally had obliged him to sell Jennie, the slave girl. Somewhat later his business failure was complete. He surrendered everything to his creditors, even to his cow and household furniture, and relied upon his law-practice and justice-fees. However, he seems to have kept the Tennessee land, possibly because no one thought it worth taking. There had been offers for it earlier, but none that its owner would accept. It appears to have been not even considered by his creditors, though his own faith in it never died.

The struggle for a time was very bitter. Orion Clemens, now seventeen, had learned the printer's trade and assisted the family with his wages. Mrs. Clemens took a few boarders. In the midst of this time of hardship little Benjamin Clemens died. He was ten years old.

It was the darkest hour.

Then conditions slowly improved. There was more law-practice and better justice-fees. By 1844 Judge Clemens was able to build the house mentioned above—a plain, cheap house, but a shelter and a home. Sam Clemens—he was hardly "Little Sam" any more—was at this time nine years old. His boyhood had begun.

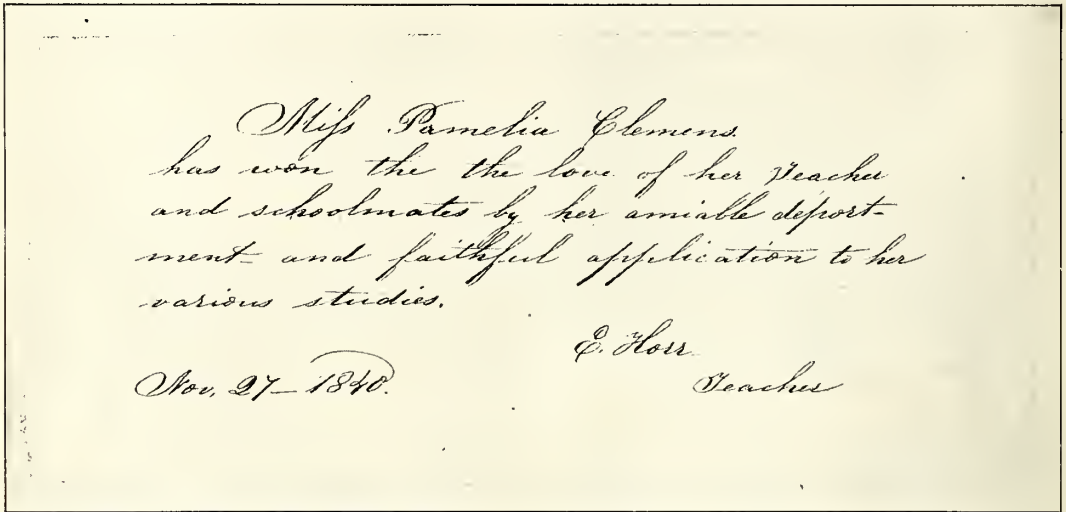
Heretofore he had been just a child—wild and mischievous, often exasperating, but still a child—a delicate little lad to be worried over, mothered, or spanked and put to bed. Now at nine he had acquired health, with a sturdy ability to look out for himself, as boys in such a community will. "Sam," as they now called him, was "grown up" at nine and wise for his years. Not that he was old in spirit or manner—he was never that, even to his death—but he had learned a great number of things, many of them of a kind not taught at school.

He had learned a good deal of natural history and botany—the habits of plants, insects, and animals. Mark Twain's books bear evidence of this early study. His plants, bugs, and animals never do the wrong things. He was learning a good deal about men, and this was often less pleasant knowledge.

That was a day and locality of primitive impulse and sudden action. Fierce quarrels and bloodshed were not rare in a town like Hannibal. And there were events connected with slavery. Sam once saw a slave struck down and killed with a piece of slag for a trifling offense. He saw an Abolitionist attacked by a mob that would have lynched him, had not a

Methodist minister defended him on a plea that he must be crazy. He did not remember in later years that he had ever seen a slave auction, but he added:

brother Orion, a regular attendant, threatened to drag him there; but, as the thunder got louder, Sam decided that he loved Sunday-school and would go the next Sunday without being invited.



"I am suspicious that it was because the thing was a commonplace spectacle and not an uncommon or impressive one."

Readers of Mark Twain's books, especially the stories of *Huck* and *Tom*, will hardly be surprised to learn these details of the author's early education. Sam, however, did not regard them as education—not at the time. Some of the things he saw got into his dreams. He set them down as warnings, or punishments, intended to give him a taste for a better life. He felt that it was his conscience that made such things torture him. That was his mother's idea, and he had a high respect for her opinion in such matters. Among other things, he had seen her one day defy a vicious and fierce Corsican—a common terror in the town—who had chased his grown daughter with a heavy rope in his hand, declaring he would wear it out on her. Cautious citizens got out of her way, but Jane Clemens opened her door to the fugitive; then, instead of rushing in and closing it, spread her arms across it, barring him out. The man raved, and threatened her with the rope, but she did not flinch or show any sign of fear. She stood there and shamed and defied him until he slunk off, crestfallen and conquered. Any one as brave as his mother must have a perfect conscience, Sam thought, and would know how to take care of it. In the darkness he would say his prayers, especially when a thunder-storm was coming, and vow to begin a better life. He disliked Sunday-school as much as he did day-school, and once his

Sam's days were not all disturbed by fierce events. They were mostly filled with pleasanter things. There were picnics sometimes, and ferry-boat excursions, and any day one could roam the woods or fish, alone or in company. The hills and woods around Hannibal were never disappointing. There was the cave with its marvels. There was Bear Creek, where he had learned to swim. He had seen two playmates drown; twice, himself, he had been dragged ashore, more dead than alive. Yet he had persevered, and he could swim better than any playmate of his age.

But it was the river that he cared for most. It was the pathway that led to the great world outside. From Lover's Leap he would look down on it for hours, and dream. He would venture out on it in a quietly borrowed boat when he was barely strong enough to lift an oar. He learned to know all its moods and phases.

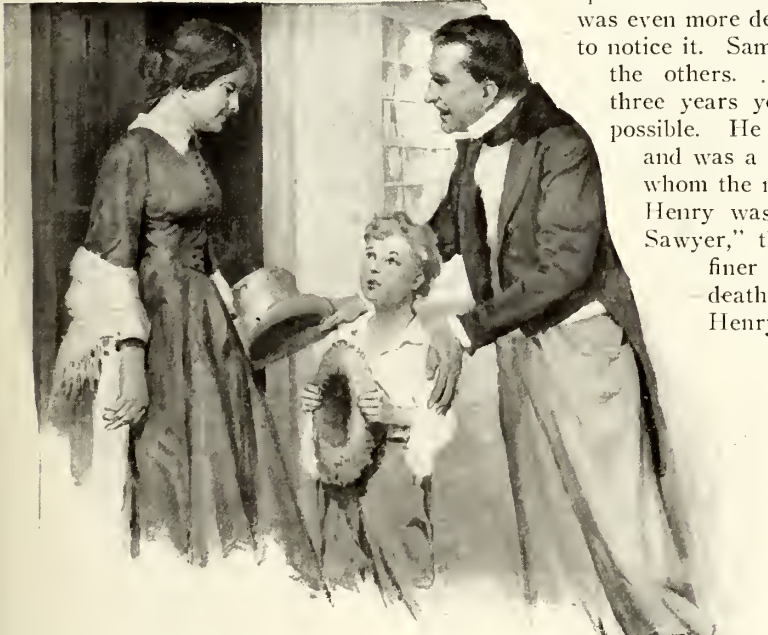
More than anything in the world he hungered to make a trip on one of the big, smart steamers that were always passing.

"You can hardly imagine what it meant," he reflected once, "to a boy in those days, shut in as we were, to see those steamboats pass up and down, and never take a trip on them."

It was at the mature age of nine that he found he could endure this no longer. One day when the big packet came down and stopped at Hannibal, he slipped aboard and crept under one of the boats on the upper deck. Then the signal-bells rang, the steamer backed away and swung into midstream; he was really going at last. He

crept from beneath the boat and sat looking out over the water and enjoying the scenery. Then it began to rain—a regular downpour. He crept back under the boat, but his legs were outside, and one of the crew saw him. He was dragged out and at the next stop set ashore. It was the town of Louisiana, where there were Lampton relatives, one of whom, a cousin, took him home. Very likely the home-coming was not entirely pleasant, though a "lesson," too, in his general education.

And always, each summer, there was the farm, where his recreation was no longer mere girl-plays and swings, with a colored nurse following about, but sports with his older boy-cousins, who went hunting with the men, for partridges by day and for 'coons and 'possums by night. Sometimes



WHEN YOUNG SAM CLEMENS RAN AWAY. "THERE WERE LAMPTON RELATIVES, ONE OF WHOM, A COUSIN, TOOK HIM HOME."


the little boy followed the hunters all night long and returned with them through the sparkling and fragrant morning, fresh, hungry, and triumphant, just in time for breakfast. So it is no wonder that Little Sam, at nine, was no longer Little Sam, but plain Sam Clemens, and grown up. If there were doubtful spots in his education—matters related to smoking and strong words—it is also no wonder, and experience even in these lines was worth something in a book like "Tom Sawyer."

The boy Sam Clemens was not a particularly attractive lad. He was rather undersized, and

his head seemed too large for his body. He had a mass of light sandy hair, which he plastered down to keep from curling. His eyes were keen and blue and his features rather large. Still, he had a fair, delicate complexion when it was not blackened by grime and tan; a gentle, winning manner; a smile and a slow way of speaking that made him a favorite with his companions. He did not talk much and was thought to be rather dull—was certainly so in most of his lessons—but, for some reason, he never spoke that every playmate in hearing did not stop, whatever he was doing, to listen. Perhaps it would be a plan for a new game or lark; perhaps it was something droll; perhaps it was just a casual remark that his peculiar drawl made amusing. His mother always referred to his slow fashion of speech as "Sammy's long talk." Her own speech was even more deliberate, though she seemed not to notice it. Sam was more like his mother than the others. His brother Henry Clemens, three years younger, was as unlike Sam as possible. He did not have the "long talk," and was a handsome, obedient little fellow whom the mischievous Sam loved to tease. Henry was to become the *Sid* of "Tom Sawyer," though he was in every way a finer character than *Sid*. With the death of little Benjamin, Sam and Henry had been drawn much closer together, and, in spite of Sam's pranks, loved each other dearly. For the pranks were only occasional, and Sam's love for Henry was constant. He fought *for* him oftener than *with* him.

Many of the home incidents in the "Tom Sawyer" book really happened. Sam did clod Henry for getting him into trouble about the colored thread with which he sewed his shirt when he came home from swimming; he did inveigle a lot of boys into white-washing a fence for him; he did give pain-killer to Peter, the cat. As for escaping punishment for his misdeeds, as described in the book, this was a daily matter, and his methods suited the occasions. For of course *Tom Sawyer* was Sam Clemens himself, almost entirely, as most readers of that book have imagined. However, we must have another chapter for *Tom Sawyer* and his doings—the real *Tom* and his real doings with those graceless, lovable associates, *Joc Harper* and *Huckleberry Finn*.

(To be continued.)



Double Vision

by Elsie Dana Girrioeer



I

MY grandma's spectacles are queer—
It 's almost like a game ;
She says she has two pairs of them,
Although they look the same.
One pair makes tiny things seem big,
"Enlarged," she says it 's called ;
The other makes big things seem small—
I 's pose they are *ensmalled*.

I never see her change them, but she always seems to know
Just when to see things pretty small—and when to make 'em grow!





II

Some days folks think I'm 'quisitive,
And bother 'round a lot;
Her specs just twinkle as she 'splains,
"She's such a *little tot!*"
But when she gives me gingerbread,
Or cookies, for a treat,
She says, "A great *big girl* like you
Needs lots and lots to eat!"



III

I saved some choc'lates for her once—
Some teeny little ones—
She said I was "an angel" an'
They looked "as big as buns"!
But when I dropped my mug, and made
A big spot on the mat,
She said, "It won't be seen at all,
A *little* thing like that!"



I'm saving all my pennies, and I'm going to buy two pairs
Of spectacles for Father,—the kind my grandma wears.



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A SECRET.—FROM THE PAINTING BY HEINRICH SPERLING.

THE END OF THE ROAD

BY BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST

MARGARET WALLACE put out a hand and steadied herself by the seat in front. Through the window she could see the engine climbing a curve, the dogged, snorting, panting little engine that the time-table told her had so nearly come to the end of the road. For two minutes she watched it nose its way into a fresh fold of the hills; then the cars straightened into line and she lost it. The girl straightened, too, and gazed ahead with the face of a soldier going into action. She had not been brought up to consider the possibility of shirking situations not to her liking, and it did not occur to her to begin now. Her nearest approach to it was a sudden almost passionate affection for the swinging, swaying, jerky bouncings of the train. She wanted the motion to go on, if not forever, at least for several hours. The issues that waited at the end of the road were too great to be faced without a tremor.

She did not look timid or panic-stricken, this slender girl in black with the quiet brown eyes and capable hands, the piquant nose and obstinate chin,—a trifle pale, perhaps, but that might be due to weariness. One does not travel eleven thousand miles without acquiring the right to be tired, and the dust and soot of the train were discomforting even to her cosmopolitan experience.

Outside the car window the June hilltops reared rugged green shoulders against a blue New England sky. From within, Margaret Wallace eyed them, unregarding.

What she saw in her mind's eye, what held her inner vision, was a square-cut, determined face atop a sturdy tweed-clad boy's body. A smudge of black brows crossed the face, and beneath them twinkled two mischievous black eyes. That was all the salvage Margaret's memory had secured from the first four years of her life. Shortly after her fourth birthday Jack had disappeared. Something her mother called letters took his place. In time, Margaret learned to call them letters, too, and to look regularly for the "American mail." In time, she gathered from her father's conversation that it had been necessary to his theories to send his son home to be educated. "A man ought to grow up in his own country, sir, go to school with his fellows, to become the best kind of citizen. Otherwise, he never gets their point of view, never."

Apparently the quality of his daughter's citi-

zenship had not mattered. She had never been sent home. Margaret remembered a year when there had been infrequent references to some such project, allusions her mother hastened to assign to a vague future. Then it had become plainly impossible. Her mother died, and some one must take care of her father. Margaret took up the task at twelve. At seventeen, when the absent-minded student of Asiatic folk-music followed his wife, Margaret was an accomplished home-maker in six languages and twice as many dialects. But all she knew of her brother was gleaned from letters and occasional snapshots, which somehow seemed less real than her own four-year-old memories. Of course she had a mental picture of him, compounded of the snapshots (invariably unsatisfactory affairs) and the memories and the letters—descriptions of his schools and the fellows he knew, sports, and big games, and vacations at "Cousin Harriett's"—a composite that had never quite focused and that grew more and more indistinct and blurred as the train climbed higher.

She had no picture of Cousin Harriett. Even now she made no attempt to form one. Beside Jack, Cousin Harriett and Cousin Harriett's household did not count. It would have been pleasant, Margaret thought, if she could have faced the ordeal at the end of the next hour and a half without Cousin Harriett and her three sons and two daughters. But since that was clearly impossible, why wish things otherwise? What was the use of wishing?

As a child of four, she remembered passionately adoring Jack. She was not at all sure that she would like him now. He was a stranger, except for the letters. That they acquainted her with the shape and coloring of his life was the most that could be said for them. Perhaps hers had done as little for him. It was, of course, possible that Jack would not like her. She told herself quite simply that her father had not liked her. Neither had he disliked her. He had merely been too deeply absorbed in his work to think much about her. But if Jack did not like her, and she did not like him—Ah, that was a different matter!

Behind the mask of her quiet face Margaret cried out fiercely against the course of life that had brewed for her the draught of the next hours. When a girl grew up with her brother, each took the other as a matter of course, learn-

ing each other's ways in the making. Coming suddenly on each other like this,—fully made, so to speak,—they weighed and questioned. Yet it was n't decent even to imagine not liking one's only brother. It was cruel to imagine his not liking her.

Ordinarily, Margaret bestowed little thought upon herself. Now she faced the fact that she must be different in countless ways from the girls Jack knew. Not outwardly perhaps. Careful inspection of the girls on steamer and train had shown her that her clothes were right enough, thanks to the little Yokohama tailor. The difference lay deeper than clothes. She remembered the curious amazement of a girl on the steamer who discovered that "Miss Wallace" had never had her picture taken. In the face of the girl's frank astonishment Margaret had experienced a sharp sense of strangeness to the habits of her own people. Would Jack find her "queer"? And how would she find Jack?

She would know soon. Her train had been twenty hours late into Chicago. Even so, she should have come through yesterday, but for an enforced night at Albany. Much of to-day had been spent in junctions. Blessed delays! Now Jack must have broken free from the examinations that had prevented his meeting her on the road. She fancied him having hurried up from New Haven to the station, for reaching which he had sent her such specific directions. "It 's some stunt to find the way," he had written, "but a bit of all right when you get there." He would be on the platform, waiting. Her heart-beats quickened. It was a long way she had come, far longer, it seemed to her, than the eleven thousand miles by steamer and rail. Since her clock had struck four, she seemed to have been traveling all her life toward the station that was presently to bump out at her from the June evening.

Would it prove indeed the end of her road—"a bit of all right"—when she got there?

Sunset was already on the hills. Suddenly the girl saw it with conscious eyes. She leaned forward, a flush of startled color brightening her cheeks. As she did so, there came a bump that dwarfed all the other bumps to smoothness. The train shuddered, recoiled, rocked wildly, and rolled down the bank!

The first coherent thought that swung out of chaos into Margaret Wallace's consciousness

carried with it strong irritation. "Now I shall not get there in an hour!" It revealed to her that her shrinking had masked a greater longing! The irritation passed as suddenly as it had come. She stretched carefully and decided that she was not hurt. Was anybody hurt? She tried to get out and found herself pinned helplessly. Beside her rose a child's frightened crying, oddly muffled. She remembered that at the last station a little girl had taken the seat across the aisle. "Are you hurt?" Margaret asked.

The child cried on.

"Stop!" ordered the girl, peremptorily. "Stop instantly."

The child stopped from sheer surprise.

"You are not going to cry," Margaret told her. "You are too big a girl and too brave to do that. Here is my hand.

Can you reach it? Now hold tight. You are not hurt, are you?"

"I—don't—know." The words choked on a sob.

"I will help you find out. We will make a game of it." The

soft voice with its precise intonations, the speech of one who has never met a language in its disheveled undress, threw the words at the child gaily. "First, tell me your name, please."

"Eunice—Eunice Gray."

"I like that name. Mine is Margaret. Now for the game. Your left hand is the one I hold, is it not?"

"No, that 's my right hand. Oh, I don't like this plushy stuff in my mouth."

"That is n't plush," Margaret said promptly. "It is—asphodel. Are you lying on your face?"

"Yes. What 's asphodel?"

"A flower. A flower that grows in the grass. Don't think it is plush against your cheek. Think it is grass—full of asphodels. Now I shall begin to count. When I say three, move your left arm. One—two—three!"

"Where do I put it?"

"Brush it through the grass gently, very gently."

"It hits something."

"Something hard?"

"Awful hard."

"A rock among the asphodels. Now try to move your left leg. Think which it is. You have it now? One—two—three!"

"I want to turn over," said the child when she had reported successfully on her limbs.



Margaret laughed, a deliberate, reassuring little laugh. "That," she said, "is another game. Did you ever hear of a magician?"

"There's one in my fairy book at home."

"I will tell you a secret. There is a magician here too."

"Honest?"

"Yes—honest. You are a princess, a lovely princess, and like the lovely princess in your book at home— She is lovely, is she not?"

"She's just bee-yeautiful!" breathed the child.

"Like that princess, you are in a magician's power. So am I, for I am a princess, too. This magician is almost always a good magician, but he is very powerful. When the bad imps plague him, he grows cross sometimes and throws princesses into prison."

"Are we in prison?" asked an awed voice.

"Yes, indeed!" Margaret said cheerfully. "But remember the grass full of asphodels under your cheek. You cannot turn over because the magician will not let you, that is, not just yet. He cannot help what we do when the good fairies set us free. Listen!"

"Anybody down there?" called a ringing voice directly above them.

"Two." Margaret lifted the words clearly. "We are not hurt, but we cannot get out."

"We'll fix that. Just a minute now."

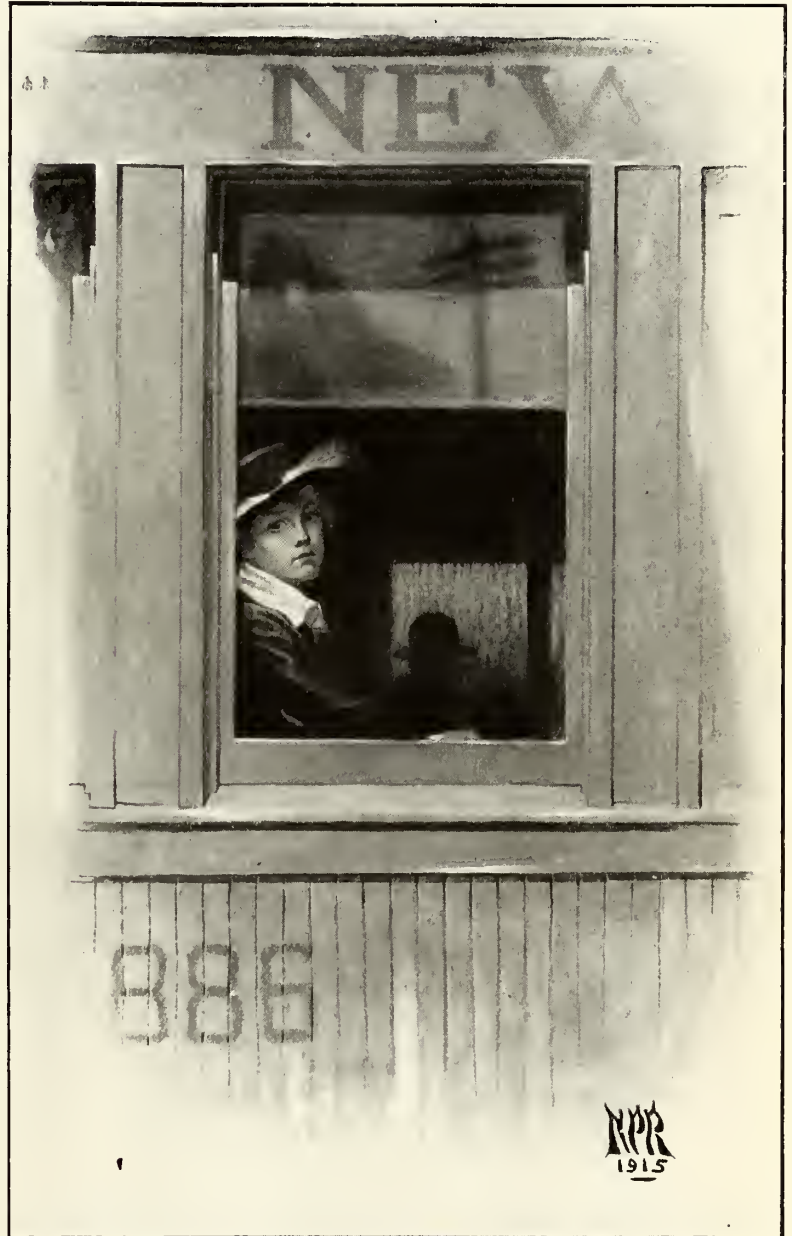
Wood splintered under the blows of an ax. Confused sounds came down to the two under the wreckage, sounds of strain and struggle.

"The fairies are coming," the girl told Eunice. "They are fighting the magician, fighting him with steel and with their bare hands to let us out of prison."

"Real fairies? Are they *real*?" asked the child.

"Very, *very* real fairies. Of course you know there are a great many kinds of fairies?"

"Tell me," said the child. "Tell me about them."



"ONE DOES NOT TRAVEL ELEVEN THOUSAND MILES WITHOUT ACQUIRING THE RIGHT TO BE TIRED."

So Margaret told about fairies, talking out of a mind stored alike with Arabian musings and far-Eastern dreamings. Strange, fantastic, curious lore it was to which Eunice Gray listened, absorbed. She forgot both prickly plush and

imagined asphodels; she failed to notice how the minutes passed. Voices and sounds had no power to disturb her so long as that one soft clear voice, so near her ear, kept on.

Early in the telling, space opened above Margaret. A dark sun-tanned young face appeared in the opening; a hand reached down to her.

"Now!" commanded the brisk, ringing tones. "Pull your feet clear and put up your hands."

"A great yellow dragon?" came the muffled ecstasy of lips against plush. The hand in Margaret's squeezed excitedly.

"The little girl first," Margaret pleaded. "She might be lonely without me."

"Where— Oh, I see."

The face bent lower, the black eyes peered keenly under the wreckage, studying its distorted mass.

Over his shoulder he spoke. "Pass the saw."

Very carefully, very slowly Margaret drew herself nearer to the child's head. The little body lay as yet inextricably cut off from succor. Margaret set her lips to the pink ear and told on, entrancingly. Above she could see the rescuers. Their figures loomed against a twilight sky. A star began to burn above the early dusk of the woods. Lanterns appeared. Her eyes followed the motions of the active figure with the saw. He was so strong, so splendid, what she would like Jack to be.

Now and then he spoke to her. "All right down there? Let us know if you want anything. We've got to rip away most of this pile to get her out."

Once she asked him, "Is any one—badly hurt?"

"Nobody that I know of. Engineer's the worst. They're still working at the other car."

Once a new voice, gruff, imperative, barked out of the invisible. "Want any help here?" And the crisp ringing tones she liked answered: "Catch hold and push. Not there! You'll bring it all down if you touch that."

And still she told on, racking her brain for forgotten stories, discarding, adapting, embroidering, weaving a magic world whose wonders caught the child up out of all sense of the things around her. The older girl seemed to herself only a voice, an endless voice that would never stop, that perhaps could not stop if it would.

Then the clinging hand let go reluctantly, and the little girl was lifted out overhead. Again the dark young face bent down to Margaret. The brows were a black smudge in the fitful light. She started to rise and felt herself swung up in strong arms into a dream where lanterns flickered and people crowded about, and a hatless disheveled woman, clasping the child who had sat

across the aisle, clamored to take her away; where she tried to walk and stumbled from sheer stiffness, and eventually found herself seated by the road-bed at the side of a spare, beak-nosed woman who was eating a sandwich. Sandwiches were in Margaret's hands, too. While she nibbled, her eyes followed an active figure that ranged in and out of the lantern light. There were other figures, also active, also inspecting the wreck; Margaret saw only one.

With the suddenness of a jack-in-the-box he shot up before her. "Oh, here you are!"

She offered him a sandwich.

"Thanks. Golly, but that tastes good! How far do you go?"

"To the end of the road."

"Then you want to get into one of these autos straight away. They're going to motor us in."

The beak-nosed woman followed them. He handed her into the tonneau of a five-passenger and turned to Margaret.

"This your bag?"

"Yes. Where did you find it?"

"Among the splinters. Keep the seat for me, will you?"

He darted away, and Margaret sank down with a novel sensation of being cared for,—she who for five years now had borne the brunt of looking out for two. A minute later he was back, wrapping something about the shoulders of the spare woman, holding a man's coat up to Margaret.

"Better put it on. You'll be cold riding."

"But you—"

"I'm warm enough."

He snapped the door shut and the car started.

For a minute it slid over the ground in silence. Then the front seat threw out a query; the spare woman answered, and the inevitable wordy rehearsal of the accident began. Under cover of the talk the boy and girl sat silent.

"Do you mind my telling you—I've got to anyhow," the boy said at last, "that you're all right? *All right!* My sister went through yesterday, and I thought I could n't stand it to have anything interfere with my getting on quick, but—Well, nobody was killed, and I'm glad of the spill. What were you telling that kid?"

"Fairy stories," said Margaret, softly.

"I caught a word now and then. Took me back to when I was a kid myself—on the other side of the world."

The girl's heart stopped beating. She turned toward him.

"On the other—side of—the world?" she faltered. "Why, that is where I learned them. Who are you? *Who are you?*"

She could not see his face distinctly, but the arm that steadied her was trembling.

"Don't tell me you 're my sister, you plucky lit-

voice spoke beside the open door of the tonneau. "Flat tire," it drawled. "I guess you two will have to let me git at what 's under that seat if we



"DON'T TELL ME YOU 'RE MY SISTER, YOU PLUCKY LITTLE KID, YOU!"

tle kid, you! I say, *did n't* she go through yesterday?"

"*Jack!*" breathed Margaret.

SOMEWHAT later a voice penetrated their consciousness. The car was resting quietly, and the

make out to push through to the end o' the road this evenin'."

The boy sprang out and the girl followed him.

"I don't have to push through," she said happily, under her breath, her arm in her brother's.

"I got there an hour ago."

FIGHTING SHIPS

THEIR CLASSIFICATION AND THE WORK THEY DO

BY FRANK E. CHANNON

(Late of the United States Navy)

(Photographs, with one exception, taken by E. Müller, Jr.)



THE U. S. BATTLE-SHIPS *UTAH* AND *FLORIDA* IN A HEAVY SEA OFF HATTERAS.

© E. Müller, Jr.

ONE reads that the English *pre-dreadnought* battle-ship *Formidable* has been torpedoed by a German *submarine*; that the German *armored cruiser* *Blücher* has been sunk by the British *battle-cruiser* *Lion*; that a German torpedo sank the *super-dreadnought* *Audacious*; or that the *light cruisers* of the enemy formed a screen about this or that vessel, but were driven off by the *protected cruisers*. The *destroyers* are depicted as rescuing many sailors, and a *torpedo-boat* renders valuable service by towing in a disabled *depot-ship*. Or we read that all the German vessels except one succeeded in reaching the protection of their *mine-field*.

The list of italicized words might be increased considerably if one considers the fighting units in the air—the *Zeppelins*, *Taubes*, *Parsivals*, *monoplanes*, and *biplanes*. The purpose of this article is, however, to make plain the terms applied to naval forces; to show wherein an *armored cruiser* differs from a *protected* one,—the distinction between *pre-dreadnoughts*, *dreadnoughts*, and *super-dreadnoughts*,—to compare the duties of *destroyers* with those of *torpedo-boats*; to tell why *submarines* may perhaps be “hovered” by their “parent-ships,” etc.

When in Spanish War days Captain Clark

made the name of the U. S. battle-ship *Oregon* famous by bringing her around Cape Horn from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean, his great ship was one of the mightiest afloat, able successfully to exchange broadsides with any ship on the seven seas. Yet to-day, were the *Oregon* placed in line against any of her modern sisters of the United States Navy, in a very short time she would lie a battered hulk before their guns. So rapid has been the development of naval architecture that ten years is approximately the life of a battle-ship as a unit fit to be reckoned with first-class fighting ships.

It has been stated that on the morning preceding the battle between the *Monitor* and the iron-plated *Merrimac* the fighting naval force of Great Britain consisted of over two hundred ships, and that on the evening of the same day it boasted only two—the *Warrior* and her sister ironclad. This drastic reduction was on account of the proved superiority of ironclads over wooden ships, as shown by the battle between the two American vessels.

In a modified degree, the same state of affairs obtained when Great Britain commissioned her first *dreadnought* ten years ago. That vessel, bearing the name *Dreadnought*, established a

classification that compelled all previous battle-ships to be known as *pre-dreadnoughts*; and after a short time, when still larger calibered and more numerous guns, coupled with greater speed and

ships designed, or improved, upon the now famous first dreadnought.

This first ship carried a total of ten 12-inch guns, in five turrets, three of the turrets being



THE U. S. SUPER-DREADNOUGHT *NEW-YORK* MAKING 23 KNOTS AN HOUR.

© E. Müller, Jr.

NOTE BY THE PHOTOGRAPHER ON "SNAP-SHOTTING" A DREADNOUGHT COMING AT FULL SPEED.

I knew the course off Rockland, Maine, which the *New-York* had been ordered to cover on her high-speed trial, and early in the morning I set out in my motor-boat from Rockland to intercept her. After we had bobbed about for several hours on the long Atlantic swell, the *New-York* appeared on the horizon, making more than 23 knots an hour. When she had reached a point about half a mile from us, we ran directly across her bow and stopped the engine, so that there should be no vibration to cloud the picture. I took my camera and stood on the stern of our little craft to wait until the last moment at which escape would be possible. As the huge ship plowed nearer and nearer, lifting the swells for 50 yards on either side of her into mammoth bow-waves, I was seized by an almost irresistible impulse to snap the shutter and escape; but my training in facing danger to secure an artistic picture came to my aid, and I held my place on the bobbing stern until the onrushing monster was only 75 feet away. Then I pressed my bulb, leaped back into the cockpit, and yelled to the mechanic to start the engine. The engine refused to start! For seconds that seemed like hours he swung the engine over and over. The battle-ship loomed up gigantically above us, and I could see men running about on the bridge and pointing to us. There seemed to be no chance whatever to avoid being crushed under the steel forefoot or engulfed by the foaming bow-wave. But just as I was about to jump, the engine started and we cleared the side of the battle-ship by several yards only. The bow-wave seized us and spun us about like a top, until it seemed that we would surely "turn turtle." But, somehow or other, the little motor-boat stayed right side up, and we made for Rockland with our nerves decidedly unstrung. My camera had been lying at the bottom of the boat, and I did not think further about the picture until I reached my studio in New York. Then, to my amazement, when I developed the plate I found that I had secured the most remarkable picture of my career, and perhaps the finest picture of a battle-ship racing at full speed which has ever been taken.—E. MÜLLER, JR.

better shell-resisting armor, were placed upon vessels of her class, the new ships became known as *super-dreadnoughts*.

In the meantime, all nations had been quick to recognize the tremendously increased all-round effectiveness of the new vessels, and for their first line of offense and defense built only battle-

on the centre line, and the remaining two arranged one to starboard and one to port. This gave her a bow and stern fire of six 12-inch and a broadside delivery of eight 12-inch guns. The great disadvantage of this arrangement was that the second turret on the centre line had the fire of its guns masked forward, and they could only

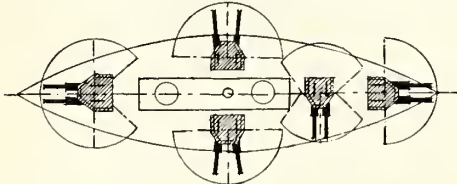
SIDE VIEW OF U. S. SUPER-DREADNOUGHT *NEW-YORK*.

© E. Müller, Jr.

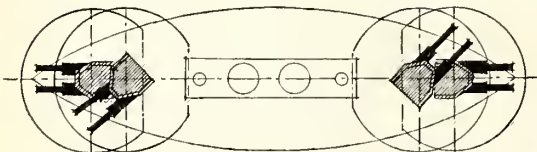
The *New-York* is the most powerful unit of the United States Navy now in commission. She is 575 feet long, is of 27,000 tons displacement, and has a speed of 23 knots. Her beam is 95 feet, her draught 28, and she carries a crew of 57 officers and 1100 men. Her armament consists of ten 14-inch guns and twenty-one 5-inch guns. She is a sister ship of the *Texas*.

be fought on either broadside, while the two side turrets obtained but a limited arc of fire. In subsequent British ships the second turret forward was raised, giving the vessel an end-on fire of eight guns. The port and starboard turrets were, however, retained in the same position.

The naval designers of the United States solved the problem of turret disposition by placing *all*



The original dreadnought, with a main battery of ten 12-inch guns. Showing how the fire of the second forward pair is masked by the turret ahead.



The super-dreadnought, with a main battery of eight 15-inch guns. Showing the sweeping all-round range of fire. Sometimes there are three guns on each turret.

their turrets on the centre line of the ship, thus making available *all* their guns on either broadside, and obtaining an end-on fire by elevating the rearmost turrets so that they fired over the forward ones.

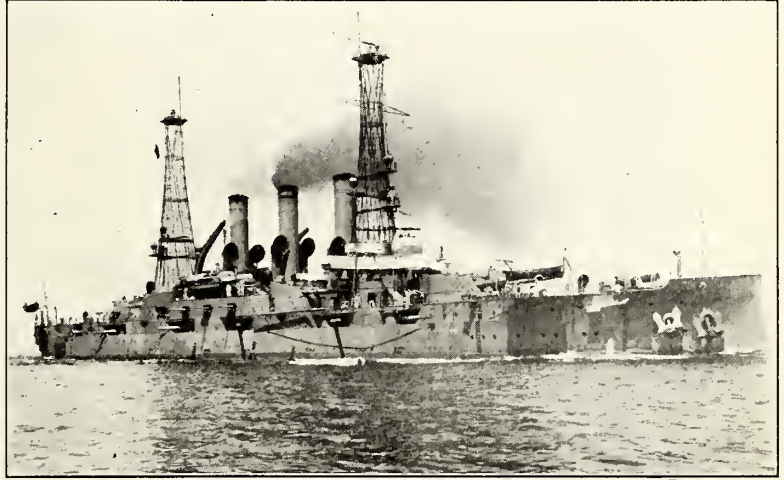
On the latest dreadnoughts 13.5-, 14-, 15-, and even, so it is rumored, 16-inch guns are being mounted. Their armor is of varying strength, being generally composed of a very thick water-line belt, tapering to four or six inches at the bow or stern, and, above this, side-armor of eight and ten inches in thickness. The turrets, conning-tower, and all the vitals of the great ships are heavily encased in armor. The speed of the ships is usually about twenty-two knots, but, as each new super-dreadnought comes off the stocks, the displacement is increased, permitting of greater efficiency in all departments—guns, armor, and speed. These are the “ships of the line” of the olden days. Their business is to fight, and, although their speed has increased with their displacement, their main duty is to give and to take hard knocks. Their great guns hurl a shell weighing nearly three-quarters of a ton, and in the recent North Sea battle they found the mark at a distance of nine and one half miles, while, in the Dardanelles bombardment, the *Queen Elizabeth* hurled her one-ton shells over a space of nearly fifteen miles. Besides their battery of great guns, the battle-ship of to-day mounts also ten, twelve, and even sixteen 6-inch guns, besides a powerful defense of rapid-fire pieces for repelling torpedo and submarine attacks.

Battle-cruisers are comparatively a new development in naval architecture. At present, the United States does not possess a single one of

these magnificent vessels. If the naval student were to-day asked what class of vessel in the present war has so far proved most effective, I am quite sure he would reply, "The submarine and the battle-cruiser." Let us consider the battle-cruisers while classifying ships.

These great vessels were first introduced by Great Britain, and already in the present war they have nearly all been in action and their value fully proved. In the Falkland Islands engagement it was the two battle-cruisers *Inflexible* and *Invincible* which battered to pieces and sunk the squadron of the German admiral. Without the presence of these two great ships, the British fleet would probably have been vanquished. The British Government succeeded in dispatching the two giants to reinforce their squadron without the knowledge of the Germans, and Admiral Sturdee, taking advantage of the singularly land-locked harbor of Port Stanley, in the Falklands, concealed their presence until after he had drawn the five German vessels well within range by exposing his weaker ships as a bait in the offing. Then, when once the action had well developed, the long, gray forms of the

Again, in the two North Sea actions the battle-cruiser has demonstrated its worth. Admiral Beatty had under his command even more powerful vessels of this class than had his colleague,



U. S. FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP *LOUISIANA*.

© E. Müller, Jr.

Admiral Sturdee, for the *Lion*, the *Tiger*, and the *Princess Royal* all mount eight 13.5-inch guns, two in each turret, placed, after the United States plan, on the centre line. Besides these, they carry sixteen 4-inch or twelve 6-inch guns, and their armor-belt is nine inches in thickness, as against seven inches in the two cruisers taking part in the Falkland Islands battle. The two other battle-cruisers in Admiral Beatty's squad-

ron are almost identical with the two commanded by Admiral Sturdee. The speed of the *Tiger* on her trial trip was 28.5 knots per hour, and the rest of the squadron was but little slower. It is stated, however, that in the "well contested running-fight" with the Germans they developed a speed of nearly thirty-five miles per hour. These battle-cruisers burn oil as well as coal.

The distinguishing difference, then, between battle-ships and battle-cruisers is: first, battle-cruisers carry the same caliber of guns, but fewer of them than does the battle-ship; second, the armor of the cruiser is not so thick; third, they possess greater speed, enabling them to bring into action at high speed their great guns; fourth, their radius of action is



THE BRITISH BATTLE-CRUISER *LION*. © Underwood & Underwood.

monster battle-cruisers came tearing out at a twenty-five knot speed, their 12-inch guns opened fire, and the fight became one of battle-cruisers against armored cruisers. The result we know.

greater than that of the battle-ship—that is, their coal- and oil-supply and general maintenance arrangements are larger, permitting them to steam greater distances without going into port.



THE U. S. ARMORED CRUISER
SOUTH DAKOTA.

To sum up, they possess, roughly speaking, about two thirds of the hitting power and defense of the battle-ship, but their greater speed permits them to take their tremendous powers of offense and defense to any part of the threatened line in much quicker time than can the battle-ship.

Armored cruisers are less powerful than battle-cruisers. They have not such powerful guns or armor as the latter; neither can they steam as fast. The United States has many fine specimens of the armored cruiser afloat. They usually mount a large number of 8-, 9-, or 10-inch guns, with a secondary battery of 4-, 5-, or 6-inch guns, besides the usual number of machine- and rapid-fire guns. Their armor-belt is sometimes as thick as that of the battle-cruiser, but they cannot steam at the tremendous speed of the latter class of ship.

The British *Good Hope* and *Monmouth*, sunk by the Germans off the coast of Chili in November, were armored cruisers; so were the two German ships *Schärnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, sent to the bottom by Admiral Sturdee's battle-cruisers in December last off the Falkland Islands. Their batteries of eight 8-inch guns were almost powerless before the mighty salvo of the 12-inch guns, while the speed of the British battle-cruisers enabled them to overhaul the Germans and force

them to fight. Indeed, it would almost appear that the day of the *armored* cruiser is over; that cruisers in the future will either be battle-cruisers, or light cruisers possessing tremendous speed, which will enable them to do their work and get away from the powerful ships when cornered.

Protected cruisers. These ships are frequently as large as the armored ones, but their main distinguishing difference is that they possess no armored belt. They are *protected*, instead of *armored*. Their protection usually consists of a curved armored deck inside, instead of an



THE U. S. PROTECTED CRUISER CHARLESTON.

armored belt outside, which of course is a much lighter defense than that of the armored cruiser.

The main object of war-ship designers, when dealing with armor, is to protect what is called "the vitals" of the ship—to so *shield* the craft that its engines, its buoyancy, and its steaming qualities shall not be endangered. For this purpose, in *armored* ships they rely on a belt, supplementing that by interior defenses, such as an armored deck, the arrangement of coal-bunkers, etc. In the *protected* class of ships the belt is dispensed with altogether, and the stability of the vessel is assured by an armored deck curved over the sides, by the disposition of the bunkers, etc. The gun positions, too, in armored ships are heavily encased, while on the protected class this defense is lighter, usually consisting of shields instead of turrets.

The United States is well supplied with protected cruisers. You will usually be able to dis-

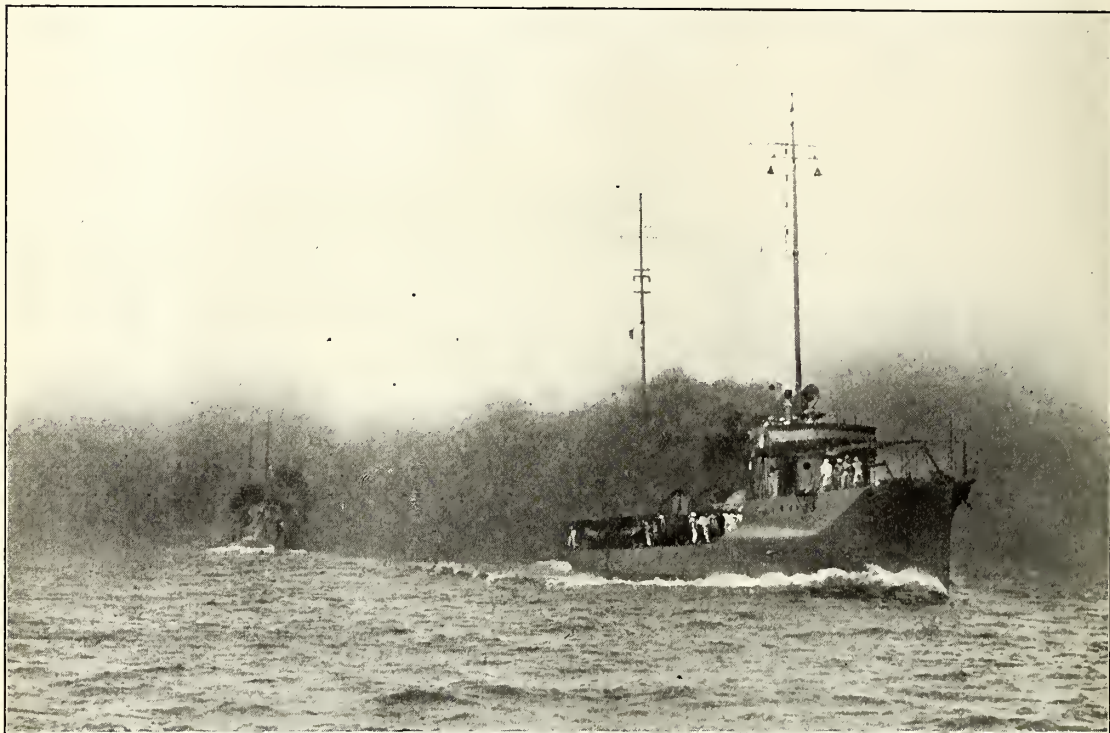


"THE *DESTROYER* SHOOTS ALONG WITH THE VELOCITY
OF AN EXPRESS-TRAIN."

© E. Müller, Jr.

tinguish them by remembering that medium-sized cities give their names to them. In fact, in this connection it is quite useful to remember that, as a rule, in the United States Navy the battle-ships and large armored cruisers are named after States; that sometimes the largest cities give their names to armored cruisers, while the smaller cruisers are named, as we have said, after less

The *light cruiser* is unarmored. It possesses no belt, no armored deck, but relies only on its steel walls to keep out the shells of its foe. It is fast, and light of draft, enabling it to penetrate into shallow waters, to reconnoiter, to chase and to bring to action the "destroyers" of its enemy. It is a "scout" ship; it forms a "fringe" around the advancing fleet of heavier vessels, and guards



U. S. DESTROYERS MAKING A "SMOKE-SCREEN" TO HIDE BATTLE-SHIPS FROM SUBMARINES, OR TO CONCEAL THEIR OWN ATTACK.

© E. Müller, Jr.

important cities; that the names of our illustrious men are given to torpedo-boats, while submarines are distinguished by letters and numbers. A little observation in this respect will quickly give one a line on the class of United States ships, and when one reads that "The *U.S.S. Arkansas* has called at Malta," he will at once understand that an American *first-class battle-ship* is touching at the Mediterranean port; or when he notes the cabled news that "*U.S.S. Nashville* is coaling at Hong-Kong," he will understand that a United States *protected cruiser* is replenishing her bunkers at the far eastern port.

The probable future for the protected cruiser is that it will increase in size and speed; that it will be merged into the present armored cruiser; and that in company with the latter it will be eventually absorbed by the great battle-cruiser.

them against destroyer, torpedo-boat, or submarine attack; it sometimes acts as "mother" or "parent" to the latter class of boats.

The duties demanded of the light cruiser are heavy. This may seem to be a contradictory statement, but is a fact. The eyes of its crew must ever be "peeled"—watching, waiting and alert, for the first sign of danger; ready to rush in and succor its dependent destroyers, torpedo-boats, or submarines, or equally ready to charge in and annihilate the same vessels of its enemy by the fire of its 4- and 6-inch guns. Sometimes it is given to one of these ships to carve for itself an immortal name, as in the case of the German *Emden*, which by its adroitness managed to elude its enemy for so long a period, doing, in the meantime, incalculable damage to the shipping of its country's foes, until finally brought to book by *H.M.S. Sidney*.



PART OF A SMOKE-SCREEN MADE BY TWO DESTROYERS.

© E. Müller, Jr.

A smoke-screen, well under way, which runs for a hundred miles, and is made from the heavy smoke caused by the oil burners. This smoke hangs over the water for many hours, which enables the Destroyers to make attacks without being seen by the enemy. They have done remarkable work off Narragansett Bay within the last few months, demonstrating this particular phase of warfare, which has proven that they can either attack or defend a Battle-ship Fleet by "blanketing" the fleet in case of defense or screening themselves while attacking. Every one of our submarines has been disabled by these Destroyers, and this battle-practice has proved them to be the most useful boats in our Navy, as they are able to cross the ocean many times, being four hundred tons larger than our former Destroyers.

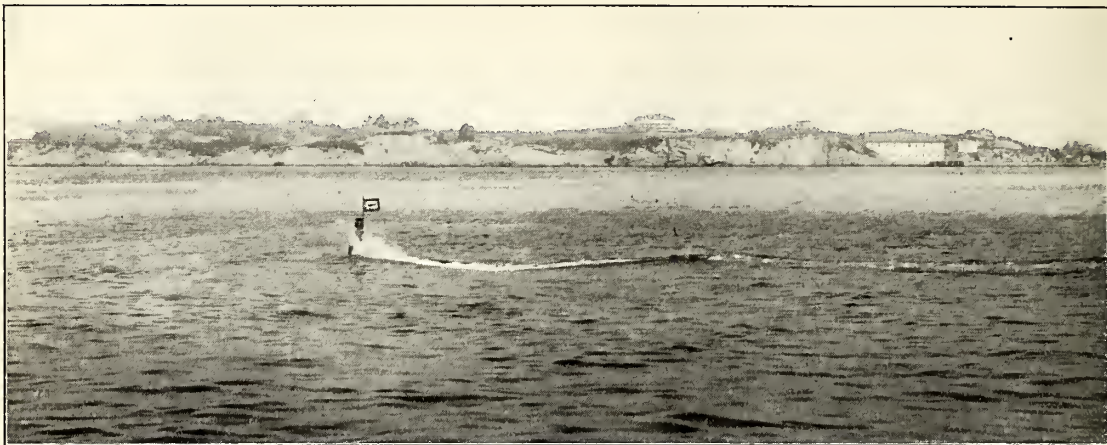
The United States has many vessels of this class. As in the case of nearly all kinds of naval craft, there is a constant change in its size, power, and speed, and it is quite possible that, in the future, the destroyer and the light cruiser may be merged into one fast, powerful, hard-hitting light ship.

Destroyers. In these vessels the romance of the service, perhaps with the possible exception of the submarine, reaches its greatest intensity. If one has ever seen one in manœuvres or in action, it is a sight he will never forget. It shoots along with the velocity of an express-train, its bows cased-in for one third of its length, protecting the craft from "taking it green," or from the drenching spray whirled up as the boat tears along; each slender mast, with its little bit of bunting standing out like a painted tin flag in the fierce onrush; its three or four funnels belching volumes of dense smoke, occasionally streaked by a red flame; its long, low-lying rail aft almost awash, and behind it a maelstrom of seething, roaring foam. Forward, behind its thin shield, is the long, inquiring barrel of its 3- or 4-inch gun, and, on the bridge

above, the figure of its youthful officer, clinging to the spidery superstructure, peering with intense eyes through his glasses into the wild waste of gray waters beyond.

The destroyer was designed some years ago to prey upon the torpedo-boat—hence its name, "torpedo-boat destroyer," now shortened to "destroyer." It was designed and built to be faster than the torpedo-boat, so that it might overhaul and sink the pest of the sea with its hail of 4-inch shells. It has grown in size until now it has reached a displacement of between two and three thousand tons; frequently carries three and even four 4-inch guns; can steam at forty miles and more per hour, and keep the sea for long periods.

It can readily overhaul and shoot to bits the torpedo-boat, and by reason of its great speed it is able to avoid the deadly submarine; in fact, several instances are on record in the present war where it has even charged down and sunk the slinker of the sea. The destroyer was expected to do much in the present war, and it has fully lived up to expectations. It is gratifying for us to know that our Government possesses a



THE PERISCOPE OF A SUBMARINE SHOWING JUST ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE WATER.

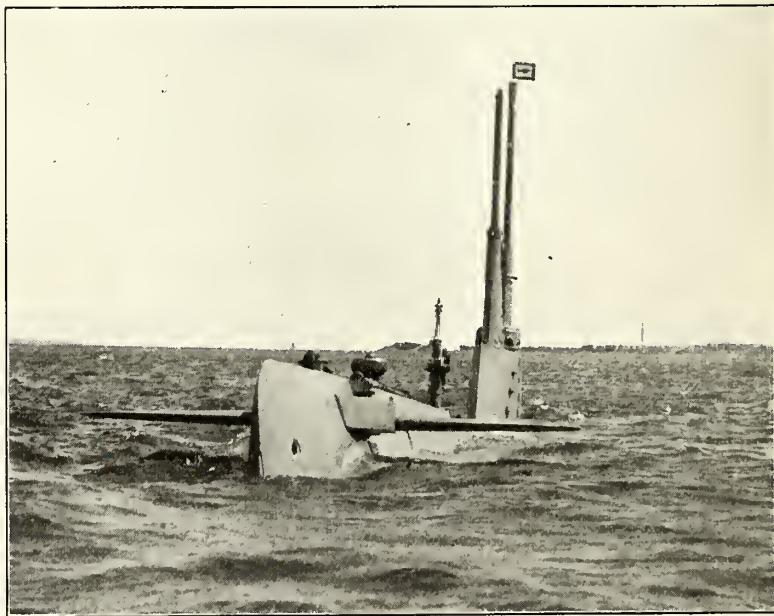
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large number of these dashing, daring knights of the sea.

The day of the small *torpedo-boat* in the navy would appear to be almost over. By reason of its smaller displacement it cannot compete either in speed, power, or sea-keeping ability with its enemy, the destroyer. It is still being built and will continue to be built for some years, but apparently its only usefulness will lie in the fact that, by reason of its lesser draft, it can enter shoal waters from which the destroyer is debarred, or it may act as convoy, and do duty on patrol and scout work, although for all these the destroyer appears to be better fitted. In all probability the torpedo-boat will grow to the size of the destroyer, and the latter will increase until its displacement is little below that of the present scout-cruiser.

The exploits of the *submarine* have been so heralded that its fame is now widely sung. Sir Percy Scott, the great British naval tactician and expert, long ago predicted that the submarine would come into its own, and to a great extent his prophecy has been verified. The Germans have indeed wrought havoc with their daringly handled under-water craft, but a careful analysis of the situation brings out the conclusions that the submarine has not by any means rung the

knell of the great battle-ship and battle-cruiser. Until the submarine shall be capable of keeping the sea for long periods, the command of the ocean will still rest, as it does to-day, with that power whose capital ships can stay there in fair or foul weather, and which can meet and fight successfully their opponent's capital ships, or prevent them from venturing forth.



SUBMARINE E-2 RISING FROM THE WATER AFTER BEING SUBMERGED 18 HOURS.

© E. Müller, Jr.

The projections (which can be withdrawn) are for keeping the vessel on an even keel under water, and for use in ascending or descending

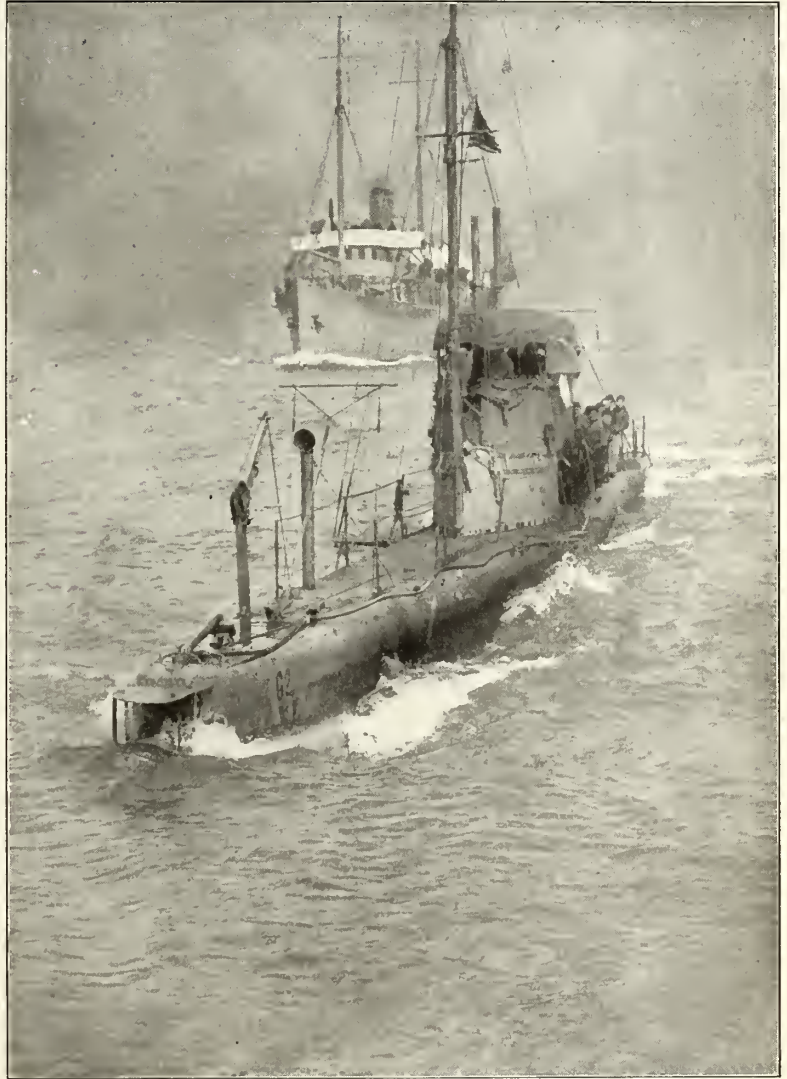
No case is yet on record of any submarine torpedoing a ship moving at any great speed. All the disasters to the British navy have occurred while its ships were either stationary or moving

slowly; and again, it should be pointed out that nearly all these disasters have happened to more or less antiquated vessels, for with the exception of *H.M.S. Audacious*, concerning which we have no authentic information, almost all the torpedoed British ships were of the older classes. In the opinion of a great number of well-informed naval students, vessels moving at good speed and protected by a multiplicity of rapid-fire guns are still practically immune from successful under-water attack. Indeed, if this were not so, the British navy would not at the present time hold the command of the sea that it does. The war-ships of this navy still go and come where they will upon the ocean; they still have practically the complete command of the sea. Not without disasters, to be sure, but war cannot be undertaken without risks and some disasters. It is the main object attained or lost that constitutes the victor or the defeated, and the assertion that Great Britain rules the waves today even more completely than she did at the commencement of the war will not be denied by any close follower of the great naval operations.

It is possible that the value of the submarine in the future will be greatly increased by means of the "hovering" system — that mother-ships may be constructed in which the submarine may be carried to the scene of operations, and then liberated for the discharge of its deadly work. Indeed, such ships are stated to be already in existence; but granting this, a mother-ship "hovering" a submarine could be hunted down by a powerful battle-cruiser, escorted by destroyers which would seek out and annihilate the released submarine, while the mother-ship fell before the great guns of the battle-cruiser. Apparently, the value of the under-water craft will depend for a long time

upon its remaining comparatively close to its home port, to which, after destroying its victim, it can return again quickly.

Speed is the great protection of the great bat-



ONE OF OUR LATEST SUBMARINES—G-2—WITH
SUBMARINE TENDER FOLLOWING.

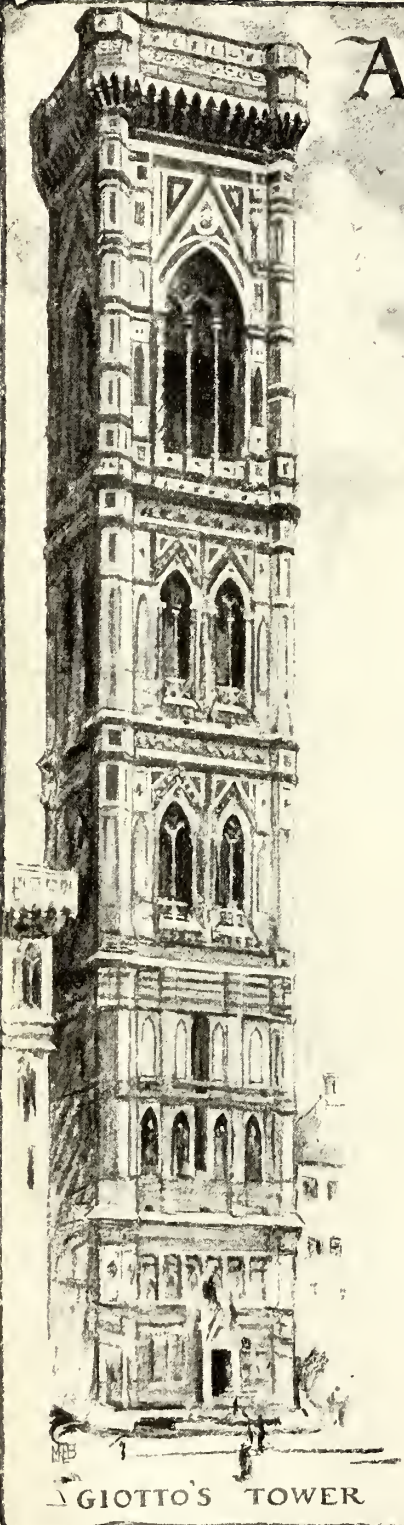
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tle-ships and cruisers; and so long as they can steam fast and keep moving, the danger from submarines is not nearly so great as it is popularly supposed to be.

The submarine in its present state has three great, almost disastrous, deficiencies, viz.: lack of radius of action; its slow speed; and its inability to strike without frequently coming to the surface for observations. The capital ships still hold "the command of the sea."

A SHEPHERD LAD OF TUSCANY~

By
Katherine D. Cather



APRIL had come, bringing flower and bird weather to the sweet Italian land of Tuscany, and even along the Apennine slopes, where the blossom carpet was not so heavy as in the sunny lowlands, buttercups and wild daffodils made golden rugs beneath the ilex-trees. They stretched away in shining patches to the vine-draped Fiesole hills, from which other rugs of gayer bloom and richer verdure sloped down to the silver Arno. Blue skies above, bird song and blossom breath sweetening the air, it was surely a time for merrymaking and joyous words. Yet two boys in charge of a flock on the hills above Vespignano looked at each other with excited faces, and the older one spoke so angrily to his companion that the lad winced as if struck.

"You have so little courage that even if you go, you won't amount to anything. So stay here, because you're not brave enough to try the world!"

The dark eyes of the younger were wide with hurt surprise.

"Do you mean that you think me a coward, Pasquali?" he asked, his sensitive lips quivering as if it required an effort to keep back the tears.

Pasquali shrugged his shoulders. He was fond of Giotto, and had not meant to grieve him, yet he felt provoked because he did not agree to his plan.

"Not exactly that," he replied more gently. "But can't you see that, as long as we stay here in Vespignano, we must go on herding sheep, while yonder in the city there is a chance of becoming rich?"

And as he spoke he pointed down to where Florence lay in her valley beside the Arno, all white and gold against the blue of the Lucca mountains, like a bit of fairy-land.

"It is beautiful there, Giotto," he urged; "with marble palaces instead of peasant huts, and the people wear fine clothes, and are happy. Come along, and be something bigger than a shepherd."

For a minute, Giotto's face was afire with anticipation. He knew that Cimabue, the greatest of Italian painters, would come soon to decorate the castello, and that the count was sending men to the city next day to be his escort. For weeks, Pasquali had been urging him to run away and join the cavalcade beyond Fiesole, from which point they could travel along together, and, as members of the noble's train, gain admission to Flor-

GIOTTO'S TOWER

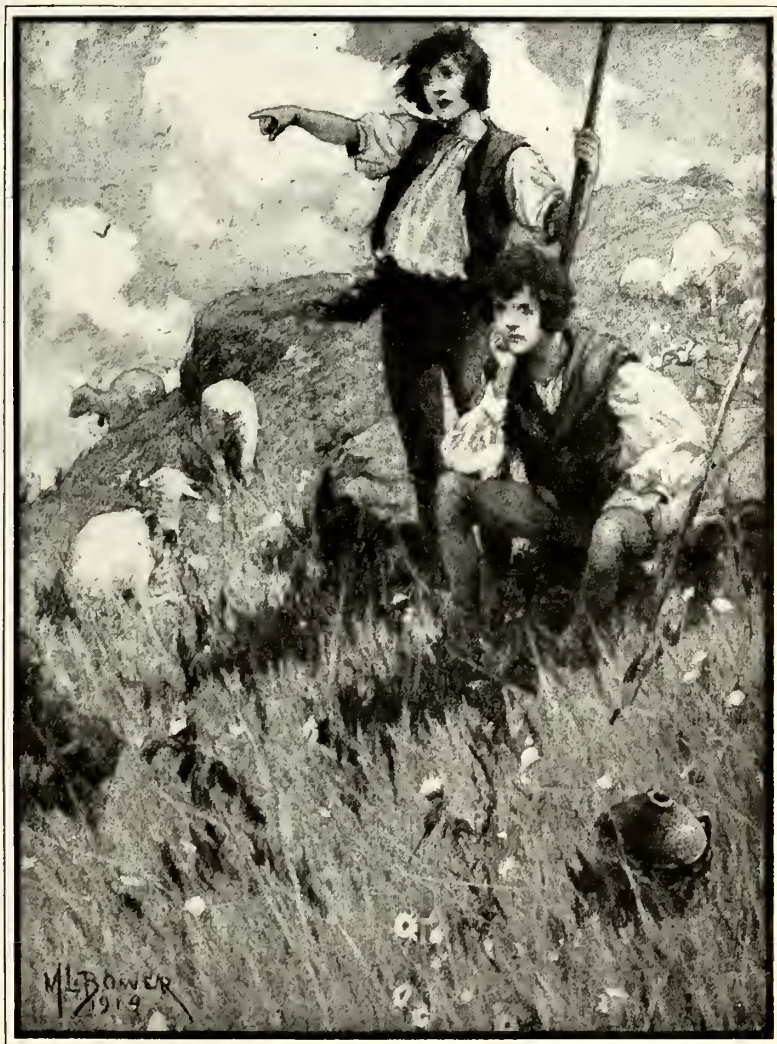
ence, which would not be possible for two boys alone. Pasquali had a golden flow of words, and so dazzling was his picture of the luxurious life they might lead there, that Giotto was almost persuaded. But it was only for a minute. Then he shook his head, and answered: "No, Father needs me here. Besides, I have no money, and even if it does seem cowardly, I am afraid to go to the city without even a lira."

Pasquali laughed, not pleasantly but with a sneer, as if to mock the fears of his companion. He was two years older, and so large and strong that he looked like a man. Little he hesitated about leaving Vespignano, and was so confident of his ability to make his way anywhere that he pressed his timid friend with promises to look out for him.

"You can send money home to your father, and even if it is a little hard at first, anything will be better than this lonely life of herding."

But as Giotto looked at the white-fleeced sheep around him, and then at the village below, he thought differently. He saw his grandfather, too old to follow a herd now, laughing with some of the children, as if all the world were glad, and his sister Teresa, dark-eyed and graceful, go singing into the hut where his grandmother sat spinning. Just beyond, white-haired Armando, bent and feeble too, hobbled along on his stick, beckoning and smiling to those who hailed him as he passed, while gay young Serafino, who had broken a leg a fortnight before while rescuing a lamb from a precipice, was taking the sun and trying to gain strength to go back to his flock. Shepherd folk all were they, and there were no merrier hearts in Tuscany. So if those could be happy who had never seen the city except as they looked down on its gleaming towers from the hills where they pastured their flocks, it did not seem a bad life after all. The ilex-tufted

slopes that Pasquali was so eager to leave were home to Giotto. He was born in a hut below, and, as far back as his memory went, could look out of its northern window on the Apennines. And there had always been the music of the Mugone stream, now yellow and muddy, now



"HE POINTED DOWN TO WHERE FLORENCE LAY BESIDE THE ARNO."

shimmering like a silver ribbon flung down from the peaks, as it hurried away to join the Arno. Pasquali was an orphan, and had lived in many places, one of which was as dear as another. But to the boy who had never been beyond the grazing lands, there was only one home spot, and that was in Vespignano. Why, then, should he leave it for a place where he would be friendless and might perhaps have to go hungry? And that question he put to Pasquali.

"Besides," he continued, "herding does n't seem so dreadful. I love my sheep, and often when the hours seem long I make pictures in the sand. Then I forget that I am lonely."

Pasquali sneered. "Stay on and be a shepherd if you think the life so fine. But look out that the count never catches you drawing when you are out with the sheep, for he will tell your father, and then there will be trouble. But I mean to be a great man, and do something finer than follow a flock."

And he strode away before Giotto could tell him that once, when he was drawing, the count had come by, and, instead of making trouble, had seemed much interested.

Pasquali kept his word and went away that night, and, in the days that followed, Giotto wondered much about him, hoping he would be successful in the city. Of course no word came back, for at that time letters had to go by courier, which cost so much that only the rich sent messages, while the poor had to be satisfied with wondering and hoping. He did not doubt that the lad would be able to make his way, for he was so big and strong that of course people would give him work, and Giotto even planned for the time when he might appeal to him.

"When I am older and can earn more," he mused, "I will go and ask Pasquali to help me find work; for, if I send a few lire home each week, it will not be hard for Father."

For little did he dream that a time would come when he would not need Pasquali's aid, and that Florence would be as proud of him as of her most illustrious prince.

Several days later, as he ate his lunch on the hillside, he heard the blare of trumpets announcing the arrival of Cimabue the painter, and saw the train go up to the castle gate. The splendidly groomed horses held their plumed heads high, while gold and silver mountings on saddle and bridle made them seem like fairy steeds. Banners and pennants floated, and brighter even than the scarlet coats of the attendants was the artist's crimson mantle: and, as the solitary lad watched the gorgeous cavalcade go into the courtyard and out of sight, he thought that to be a painter must be better than to be a prince. Then, taking up a piece of slate he had found that morning, he began making pictures of his sheep.

Everything else went out of his mind. He forgot that he was a peasant and lived in a poor hut, forgot everything in his love of sketching, and, as soon as one picture was finished, he rubbed it out and made another. Sometimes a lamb came up, caressing him with its velvet nose, or a soft-eyed ewe lay down at his feet. But he

did not know it. Nor did he hear hoofs advancing from behind, or see two riders alight from their mounts. He was still lost in his drawing when a voice said, "This is the shepherd lad of whom I told you, the one who makes pictures in the sand."

Giotto jumped in alarm. He knew it was the count who spoke, and feared that he would be angry because he had not greeted him as the low-born should those of rank. But the nobleman was not displeased, for he thought of something finer than social distinction, and, taking the slate from the weather-browned hand, he gave it to his companion.

"See, Cimabue!" he said. "This is how he passes his lonely hours."

Giotto caught the name and it thrilled him. Cimabue! The king of Italian painters! He would laugh at such poor sketching.

"Oh, sire, it is not worth looking at!" he exclaimed. "I did it just to keep from being lonely."

But Giovanni Cimabue did look at the slate, and, as he examined it, spoke some words to the count that the boy did not understand. Then he asked, "Would you like to be a painter?"

"A painter!" Giotto repeated. "Oh, yes, sire. But that is impossible, for Father is poor, and I must tend sheep."

"Opportunities come to those who deserve them," the great man replied, "and there is something for you beside a shepherd's life."

Then the two rode away, and, as they went, Giotto wondered what Cimabue meant. But he had not very long to wonder, for that same night they came to the peasant hut to ask that he might study painting. The decorations at the castle would require some weeks, and when the artist returned to Florence he would take the lad into his workshop. At first it seemed impossible that such a lovely thing could come to a herd boy, but when his father gave his word, and thanked both count and painter, he wondered what Pasquali would think, Pasquali, who had taunted him with being too much of a coward to try his fortune in the city.

Giotto did not lead his sheep to the slopes next day, nor any day thereafter. But all through the golden summer, when around Fiesole were billows of many-colored bloom, and his own hills of Vespignano were painted with orange and russet, he worked with Cimabue at the castle. Every morning, when the sunrise tints still hung like flaming poppies along the peaks, he went from the hut in the village, and he came back again at night to dream of his brushes and colors. The count let one of his own shepherds tend the Bondone flock, so his studies brought no hardship to

his people, and, as all the villagers loved him, so all were glad that he was to be a painter.

Meanwhile, in fair Florence, Pasquali was learning that the city is a monster waiting to devour those who approach her friendless and empty-handed. Day after day he tramped the

For weeks he slept under the sky and ate the bread of charity. Then, sick and discouraged, he started back to Vespignano.

Giotto, on his way home from the castle one evening, saw the weary, foot-sore lad go toward the hut that had once been his home, and wondered if it could be Pasquali,

who had been so eager to get away. Hunger had made hollows in his cheeks, and only the soft, dark eyes, and the hair curling about the brow in the old way made him sure it was his friend.

"Pasquali *mio*," he called, falling into the tender speech of the old shepherd days. "Why are you back? Did n't you like the city?"

"The city!" the boy repeated in horror. "It is a black hole of misery to those without money. It were better had I stayed here with the sheep, because now perhaps I cannot get any sheep to tend."

Giotto forgot that the boy had scorned him for not being brave enough to try the world. He thought only that his friend was troubled, and that he wanted to help him.

"I am sure you can," he comforted. "Come home with me to-night, and to-morrow I will ask the count to give you work."

So the two went together to the hut, where the shepherd fare seemed good indeed to the discouraged lad; and the next day, although he had all the help he really needed, the count pitied the runaway and took him back.

The frosts came, and the chestnut-trees on the slopes wore coats of bronze. The walls of the castello had been beautified until nothing was left to be done, and the painter prepared to leave Vespignano. Then Giotto went to the city, the same Florence in which Pasquali had urged him to seek his fortune in the spring. But he did not steal away like a thief in the night. He went instead as one who departs with honor. All the shepherds of the valley met to say good-by, and



"THEN GIOTTO WENT TO THE CITY."

streets from one shop to another, and up to doors of great houses where many servants were employed, looking for work, and always he was met with the question, "What can you do?"

"In Vespignano I was a shepherd," he would reply. "But the life was dull, so I came away."

"Better go back," those disposed to be kind would say. "The city is no place for country lads." While others drove him away with angry words.

the count himself, and Cimabue, the painter, rode beside him. No knight faring forth to conquest ever rode with higher hopes in his breast, and few have gone to greater honors. Hard work awaited him in the studio of the master, for Cimabue was an exacting teacher, and knew that, no matter how gifted, one does not excel except by painstaking, persistent effort of both hand and brain. But he was an appreciative teacher as well, and nothing pleased him as much as some new evidence of genius in the boy in whom he had such great faith.

Once he went away from the workshop, leaving Giotto busy there. The boy kept to his painting for a while, then, stopping to look at the half-finished work of his master, a mischievous idea possessed him. Seizing a brush, he painted a fly on the nose of the figure on the canvas, and so lifelike was his portrayal, that, when Cimabue returned, he tried to brush it away with his hand, before he discovered the trick his pupil had played on him. Yet he was not angry, for it was but another proof that the boy kept his eyes open and studied everything around him, without doing which no one can hope to be a painter.

Years passed, and Florence became a fairer and more glorious city because a peasant lad from the northern hills had taken up his abode there.

He became an architect as well as a painter, and, whenever a new palace was to be builded or an old one needed beautifying, it was Giotto who was chosen for the work, because no one in Italy wrought such wonders as he. The lords of the land called him from one city to another. Naples, Pisa, Ravenna, Assisi, and even imperial Rome, clamored for a show of his genius; and, whenever he gave his time to a piece of work, it was as if a fairy hand had touched it.

But in Florence his heart seemed to rest, and there he put forth his noblest effort. Those who followed strove to make their work as fine as his, so the city of the Arno came to be a place of wonderful achievement.

The story of its loveliness has spread to every land, and to-day it is the treasure-house of Italy, possessing an untold wealth of art and some of the noblest buildings in the world, the most wonderful among them having been glorified by the hand of Giotto.

"Giotto's Campanile," men still call the matchless bell-tower that rises beside the Duomo. But of the thousands who go there to see it, only a few know that he who planned and partly built it was once a shepherd whom Cimabue found drawing on a piece of slate as he tended his flocks on the hills of Tuscany.



THE SAPHIRE SIGNET

OR, THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-up House"

CHAPTER I

THE HOUSE IN CHARLTON STREET

IT was five o'clock and a very dull, dark afternoon in Charlton Street. One by one the lights had twinkled out in all the little two-story-and-dormer-windowed houses on the block,—in all but one. The parlor windows of this house were still unlit, but behind the flower-box in one of them a hand could be seen moving aside the white curtains at frequent intervals and a dim face peering anxiously into the dusk.

At ten minutes past five precisely, two trim girl-figures turned the corner of Varick Street, hurried down the block, raced to the steps of this same house, and waved frantically at the dark windows. An answering wave saluted them from between the parted curtains. At the same moment lights twinkled out from the windows, and a quick hand pulled down the shades with a jerk, shutting out the dim street for the night. But back of the drawn shades a small figure in an invalid-chair held out welcoming arms to the girls who had just entered.

"My! How long you were! I thought you 'd never get here to-day. And it 's been so dark and dismal all the afternoon, too!" The two girls, who were plainly twins, knelt down, one on each side of the invalid-chair.

"We *were* an age, I know, Margaret dear," began Bess, "but there was a good reason. It 's quite exciting,—all about the new girl!"

"Yes, you can never guess what, either!" echoed Jess, winding one of Margaret's dark curls around her finger.

"Oh, tell me—quick!" The child's big, beautiful gray eyes fairly sparkled with eagerness, and a faint flush tinted her delicate face. "Is it that queer girl you told me about, who only came into the class a few days ago?"

"That 's the one,—but let 's get our things off first and see if Sarah made any cookies to-day. We 're starving!"

A huge woman who had been moving about the room lighting gas-jets, pulling down shades, and straightening the furniture, now broke into the conversation: "Ye kin save yerselves the trouble! I ain't made no cookies this day—an' me wid all that wash! What d' ye think I be?"

"Go 'long, Sarah!" laughed Bess. "You know there 's probably a whole jarful in the pantry, and we don't care whether you made them to-day or a week ago. They 're always dandy!"

Sarah gave a chuckle that shook her huge frame, and tucked a light shawl lovingly about the knees of the girl in the chair.

"Ye 'll have a hard time findin' any!" she warned, as the two ran off. "Won't they, Margie, macushla?"

In five minutes the twins were back, each with a massive chunk of chocolate layer-cake in her hand and a mouth full of the same.

"You told the truth, Sarah, for once! There were n't any cookies, but this is heaps better!"

"If ye get any crumbs on me floor," threatened Sarah, ominously, "ye 'll have no more cake of any kind, the week out!" And she departed downstairs in great (pretended) displeasure.

"Now for it! Tell me right away," demanded Margaret. "I 'm *so* impatient to hear!"

"Well," began Bess, in muffled tones, struggling to swallow a large mouthful of cake, "you remember we told you about that nice girl who came into our section three days ago, but who seemed so offish and queer and quiet. She 's always staring out of the window as if she were dreaming. And when she is n't studying, she 's reading some book the whole time. And she hardly ever talks to a soul. Jess and I thought she must feel rather lonesome and strange. You know it *is* rather hard to come into the first year of High School more than a month after everything 's started, and every one else has got acquainted, and try to pick up! I think one must feel so awfully out of it!

"So Jess and I decided we 'd ask her to eat lunch with us to-day. She always eats by herself, and yesterday she did n't eat at all,—just read a book the whole time! I went up to her at lunch-period and said,—"

"What 's her name?" interrupted Margaret.

"Corinne Cameron,—is n't it a dandy name? Corinne! It has such a *distinguished* sound!—Well, she was reading, as usual, and looked up at me sort of dazed and far-away when I asked her if she 'd care to eat with us. But she seemed very glad to do it and came right over. We had a very interesting talk, and she asked us right

away to call her 'Corinne,' instead of 'Miss Cameron,' as they do in High School. She said it made her feel about a hundred miles away from every one to be called 'Miss.' So of course we asked her to call us 'Elisabeth' and 'Jessica.'"

"But why did n't you tell her just 'Bess' and 'Jess'?" interrupted Margaret again. "That 's so much more natural."

"Well, you see, 'Corinne' sounds so sort of distinguished and—and dignified! And somehow our names don't. They just seem ordinary and—and so like small children. And at least 'Elisabeth' and 'Jessica' seem more—grown-up!"

"What does she look like?" questioned Margaret, going off on another tack.

"Oh, she 's, well, sort of distinguished-looking, too—like her name. She 's tall and slim and has very dark brown wavy hair, and big, dark eyes, almost black, and the prettiest straight nose,—not a little *snub* like ours (I don't mean yours, Margaret! *That 's* all right!). But she always acts as though her thoughts were about a thousand miles away. She talked about books mostly, and asked us if we did n't just *love* to read. And when we said no, not so awfully, she seemed so astonished. I said we 'd rather play basket-ball, and she laughed and said we could n't play that *all* the time, and what did we do with our spare moments. I told her we did n't have many, because, at home here, we were always busy amusing you or helping Sarah, when we were n't studying.

"Then she asked about you, Margaret, and was so interested when we told her about your poor back, and how you could n't move around much or go to school, but studied with us and knew just as much as we did—and *more*, because you read a great deal, too, even though you are only thirteen and we 're fifteen. And she said:

"That 's perfectly fine! Well, we were talking so hard that we scarcely noticed lunch-period was over, and we had n't said half that we wanted to. She promised to eat with us every day.

"This afternoon we decided not to stay for basket-ball in the gym, because Jess's finger hurts so much where she cut it last night. So we left at half-past two (which we hardly ever do), and who should start to walk over our way but Corinne, and she was delighted that we could go part of the way together. She lives in the Ten Eyck, that swell new apartment in West Twelfth Street."

"The Ten Eyck!" exclaimed Margaret, in a tone of hushed awe. "Gracious! she must be very wealthy, then!"

"Wait till you hear!" murmured Jess, parenthetically, and Bess went on:

"She told us they 'd just moved there because her father, who is n't in very good health, has to live near his business. He 's in a big steamship company on West Street. And until now they 've always lived in an apartment on Madison Avenue near Central Park. They just moved down here a week ago. Her mother is dead, and an aunt, her father's sister, lives with them.

"By this time we had reached the Ten Eyck, and what do you think!—she asked us to come in and chat awhile, because she was all alone. Her aunt was out at some club. Of course we went in, and my! but it was splendid, especially going up to the eighth floor in a big elevator! Their rooms are sort of built all around a central hall. It 's different from any apartment we were ever in. Corinne took us to her room, which was about as large as this parlor, and had the cutest low bookcases all around the walls and lovely cushioned seats in the windows. And we sat there and talked a long time.

"But here 's another queer thing about her. While we were talking about school and our studies, and how hard the geometry seemed, she suddenly showed us an old book that was lying on her table,—it was a *very* old, battered-up looking book with brown stains on the leaves, and one cover half hanging off, and the queerest old-fashioned pictures,—and she asked us whether we 'd like to look at it. She said it was her chief treasure just now. It was called 'Valentine's Manual, Volume II,' and seemed to be all about New York City in very early times. She said her father had picked it up at an auction-sale of some one's library, and had given it to her for her birthday.

"I did n't say much, for somehow I thought it was an awfully queer thing to get for your birthday—an old, dilapidated, uninteresting book like that! And then I guess she saw that we were surprised, for she said:

"Don't you love *old* things?"

"I just had to laugh,—it all seemed so queer! And I said, no, I preferred them brand-new. And then she said:

"Well, perhaps every one does n't feel the same as I do; for Father says I 'm a born antiquarian, just as he is! We could n't say a word, either of us, for actually, we don't know what 'antiquarian' means! She went out of the room just after that and brought back some lemonade and little sweet crackers. Then we had to leave, for it was getting late, and we knew you 'd be watching for us." Here Bess ended her recital and Margaret instantly exclaimed:

"Get the dictionary—quick! I want to see what 'antiquarian' means!"

"That 's just like you!" commented Jess, as she hauled a big Webster's-Unabridged out of the bookcase. "You 're a lot like Corinne, too. I think you two would get on beautifully together. Here it is:

"'Antiquarian,—one who is addicted to the study of antiquities; an admirer of antiquity.' And 'antiquities' are old things, of course. Well, what she sees to admire in 'em beats me! Anyhow, she 's an awfully nice girl,—sort of unusual, you know,—and I 'm glad we made her acquaintance. Bess and I were saying on the way home that it 's kind of like an *adventure* to meet unusual people—" Jess broke off suddenly, at the sound of a latch-key in the front door, and they all exclaimed:

"There 's Mother! Is n't she early to-night!"

A pleasant-voiced woman called out to them cheerily, and a moment later entered the room. Mrs. Bronson's face, which singularly resembled her youngest daughter's, had once been very pretty, but now showed many traces of anxious care. Her expression was of one who was constantly thinking over worrisome matters. But at the sight of the trio her face lit up, the lines smoothed away temporarily, and ten years seemed magically to drop from her as she sat down in the group, questioning them about the affairs of their day.

After a few moments the twins went off down-



"AN ANSWERING WAVE SALUTED
THEM FROM BETWEEN THE
PARTED CURTAINS."

stairs to help Sarah with the dinner, and Margaret was left to her coveted half-hour alone with her mother.

"Oh, Mummy," she sighed, snuggling her head on Mrs. Bronson's shoulder, "this is lovely! You don't often get home so early. But I appreciate it specially, because I feel sort of blue and no-count to-night."

"Is that so, dear?" exclaimed her mother, some of the anxious lines returning to her face. "Is the pain worse? What has happened to-day?"

"No, it is n't my back," Margaret almost sobbed. "It 's just that *nothing* has happened—to me—to-day; nothing ever *does* happen! I just sit here all day long, waiting for 'something to turn up,' like Dickens' *Mr. Micawber*, and nothing ever does turn up! The twins go out and meet nice people and have pleasant things happen, but there 's nothing like that for me. Oh, I want some adventures—just one nice, big, beautiful adventure would do—some delightful, unexpected surprise! I 'd be content if I could have just *one!*" It was very unusual for Margaret to make the slightest complaint, and it was well now that her head was on her mother's shoulder, and that she did not see the sudden pain in Mrs. Bronson's face.

"Dearie, I know!" her mother said. "It 's dull enough for you, sitting here day after day. But we 're all doing the best we can to make you happy. After all, you never can tell what 's going to happen. Just keep on hoping for something interesting to 'turn up,' and I 'm sure sometime it will. Things occasionally happen in the most unexpected way! Even *Mr. Micawber* had something pleasant 'turn up' after a while, if you remember."

Margaret snuggled her head closer. "You 're a *dear*, Mummy! You do cheer me up so! I feel better already, and I 'm going to hope harder than ever that something nice and interesting—some real *adventure*—will turn up sometime, perhaps *soon!*"

CHAPTER II

SOMETHING TURNS UP

AND the unexpected happened sooner, much sooner, than Margaret would even have dared to dream. Something did "turn up"! But like many adventures, it came clothed in the guise of quite an ordinary, every-day affair, and there was little about its beginning to suggest the remotest idea of anything startling. To be exact, it was simply that about a week after the beginning of their acquaintance the twins came home one day with the announcement that their new friend, Corinne, had expressed a decided wish to call and make Margaret's acquaintance, and that they had invited her for the following day. At first Margaret had protested strongly:

"Oh no, girls! I can't see her. You know I never see any strangers! It 's awfully nice of her. But—but I would n't know what to say to any one I did n't know very well. Do thank her for me, but—"

"Nonsense!" cried Bess, decidedly. "It 'll do you good to see some one beside just ourselves. Mother thinks so too. And you 'll *like* her, I know. I could n't tell her she must n't come, anyway! It would n't be polite!" And that clinched the argument.

In reality, it had seemed quite wonderful to Margaret that this interesting new friend of her sisters could possibly care to become acquainted with her, and she felt grateful for the pleasant attention. But with the unconquerable shyness of a secluded invalid she shrank from the meeting, all her longing for something new and exciting to happen being temporarily forgotten. And then the day arrived.

"Ye 'll be after havin' company, this afternoon, Margie mavourneen, so I suppose ye 'll be wantin' a little snack about half-past four?" Sarah had just wheeled Margaret into the front

parlor by the window, raised the shades a trifle, and tucked her idol securely and cozily into her chair.

"Oh, yes, Sarah! Do have hot chocolate and those lovely drop-cakes you made this morning!"

"Who 's the gur-rl that 's comin', anyway? Shure it 's a strange thing for *you* to be seein' any one!" Sarah exclaimed jealously as she turned to leave the room.

"Oh, some one named Corinne Cameron. She 's a nice girl. The twins like her," replied Margaret, with assumed indifference. Not for worlds would she have allowed Sarah to read her real feelings on the subject.

"Huh!" was Sarah's only reply as she handed Margaret her book and lumbered heavily downstairs to the kitchen, while the invalid settled herself to wait for the arrival of her twin sisters and their "queer" new friend. It was only two o'clock and she could n't possibly expect them before three or a quarter past. The time loomed long and interminable before her. First she tried to read, but even the beloved "Little Women" failed to interest her. So she rested her elbow on the arm of her chair, and, chin in hand, stared out of the window across the street at a squat little dormer-windowed house directly opposite.

Would she really, she wondered, like the girl who was coming that day? The occasion was certainly an unusual one in her uneventful life, for she saw, as a rule, almost no one outside of her own family, except the doctor. From the time she was a small baby she had suffered with an affection of the spine, and the physicians could hold out no hope that she would ever be anything but an invalid. Ever since she had grown too large to be carried about, she had spent her waking hours in this invalid-chair.

Of the outside world she saw little save the view from the parlor windows, and what passed before her each sunny day during the short hour that Sarah pushed her in her chair up and down the block. But Margaret was singularly loving and sweet-tempered, and most of the time successfully hid the pain and weariness she suffered, both in body and mind. Few realized, except the faithful Sarah, what bodily misery she often endured; and none could appreciate the unconquerable shyness that kept her from all companionship with girls of her own age, excepting that of her sisters.

Margaret envied nothing more heartily than the ability to join in the athletic sports of the robust twins. She yearned above all things to play basket-ball and wield a tennis-racket. And because such things were to be forever impossible

to her, she felt that she could be of no earthly interest to her sisters' equally athletic comrades, so she shyly refused to meet any of them. But this new girl was obviously "different." Margaret felt that perhaps she would understand, that they would find much of common interest to talk about. For Margaret, too, loved books,—loved them with the passionate delight that only confirmed invalids can feel for the printed magic that takes them out of themselves and makes them forget their bodily ills. She read voraciously everything that came her way. Beside that, she had long ago insisted on studying with the twins. She kept pace with them through all their school work and often outstripped them in the quickness of her comprehension. And the twins were immensely proud of her attainments.

The home life of the Bronsons was a pleasant one, but rather different in many ways from that of ordinary families. Their father had died when Margaret was a baby. Their mother was the busy, worried, overworked director of a large French dressmaking establishment on Fifth Avenue. By her earnings she supported her family in moderate comfort and maintained the little house in Charlton Street, which had always been their home. She went away to business early every morning, and often did not arrive home till late in the evening, especially in the "rush" seasons. Thus she saw little of her children except on Sundays, and then she was usually too tired to enjoy their company, though she loved them devotedly.

It was big, loyal Sarah McKinstry who really ran and directed the household. She had lived with the family ever since Mrs. Bronson had come to the Charlton Street house, a bride, and considered it her own. Little, frail, ailing Margaret she adored with a passionate and jealous devotion. Margaret never teased her, as did the

twins, and many a weary night had she spent sitting up with the little sufferer when the pain was worse than usual. Her sharp tongue she used on the others unsparingly, but never on the delicate child in the invalid-chair. Nevertheless, as a matter of fact, she was really devoted to them



"OH, WE FORGOT THAT YOU LIKE OLD THINGS!" LAUGHED BESS."

all. And though they, perhaps, never expressed it in quite that way, they knew that the heart of Sarah McKinstry was as a precious jewel in a setting of cast-iron.

So on this sunny afternoon sat Margaret in her window, wondering much about the coming visit,—wondering for the hundredth time if she would really like this queer Corinne Cameron, and—which was even more important—would she be liked in return.

The clock on the mantel chimed three, and Margaret began to crane her neck in order to see as far down the street as possible. They would come from the Varick Street end of the block, she knew, because they always walked down that way, in preference to the shorter but not so pleasant route through Maedougal Street.

At three-fifteen precisely they swung into view. The twins, who looked very much alike, were walking one on each side of a tall girl, who topped them by almost a head. Margaret gave a little gasp and leaned far out of her chair. In one swift glance she scanned the new acquaintance, as the three came abreast of the house.

"Oh, I 'm going to like her—*surely!*" she whispered, as she waved in answer to the triple salute. Then she drew back suddenly behind the curtains in a new access of shyness, now that the encounter was really so close.

But if Margaret had any lingering doubts on the subject, they were quickly dispelled in the first half-hour with the "queer" girl. Corinne broke the ice at once after her introduction to the little invalid.

"What a dear, fascinating house you live in!" she began, gazing about the parlor with her dreamy, far-away look. "That carved marble mantel is just fine, and so are the pillars between the rooms, and all this white paneling."

The twins stared at each other and then at Margaret.

"Merey! Do you think so?" cried Bess. "Why, we 've always thought it the horriddest, old-fashioned place—"

"That 's just what I mean," interrupted Corinne. "It *is* old-fashioned, and that 's why it 's so delightful!"

"Oh, we forgot that you like *old* things!" laughed Bess. "Well, this is just a little, old, shabby rookery, and not a single interesting thing about it. You don't know how we 've *longed* to move into a lovely new apartment—like the one you live in, for instance,—and have all the up-to-date fixings and everything."

"Well, I 'd give a *lot* to change with you!" replied Corinne. "I *hate* apartments! I 've lived in one all my life, and I 've always just dreamed of living in a dear old house like this that was built fifty or a hundred years ago. Think of all the things that must have happened in it, and all the history it 's seen!—Nobody ever heard of anything *historical* about an apartment-house!"

Margaret, who had n't said a word all this time, leaned forward now with shining eyes and demanded:

"But—Corinne—" (she hesitated just a little over the unaccustomed name) "what can you

possibly see about this place that 's interesting? We 've always thought it just as ordinary as—as ordinary could be,—when we 've thought about it at all!" And now Corinne was in her element.

"Why, think of it!" she exclaimed. "Think what stories there must be about this house—or any old house! Think what strange things may have happened in it! Think what history it 's seen! Think what mysteries there may be about it—if we only knew them! Just imagine what scenes people may have looked at out of those darling little dormer-windows, or what famous generals may have leaned against this white-pillared mantel and talked of their battles, or what traitors may have sat in this parlor and laid plots, or what secret letters may be hidden behind the woodwork in that funny little cater-cornered closet over there, or—"

She stopped suddenly from sheer lack of breath. Her three listeners were staring at her spellbound. Even the less impressionable twins were devouring her words in wide-eyed wonder.

As for Margaret, she was tingling to her finger-tips with a strange excitement. A whole new vista of wonderful things had suddenly been opened to her. She looked about on what she had always considered her perfectly ordinary, commonplace home, and her very scalp prickled to think of the many-sided mysteries its walls might contain. She felt a sudden wild desire to get to the cater-cornered closet Corinne had mentioned (though she knew it contained nothing more exciting than Sarah's dusters and some dilapidated books), rip out its white woodwork and search frantically for hidden documents. Instead, she leaned back in her chair with a long sigh, and remarked:

"Well, you are a wonder, Corinne! You 've given me something new to think of. From now on, this house will always be as interesting to me as a story!"

Corinne nodded, but only said, "I know!"

Suddenly Jess sat up with a start and exclaimed:

"Oh, by the way, Corinne, as you 're so interested in old things, I wonder if you 'd like to see the spinning-wheel we 've got up in the attic. Mother says it belonged to her grandmother in New England more than a hundred years ago!"

"Have you actually an *attic?*" cried Corinne, joyfully. "Oh, do let me see it—that is, if it won't be inconvenient! Actually, girls, I 've never been in a *real* attic in my life! And I 'd love to see the spinning-wheel, too."

"Well, come right along with me," said Jess, "and we 'll see it while the daylight lasts. I suppose it is n't the same kind of an attic you 'd

find in a big old farm-house, but it's the open space over the top floor that we've always used as an attic and storeroom, except the back part, which is finished off into a room that Sarah uses. She's our maid,—or rather, our housekeeper, and we'd better not let her catch us up there, because she's awfully particular how she keeps the attic, and never allows us to go up and disturb things."

So Jess escorted the antique-loving Corinne to the exploration of the attic, while Bess remained downstairs to keep Margaret company.

"Well?" she questioned, turning to her younger sister as soon as the others were out of ear-shot. She knew that no further explanation of her question was necessary.

"Oh, she's simply wonderful!" exclaimed Margaret, in a half-whisper. "I rather expected I'd like her, but I never dreamed she'd be as interesting as this. And she thinks the same way I do about a lot of things."

"But is n't she *queer!*" marveled Bess. "Actually, on the way walking down here this afternoon, I thought we'd never be able to drag her past some of the old, rickety places on Varick Street. She'd stand in front of each one and rave about it till we really began to attract the notice of people passing. But she did n't care! You'd have thought we were sight-seeing in Europe! And she was worst of all in front of that ramshackle old place on the corner of Carmine Street, that has a whole piece of the side cut off, apparently, and the front door stuck in that funny angle. True as you live, she got out a blank-book and pencil and stood there sketching it! (You know, she draws beautifully.) Said she wanted to show it to her father! I did n't think or care anything about that kind of talk then; but do you know, what she's said here this afternoon actually makes me feel kind of interested in it all! I seem to see a lot in these old things that I did n't before."

Bess gazed about the parlor again with speculative eyes, and added: "Now, that old cupboard in the corner, for instance," when they were both startled by a loud crash from upstairs.

"Gracious!—what was that?" she exclaimed, and ran out to the foot of the stairs to listen. But as there were no further alarming noises, she soon came back.

"I guess it was n't anything serious, but I hope nothing's broken or disturbed, or Sarah'll have a fit!"

Five minutes later, Corinne and Jess came tearing down the stairs, breathless and excited, the latter carrying something in her hand.

"Did you hear that bang?" cried Jess. "It was an accident—I'll tell you about it—but we made the most wonderful discovery—you can never guess what!" She was panting for breath and stopped short at this point.

"Tell me! Tell me quick!" begged Margaret, almost wriggling out of her chair in her excitement.

"Here it is!" Corinne, equally breathless, took up the tale. "We brought it down—" At this moment there came the sound of heavy, thumping steps on the basement stairs, and Jess, running to the bookcase, hastily thrust something far behind a row of books.

"Sarah's coming!" she warned. "I've hid it. She must n't guess what we've been up to, or she'd spoil everything!" She laid a warning finger on her lips as Sarah tramped massively into the parlor bearing a daintily spread tray.

"I hur-rd a tur-rible bangin' jest now!" she remarked suspiciously as she set it down. Then turning her eyes on the twins: "What might the pair of ye have been up to?"

"Oh nothing, Sarah!" Jess replied sweetly. "I went up to the attic for a moment, and something fell while I was pulling it out. But there was n't any damage done," she hastened on reassuringly, "and I put it right back!"

"I've warned ye to keep out of that attic!" grumbled Sarah, arranging the chocolate-cups. "Something always happens when ye go there. From now on, I think I'll be lockin' it up!"

"My gracious!" thought Margaret, boiling inwardly with impatience. "I do believe this is an *adventure*, at last! Will Sarah ever get out of this room so that I can hear all about it!"

(To be continued.)





The Mosque of Santa Sophia.

The Galata Bridge.

VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE FROM THE GALATA SIDE, SHOWING, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WATER,

CONSTANTINOPLE—THE CITY OF THE GOLDEN HORN

A GEOGRAPHY CITY "COME ALIVE"

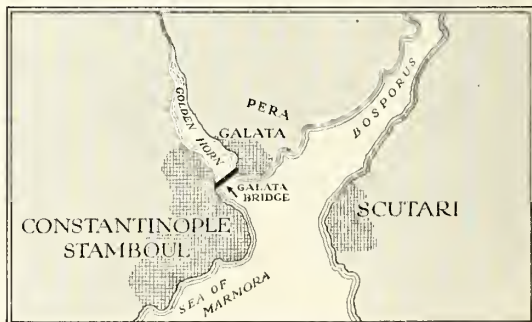
BY LINDAMIRA HARBESON

Now that the armies of Europe are trying to beat their way into Constantinople, this city becomes more real to us than when we thought of it as a black dot in our geographies. We used to know it as a point somewhere in the lower right-hand corner of the map, where Europe is separated from Asia by several annoying little bodies of water that were so hard for us to remember. But when I tell you that I ate a bag of peanuts while going in a ferry-boat to Constantinople from Scutari, the little Asiatic village just opposite, you will understand the width of the Bosphorus better, perhaps, than your geography can tell you.

The photographs on these two pages present a good general view of the city as seen from the Galata side; and the accompanying map shows clearly the divisions of this ancient and famous metropolis of the Ottoman Empire. From the roof of the American College buildings, which are on a hill in Scutari, we can look directly across toward the mouth of the Golden Horn.

Stamboul is the old part of the city, where

many different peoples have dwelt—first Greeks, then Romans, now Turks, and you can still see



by a bit of a house or an old wall how these people lived. Galata is where English, French, Italians, and Germans carry on their business in Turkey, and where the big boats unload their cargoes. Between Galata and Stamboul is one of the most famous and most crowded bridges in



The Imperial Ottoman Bank.

The Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent.

THE MAIN PART OF THE CITY CALLED STAMBOUL, WITH ITS NUMEROUS MOSQUES AND MINARETS.

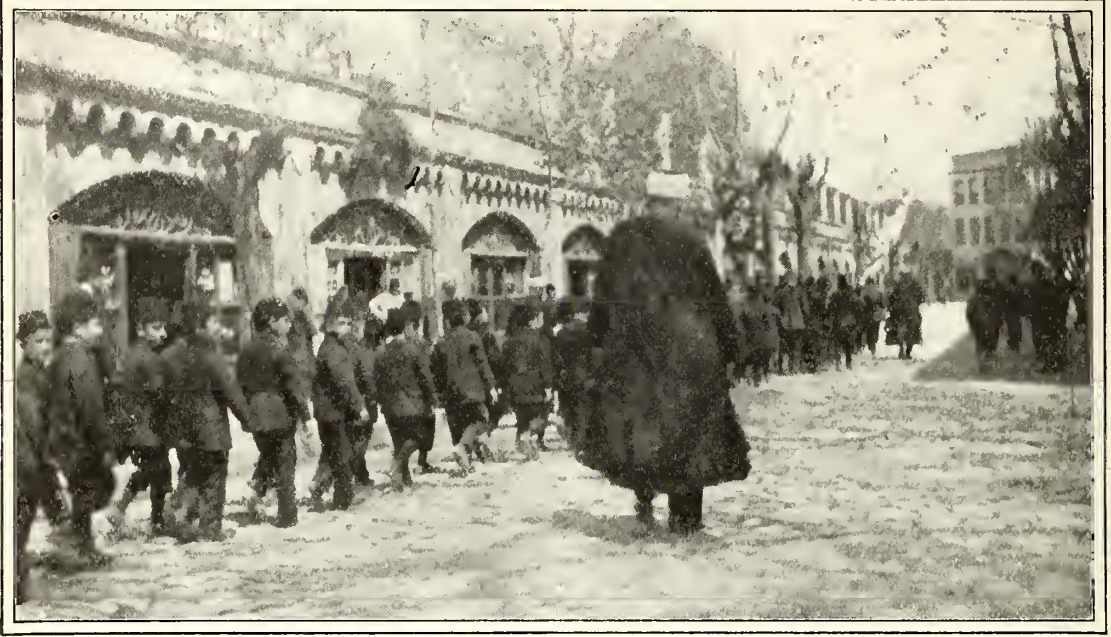
the world. Pera is where most of the Europeans live.

Constantinople is indeed like the fairy city in the Arabian Nights to which the poor brothers are whisked away on a carpet—a dream city on the edge of the water—a city of lavender-blue domes, and minarets that seem to reach to the sky. We are just aware of the little houses straggling up the hill or dipping their feet in the water. The maze of houses and the mosques are veiled in a light blue haze, just as if the city, like the women, had to wear the “yachmak,” or head-covering. Off beyond is the glistening Sea of Marmora, and near by, the dazzling blue waters of the Bosphorus dotted with little black boats. The city stretches on farther up the shore, and just beyond are the wooded hills. At the foot of one of them, on the very edge of the water, is the long low white marble palace of the sultan—Dolmah Bagtché it is called, which means “walled-in garden.”

Everybody who is young must love Constantinople. It is so full of color and soft musical sounds that one is sure something unexpected and wonderful will happen any moment. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, can be seen so many different types of people as on Galata Bridge. Let us pay ten paras—a little over one cent—and go on the bridge; we shall see and hear more than a dollar's worth. There go modern Turkish gentlemen dressed like our fathers, but wearing fezzes instead of hats. A fez is made of soft red

felt and has no brim; from the top hangs a black silk tassel. Here come old-fashioned Turkish gentlemen with bent shoulders and flowing beards. They wear soft padded overcoats of many colors, and each is sure to have on a ring set with a beautiful stone that he keeps turned toward the inside of his hand. There are some priests with white scarfs round their fezzes; here are others with green ones, because they have been to Mecca, where every pious Turk wants to go before he dies. There are whirling dervishes in brown overcoats, and tall brown hats shaped like chicken croquettes. Did you ever hear of dervishes? They are priests who perform a peculiar ceremony in their religious houses. They take off their brown overcoats and dance in green or white costumes that have full, pleated skirts. They spin round and round on their tiptoes, accompanied by strange music, while the chiefs of the order sit cross-legged on the floor and watch them.

Then there may pass a Tartar pilgrim all in white from the interior of Asiatic Turkey, or a Persian in gray with a Persian-lamb fez, or a fierce Kurd. The last is a soldier, and wears a brown hood with a long end knotted round his head. Since the Balkan War, when many Kurds were in Constantinople on their way to the army, the little Turkish girls have worn the same sort of hood of soft colors and fabrics. On the bridge, too, may be seen the shrouded Turkish ladies, who move silently along like black ghosts. They



TURKISH BOYS ON THEIR WAY TO SCHOOL.



LITTLE TURKISH GIRLS RETURNING FROM SCHOOL.

wear the "tcharchaf"—the modern Turkish dress which includes a veil over the face; old-fashioned women of the poorer class still wear the soft white yachmak that covers the head but not the face. And then, too, there are the *hamals*—wild peasants from the interior—who do the fetching and carrying. They wear little caps and bright sashes, and have on their backs a kind of saddle on which they put anything from a bag of flour to a piano. They walk faster than the rest and sing "Dustur, dustur," which means "Get out of the road." If we are very lucky, we shall see a string of camels with their noses in the air, and on their humps lovely faded blue and red saddlebags. They are usually led by a donkey, and with them is a camel-driver of most fetching appearance. The camels are so big and shaggy and out of place that we pinch ourselves to see if we are really awake.

Now let us go wandering about the old city. The narrow, silent streets are paved with cobblestones, and lined with houses that have never been painted, but have been colored by the sun, the rain, and the wind. Some of them are overgrown with Wisteria vines that cross from one side of the street to the other and frame the big shut front door.

One fine day I lifted the knocker on one of these doors when calling on a Turkish family I knew. The door was opened silently, and I found myself in a tiny garden full of flowers. No

matter how small his house, the Turk always has a bit of a garden. If he is rich, he has it on a hill from which he can see the Bosphorus. The garden I visited opened from a bricked hall. We went up the stairs and were greeted by the ladies of the family more courteously and gracefully than I ever have been greeted anywhere else. I wish I could describe for you the Turkish salutation. It is as hard to acquire as a foreign accent. As she bows, a lady makes a downward sweep with her arm, then raises her hand, palm upward, to her heart and lips. This means, "I am at your service; my heart is yours; the words that I speak are in your favor."

I was taken into a room all windows. The Turk loves windows as he loves gardens—windows that look over the water. All around the room were bright-colored "sedias,"—low hard couches,—which are, however, very comfortable to sit or lie upon. In the middle of the room on a brass tray was a big brazier containing live coals, on which the daughter of the house soon made Turkish coffee. Besides gardens and windows, the Turk loves coffee—his own peculiar kind that you must taste some day along with the other goodies. This is the way it was made for me: Into a brass coffee-maker, which looks like a pitcher with a long handle, she put one sugar lump and one coffee-cupful of water. When this had boiled, she took one teaspoonful of finely powdered Turkish coffee from a china egg on the tray and put it into the water. She let this come to a boil three times and then poured it, holding the pitcher a foot from the cup so that there would be foam on the coffee. I tried to drink it in the really Turkish way, holding the saucer with the cup to my lips. If you try it, you will see how *hard* it is to do this *easily!*

A little sister showed us her drawing-book, in which she had begun at the back and worked toward the front. The Turkish children recite their lessons all together in the old-fashioned schools, and if you could hear them, you would think that you had gone into *Wonderland* with *Alice* where "things would n't come straight." The little girls go to school in groups, and with them is always an old servant who carries all their books on what looks for all the world like a small clothes-tree. The boys go and come in two

long lines attended by their teacher. They carry their own books and wear long trousers and fez-



A BLANKET AND SCARF SHOP.

zes exactly like their fathers. Some of the tiny girls carry their own little tables and drawing-boards. In the gipsy village in Scutari the children learn their lessons by songs in the street. They stand in a circle with a big girl in the mid-



A CANDY OR "SWEET" SHOP IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

dle, and they get noisier and noisier the more interested they grow. These little girls wear "shelvars," which look like little trousers gathered in at the ankle. I tried to take a picture of a little girl in an orange-colored pair and of



DOLMAH BAGTCHÉ—THE PALACE OF THE SULTAN.

a boy in a wrapper and fez, but they were frightened and ran away crying.

Now I must tell you about the Turkish shops—the really Turkish ones. Most of them are about the size of a spider's parlor and have no front wall, so you see the wares can be temptingly displayed to the passer-by. You see in one of our pictures a shop of all kinds of blankets and scarfs. The scarfs are especially useful: if you are a man, you can wind one around your fez or

your waist: if you are a lady, you can wear it indoors as a shawl, sash, or scarf; or, if it is the right kind, a little girl can wear it to school on her head. You don't know which one to choose when they are tossed down in front of you—a riotous mingling of reds, browns, oranges, golds, and yellows. Another fascinating shop is a bead-shop. Most of them are together on the bead street. There you may see displayed all kinds of strings of beads—long and short, large



TURKISH BOATS ON THE BOSPORUS

and small beads, red, yellow, and blue, of amber, meerschaum, and olive-wood. The Turkish gentlemen carry the short strings, and, when they chat, they play with the beads, unconsciously, but always in the same way. They move them forward with the thumb and first finger, two at a time, one from each side of the string. When all have been moved, they turn the string about and move the beads in the opposite direction.

Then there is the rug-shop. The Turkish rug-merchant offers you tea or coffee and cigarettes, as he hopes you will spend much money. And

the hole has grown larger without affecting the size of the eatable part. This part is not sweet and is covered with aniseed).

It would make your mouth water if I should tell you of all the delectable dishes you might have in the cafés all over the city. The Turk loves to eat, he loves to sit, and he loves to stare at his garden, at his beloved Bosphorus, or at space. They never say in Turkey "Where do you live?" but always "Where do you sit?" In the spring and fall the hills about Constantinople are dotted with spots of color. They are the



THE MOSQUE OF SANTA SOPHIA.

while you drink, he throws down before you rugs, rugs, rugs, soft, rich, alluring, from Baluchistan, Kurdistan, Persia. But you, I am sure, would prefer a candy-shop. Even if you have tasted our Turkish paste, you have only a remote idea of how succulent a goody the real *loukoumi* is. Then there is *halva*, full of nuts and all sorts of other good things which you can never guess. It is sticky, and, when you bite it, it nearly pulls your teeth out. Then there are *courabiés* and *smits*, both of which are cakes which you must buy on a ferry-boat to get the real flavor. A man comes in, carrying a basket in one hand and waving a sheet of paper in the other. The *courabiés* are stuck to this paper and you pull them off yourself. The *smits* are on a stick which protrudes from the top of the basket. For you must know that a *smit* is shaped like a doughnut (only

Turkish men and women sitting on the grass. And what a wonderful view they look at! There they sit for hours and hours, usually silent, occasionally chatting, sometimes grunting "Uh, uh, uh, uh," in descending tones.

The chief other thing a Turk does in times of peace is to pray. From the gallery of a minaret, the muezzin calls him to prayer five times a day. Do you know what a minaret is? It is the tower of the Turkish church, or mosque. Mosques built by royalty may have two minarets, others only one. They are slender, very tall, with a gracefully pointed top that draws the eye right up to the sky. There is a Turkish proverb that says, "Never steal a minaret unless you have a place to hide it in." Two thirds of the way up, there is a carved gallery, very light and beautiful, where the priest stands and chants down through the

air the call to prayer, which in English prose is this: "There is no God but Allah; Mohammed is



A PORTAL OF THE PIGEON MOSQUE.

His Prophet; let us go and pray; let us go save our souls; God is great; there is no God but God." A pious Turk either goes to the mosque, or prays wherever he may happen to be. I once saw a venturesome soldier praying on a ferry-boat. Inside the mosques the cooing of many pigeons adds to the rhythmic murmur of the prayers. There are pigeons inside and outside



TOWERS BUILT BY MOHAMMED THE CONQUEROR SIX MILES FROM THE CITY DURING HIS CAMPAIGN TO CAPTURE CONSTANTINOPLE.

of all the mosques; one, of which a picture is here shown, is called the Pigeon Mosque.

The most famous mosque of all is Santa Sophia, once a Christian church as you can tell

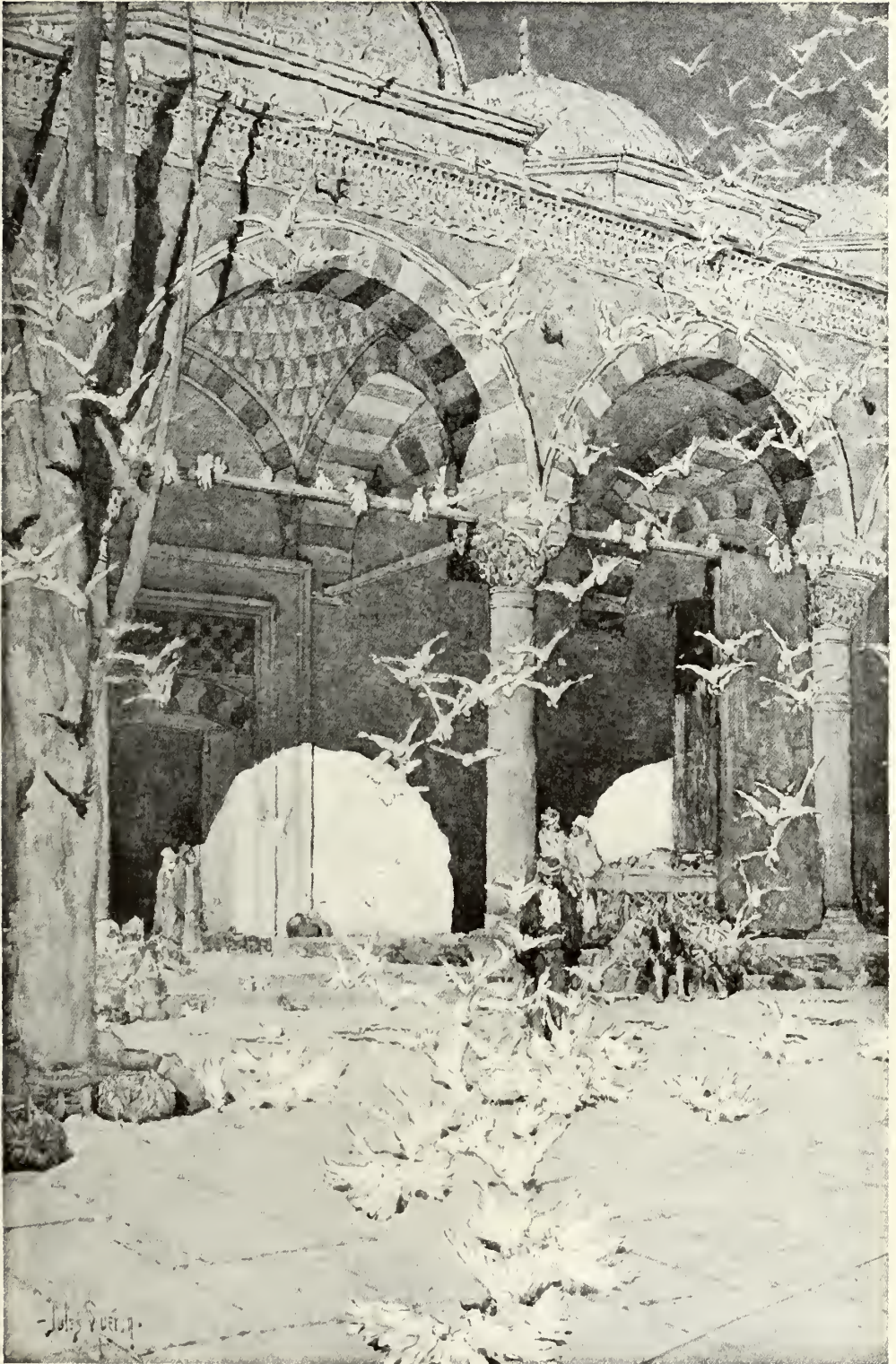
by its name, built by the Byzantine Greeks about 300 A.D. It is yellow, weathered by time, is very big and on top of a hill. Inside, it is a dark golden-brown, and the pigeons flying around under the roof seem to be far, far above you. The rugs on the floor are all on a slant because the church was built originally with the altar toward the east; later the Moslems made it face toward Mecca, southeast of Constantinople. No Turk ever walks on those rugs with his shoes on,—he leaves them at the door or carries them in his hand,—and before he comes in to pray, he washes his feet and hands at the fountain outside, no matter how cold the water or the weather. Fountains are everywhere in Constantinople, made of white marble and exquisitely carved.

Constantinople has been famous in history ever since the legend that Leander died in swimming the Hellespont, the old name of the Dardanelles. Nations have quarreled over it, because it is one of the most wonderfully situated cities in the world, and Constantine the Great made it the capital of his huge empire. You will study all that in Roman history if you have not studied it already, and will read also of its capture by the Turks, under Mohammed the Conqueror, nearly five hundred years ago.

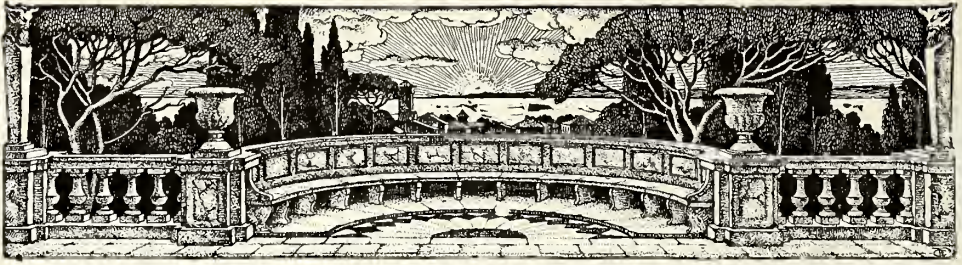
The history of the Ottoman Empire makes the most exciting fairy tale seem colorless. Perhaps you never knew that, when Henry the Eighth of England and Francis the First of France were forming a mutual-admiration society of their two

kingdoms on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, there was another king, as great as either of them, in the southeast of Europe carving great pieces out of other countries for his empire. This sultan, Suleiman the Magnificent, was a great lawgiver. His reign was the height of Turkey's power. Soon after its close the rest of Europe became interested in Turkey, especially Russia and England. Recently, German influence has been stronger than any other at the Turkish court. That is why Turkey is now fighting on the side of Germany, and why England and France are trying to storm

the forts and escape the mines in the water-entrances to Constantinople and so open up a way to the Mediterranean for their great ally, Russia.



THE COURTYARD OF THE PIGEON MOSQUE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY JULES GUÉRIN.



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PRINCE HILDEBRAND AND HIS SINGERS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

ILLUSTRIOUS Prince Hildebrand, a youth of seven summers,
Was waited on by lackeys, pages, minions, maids, and mummings.
He had a dozen jeweled crowns,—they seemed to him but trifles,—
He had a hundred swords and spears, and twenty-seven rifles.
He had a castle with a moat, a tower that was haunted—
In fact, this lucky princeling had 'most everything he wanted.

His tastes were very musical, and troubadours came daily
To play to him on lutes and shawms, both plaintively and gaily.
There came intrepid trumpeters, and masterly bell-ringers,
And wandering minstrels, strolling bards, and many minnesingers.
Prince Hildebrand was critical. Music of all descriptions
He loved. But one note off the key would throw him in conniptions!

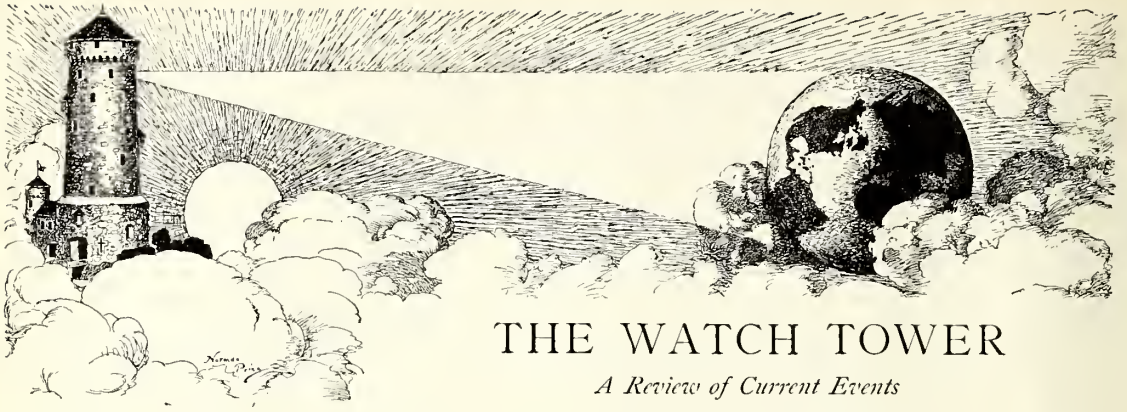
And when the timid tenors sang, or bassos, big and burly,
The little prince oft flouted them, and looked morose and surly.
He said one had a nasal twang, and one was too staccato;
Another phrased as if his mouth was full of hot tomato!
And this one's voice was hard as nails, and that one's high notes wavered;
The others flatted terribly, or sharpened, or cracked, or quavered.
In short, he scowled at every one who came to sing before him.
He was a pettish little prince, and all things seemed to bore him.
His ear for music was so fine, they could do nothing with him;
'T was so acutely sensitive to harmony and rhythm.
He cried, "Off! off! ye varlets all!" He hooted in derision,
"I want a singer who will sing with absolute precision!
Who strikes the middle of each note, without a false inflection;
Whose tones are true, and clear, and sweet,—in short, I want Perfection!
Until you find me one like this, you 're banished from my presence!
I want these popinjays no more! Go, send them to the peasants!"

When his queen mother heard of this, she smiled and left her spinet;
"If that is all my baby wants,—he 'll get it in a minute!"
Straight to the prince's room she went, bearing a potted posy,
Upon a branch of which there sat a bird, quite tame and cozy.
"Your Highness wants a perfect song? The singer 's here," she stated;
The maids and minions, breathlessly, in silence watched and waited.

"Sing!" cried the prince. The bird poured forth such trills of joy and gladness,
Prince Hildebrand laughed out in glee,—all gone his woe and sadness.
"Oh, Mother-Queen! What perfect notes!" exclaimed the little chappie;
And ever since, Prince Hildebrand is kind, and sweet, and happy.



"YOUR HIGHNESS WANTS A PERFECT SONG? THE SINGER 'S HERE,' SHE STATED."



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

BY S. E. FORMAN

Author of "Advanced Civics," "A History of the United States," etc.

THE GREAT WAR

SEPTEMBER brought no decisive changes in the war situation. It was only another month of the terrible tragedy. The Germans continued their advance into Russia, but the Russians retreated in such skilful fashion that the retreat seemed to be made on schedule time. The result was that the greater part of the Russian army escaped. At the end of the month the Allies made a desperate assault upon the German line in the West. The newspapers gave heartbreaking accounts of the losses, but we did not read that the German line was broken. The line was bent, and at places it was cracked, but in no place was it pierced. In spite of the furious onset of the Allies, the huge armies in Flanders and France remained at a deadlock. In the Dardanelles, too, the Turk continued to hold his own. The Balkan States were in a more feverish condition than they have been since the outbreak of the war, but at the end of the month neither Bulgaria nor Rumania had decided upon a course of action. The month closed with a prospect so dark and gloomy that peace was not even thought of. Yet who can tell? The war came when nobody expected it, like a flash of lightning. Peace may come in the same sudden manner.

AN INDISCREET AMBASSADOR

AFTER it was seen that our troubles with Germany and England would be settled in a satisfactory way, there was quiet at Washington for a few days. But soon the President had a new problem to deal with. This time the trouble was with an indiscreet and interfering ambassador. Dr. Constantine Dumba, the Austrian ambassador at Washington, sent to his home government

a letter in which he stated that it was his purpose to stir up strife in our steel and ammunition factories where many Austrians and Hungarians are employed. If these subjects of Austria could be persuaded to strike, it was Dumba's hope, as expressed in his letter, that the work of the factories would be crippled and the production of war materials would be prevented. Dr. Dumba planned that this letter should be sent to Austria in secret, by a messenger who was an American citizen. But the letter did not reach the Austrian government; the bearer of it while on his way to Vienna was arrested and a copy of the telltale document was found upon his person. When the contents of the letter became known to the public, there was much excitement. Newspapers in all parts of the country demanded in the strongest kind of language that Dr. Dumba be sent out of the country for meddling in our affairs. This demand was quite reasonable, for an ambassador has no right to do such things as he purposed to do. An ambassador must attend strictly to his official duties, and surely to interfere with the workings of a factory is not an official duty. Dr. Dumba's offense was plainly unpardonable. The President took the same view of his conduct as was taken by the newspapers and the public generally. He felt that the Austrian ambassador had very seriously violated the obligations of his position, and that his continued presence in America would do more harm than good. So Secretary Lansing informed the Austrian government that the government of the United States had "no alternative but to request the recall of Mr. Dumba on account of his improper conduct." Dr. Dumba made a statement in which he defended his action, but his defense did not change the decision of our government; the ambassador had to leave the country. In asking

for his recall, the President upheld the dignity of our government and at the same time conveyed to other ambassadors at Washington a silent warning that they must attend strictly to the duties of their offices and not attempt to influence American affairs. The President is trying to keep the United States from interfering with the affairs of other nations, and, as all fair-minded men will agree, he has a right to expect that other nations shall not interfere with ours.

THE MEXICAN PROBLEM

At the end of September the solution of the Mexican problem seemed as far away as ever. The proposed peace meeting of the Mexican leaders—referred to last month in *THE WATCH TOWER*—was not held. Carranza, the most powerful of the leaders, refused to attend the meeting unless the government of which he claims to be the chief was first recognized as the lawful government of Mexico. The Pan-American repre-

found that the peace plan had failed. They felt that if there existed anywhere in Mexico a government that was strong enough to preserve law and order, such a government ought to be recognized and supported. So they gave the people of Mexico to understand that if within a reasonable time any government, whether the Carranzan government or some other, would show that it was really able to govern Mexico, it would be recognized by the Pan-American powers. Inasmuch as the Carranzan government was the strongest of all the governments that are claiming power in Mexico, it was quite generally believed that the Pan-American representatives after all were seriously thinking of recognizing Carranza. This statement, however, really settled nothing; for there was no certainty that any government would be able to show that it was fit to rule.

Oddly enough, at the very time that the Pan-American representatives appeared to be thinking of recognizing one of the governments in Mexico, it seemed to an outsider that there was no



From "Illustrirte Zeitung."

THE RUSSIAN RETREAT. THE CZAR'S TROOPS, IT IS REPORTED, CARRIED AWAY EVERYTHING THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN OF SERVICE TO THE INVADERS.

sentatives, who suggested the calling of the peace meeting, did not think it wise to recognize the Carranzan government. So the plan that was to give peace to Mexico failed.

But the Pan-American representatives did not lose their interest in Mexican affairs when they

such thing as government in Mexico. For in September the lawlessness of the Mexicans was rampant, especially along the border line between Mexico and the United States. During the whole month, there were raids by bandits along the border, and it was found necessary to send United

States troops to the Rio Grande to guard our territory from invasion. Our soldiers were ordered to drive back the raiders, but were forbidden to pursue them upon Mexican soil. Assaults were made by Mexican troops upon American soldiers, and more than one American soldier was killed. This lawlessness and violence at our very door caused all Americans to realize that the Mexican problem is growing more and more serious. How long, we cannot help asking ourselves, are Americans to suffer from the anarchy that exists in Mexico? Will the time soon come when our patience will be exhausted, and our soldiers will be ordered to march into Mexico and put down violence? Every one hopes and prays that the time will not come, for we do not want a long and bloody war with a nation that numbers 15,000,000 of people, and we shall almost certainly have such a war if once the feet of American soldiers begin to tread upon Mexican soil.

BRINGING THE JOBLESS MAN TO THE MANLESS JOB

FOR several months past, the Department of Labor at Washington has been very busy trying to find work for the unemployed. In the spring of 1914

Jan. 23

FARMERS } **DO YOU NEED HELP?**
AND
OTHER EMPLOYERS }
MEN AND WOMEN—DO YOU WANT WORK?

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR
BUREAU OF IMMIGRATION
WASHINGTON, D. C.
DIVISION OF INFORMATION
ACTING ALSO AS
DIVISION OF EMPLOYMENT AND DISTRIBUTION OF LABOR

THE HEADING OF ONE OF THE NOTICES ISSUED
BY THE DEPARTMENT OF LABOR.

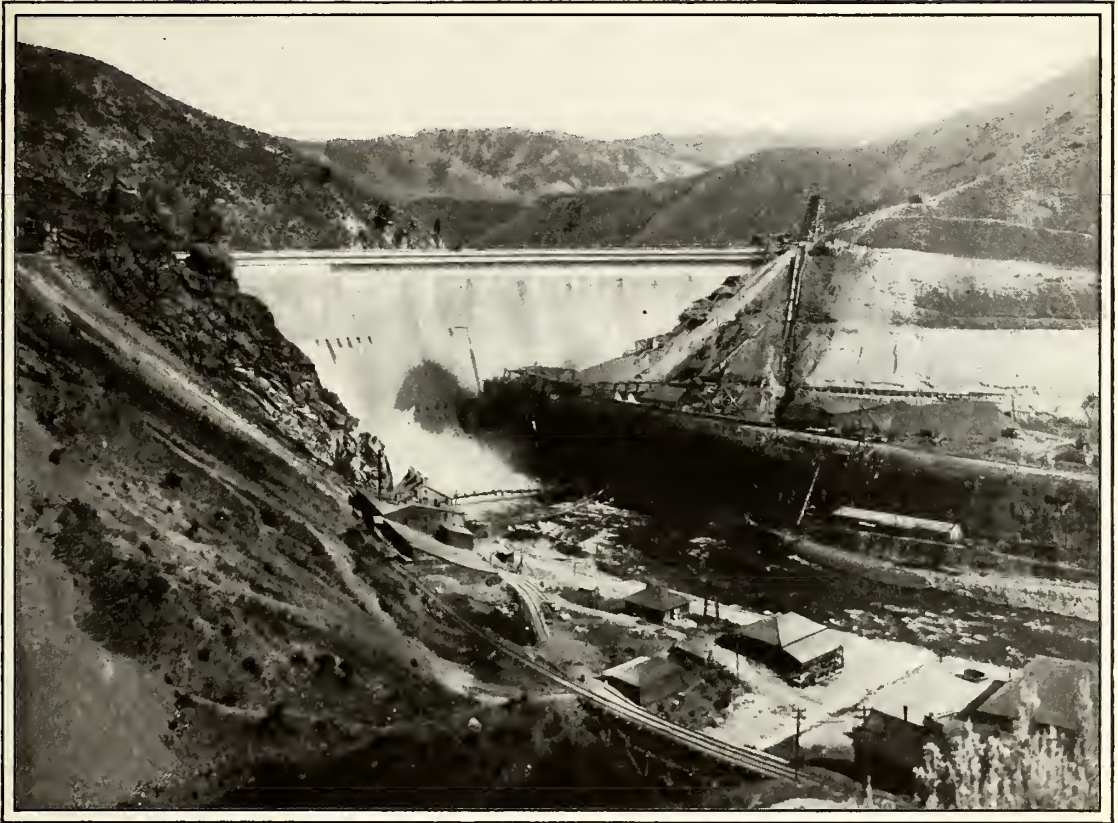
this Department received from Oklahoma, Kansas, and other great States of the Middle West, telegrams saying that the farmers out there were in great need of hands for the harvest fields. In response to these telegrams the Department undertook to do what it could to help the farmers secure men for harvesting the coming crop. It sent notices far and wide to about 50,000 post-offices announcing the needs of the farmers. Postmasters were requested to post the notices in a public place so that all who were in search of work might learn where they could find it. As a result of these notices great numbers of idle men responded to the call of the western farmers, and it is estimated that not less than 75,000 men, who would not else have known of the chance, made

their way to the wheat belt and were employed during the harvest season. It is estimated that the farmers of Kansas alone saved at least 10,000,000 bushels of wheat that would have rotted in the ground if the harvesters had not come. The Department of Labor was so greatly encouraged by these results that it began to plan for a regular system of finding employment for the idle, and soon it was bringing thousands of jobless men to manless jobs. Between February and July of this year nearly 100,000 idle men applied to the Department for positions and about 17,000 of these found employment. In the month of July alone more than 6000 places were filled.

The opportunity for Uncle Sam's agents to find work for the unemployed is almost boundless. The Department of Labor, through the postmasters and thousands of other officers of the national government, can learn where laborers are needed, and where they can be found, and it can put employers who want men in touch with men who are idle. If the Department makes the best of its opportunities in this direction, it will render a service of the highest possible value. For an idle man searching for a job is indeed a pitiable object. If a time of idleness were a time of recuperation and rest, there would be a good side to lack of employment. But enforced idleness does not bring recuperation and rest. The idle man must bestir himself and find something to do, or starve, and the search for labor is often more fatiguing than labor itself. We can see an idle man rising early in the morning and walking miles to a distant point where he has heard a job can be had. He walks because he cannot afford to ride. When he reaches the place he meets with disappointment. Then he tramps to another place miles away only to meet with disappointment again. After a day consumed in useless tramping he goes home exhausted in body and depressed in spirit. The next day is like the day before, and every day it becomes more and more difficult to go home to his wife and children without anything to give them. At last the poor jobless man loses hope and becomes a *tramp*. Thus the lack of employment often means far more than simply a loss of wages; it often means a drain upon the vital forces that undermines the character of men, and drags them down to a low condition from which they never rise.

BRINGING THE LANDLESS MAN TO THE MANLESS LAND

WHILE Uncle Sam is trying to find jobs for the jobless, he is at the same time, through the Reclamation Service, making efforts to provide land



THE ARROWROCK DAM IN SOUTHWESTERN IDAHO. THE HIGHEST DAM IN THE WORLD.

for the landless. He is doing this by irrigating the arid regions in the Far West, where there are millions and millions of acres of land that is naturally fertile and capable of producing a variety of crops, but is worthless because rain never falls upon it. To bring water to these lands requires great outlays of money and great feats of engineering. Rivers must sometimes be taken from their beds and directed into other channels; mountains must be pierced with tunnels; hundreds of miles of canals and ditches must be dug. For a long time the work of irrigating the arid lands was carried on chiefly by States and by private companies; but in recent years the National Government is undertaking to reclaim the desert. Already Uncle Sam has completed many great irrigation projects and has reclaimed vast areas of arid lands. Just the other day he finished the Arrowrock Dam built in connection with the Boise irrigation projects in southwestern Idaho. This is the highest dam in the world. It rises more than 350 feet from bed-rock to parapet wall and it is more than 1000 feet long. The cost of the dam was about \$5,000,000. Behind the dam is stored the water which comes down

into a river from near-by mountains after the melting of the snow and ice. In the summer the gates of the dam will be opened and the water will flow down and find its way through canals



PRINCIPAL IRRIGATION PROJECTS IN THE WESTERN UNITED STATES.

and ditches to the lands that are to be irrigated. The water will cover about 250,000 acres of exceedingly rich land in the neighborhood of Bois . And all this land will be opened to settlers on very easy terms. Indeed the settler may get a

didates for citizenship shall be instructed in the principles of our government before they receive their naturalization papers. Agents of the Bureau in different parts of the country get in touch with persons who are about to be naturalized, and inform them that before they can be admitted as citizens they will be required to show that they possess an elementary knowledge of civics. More than 350,000 foreigners have been reached by the Bureau and have been urged to prepare themselves for the examination which is given candidates when they come before the court to be naturalized. The judges who issue the naturalization papers are in sympathy with the work of the agents, and they refuse to naturalize persons who are ignorant of the leading facts of American government. The agents do all they can to help the candidate acquire the necessary information. In their efforts they are often assisted by the public schools. In some of the larger cities there have been established, in the even-



AN IDAHO APPLE ORCHARD IN THE IRRIGATED DISTRICT.

homestead for nothing, for it is public land. Each settler, however, must bear his share in the cost of constructing the irrigation work. But even this expense is not hard to meet, for the homesteader is allowed twenty years in which to pay his share. So if a poor man wishes forty acres of the excellent land which will be watered by the streams which will flow from the Arrowrock Dam, he can secure it by paying forty dollars a year for twenty years. Thus by his irrigation projects Uncle Sam is bringing men "back to the land," where men in these times are most needed.

CIVICS FOR NEWLY MADE CITIZENS

UNCLE SAM has recently undertaken another very important task. He is trying to provide a way by which foreigners who wish to become citizens of the United States may first learn something about the rights and duties of citizenship. In years past we have been very careless in the matter of naturalization, and have granted the boon to persons ignorant of the duties they assume. But now the Bureau at Washington which has charge of naturalization is taking care that can-

ing schools, special classes for instructing foreigners who have applied for citizenship. In Chicago such classes have been formed in eight of the evening schools. The subjects of study in these classes are: "the Constitution and the government of the United States, the government of Illinois and of the city of Chicago, and such other information as is required by the courts of naturalization." These special classes are attended by both men and women. The men come to receive instruction in civics, while the women attend in order to improve their knowledge of English. In some cases pupils in these classes are over fifty years of age. But the candidates, whether old or young, are said to be diligent pupils. They work hard to learn what is taught them, for they know that if they are not well prepared when they apply to the court for their papers the judge will probably refuse to make them citizens.

High praise is due the agents of Uncle Sam for undertaking the work, to the schools for helping it along, and to the judges for encouraging it. For when we prepare newly made citizens for their civic duty, we prepare them for intelligent voting. And that is what our country will

need in the future more than anything else. In the future great battles will be fought not with bullets but with ballots, and the greatest nation will be the one that has the greatest army of intelligent voters.

A NEW CONSTITUTION FOR A GREAT STATE

IN November the voters of the State of New York are to decide whether or not the people of the State are to have a new constitution. For several months a constitutional convention of 168 delegates, representing all parts of the State, sat at Albany and worked at framing a constitution which they thought would meet the needs of the people better than the constitution under which the State is now governed. In September the convention finished its labors and submitted to the voters of the State the revised constitution to be voted upon or rejected as the voters may decide. If a majority of votes are cast in favor of the proposed constitution, it will become the fundamental law of the State. If the proposed constitution fails to receive a majority of votes, the old constitution will remain in force.

The vote on the new constitution for New York will be watched closely in all parts of the country because the constitution contains some provisions that are novel and also very important. For example the proposed constitution provides for what is known as the "short ballot." In many States—and New York is one of these—the ballot is sometimes so long, it contains the names of so many candidates that it resembles a page in a city directory. Such a ballot, of course, bewilders the mind of the voter; in the multitude

of candidates he finds it almost impossible to make an intelligent choice. For several years past, students of government have been contending that only a few officers ought to be elected so that the ballot may contain only a few names. Now the new constitution of New York has applied the principle of the "short ballot" by reducing the number of state elective officers from seven to four, the only elective officers being the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Attorney-General and the Comptroller. Another most important provision in the new constitution provides for a change in the method of making appropriations for the expenses of the State. At present the Legislature makes such appropriations as it sees fit, leaving it to the Governor to cut out such items as he may regard as improper. Under this system it has been found that the Legislature spends money in a haphazard, extravagant fashion. So the new constitution provides that the Governor shall submit to the Legislature an itemized statement containing estimates of the appropriations that will be necessary to meet the expenses of the state government. This statement is known as the "budget." The Legislature is given power to reduce an item in the budget, or to strike an item out entirely, but it may not *increase* the amount of an item. Observe that the budget system will institute a radical change. Under the present system the Legislature is permitted to make an appropriation for any purpose it pleases, and it may make an appropriation as large as it pleases; under the budget system an appropriation cannot be a dollar or a cent greater than the Governor wishes it to be. The Legislature may spend less than the Governor wishes to spend, but it cannot spend more.

PUCK'S FLOWER

BY JANE BLAIR REID

HAVE you read that pretty play
Where a mischief-making fay
Drew a juice of wondrous power
From a harmless-seeming flower,
Just one drop of which distilled
Made all love go as he willed?

If *we* had that magic spell
We could make folks love us well;

But alas! 't was fairy brew
And the flower in Elfland grew.

Yet there is another flower
That has, too, the charmer's power,
And without the fairies' arts
We can make it win us hearts.
Can you guess what it can be?
'T is the flower of courtesy.

NATIONAL STARS OF THE GRIDIRON

BY PARKE H. DAVIS

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



BATTERING DOWN A STONE WALL.

IN the October number, ST. NICHOLAS introduced to its readers the greatest veteran stars of the gridiron who will play this autumn and whose distinction has been achieved especially by remarkable exploits with the ball. In this issue, ST. NICHOLAS will continue and complete its pleasant service by introducing the season's great players whose distinction has been achieved by the remarkable skill with which they play their positions, regardless of their special exploits with the ball. Naturally, however, all of those great figures who appeared in the previous sketch are also entitled to be included in this narrative, though space will not permit a repetition of their names and deeds, for which the reader is referred to the previous number of the magazine.

Logically, our attention should first be directed to the position of end. A critical survey of the football men of the country from coast to coast reveals only eight players in this position who have attained relatively a superstandard degree of skill. These eight men are: M. R. Brann, of Yale; John J. Butler, captain of Bates; Denton H. Sparks, of the University of Chicago; R. A. Higgins, of Pennsylvania State College; Roy M. Homewood, of the University of North Carolina;

J. G. Vowell, of the University of Tennessee; Roy C. Hunt, captain of the University of Washington; and Jacob Speelman, captain of the University of Missouri.

Let us for a moment contemplate at close range these marvelous exponents of end-rush play. M. R. Brann, whom nature has equipped with the color of hair which immemorially has been the badge of the fighting man, is a product of Andover. Twenty-two years of age, six feet in height, and weighing 180 pounds, "Red" Brann is a name that will imply some wonderful football playing this fall. The second representative of New England is John J. Butler, of Bates, previously famed along the North Atlantic seaboard while a member of the eleven of Malden High School. In the Middle Atlantic section of our football range looms the impressive figure of Roy M. Homewood, of North Carolina. Not only as a football player, but also as a baseball and track man, Homewood is known to every collegian and school-boy of the South. R. A. Higgins, of Pennsylvania State, is interesting to us also in many ways. He not only is an old football player from Peddie Institute, but he once was a member of the famous Hamilton "Tigers," a



M. R. BRANN (YALE).
A hard-playing, swift-footed end-rush of the familiar Yale type.



R. A. HIGGINS (PA. STATE).
A famous end, sprinter, and former Canadian football player.



JOHN G. VOWELL (TENNESSEE).
An end who scored all points, three touchdowns for his team against Kentucky State, Nov., 1914.



ROY M. HOMEWOOD (NORTH CAROLINA).
A celebrated end and all-round athlete. One of the South's best types.



JOHN J. BUTLER (BATES).
An end and captain well known throughout New England for his quick wits and flying feet.



JACOB SPEELMAN (MISSOURI).
End and captain. A remarkable football player and all-round heavy-weight athlete.



JAMES SENTER (GEORGIA "TECH.")
A famous end-rush celebrated for his dashes on "end-around" plays.



ROY C. HUNT (UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON).
An end-rush whose brilliant playing has contributed to several championships. Present captain.

THE GREATEST END-RUSHES IN THE UNITED STATES WHO ARE PLAYING THIS SEASON.



JOHN B. MCAULIFFE
(DARTMOUTH).

One of the greatest tackles in America and an expert hockey and baseball player. Captain of his team.



WALLACE C. MAXFIELD
(LAFAYETTE).

A giant tackle of astounding mental and physical activity.



K. L. BERRY (TEXAS).

Captain and tackle. Champion intercollegiate wrestler of the South, and a shot and hammer man.



P. P. MAILHES (TULANE).

One of the greatest tackles of the South and captain of his eleven. Equally famed in baseball, basket-ball, track and field athletics.



B. T. DOBBINS
(TENNESSEE).

A celebrated captain and tackle. A formidable performer at basket-ball and with hammer and shot.



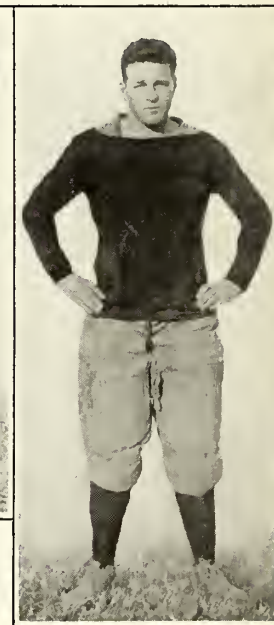
PARK P. CRISP (AKRON).

An athlete of amazing skill in football, baseball, and basket-ball. Tackle and captain.



CARL B. JENKINS (UNION).

A captain whose responsibilities do not affect his tackle play; also a skilled basket-ball and baseball player.



THOMAS F. GORMLEY
(GEORGETOWN).

A giant tackle who can sprint in even time and who can hurl the shot and hammer surprising distances.



PAUL J. WILKINSON
(MARYLAND STATE).

A fleet-footed, hard-rushing tackle with a head full of football sense.



E. B. SCHULTZ
(WASHINGTON AND LEE).

A tackle, now captain, who has won many a victory for his team.



J. F. CODY (VANDERBILT).

A tackle of remarkable versatility in other sports—baseball, basket-ball, and track.



DANIEL G. FRIES
(CINCINNATI).

A brilliant exponent of clever tackle playing, who also plays basket-ball and excels in track sports.



HOWARD BUCK
(WISCONSIN).

A wrestler, track man, basket-ball and baseball player, and captain who plays tackle.



HAROLD H. COREY (NEBRASKA).

A tackle who is the personification of grit, vim, and skill



LAURENS C. SHULL
(CHICAGO).

A tackle of great speed and remarkable technical cleverness.

TACKLES IN THE COUNTRY.



MICHAEL DORIZAS (PA.).

Guard. A native-born Greek, a veritable Hercules, champion heavy-weight wrestler of intercollegiate America.



F. A. YOCUM (OBERLIN).

A guard upon whose sturdy shoulders many a line assault has broken to pieces.



A. M. WEYAND (WEST P'T.).

A guard of extraordinary strength and swiftness. Captain of the Army team.

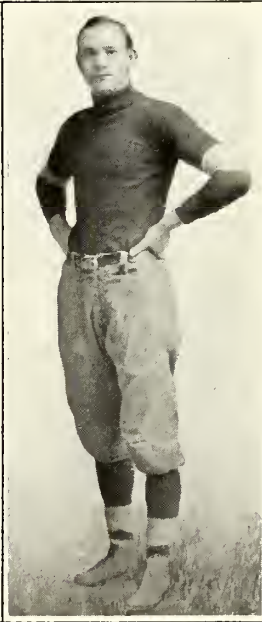
FRANK W. MCKEAN
(W. AND J.).

A magnificent guard who defends his entire line.

SIX LEADING GUARDS.

CHARLES W. BACHMAN
(NOTRE DAME).

A guard who is a bulwark in the center that no team can successfully batter.

R. R. GOMERLING
(IDAHO).

Justly celebrated in the West as a great offensive and defensive guard.

fancy to the Middle West, our attention first rests upon Denton H. Sparks, of Chicago, formerly an old Hyde Park High School player. Sparks is an expert not only as an end in football, but also as a tennis-player, basket-ball man, shot-putter, and hammer- and discus-thrower.

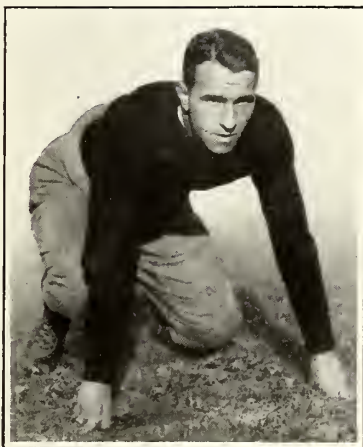
J. G. Vowell, of Tennessee, is here classed as an end, where he has achieved his laurels, but this autumn he may be found exclusively at full-back. He is a player of marvelous scoring power and a versatile all-round athlete. Rivaling him in the South for end-rush honors is James Senter, of Georgia "Tech." Senter is a giant, six feet and two inches in height; and, besides being one of the best ends in the country, is a baseball pitcher of wide fame. A little farther west in this southern section of the country is Homer Montgomery, of the University of Oklahoma, whose all-round playing has been a feature of that brilliant team. A name too celebrated to be confined to the Missouri Valley corps of football teams is that of Jacob Speelman, captain of Missouri, and once a player at Grand Rapids High School. In addition to his football honors Speelman is well known as a heavy-weight boxer and wrestler, an exceptional gymnast and swimmer, and a remarkable basket-ball man. The Pacific Coast furnishes a worthy member of this galaxy of ends in the captain of the University of Wash-

Canadian Rugby team, and also is an amateur record boxer in that country. Leaping now in

ington, Roy C. Hunt, an extraordinarily clever player in various positions, but most famous at end.

As the number of great ends in the United States vary the usual ratio by being exceptionally few, so the number of great tackles is exceptional by being unusually large. Not fewer than eighteen superstandard players in this position command our attention. These men are fairly well distributed throughout the United States, excepting, strange to say, New England and the Far West. Of the old and great football institutions of the East, Dartmouth alone is represented among the national stars in the tackle position, and Dartmouth, rich indeed, possesses two. These players are Chester A. Pudrith, who was featured in our October article, and John B. McAuliffe. The latter comes from Worcester Academy, where he made a great name in many

Three institutions of the Middle States which can boast wonderful tackles this fall are Lafayette, Syracuse, and Union. Lafayette's champion in this position is Wallace C. Maxfield, well known previously as a school-boy player at Bloomfield High School, and Mercersburg and Dean Academies. Similar in physique and style of playing to Maxfield is Harold A. White, of Syracuse University, recognizable as the old DeWitt Clinton High School star of New York City, a magnificent tackle and a swimmer with a national reputation. The third corner of this triangle of stars is Carl B. Jenkins, captain of Union, as famed upon the diamond as he is upon the gridiron.



ALOYSIUS WESBECHER
(WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON).
A center who as captain leads a great team.

Departing now from the northeastern part of the United States for the southern, we are amazed by the abundance of extraordinary tackles in this section. With the first step across



IRVING R. STANWOOD
(COLBY).
Widely known for his brilliant work at center. Captain of his team.

ROBERT D. PECK
(PITTSBURGH).
A perfect player at center who also is able to back up the other line positions.

GEORGE M. TANDY
(NORTH CAROLINA).
A steady center who backs up every play and can fill any position on his team.

FOUR REDOUBTABLE CENTERS.

branches of sport. At Dartmouth he has confined himself to football and hockey.

Mason and Dixon's line we encounter the heroic figure of John J. Dowdle, captain of Mt. St.



RICHARD B. RUTHERFORD
(NEBRASKA).

Captain, half-back, gymnast, swimmer, wrestler, basket-ball and track man.



WALLACE E. HAMILTON
(MINNESOTA).

A famous kicking full-back.



GUY B. CHAMBERLIN
(NEBRASKA).

A half-back whose dashes and plunges largely contributed to a championship at his university.

NINE OF THE MOST NOTABLE OF THE SEASON'S BACKS.

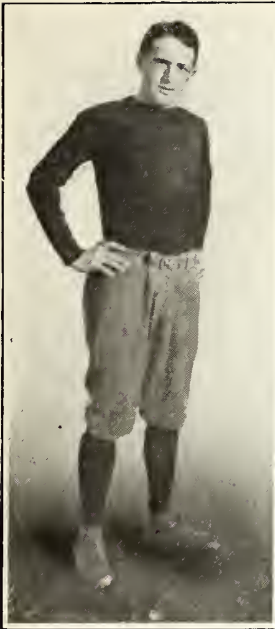
Mary's, who appeared prominently in our previous article. Near by is Paul J. Wilkinson, of the University of Maryland, and Thomas F. Gormley, of Georgetown. This former Villa Nova star stands six feet and one inch in height and weighs 225 pounds, yet he possesses as fleet a pair of feet as there is in all football. A rival and opponent of this cluster of great tackles is E. B. Schultz, captain of Washington and Lee. On the western side of the Blue Ridge Mountains is B. T. Dobbins, captain of the University of the South, familiarly and affectionately known as "Sewanee." And still farther south is Peter P. Mailhes, Tulane's captain, while towering in the Texas section is K. L. Berry, captain of the University of Texas. All of these men are players of great stature, enormous strength, flashing speed, and with a technical knowledge and skill in the game that is dazzling.

Before leaving the South we are arrested by the merits of J. F. Cody, of Vanderbilt University, an old Battle Ground Academy player. This clever young giant can stand on defense like a buttress of solid rock, and can run and tackle with the speed of the lightest player on his team.

Vying with the South in its large number of extraordinary tackles is the Middle West. At the University of Cincinnati is Daniel G. Fries, an old Covington High School player, and a basket-ball player and track-athlete of wide reputation.

At the Municipal University of Akron, once known as Buchtel College, is Captain Park P. Crisp, a product of Akron High School, and a college athlete who not only is a national star in football, but who also is a baseball player of a skill seldom found in an amateur. The University of Chicago is represented in this class by Laurens C. Shull, the old Sioux City High School player, who can face on an equality any other tackle in the United States. At the University of Wisconsin, too, is Howard Buck, captain, a wrestler, and a baseball, basket-ball, and track man. The State University of Iowa obtains a place in this select circle of tackles through its captain, Irving J. Barron, champion heavy-weight wrestler of his intercollegiate conference. Harold H. Corey, of the University of Nebraska, completes the number of famous tackles in this section of the country.

It is difficult indeed for a player nowadays to become conspicuous as an extraordinary guard. Time was when guards could "star" equally with ends and tackles. In 1905, however, when the final blows were struck by the reformers against mass interference, a rule was adopted which compelled the five central men, when on offense, to place either both hands, or both feet, or one hand and foot, upon the line of scrimmage. The object of this rule was to prevent these heavy men from readily getting into the interference. One



A. J. ROBERTSON (MONT.).
 Captain and quarter-back. A player of exceptional brilliance who is equally famed for his skill upon the diamond.



JOHN E. PARLIMAN (SOUTH DAKOTA).
 A superstandard quarter-back who also plays baseball, wrestles, and runs in the sprints.



GEORGE E. KIRK (MAINE).
 A famous running half-back.



FREDERIC A. MOORE (GALLAUDET).
 A versatile athlete. Pitcher, wrestler, and quarter-back.



D. T. TAYLOE (NORTH CAROLINA).
 A player of extraordinary all-round skill and one of the fleetest-footed runners in all football.



HAROLD P. ANDREWS (BROWN).
 A versatile baseball, football, basket-ball, and hockey player. Captain of his team.

guard's position is such that his brilliant work seldom is seen by the spectators.

Notwithstanding this handicap upon the guards, eight picturesque figures stand out before all others as exponents of guard play. All of these men except one are east of the Mississippi River, and all are north of Mason and Dixon's line. H. P. Tallman, Rutgers' captain, already has been featured in the preceding article among the goal-kickers and punters. As a guard, he is one of the most effective men that has played the position in many years. A. M. Weyand, captain at West Point, is a guard who differs from the other football characters in this narrative in that he had no football experience previous to entering the Military Academy, but has learned all of his lore upon the "Plains" at West Point. Dartmouth, which has appeared so frequently in this narrative, again obtains a place by the prowess of C. Spears, the heaviest man playing football in the country to-day—255 pounds. This giant also has kicked, and may kick again, goals from the 45-, 47-, and 52-yard lines. He comes from Kewaunee High School.

At the University of Pennsylvania is a quiet, popular young Greek Hercules by the name of Michael Dorizas. Those who follow intercollegiate sports will immediately recognize him as the champion heavy-weight wrestler of intercol-

of its effects has been to reduce the guard to a mere defensive player, and, as we all know, the

legiate America, a javelin- and discus-thrower, and a strong man extraordinary. With singular aptness he has learned our American game and promises to be one of the best guards in the country this fall. Two men, light in weight for guards, have overcome this handicap and have become marvelous players in the position. They are Edward A. Robbins, of Hobart, and Frank W. McKean, of Washington and Jefferson. Another player who has won a place in any classification of great guards that may be made is Charles W. Bachman, of Notre Dame, formerly of Englewood High School. Taking a long jump over many intervening teams to the University of Idaho, we find a veritable giant in the person of R. R. Gomringer, a guard who would be conspicuous upon any team in the country.

Recent development of the central position in the line for purposes of defensive play has given to that post opportunities equal to those of any other on the line for effective and spectacular work.* There is, notwithstanding, a surprising dearth at present of star center-rushes in the country. A sweep of the nation's gridirons reveals only four superstandard veteran centers: George M. Tandy, of North Carolina; Irving Stanwood, captain of Colby; Robert D. Peck, University of Pittsburgh; and Aloysius Wesbecher, captain of Washington and Jefferson.

George M. Tandy was a finished football player when he left Jacksonville High School, in Illinois, having been awarded sixteen "monograms" by the school for his work in football, baseball, basket-ball, and track sports. At North Carolina he also is noted for his field-goal skill as well as for his play in the center of the line. Irving R. Stanwood, of Colby, is an old player of the Needham High School, and Robert D. Peck owes his basic experience in football to school teams. A phenomenal center for Pittsburgh, he also is that university's first baseman on the diamond. Aloysius Wesbecher in his time has played every position in the line. He is a product of Greensburg High School. Like Peck, his great opponent and rival, Wesbecher is a famous base-ball player and also a guard in basket-ball.

Of the large number of notable backs some were featured in the October number.

For the first great back to be considered this month let us select a celebrated quarter-back on the Pacific Coast, Emory M. Hoover, captain of Whitman College, a player so fleet of foot that he holds a record of $10\frac{1}{2}$ seconds for the 100-yard dash. At the University of Montana is to be found an unusual quarter-back, Captain Alfred J. Robertson, who also is a forward on the university basket-ball team and a third baseman on

the nine. Robertson originally learned his football at St. Cloud High School, in Minnesota, and later starred on the various organizations at Carleton College. Coming eastward, we find at the University of South Dakota another superstandard quarter-back in John E. Parlman, boxer, wrestler, sprinter, baseball and football man. Still a fourth back of national dimensions to be found in this trans-Mississippi section is Richard B. Rutherford, captain of Nebraska. He began at Beatrice High School.

Gallaudet College this autumn will possess an extraordinary quarter-back in its former captain, Frederic A. Moore, who came there from the Kansas High School. For two successive seasons Moore has captained the eleven. He also pitches for the nine, wrestles in the light-weight class, and many times has won his letter in intercollegiate sports. At old William and Mary is a doughty little quarter-back, S. L. Bertschey, an exceptional all-round football player, baseball, and basket-ball man.

Harold P. Andrews, Brown's versatile captain, must not be overlooked among the half-backs. This sturdy athlete first became well known in high-school sports at Providence. At Brown University Andrews has won his letter five times—three times in baseball and twice in football.

The Pacific Southwest also has among the great half-backs of the United States a representative who is entitled to a place in any company. This man is Samuel H. McClung, captain of Occidental College. McClung can run, dodge, tackle, punt, pass, and catch with any back-field man in America and carry off equal honors.

A half-back whose record wins for him a place among these selections is George E. Kirk, of the University of Maine, formerly of Bar Harbor High School, a huge personality in New England football. D. T. Tayloe, captain and half-back of North Carolina, was featured in our preceding article for his exploits with the ball. He is entitled to appear again in this narrative by the all-round skill with which he plays his position.

Two more magnificent players remain to be discussed, and our task is done. These are both full-backs, G. W. Leadbetter, captain of Bowdoin, and W. E. Hamilton, of the University of Minnesota. Leadbetter is well remembered in Bangor, Maine, where he starred in the various sports of the high school. As a collegian, he has won many prizes with the discus, hammer, and shot, and he is a wizard at kicking a football. Hamilton became a famous player at the North High School, and afterward at Carleton College. Later, he entered the University of Minnesota, specializing upon the gridiron and the track.



MAKE B'LIEVE

BY ETHEL M. KELLEY

MAKE b'lieve I was your dearest dear,
And came and climbed into your lap.
Make b'lieve I was so *comfy* here
I did n't need to take my nap.

Make b'lieve you got a lovely book
And read me stories—one, two, three;
Make b'lieve we turned the page to look
At little picture-girls like me.

Make b'lieve you sang a little song
That told about the pretty sheep.
Make b'lieve—it was n't—very—long
Before—your—baby—fell—asleep.

BOOKS AND READING



CHARLES KINGSLEY AND THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGLAND

ONE of Charles Kingsley's friends said of him, "Kingsley would have made an enthusiastic pirate if he had not been a parson." And if you can imagine a pirate with a heart of gold, who would not hurt a soul for the wealth of the world, but who was a natural-born fighter, did not know fear, and had a spirit in which poetry, daring, and enthusiasm were mixed with the eternal boy in him, then you come rather near to picturing Kingsley.

Probably not over middle height, he was so spare and lean of build that he seemed tall. Restless as the wind he was, never still, never content to sit down, never content to be silent. He used to say that it was lucky he stammered, for if he did not, and so were not forced to stop talking when the fit took him, he would never have heard anything any one else had to say. Curiously, this stammer, which was pretty bad, left him entirely in the pulpit, where his full and beautiful voice suffered no impediment. He had a fine head, with a broad, high forehead, a big, strong, rather Roman type of nose, a large mouth whose lips were firmly held, eyes eager and flashing. His hair was thick and dark, till it turned gray, and he wore the side whiskers that were the fashion of his time.

His father was rector of Holne Vicarage, in Dartmoor, Devon, and there Charles was born on June 12, 1819. His mother was a West Indian, coming from an old slave-holding family, a bril-

liant, charming woman, full of fancy, love of travel, love of beauty. His father's people were soldiers, huntsmen, sturdy squires, and sportsmen. So the lad had an inheritance of vigor, energy, imagination, and variety.

Charles was a baby only a few weeks old when the family moved to Barnack Rectory, Nottinghamshire, in the Fen country, where they stayed till the boy was twelve. Great fun he had there, for there was fine shooting over the Fens; and as soon as he was old enough, he was allowed to mount a horse in front of the groom and ride out after the sportsmen to bring back the game-bag. He collected butterflies, too, which were numerous and included many rare and now extinct species. Altogether, he led a healthy, happy, outdoor life, and learned to love the country passionately, a love that lasted him all his life.

In 1830, the Kingsleys went to Clovelly, in Devonshire, and from the flat Fens the boy was translated to rocky, wild, and picturesque coasts, the great roll of the Atlantic, a fishing-village full of romance and adventure.

Devon folk are a strange people, unusually good to look at, full of the courage and the patience of those who go down to the sea for their daily bread, loving their home with a devotion that is almost fierce, telling weird stories round the fire at night. Charles's father, a big, strapping man, able to sail a boat or "shoot" a herring-net, the friendliest and humanest of parsons, was soon a favorite with the village. When the fleet put out to sea, he, with his wife and boys, would

go down to the quay to give a parting service. And sometimes, after a storm, he would go down to help the wailing women carry home the bodies of sons and husbands who only a few hours before had sailed away full of strong life. There is a picture of one of these terrible home-comings in Kingsley's "Prose Idylls," which is unforgettable, and shows how deep an impression such scenes had made on the boy. His poem "Three Fishers," which you have surely read, was no make-believe thing, but a memory of actual happenings.

Charles was educated at private schools, then at King's College, London; for the happy country days ceased in 1836, the family going to the great city. Poor Charles hated it, for he loved nature and knew more about botany and geology when he was but seven or eight than most youngsters of twice his age.

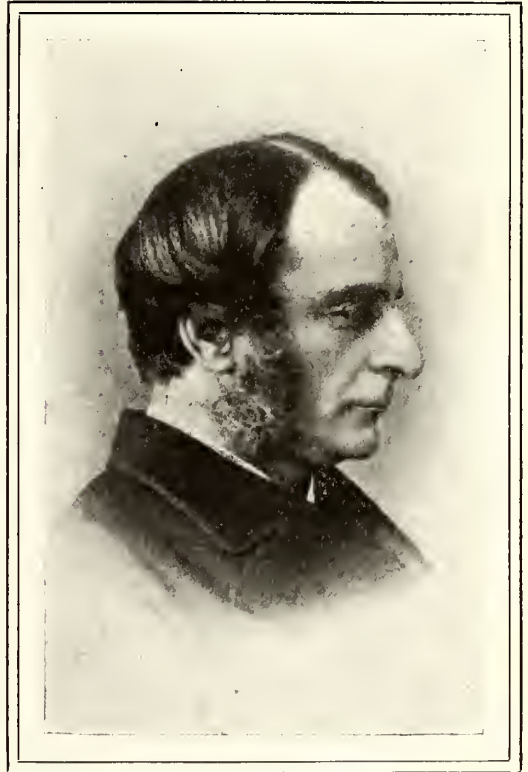
Next came Cambridge. He was thoughtless enough the first two years at the university, and fully intended, as soon as he could get away, to leave for America and become a hunter and trapper in the Wild West. Long years afterward, on a visit to America, he wrote from Omaha to his wife that this was the very spot he had so often dreamed of as a boy and a young man, the starting-point for his life of adventure.

However, things were to fall out very differently, and that soon. One lovely summer day in July he met a young girl, Fanny Grenfell, at a friend's house. "That day was my true marriage-day," he said, long afterward. It was love at first sight for both of them, and love that did not run smooth, for her people were much opposed to her engaging herself to a young man still in college, with no particular prospects.

But Kingsley was not the sort who gives up, nor hesitates because the way looks hard. He left off all his fooling and loafing, put three years' work into one, graduated with honors, and in 1842 was made a curate at Eversley, in Hampshire. This, though he little thought so then, was to be his home for the rest of his life, except when he made trips away for a few months. He made himself loved as a curate, and two years later he became rector. He had married a short while before, and now he settled down to his life's work.

"Settled down" is not the right expression. He got up and went for that work. Day or night, early and late, tireless and splendid, he was at the service of his parishioners. He would help them thresh their wheat, and talk to them, man to man, while he did it. The farmers came to him for advice on their crops, so did the game-keepers to talk of pheasants, and the trout-fishers of fish.

He loved and played with the children, and chatted on household matters with the mothers. Hardly a soul in the parish could read or write, but he got up night-schools and taught them; he gave talks, and he saw to it that every one came to church, rounding up the men for the morning service, and the women and children in the afternoon. One of the bishops who ordained him complained that his sermons "were too colloquial,"



Photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

but the people liked that. They understood him when he preached, and they liked what he said.

The rectory was very old, adorably pretty, and simply covered, inches deep, with ivy and climbing-rose and jessamine. It was low, however, and in rainy weather the near-by pond would overflow the lawn, and then the lower rooms of the house. Several nights, before they got the drainage properly fixed, Kingsley and his wife, with the two servants, spent hours bailing out water and plugging leaks.

But that was in the early days of their life there. Before long, with loving care and much labor, the rector had the rectory as sound and safe as it was lovely, bowered in the great trees around it, in sight of the square-towered church

of red brick, and the quiet churchyard where he now lies buried.

Here, then, this fiery-souled man wrote, and preached, and strove mightily to set all things right, or to do as much toward that happy consummation as he could. He never waited around, putting off doing what seemed to him to need being done. He simply went straight for it, as a knight-errant in the golden age of England would have gone straight at the foe sword in hand. Indeed, as Andrew Lang once wrote of him, he always seemed to be waving a sword and cheering, confident that what was right must win. He had no patience with unkindness, meanness, cruelty, and no hesitation in saying so.

Every one who ever met him spoke of that restless energy of his, which shone out of his restless, glowing eyes and spoke in his strong, uplifting talk and joyous ringing laugh. He was really a poet, and he was always making the mistakes and the successes of a poet. He thought anything could be done in a hurry, if it could be done at all; he felt that, if people only saw what was good and beautiful, they would immediately love it; and if his arguments were often poor, his power to draw a splendid picture, to create enthusiasm, was great.

Kingsley's life was a series of ups and downs. He would work with such fury,—writing letters, preaching, visiting his sick, teaching, smoking all day, and at night, after the rest of the house were all in bed, sitting up till the small hours writing at one of his novels—that, after several months of this kind of thing, he would have a breakdown and be ordered to quit.

At first, he thought what he needed was physical exercise, and off he would go on a long tramp or a fishing-trip. But soon he learned that what he must have was absolute quiet; and then he would sit for hours in the sun, soaking in some lovely scene before him, and waiting till his energy returned, as peacefully as he might. Every now and then he was subject to intense fits of depression, such as men of his temper are apt to suffer, but his buoyant spirit soon came singing home again, and the boy in him waked with a shout, ready for play and for work.

Kingsley made a tremendous impression in his lifetime, not so much from anything he actually did, but because of all he hoped and wanted to do, and tried to make people see was worth doing. Many honors came to him. He was Professor of English Literature at Queens' College, and of Modern History at Cambridge, in 1860. Nine years later he became Canon of Chester,

and in 1873 Canon of Westminster, a very high post.

His sermons were listened to almost breathlessly; and though the conventional churchmen did not approve of him, his congregations loved him. Once he was preaching to a throng of workingmen, and, when he had finished, the Incumbent, one of the dignitaries of the church, rose and said that he did not believe in most of what Mr. Kingsley had said, and had expected a very different sermon. Kingsley made no reply, simply bowing his head. But as he walked back through the aisle, the men in the seats near him stretched out their hands to touch him as he passed, and murmured blessings on him.

He loved the poor, the weak, the unhappy, and he gave himself to them with a fervor it is hard to realize. He loved gay and gallant doings, clean and bright, as you can see in his books "Hereward the Wake," "Westward Ho," and "Hypatia." And he loved and understood little children, as you can find in the story of "The Water Babies."

In "At Last," he tells the story of how he went to the West Indies after many years of longing. It is a good description, but, oddly enough, not so good as the one his imagination painted of the tropics in "Westward Ho," before ever he saw them.

Every one who knew Kingsley loved him, and he was adored by his wife and his children. He died in his fifty-sixth year, but he had lived ten long lives in that time. No one ever asked anything of him in vain that was fit and right for a man to do or give. His wife wrote, after his death, that in him the age of chivalry had lived again, that he fulfilled every ideal of a "most true and perfect knight." He had a hot temper, impatient and proud, but he had a tremendous control over it, and over himself, and a heart the biggest and kindest imaginable. He had a perfect passion for knowledge of all kinds, particularly things that affected men and women and children.

I can only give you the slightest impression of a character so varied and so full of action, but even a brief glimpse of a man like Charles Kingsley is worth something. It is like stepping suddenly out into a fresh garden full of sunlight, where plants and flowers crowd the beds, where trees rustle in the wind, birds sing, and happy, healthy, generous life is in full swing, giving itself joyously for the glory of God. There was nothing stuffy, nor dark, nor small, nor cowardly in any minute of Charles Kingsley's life or inch of his being.



THANKSGIVING DAY IN THE OLDEN TIME.—DRAWN BY MAURICE L. BOWER.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

WORDS BY
KATHERINE LEE BATES

MUSIC BY
EDITH S. PETTEE

1. O beau - ti - ful for spacious skies, For am - ber waves of grain, For
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, impassioned stress A
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife, Who
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees beyond the years Thine

pur - ple moun-tain ma - jes-ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain! A -
thor-ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness! A -
more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life! A -
al - a - bas - ter ci - ties gleam Undimmed by hu - man tears! A -

mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee And
mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, Con -
mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine, Till
mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee And

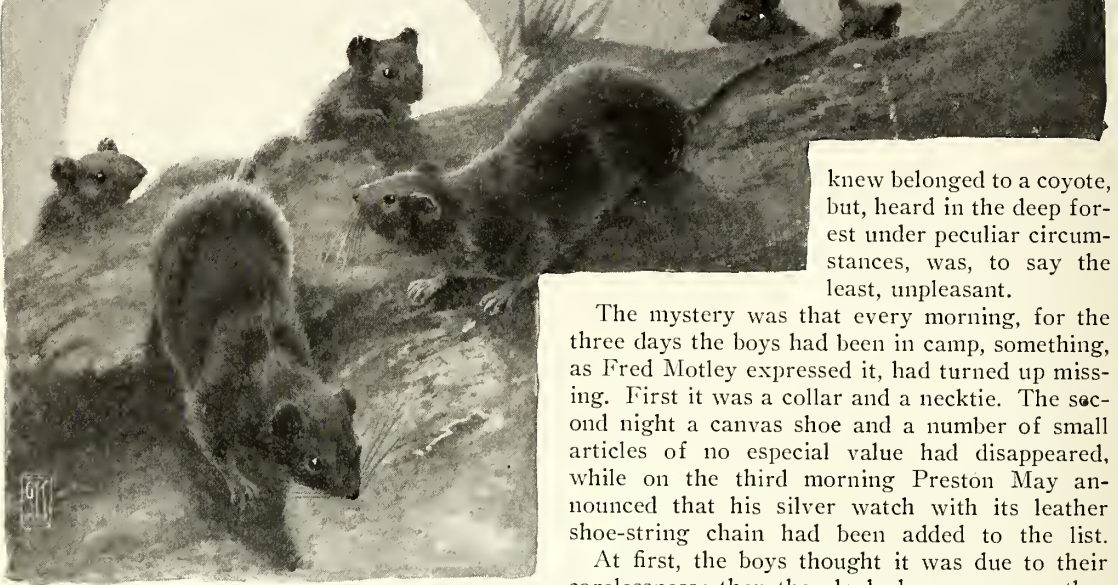
crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea! And
 firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law! Con -
 all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine! Till
 crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea! And

crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
 firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
 crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

rit. *a tempo.*

Lightly.

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS

BY C. F. HOLDER

THERE was a deep mystery hanging over Camp Sierra, and four boys with very much puzzled faces sat around the camp-fire, eagerly talking. The camp was high on the slope of the Southern Sierras, overlooking a broad valley in which the boys lived, and they were spending their vacation in the forests and cañons of the great range to enjoy the outdoor life and obtain specimens of animals for the museum of the natural history society of which they were members.

Their camp was a simple breakdown of brush, branches of spruce and pine thrown over the lower limbs of a big tree, with a flooring of pine-needles, soft and fragrant. In front of this, by the side of a deep cañon, blazed the log-fire that never went out, and that crackled and roared as though it was the most important feature of the camp.

The mystery surrounding them was the topic of conversation that night, and the campers evidently were devising secret plans as they sat close together and talked low, the crackling fire drowning their voices. There were strange noises abroad, too: loud shrieks, low hootings, and occasionally a wild echoing laugh which the campers

knew belonged to a coyote, but, heard in the deep forest under peculiar circumstances, was, to say the least, unpleasant.

The mystery was that every morning, for the three days the boys had been in camp, something, as Fred Motley expressed it, had turned up missing. First it was a collar and a necktie. The second night a canvas shoe and a number of small articles of no especial value had disappeared, while on the third morning Preston May announced that his silver watch with its leather shoe-string chain had been added to the list.

At first, the boys thought it was due to their carelessness; then they looked upon one another with suspicion, each thinking that the other was playing a practical joke upon the rest; but they had all solemnly affirmed that this was not so.

"I 'm not superstitious," said Fred, "but it 's the most mysterious thing I ever knew."

"Not a single footprint about the camp; that 's the strangest part of it!" rejoined the owner of the watch.

"I have a plan!" said Ernest Rowland at last. "Let us establish a watch. I will keep awake until twelve, then Pres can take my place until two, and Fred and Tony can divide the rest of the time till morning."

"Good!" exclaimed the others.

"But," suggested Tony, lowering his voice, "how do we know but the thief is listening to us now?"

"That 's true," replied Ernest, looking out into the shadows; "but we can't help it; and if this method does n't solve the mystery, I move we strike camp before we lose everything."

A half-hour later the boys rolled themselves in their blankets and, with the exception of Ernest, were soon fast asleep. The feeling that he was in charge and responsible for the capture of the robber sharpened his sensibilities and drove all desire for sleep away. The pine-needles, moved by the wind that swept over the mountains, made

a murmuring sound like a great Æolian harp; then from far away would come the screech of some wild animal, and out of the cañon the crash of a falling tree or some rock that went rolling down far into the depths. Then all about were strange sounds—insects, perhaps; then crackling noises, as though some one was approaching.

The watcher's eyes grew wider and wider as the strange noises increased instead of diminishing; and more than once his hand rested on his rifle as he imagined he heard the step of a man or large animal at his elbow.

Finally, the moon came up over the next range, and, being full, sent a blaze of light into the camp, so that everything could be plainly seen.

It was nearly one o'clock, and Ernest was about to call his relief, when suddenly he noticed something move a few feet away. Looking intently, he saw to his amazement that it was a shoe which one of the boys had taken off and left near the fire; as he looked, this shoe turned partly around, and then began to glide away.

To say that the sentinel was dumfounded faintly expresses it. He felt like pinching himself to prove that he was awake; but he certainly was, and there was the shoe moving along with a hitching, uncertain motion, as though some one was jerking it by the string.

Ernest had raised himself up to see more clearly when he caught sight of his own top-boots not many feet away. The upper portion of one appeared to be waving to and fro, and he distinctly heard something drop with a sharp sound; and then he saw, peeping out from the top of the boot, a black head followed by a little body, and a small creature, no larger than a rat, hopped to the ground and scampered off.

The shoe had stopped its wandering for the moment, but almost immediately began again; and the watcher now saw that about it, evidently

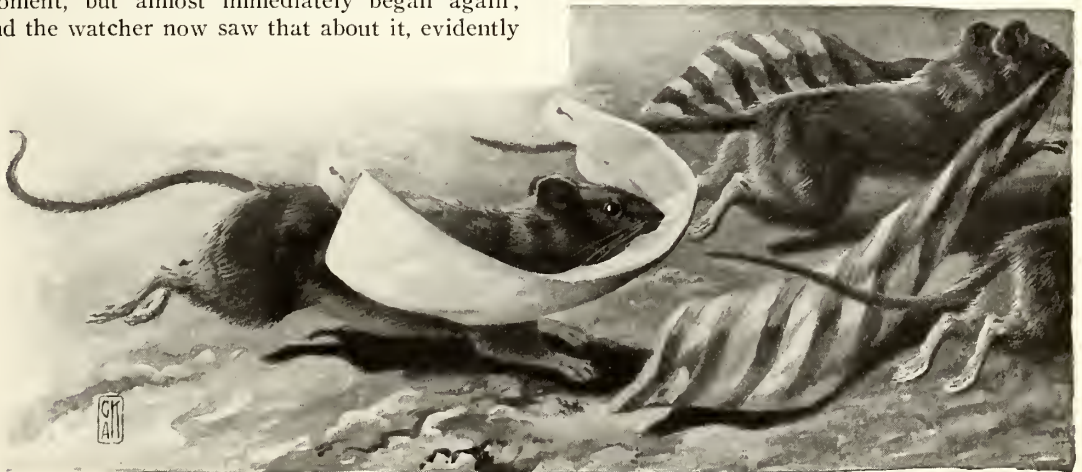
tugging at the shoestring, was another, or possibly several, of the same little creatures.

Here were the thieves, caught red-handed; and



"THE SHOE BEGAN TO GLIDE AWAY."

as Ernest remained quiet, holding his breath, one ran over his blanket, apparently hunting for something, while another scrambled up the boot-leg. It was evident that the camp was being sacked by these creatures, and, after watching them a while, he gave a shout that not only put



"A COLLAR AND A NECKTIE DISAPPEARED."



"THE WATCH HAD BEEN DRAGGED BY ITS LEATHER CHAIN."

the robbers to flight, but brought the sleepers to their feet.

The sentinel solemnly announced that he had discovered the thief and made them guess who or what it was; but after everything they could think of had been named, he told them he was sure it was the wood-rats, which proved to be the case.

The next morning the boys began their search and found, not fifty feet down the side of the cañon, a great mass of sticks interwoven, and, strewn about on the ground, a variety of curious

objects, among them the lost collar, while the necktie was stuffed into one of the entrances of the nest. Further search revealed the watch, its white face gleaming in the sunlight, which had been dragged by its leather chain and was not much the worse for it. What the wood-rats wanted with these articles cannot be surmised, as shoes, watches, and neckties are not generally used by them.

But the strangest freak was that connected with the top-boots, about which Ernest had seen them climbing. One boot was partially filled with barley from a sack near by which had been brought for the campers' burros, so it was evident that a number of rats must have been at work all night.

One of the boys suggested that they hide in the vicinity and catch a glimpse of these mischievous creatures in the daytime. In the meantime, they had investigated the nest and found it a remarkable affair. It took them over an hour to tear it apart, so closely was it woven together; and the interior showed



"ONE BOOT WAS PARTIALLY FILLED WITH BARLEY FROM A SACK NEAR BY."



THE FAMOUS CEIBA-TREE AT NASSAU, BAHAMA ISLANDS.

that these small creatures have very decided ideas in matters pertaining to personal comfort. There were two general rooms, one evidently intended for baby wood-rats, being almost filled with the soft down of various plants, bits of cotton-like material, and soft bark—a regular feather-bed. The second room was apparently a lounging-place, or sitting-room where, as Fred suggested, they originated the pranks they were to indulge in. From these rooms many passages led in various directions, one or more extending into the ground; so that, while the boys surrounded the nest and were jubilant in the anticipation of capturing the inhabitants, the latter all escaped, passing down the underground passage and coming out at a pile of rocks a hundred feet away, where, the boys supposed later on, they sat and watched the proceedings.

SOME TREE CURIOSITIES

THE immense ceiba, or silk-cotton, tree at Nassau, planted by John Miller over two centuries ago, is one of the most famous of its species. An old print of Nassau, made in 1802, shows this tree much as it appears to-day. Because the coral formation of the island bears little soil, it has been difficult for the roots to penetrate far below the surface. As they could not grow down, they have grown up, and so have developed into im-

mense buttresses, which radiate forty-five feet from the center, while the branches of the tree have a spread of over one hundred feet.

The traveler's-tree, the leaves of which resemble those of the banana-tree, grows throughout the West Indies. It is sometimes termed the fan-tree (*Ravenala Madagascariensis*), because its leaves spread like a fan. It is called the traveler's-tree because the wayfarer has only to pierce the stem of a leaf and pure cold water spurts out.



TAPPING A VEGETABLE FOUNTAIN.

Trees grow in many queer places, but a certain maple-tree in Greensburg, Indiana, maintains life where such a thing seems impossible. The home



THE TREE ON THE COURT-HOUSE TOWER.

of this tree is on the court-house tower, and there it flourishes more than a hundred feet above



A NEARER VIEW OF THE TREE ON THE TOWER.

the ground. The tree has been growing thirty-five years; it is about fifteen feet high, and four

inches in diameter. Formerly there were four trees on this tower. The largest was removed in 1887, because its roots had begun to spread apart the stone blocks about the base. The other two died later, during an intensely hot, dry summer. The remaining tree has made a slow but steady growth, and its healthy condition indicates that it will live for many years.

On the island of Trinidad is to be seen a sturdy tree growing out of a brick chimney which belonged at one time to an old sugar-mill, located at this point. The building has long since been reduced to ruins and is overgrown with vegetation. The more solidly built chimney has remained intact, and up through its center one of the quick-growing trees of the tropics has



A TREE GROWING OUT OF THE TOP OF A CHIMNEY.

sprung, spreading its branches out of the top of it as shown in our picture, evidently thriving on the special allowance of air and sunshine which its lofty and isolated position gives it.

In the central part of Florida, near Ft. Pierce, in the heart of a pine forest, stands an old dead pine-tree, absolutely devoid of foliage. Lodged in a fork of this pine, fifty feet above ground, is a rubber-tree, that has sent a single root to earth, fifty feet below; and from this it receives



THE TREE WITH THE FIFTY-FOOT ROOT.

its entire sustenance. The root may be plainly seen in the photograph at the left of the trunk of the dead pine.

But an even more important rubber-tree was reported last year as having been found in

Bolivia—a veritable monarch of its kind. It measures twenty-seven feet around its base, and yields more than twenty pounds of rubber every day for a hundred and twenty days of the year. At the present price of rubber the tree is worth about sixty thousand dollars, and the income derived from it supports an entire family in comfort.

A REVERSIBLE PHOTOGRAPH

THE camera sometimes plays tricks,—as every one who has ever used one knows,—but rarely such a curious one as this snap-shot of a child watching the swans in the park at Victoria, British Columbia. The photographer saw nothing



unusual in the picture until a keen-eyed friend turned it upside down and pointed out the profile of a human face formed by the central group of swans and the reflected light in the water.



THE "ROLY-POLY" SQUARE OF LISBON.

THE "ROLY-POLY" SQUARE THAT DECEIVES THE EYE

THIS is the famous "Roly-Poly" Square of Lisbon, Portugal, so-called because of the peculiar pattern of its mosaic pavement, which is the most remarkable of its kind in the world. The pavement is really level, but by this pattern is made to appear undulating, and, as shown in the photograph, the eye is completely deceived by it. The official name of the square is Praca de Dom Pedro Quarto. This square contains two bronze fountains, and a lofty pillar surmounted with a statue of Pedro IV.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



"HOP, HOP, HOP, HE WENT, AND THEY FOLLOWED HIM."

HOW THE BLUEBIRD CAME TO BE BLUE

A FANCIFUL STORY

RE-TOLD BY ELLEN C. BABBITT

ONCE upon a time, a woman and her two children were lost in the woods.

On and on they walked, and the woods grew thicker and thicker.

The children cried, "Oh, Mother, Mother! We are so hungry, do give us something to eat!"

The mother had to say, "Dear children, I have nothing to give you to eat."

She had been hungry for a long time herself, but she had said nothing about it to the children.

By and by they cried again, saying, "Oh, Mother, do give us just a drink of water!"

But she said, "I can find no water for you to drink."

She had been thirsty for a long time, but she had said nothing about it to the children.

On, on they went, hunting for a path, and food, and water.

They were badly scratched by the briars of berry-bushes, but they found no berries.

The streams were all dry, and they found no spring of water.

At last they sat down on the ground and cried, all together.

As they sat there, they heard a voice. They listened. It said, "Come, come!"

They were glad to hear the voice, but they saw no one.

But soon one of the children saw a Little Gray Bird, peeping down from a tree.

Looking right into the mother's eyes, it said, "Come, come, come!" in the sweetest way. "Come, children," she said; "we will follow the little bird."

The bird hopped along slowly, for he knew that the mother and the children were very tired. Hop, hop, hop, he went, and they followed him.

He first led them to a spring. There they drank as if they could never get enough.

When they stopped drinking the Little Bird went on again, hop, hop, hop, and they followed him.

He now led them to a tree full of ripe fruits.

They ate, and ate, and ate.

Now the night was upon them.

The Little Bird led them to a tree that had branches near the ground.

The mother easily climbed up into the tree and lifted her children up out of the reach of wolves.

While the mother and children slept, the Little Gray Bird watched over them.

The next day the Little Bird cared for them, showing them other springs and fruit-trees. Again, at night, he led them to a tree where they could sleep safely.

The day after that, the mother found that she was on the path that led to her home.

How happy they were to be at home once more! They looked up to thank the Little Gray Bird.

But the Little Gray Bird had feathers the color of the sky. Now he was a Bluebird.

And to this day the Bluebirds are proud of their coats. For the beautiful blue feathers were given to that Little Gray Bird because he had been so kind.

From "Voodoo Tales," by Mary E. Owen.





Look Out!

Look out! look out! An engine
train

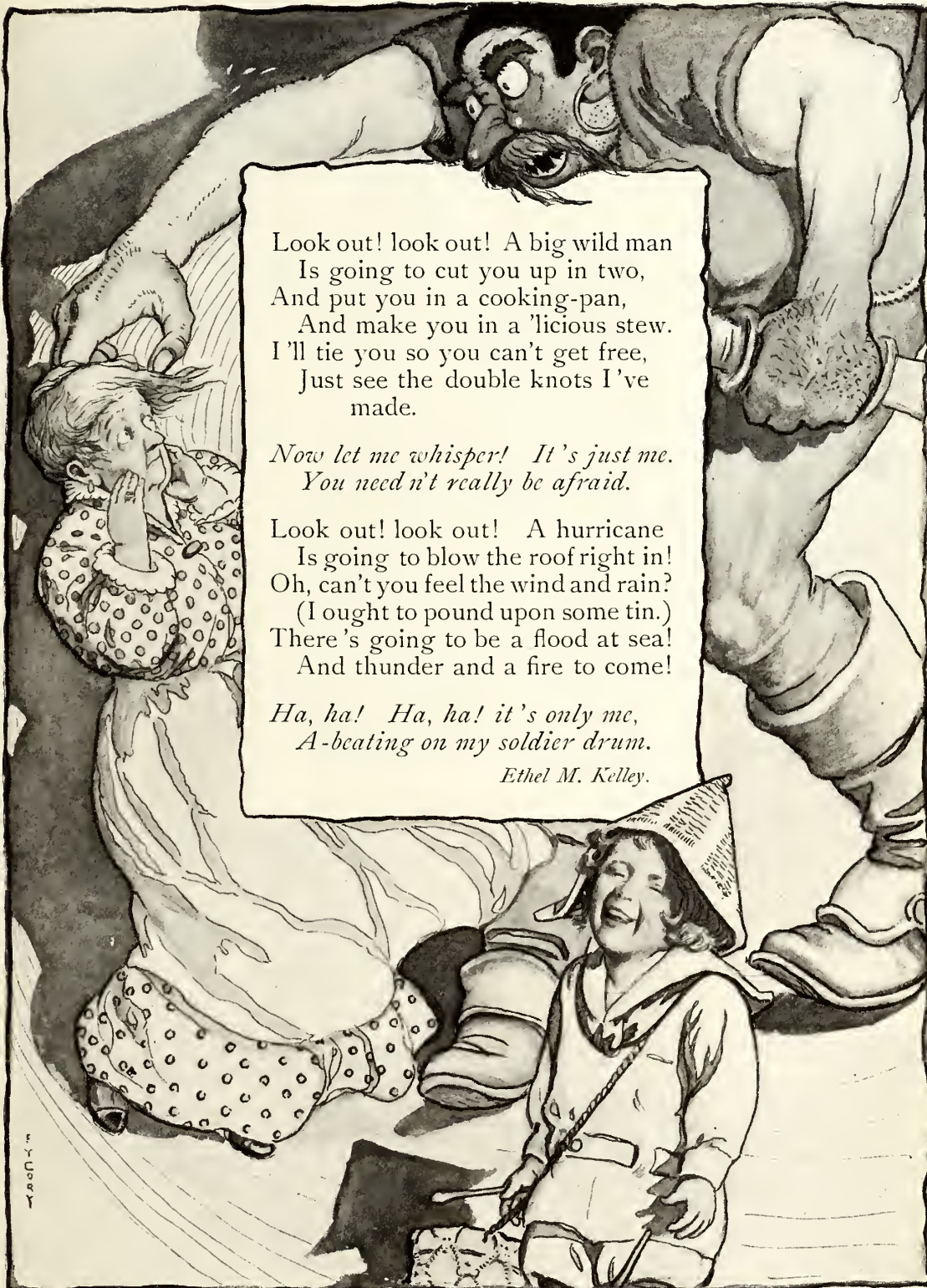
Is coming at you down the track,
And you would get a dretful pain
If it should hit you in the back.
An' ain't you scared as you can be,
An' can't you hear it puff and
smoke?

*Oh, don't you see it's only me,
Just playing engine for a joke?*

Look out! look out! A great big
bear

Is creeping out behind the door,
And don't you feel an awful scare,
Worse than you ever felt before?
An' can't you hear him growl, and see
How fierce he is, and oh, how tall?

*Ain't you surprised it's only me,
And not a great big bear at all?*



Look out! look out! A big wild man
Is going to cut you up in two,
And put you in a cooking-pan,
And make you in a 'licious stew.
I'll tie you so you can't get free,
Just see the double knots I've
made.

*Now let me whisper! It's just me.
You need n't really be afraid.*

Look out! look out! A hurricane
Is going to blow the roof right in!
Oh, can't you feel the wind and rain?
(I ought to pound upon some tin.)
There's going to be a flood at sea!
And thunder and a fire to come!

*Ha, ha! Ha, ha! it's only me,
A-beating on my soldier drum.*

Ethel M. Kelley.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY ROBERT MARTIN, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THIS month marks another anniversary; for the St. Nicholas League began just sixteen years ago—in November, 1899. And the boys and girls flocked to its standard literally by the thousand—a vast army of intelligent, ardent American young folk, bent upon expressing through "their own particular department of their own special magazine" the best that was in them. Never before had they found such an opportunity for self-development, and under no compulsion except joyous competition with like-minded comrades. And what a record they have made! How many gems of prose and verse could be culled from their clever contributions! Many a little masterpiece, indeed, has won the

unstinted admiration, and even envy, of grown-up writers. The young League illustrators, too,—both artists and photographers—with what argosies of beautiful pictures have they enriched our pages, month after month! More than sixty thousand boys and girls have been enrolled in the League, and more than five thousand have won gold- and silver-badges and become Honor Members. We may all rejoice, moreover, in the fact that the League has never reached a greater height of achievement and popularity than it enjoys to-day. Nor has the host of boys and girls who have made it what it is ever evinced a more loyal and enthusiastic appreciation of its benefits and ideals.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 189

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, Marie W. Smith (age 14), Massachusetts; Emma G. Jacobs (age 15), Michigan; Frances Knoche Marlatt (age 14), New York; Alice Hines (age 14), Texas; Zelma Owen (age 15), Indiana.

VERSE. Gold badges, Mary S. Benson (age 12), California; Margaret Tildsley (age 14), Maine. Silver badges, Annette Auslander (age 15), New York; Louise Guyol (age 13), New Hampshire; Elizabeth Kieffer (age 15), Maryland; Linda Van Norden (age 11), California.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, Ruth S. Thorp (age 15), Pennsylvania. Silver badges, Edward L. Palmer (age 17), New York; Marian Allardt (age 12), California.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, Margaret Alice Keith (age 15), Ohio; Charles B. Cooper (age 13), New York. Silver badges, Roger Wood Wentworth (age 15), Massachusetts; Virginia L. Rust (age 13), Utah; Wendell S. Clampitt (age 17), Iowa; Eleanor P. Sloan (age 11), Pennsylvania; Frederick A. Small (age 15), Canada; Parker B. Newell (age 15), New Jersey.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, Myrtle Winter (age 15), New Jersey. Silver badges, Leona M. Fassett (age 16), California; Phyllis Young (age 15), Canada.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, Hubert Barentzen (age 16), Porto Rico. Silver badge, Elisabeth Allen (age 16), Pennsylvania.



BY PHYLLIS RADFORD, AGE 14.



BY LUCY POMEROV, AGE 15.

"ALL ABOARD!"

THE AUTUMN HILLS

BY ANNETTE AUSLANDER (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

THE vapor lifts, and through the drifts the autumn hills look bleak and bare;
The birds are gone, and, one by one, the chestnuts rattle in the air;
The wild winds whirl about and hurl and crash against the hills that stand
Erect and strong, the ages long, like crags upon a raging strand.

What mist e'er chills the autumn hills so plain, so patient, and so great!
They point a truth for age and youth: be persevering—work and wait!
Perform the task God gave thee; ask no other boon than work itself—
To serve the Lord is thy reward, far finer than all worldly pelf.

Year follows year; new things appear; but never change the grand old hills,
Though autumn gray will soon be gay with green and gold of daffodils,—
Yet now winds whirl the leaves and swirl around those hills, and strive to shake,
While thunders black with crooked crack of lightning strike, but never break!

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED—
AND WHAT HAPPENED!

BY MARIE W. SMITH (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

JIMMY JONES was not a model boy; consequently, when his mother forbade him to go fishing he was all the more anxious to go. After thinking over his hard lot for some time, Jimmy decided to go fishing—punishment, or no punishment. He then rose and sauntered leisurely out to the barn, where he collected his fishing paraphernalia, and set out at a brisk walk for the pond.



"ALL ABOARD." BY ROGER W. WENTWORTH, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

It happened that on this particular day Mrs. Jones was giving a luncheon-party. The lunch was to be served at one-thirty. At ten minutes past one Mrs. Jones excused herself and hurried into the kitchen. "Has n't the fish man come yet?" she inquired nervously of the cook.

"No 'm, he has n't come yet! And I have n't got any more time than I need now," the cook replied.

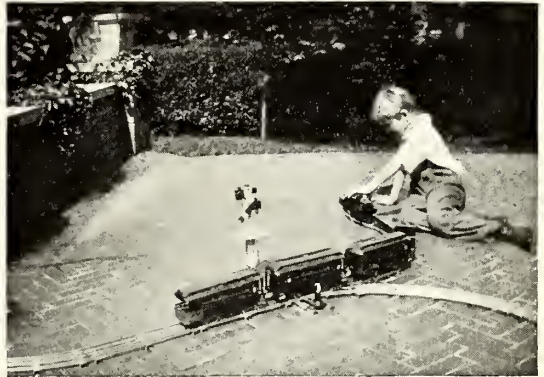
At this moment the kitchen door opened and in

stepped Jimmy. In his right hand he held a string with eight good-sized pickerel on it.

"Oh Jimmy! let me have those fish. The fish man has n't come yet, and the guests have all arrived!" cried Mrs. Jones.

Jimmy handed her the string without a word and then went quietly to his room, for he felt that it behooved him to be very good, since he had just disobeyed his mother.

At the supper-table Jimmy was greeted with, "Congratulations, Mr. Fisherman!" from his father, and:



"ALL ABOARD." BY MARGARET ALICE KEITH, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON SEPT., 1915.)

"Oh Jimmy, how could you disobey me! You might have been drowned or injured!" from his mother.

Jimmy was silent a moment and then he cried, jubilantly, "And your lunch-party might 'a' turned out worse than it did!"

"True, my son," his father replied, "and I won't punish you this time. But see that you don't disobey mamma again."

"Yes, pa," Jimmy replied meekly.

THE AUTUMN HILLS

BY FLORENCE M. TREAT (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

IN gorgeous festal raiment clad, the autumn woodlands shine.

Oh, hurry up! I can't wait long! Come on, old chum o' mine!

For every leaf and vine is splashed with gaudy crimson dye,

And through the shivering, swaying pines a boisterous wind sweeps by.

Against the oak-trees' bronze and gold the sumac flaunts its flame,

While perched above, in saucy spite, the blue-jay screams his blame

Of squirrels and chipmunks on the ground; and gay bright mosses creep

O'er fallen logs, and worn old paths, and hillsides rough and steep,

Where wintergreen and sassafras and partridge-berries grow.

And up on top the winds blow strong,—and blow, and blow, and blow!

And every rustling calls you on, and every twig-snap thrills—

Oh, hurry up, old chum o' mine! Let 's go and climb the hills!

THE AUTUMN HILLS IN CALIFORNIA

BY MARY S. BENSON (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February, 1915)

WE have not the brilliant glory
That adorns the Eastern fall;
Not for us the scarlet forests,
Nor the song-birds' farewell call.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY EDWARD L. PALMER, AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE.)

But we have the bright green hillslopes,
Where the birds sing all the day;
Where doth grow the scarlet holly;
Where the spotted fawn doth play;

Where the shining green of summer
Hath not faded from the trees;
Where no signs of coming winter
Are brought by the gentle breeze.

Where, although the months go by us,
Still there is a changeless scene;
For the Eastern glory fadeth,
But *our hills* are *always green!*

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED—
AND WHAT HAPPENED!

BY EMMA G. JACOBS (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

A MURMUR of excitement filled the school-room the Friday before Thanksgiving, for the school principal had just announced that he would present a five-dollar gold-piece to the boy who would compose and deliver

best-intentioned, but laziest boy in town. As he walked home from school, a wonderful picture formed in his mind.

He saw the school-room crowded with friends and relatives, and himself modestly mounting the platform stairs and delivering such an oration that a silence, greater than that which greeted Lincoln's immortal speech, followed; then such a mighty burst of applause that the very rafters trembled. Of course his speech was the best, and he beheld the principal bestow on him the coveted prize, and foretell for him a future as great as Webster's or—well, some other fellow in the history-book.—Then he pictured himself borne by the admiring audience to the town hall, while the band played "Hail! the Conquering Hero Comes."

"Say, Johnny, coming coasting?" A rude voice broke the shining dream.

"Sure, Bub!" And, essay forgotten, the would-be hero hurried off.

So the week passed. Each day the dream was elaborated till the President himself conferred the honor on him, but coasting was good, and the essay was not started.

Finally, the great day came. Speech after speech was delivered, and duly applauded, till finally Johnny Grant's turn came. But lo! instead of the modest hero-to-be, a flushed, embarrassed boy muttered two words, "Not prepared," and sank into his seat.

When the prize was awarded, Johnny, with head aloft, expressed contempt for such "baby" things. But in his mind there still lingered a wonderful, shattered romance.



"SOMETHING ROUND." BY VIRGINIA P. BRADFIELD, AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER.)



"ALL ABOARD." BY CHARLES B. COOPER, AGE 13.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON SEPT., 1915.)

the best oration on "Thanksgiving." Every one was obliged to compete, so the contest would be an exciting one.

Among the most enthusiastic was Johnny Grant, the

THE AUTUMN HILLS

A Sonnet

BY MARGARET TILDSLEY (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1912)

ABOVE the meadows, decked with gold and blue
Of goldenrod and asters, fair and tall,
Rose hills, aflame with colors of the fall,
With reds and yellows,—other colors, too.
I thought not of their beauty, it is true;
The colors of the hills to me were gall
And deepest bitterness, for each and all
Reminded me that school-time was nigh due!

Vacation days had all fled swiftly by,
And with them all the gaiety that fills
The summer time with rare delight and joy
For man and woman, as for girl and boy.
And so it was that with a heavy sigh
I looked upon the glory of the hills!



BY PRESCOTT B. HUNTINGTON, AGE 10.



BY INEZ WATKINS, AGE 15.



BY VIRGINIA L. RUST, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY WENDELL S. CLAMPTT, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELEANOR P. SLOAN, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY FREDERICK A. SMALL, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY JOSEPH COLBURN SMITH, AGE 13.



BY MARY LEWIS, AGE 14.



BY ELEANOR HILLYER, AGE 10.
"ALL ABOARD!"



BY HENRY DU ROY HART, AGE 11.

THE AUTUMN HILLS

BY LOUISE GUYOL, JR. (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

BLUE in the distance, misty, indistinct,
But, as we nearer draw, the green of pine
And hemlock, interspersed with red and gold
Of maple, flash upon our wond'ring eyes.
About them twine the vines of wild-wood grapes,
Clusters of fragrance filled with sun and dew;
And stately oaks above us tower high,
Their ruddy leaves a-glisten in the sun;



"ALL ABOARD." BY GRACE BRADLEY, AGE 14

Clear mountain streams that sparkle 'neath its beams,
And leap o'er rocks that do their course impede.
Then as the sun doth sink, a crimson fire
Spreads o'er the hills a rosy, golden glow,
And as the darkness falls, their outline vague
Becomes more indistinct against the stars,
And fades at last into the evening sky.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED—
AND WHAT DID HAPPEN

BY GRACE CANFIELD FREESE (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

LAST summer, in the very shadow of Mt. Monadnock,
by the shores of Lake Thorndike, we had our camp.

"SOMETHING ROUND." BY MARIAN ALLARDT, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

As our sleeping-quarters were rather cramped, four of us slept in an empty building not far from the rest, which we labeled "Apartment 23."

We were forbidden canoes, though we all could swim, consequently our one desire was to slip out some bright night and steal a ride. Accordingly, on a beauti-

ful moonlit night in July, we set an alarm-clock at twelve, and, muffling it, placed it between two of us.

We planned to slip out, take two canoes from the boat-house near by and have a midnight ride. The stars were all out—that is, I did n't count them, but it looked as if they were,—and the lovely summer moon shed a soft radiance over everything. We were to steal away from the rest of the camp toward the road and make our way through the bushes to the boat-house. We were to paddle behind the island and, after a long ride, refresh ourselves with the stock of "cats" we had brought and return as silently as we had come.

I say we had *planned* to do all this. But alas! We muffled the clock a little too much, and it stopped at 11.45. We awoke just in time to dress for breakfast.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED
AND WHAT HAPPENED

BY VIOLA STERN WERTHEIM (AGE 8)

IN the cozy nursery of number 27, seated at the large table, two little girls, Helen and Dorothy Gale, were busy making cardboard houses out of boxes.

Helen Gale was ten years old, while her sister Dorothy was nine.

They were eagerly awaiting the following Monday, when they were to go on a visit to their cousin, Ethel Porter, for two weeks at her country home.

"Won't it be lovely?" asked Dorothy, enthusiastically, her eyes sparkling. As she spoke, she turned

around to face her sister. But when she turned, she accidentally knocked down one of Helen's houses with her elbow.

"Oh, I 'm so sorry!" cried Dorothy. "I 'll help you build it over again." But Helen would not listen to her sister's apologies, as she had a rather quick temper.

"I 'm going to tell Mamma right straight now!" said she. As she walked out of the room, Dorothy's eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Mamma!" cried Helen as she burst into her mother's room.

Mrs. Gale listened to her daughter's story, and then said: "Have I not told you often enough not to tell on your sister?"

"But Mamma, think what she did! She spoiled my whole house on purpose. Please don't let her go to Ethel's on Monday, will you?"

"Helen," said her mother severely, "you shall be the one to stay at home, not Dorothy, unless you beg her pardon at once for being so cross, because I 'm sure she did not mean to upset your house."

But Helen refused to apologize, and so was not allowed to go to her cousin's.

So what might have happened to Dorothy happened to Helen!

"SOMETHING ROUND." BY LOUISE GRAHAM,
AGE 17. *(HONOR MEMBER.)*

THE AUTUMN HILLS

BY ELIZABETH KIEFFER (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

OH, the hills are fair in winter, lass,
A snow-sheet sparkling white,
When we skim the glittering lake by day,
The glistening slope by night!

And the hills are fair in springtime, lass,
When birds begin to sing;
When the woods are all a misty green,
And chimes of bluebells ring.

And the woods are fine in summer, lass,
All purple through the day,
And along the glory of their slopes
The darkling shadows play.



"ALL ABOARD." BY PARKER E. NEWELL, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

But the hills are best in autumn, lass,
When all the trees are gold,
And the glory of the season's joy
Is all the heart can hold!

And it's oh, the purple asters, lass,
That grow beside the brook,
And the riches of the goldenrod
In every quiet nook!

Oh, I love them well in winter, lass,
In spring and summer, too,
But best I love the autumn,
In my happy hills of blue!

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED—
AND WHAT HAPPENED!

BY FRANCES KNOCHE MARLATT (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

MOTHER PARTRIDGE was a plump, fluffy creature with twelve three-days-old chicks. In the short period of their existence she had taught her babies many things, including her signals. They knew that "cluck, cluck" meant to hide, and also that their lives depended on obedience.

One day, when Mother Partridge was sitting with her chicks in the depth of the forest, she spied a fox.

Almost immediately came the "cluck, cluck" signal. Under the leaves went each chick until not one was in sight.

Mother Partridge now undertook to lead Mr. Fox away from her babies. She threw herself fearlessly in front of the fox, as though begging for mercy—for she now had a wounded wing. The sly old fox was having visions of a delicious feast, easily won, as he went to grab poor Mrs. Partridge. But somehow she had hobbled away quicker than he could reach her. It was most irritating to have a lamed partridge go quicker than a fox could run! But as Mr. Fox quickened his pace, the partridge quickened hers. A most peculiar thing! This kept up for a mile or so. Suddenly the partridge took to wing—for her wing was well now—and flew back to her babies, still huddled among the leaves. The fox stared after her blankly. He had been fooled—he who was considered so cunning!

Mother Partridge's babies were safe, whereas, if she had not known how to lead a fox astray, he would have had twelve little partridges for dinner.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED—
AND WHAT HAPPENED

BY ALICE HINES (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

ARITA is a little village in Japan almost entirely devoted to the making of porcelain. While we were in Japan, we visited this quaint village and saw all the little ovens where they bake the china. We saw hundreds of men, women, and children devoting their lives to the manufacture of the dishes, cups, and saucers we eat and drink from.

The day we were there, the proprietors had received an order from the Emperor for some cups to be used at a dinner he was soon going to give. Every one was busy trying to fill this order so that the cups could be sent on time. We looked all around us with interest, watching one person and then another. Finally, we paused in front of an old woman who had a dozen cups spread out before her on a board.

Suddenly one end of the board went up in the air, and all of the cups fell off. Alas! all were broken but three. The cause of this disaster was my small brother, who, in his eagerness to see, had stumbled against the board and knocked it over. Immediately there was an uproar, and loud and many were the exclamations, both in English and Japanese. In the midst of this, both my brother and myself were banished to sit in our jinrikishas and weep over our misfortunes.

We could not pay for the cups as they were almost priceless, but we bought some bowls, to atone slightly for the unfortunate accident. A sign was later put up "No Children Allowed."

The Emperor of Japan might have gotten his cups sooner if it had not been for a small American boy

"SOMETHING 'ROUND." BY RUTH S. THORP,
AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE
WON OCT., 1914)

six years old, who has been called ever since, by a humorous uncle, "The honorable cup-breaker to His Majesty, the Mikado."



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY ALMA KEHOE, AGE 14

THE AUTUMN HILLS

(In the Sierra Nevada Mountains)

BY LINDA VAN NORDEN (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

The mystic autumn hills,
The purple autumn hills,
Are touched with rolling mist.
A dream before my eyes,
Hill upon hill doth rise,
By golden sunshine kissed.

Beyond them, mountains white,
In gleaming golden light,
Snow-capped and mantled too!
Like kings who rule the land,
There they majestic stand
Against the sky so blue.

In softened glory, down
Slope orchard hills, red-brown
And golden in the sun;
And o'er them, cloudlets white
Smile at them from their height,
Then float on, one by one.

I in my hammock lie,
Dreaming of earth and sky,
Of joys which soon must cease.
Oh, if Time's hand could stay,
And leave all, as to-day,
A golden dream of peace!

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED— AND WHAT DID HAPPEN

BY ZELMA OWEN (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

"But suppose he should get crippled for life?" questioned Mother. "It is really dangerous. He is so young, too. He would be more apt to get hurt than the others."

"It 'll be a good thing for him. He 's shielded so much at home that it 'll be good for him to learn that he can't always get along so easy. Why, these street waifs know more trouble at Phil's age than our children do at twenty." And so it was decided.

This conversation between Mother and Father fol-

lowed the request of Phil, our four-year-old family baby, to run in the Rosedale Pushmobile race.

At the appointed time, Mother, Father, and I were at the speedway. The race had merely begun when the most promising pushmobile collapsed, almost blockading the way. Just then Phil appeared with Jack, my thirteen-year-old brother, as his runner. Phil waved at us, for he had not seen the wreck! He was scarcely ten feet from it! In an instant, Jack threw himself over Phil and grasped the steering-wheel. Oh, *would* he be able to steer past the wreck! Jack's weight slackened the speed and he was successful! I knew by the expressions on Mother's and Father's faces that in that instant they had pictured Phil as an invalid for life.

At the finish, Father lifted a crying boy to his shoulder. For a week Phil had pictured the possibilities of the five-dollar prize.

"Never mind, Sonny, I 'll give you five dollars!"

"I thought you wished to introduce him to hardship?" questioned Mother.

"Too early," commented Father, and Mother smiled.

At dinner the promised five dollars was at Phil's place. Another five dollars was at Jack's place, and on a card beside it was written, "From Mother, to her own hero."

We had forgotten our hero!

THE AUTUMN HILLS

BY BALDWIN SPRINGER MAULL (AGE 14)

So far away they seem to be
That I have peopled them all fair,
Have made a land of Mystery,
And oft I spend my hours there.
I never cease adventures till
The dinner bell begins to ring,
For then it seems that if I will,
I may, in good sooth, be a king.

Imagination fills all blanks
And puts me into awful scrapes,
But then it starts with wilful pranks
To help me make my hard escapes.
The crowd is quite a motley one,
Detectives, pirates, brigands bold,
Fair ladies, knights; and just for fun
I sometimes find some pirate gold!

For, as I said, I 've peopled it
With people from my books and mind,
And when I take a restive fit
I go and see what I can find,
And as I gaze across the plain,
The purpled hills are made to be
Alive with Indians yet again,—
And all is real as real to me.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

PROSE

Eleanor Amidon
Anna Michaels
Susanna Paxton
Page Williams
Ethel Earle
Juliet Meyer
Rita Fuguet
Milton Rogers
Jeanette C. Sperry
Jean Tolman
C. Rosalind Holmes
Eliza Anne Peterson
Louise Sanford

Fdna Harley
Dorothy Dinsmore
Margaret Mead
Dorothy Blatter
Edna Welch
Anna Volkell
Josephine MacDonald
Ruth Parmly
Janet Newkirk
Helen Dreyfach
Katherine I. Clancy
Dorothy J. Teall
Joseph W. Richards
Pauline Heller
Ruth M. Smith

Caroline Dean
Glory Mavis Dwyer
Elizabeth J. Cope
Priscilla Safford
Eleanor P. Allen
Bessie Rosenman
Lena B. Klarman
Elizabeth Warren
Virginia Allan
Gjems Fraser
Elizabeth Smith
Elizabeth Wright
Bernard Weiss
Frank Kohn
Norma R. Gullette

Ruth E. Baker
Ruth Burgess
J. Brooks Fenns
Edith Anna Lukens
Frances W. Bicknell
Ruth Jackson
Esther J. Lowell
Alfred Stewart
Valentine
Elizabeth Graves
Edna Lawver
Robert W. Lewis, Jr.
Samuel Ferster
Gertrude Smith
Marian Hull
Elizabeth Wadleigh
Marion Walker
Margaret V. Stamm
Hannah Ratisher
J. James Young, Jr.
Louise B. Poole
Elizabeth Diller
Constance V. Hall
Joe Williams
Margaret Klein
Marjorie Bartlett
Frances Kinney
Helena Dolfin
Emeline H. Conway
Louise Carnahan
Thompson
Eliza Finney
Margaret C. Bland
B. Eloise Pinney
Dolly Duane
Freda Wolfe
Elizabeth Gray
Florence Bradley
C. B. Courville
Arthur Krom
Constance Chapman
Ruth C. Leary
Gertrude Zimmerman
Lillian Brenton
Edna R. Walls
Morgan D. Evans
Rebekah Hart
Kathleen Cole
Sally Sage
Gertrude Nelson
Eunice Clayton
Abel Greenstein
Elizabeth Riviere
Margaret Brown Cage
Mary Aydelott
Diana H. S. Wertheim
Ursula Chase
Batchelder
M. A. Sharpless
Mary Louise Brennan
Mary H. Howland
Alice Josephine
Loughran

Benita Clarke
Anne Wilkinson
Frances B. Brooks
Marcella H. Foster
Rosalie Dunlap
Rebecca Emery
Hester Alida Emmet
Dorothy Levy
Sarah F. Borock
Eleanor Johnson
Llewellyn A. Wilcox
Margaret H. Laidlaw
Mary Robbins
Margaret Phelps
Ruth Barcher
Frances Catherine
Ellsworth
Phoebe Wilson
Margaret Walker

Lawrence B. Goodrich
Doris Johnson

DRAWINGS

Sarah M. Bradley
Josephine Hopkins
Lois Loeffler
Barbara Prosser
Anne Eunice Moffett
Marian Hoyt
Joseph Horowitz
Alicia Foster
Jean M. Clarke
Josephine Smith
Helen E. Johnson
Gertrude Harms
Bernice Mee
Aileen G. Spitzli

Jeannette C. Bozert
Elliott T. Merrick
Grace H. Parker
Beatrice Quackenbush
Elizabeth Crosby
Newton M.
Argabrite, Jr.
Gerald H. Loomis
Helen C. Kirkwood
Dessa K. Palmerlee

Alice D. Sims
Dorothy Croel
Mary Louise Mulhall
Elizabeth Gordon
Marion Ames
Anna Atkinson Sellers
Dorothy Besuden

PUZZLES

Luther B. Arrington
James A. Miller
Marion F. Hunt
Saul Borock
E. Curtis Bennett
Arthur Poulin, Jr.
Charles Morris Rich
Caroline Graves
Katherine Wenzel
Sydney Borock

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 193

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. 193 will close **November 24** (for foreign members **November 30**). 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 Star," or "The Stars."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "An Evening I Have Enjoyed."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Travel Picture."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Decoration," 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 zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *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—and must state in writing—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; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER."
BY LIDA RAYMOND, AGE 12.

Margaret Pond
Jean P. Robertson
Robert Murray
Elizabeth Gerould
Mary Robertson Evans
Celestine Morgan
Wesley A. De Laney
Margaret Lovewell
Eleanor Hull
Helena Marsh
Isabelle M. Craig
Jessie Marilla
Thompson
Francis Dawson
Elizabeth Stamps
Margery Barker
Helen Lucek
Yvonne Smith
Judith Brewin
Cora Louise Butterfield
Isabel Rathborne
Beatrice G. Stein

Beatrice Stewart
Lucile Kapp
Marjorie Seligman
Julia Strachey
Isolde D'Aulby
Francis S. Watts
Robert Boyle
Frederick W. Agnew
Mary Adele Larrabee
Jane D. McIntyre
Deborah H. Jones
Minnie Russell
Catherine S. Krupa
Overton G. Ellis, Jr.
Jessie L. Remington
Otto Tennigkeit.
Evelyn Ringemann

PHOTOGRAPHS

Loyal T. Ives
Ellen Lacy
Robert R. Andrews
Dorothy Thorndike
Harriet M. Butler
Mary Beggs
Mary Cunningham
Roma Kauffman
Howard L.
Sherman, Jr.
Dorothy Burr
Elizabeth Sanderson
Eva Blackwell
Sarah Miles
Esther B. White
Joyce W. Butler
Ralph Soby
Mary Louise Schaal
Helen P. Loudenslager
Helena W. Jelliffe
Dorothy Koch
Helena A. Dillingham
Nathalie G. Nelson
Virginia Elizabeth
McConkey
Caroline Ormsley
Margaret S. Anderson
Rosalie A. Wilson
Betty Lowe
Margaret Worcester
Helen Ida Graves
Dorothy Dyer
Philip M. Alden
Alfild Beatrice
Trondsen



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY
MCCREGGOR ORMISTON, AGE 16.

Marion Schalter
Betty Scudder
Marian Henning

VERSE

Constance Winsor
McLaughlin

Marthedit Furnas
Margaret L. Andersen
Marie Mirvis
Grace E. Bassett
Alice Beaver
Henry Redmond
Elizabeth Ferry
Coontey

THE LETTER-BOX

EDITORIAL NOTE

THE inspiring words of "America the Beautiful," by Professor Katherine Lee Bates of Wellesley College, are no doubt familiar to all, or nearly all, the readers of *St. NICHOLAS*; but while the text has several times been set to music, the arrangement by Mrs. Edith S. Pettee, printed on pages 72 and 73 of this number, is regarded by many as the one best suited to children's voices. It was composed for the Hartford High School Glee Club, and has been successfully sung in other schools as well. We therefore commend this setting, as within the reach of young voices and the mass of singers, and therefore likely to be found especially satisfactory both for the home and the school-room.

A CORRECTION

DEAR *St. NICHOLAS*: In the September issue of *St. NICHOLAS*, there is, in the Nature and Science Department, a short article of mine on "The Money-Stones of Yap."

The legend of the accompanying illustration is "From a sketch by the Author."

Unfortunately, in forwarding this sketch, I forgot to say that the original was drawn by Lieutenant Philip V. Lansdale, U. S. N., a gallant officer who, later, was killed in action in Samoa.

The copy which I sent you I had made, with Mr. Lansdale's permission, in Naples. He and I were shipmates on the Pacific cruise during which we went to Yap.

Will you kindly print this necessary correction and oblige
Yours faithfully, WILLIAM L. CATHCART.

EL PASO, TEX.

DEAR *St. NICHOLAS*: Though I have taken you for more than two years, I have never written to you before.

I think "The Lost Prince" is one of the loveliest stories I have ever read, and I hope that, when it ends, you will have another story by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, for her stories are always so good.

I am especially interested in "Chained Lightning," because it describes El Paso just as it was when Mother was here when she was a little girl. I also know two of the characters in the story, Mr. Luis Terrazas and his son, Mr. Luis Terrazas, Jr. Last summer their family lived next door to us. The elder Mr. Terrazas is now living in El Paso with his family.

The story pictures El Paso as a very small town, and it was when the story was written, but now it is a big city with seventy-five thousand inhabitants. It is right on the border.

I have seen two battles, and I have seen Villa and his army march in and take the little town of Juarez without even a battle. During one of the battles many shots were fired into El Paso and a few people were killed and wounded. One shot was fired into Father's office and one into our house.

There has been quite a lot of trouble here lately, for Huerta, ex-president of Mexico, and Orozco were held prisoners. Orozco escaped, but Huerta is still held.

We have grown quite used to excitement for all the Mexican generals come here to form their campaigns.

Your loving reader, MARGARET NEFF.

McKEESPORT, PA.

DEAR *St. NICHOLAS*: You have been a welcome addition to the reading at our house for about eight years.

I am writing to tell you about a large gas-well, discovered near here on July 8. It kept discharging between 25,000,000 and 75,000,000 cubic feet of gas per day for four days. It is the largest ever discovered in Pennsylvania. The noise it makes can be heard at a distance of four miles or less, according to the wind.

People from all around went to visit the well, and gas experts from this and other States went to see it. Auto-buses ran to it. We went in one of these and had a very bumpy ride to the well.

That the power is very great can be seen by the fact that it blew the derrick down in about thirty-six hours. Also to date they have not been able to put an effectual cap on, because, while they are lowering it into place, it sways back and forth in the current of gas.

It looks like a large steam-pipe coming out of the ground. The gas is a bluish-white mist for about sixty feet above. When you are near it and try to talk, you get the sensation of having your words pushed back into your mouth. The loss of gas is great and I hope they will get it capped soon.

Your devoted reader,

PHILIP K. HOERR (age 13).

FREMANTLE, WEST AUSTRALIA.

DEAR *St. NICHOLAS*: As I have not seen any letters from Western Australia I thought you would like one. We live near the Swan River, so called because of the number of black swans that swim on it.

To-day two troop ships took away some of our soldiers. We have had the French and Japanese boats in here. My sister got a French penny and we both got a little flag from the Japanese, whose boats we went over.

My mother's mother used to take *St. NICHOLAS* for her when she was a little girl twenty-five years ago.

We have just come back from the hills, where a friend of ours has a little bush-house. The orange-trees are so loaded with fruit that the boughs have to be supported by sticks. It was very cold there for this country; the thermometer registered 40° and we are used to having it 100°, and in summer it is often from 112° to 115°.

The school I go to was named by our present queen, when she visited here, and is called Princess Mary Girls' School.

Yours sincerely,

AUDREY ROWE (age 9).

ROSLYN, N. Y.

DEAR *St. NICHOLAS*: I want to thank you for sending me the *St. NICHOLAS* certificate and badge. I have been a long time in writing, and I am very sorry, but I have so many pets that I don't have much time.

I have five guinea-pigs (I did have ten but five were killed by a dog), two cats and one kitten, four goldfish, some pigeons, a canary, and a polly parrot.

The kitten's name is Lady Charlotte, and her mother's name is Queen Natalie. Her brother died—his name was Sir Mortimer. The canary's name is Woodrow Wilson. We said that we would name him after whichever President was elected, and so we called him that.

We saw the President a week ago to-day. He was going to see Colonel House, whose daughter lives in

Roslyn. There was a crowd there to welcome him, and he bowed while we all cheered.

One of my guinea-pigs that died was called Jean Valjean, because Mother had been reading that book to us, and *Jean Valjean* said, "If you are troubled with rats, get guinea-pigs," and so we did, and named one after him.

The parrot's name is Patrick Henry, and as he is still a young bird and cannot talk yet, we want to teach him soon, hoping he will be as great an orator as Patrick Henry. To-day he did a funny thing which made us all laugh. Mother had made caramels and set the pan out in the laundry to cool (luckily they were cool by that time). Patrick was out of his cage, and, as he dearly loves candy (or at least he thinks he does for he has never had very much), he went for it. He put in both feet and they stuck fast. He could not get out until we helped him.

I am going to have my St. NICHOLAS certificate framed. I love you very much, and when you come I just devour you. I like all the continued stories, but "Peg o' the Ring" and "The Lost Prince" are the best. I have read "The Lucky Sixpence" which is all about *Bee* and *Peg* when they were children, and that makes "Peg o' the Ring" more familiar.

I have seen Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Some of the children here gave a "Secret Garden" fair. It was on the stage in the hall. There was a high brick wall all around it (made of frame work and covered with red brick crape-paper). Inside we each had a booth to represent nursery rhymes.

My cousin was *Queen of Hearts* and sold cakes and candies shaped like hearts. She had her booth made like a casement window which would open and shut. I was *Mistress Mary Quite Contrary* and sold plants and bulbs. Some one was *Old Mother Hubbard* and had a cupboard and sold mystery packages for bones. There were a lot more. We were all dressed to look just like the pictures.

The garden wall had a door with a great big key, and Mrs. Burnett opened the door herself.

Sincerely yours,

LYDIA T. HICKS (age 13).

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very glad that my mother gave you to me for my birthday. I am at the sea-shore and all my little friends like you so much that they buy you at the hotel every month. To-day I was sick in bed and I don't know what I should have done without you. "The Lost Prince" is my favorite story. I love to read "The Letter-Box" and look for advertising poster-stamps. All my little friends have a St. NICHOLAS Poster Stamp album and mine is already full.

Sometimes we sit on the rocks and knit, and we take turns reading your stories. I hope I shall still have you for many more years.

Your devoted reader,

DOROTHY D. BOSLER (age 10).

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years and this is my fourth year. My sister and I look forward with the greatest pleasure for the first of the month, when you come.

I belong to the League and love to see if I can get anything good enough to send in. I want a badge very much and I am trying for one.

In the summer time we go to Northfield, Massachusetts, where Grandpa has a big house. Every morning we go swimming in the Connecticut River. In the

later part of the summer the logs come down the river and we sit on them and take rides. Another thing we do is to see who can stand on the logs without rolling over in the water. It sounds very easy, but it is a hard thing to do. When my father is trying to get on a log, I often roll the log over and give him a good ducking. I am always sure to get one back, but I don't mind it as I love the water. We also dive and go out in the canoe. My sister when she was seven years old swam one mile. Some people won't believe it, but it is true. In the afternoon we go swimming again and in the evening we play all sorts of games with the boys and girls.

I love to read the letters in the Letter-Box, they are always so interesting.

I love "Peg o' the Ring," "The Boarded-up House," and "The Lost Prince," and it is hard to tell which I like best.

With best wishes for your future welfare,

Your most interested reader,

BETTY SCUDDER (age 12).

EDGEWARE, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I never can tell you how I love your magazine. I read one story every day, so that, when I have finished it, I won't have nearly as long to wait for the next number. After the whole family reads it, I give it to our school library, where it gives more than one hundred school-children pleasure. I don't know what story I like the best, they 're all so interesting.

I have n't very many playmates where I live, but we are right on the water, and so, all through the summertime, we went in swimming every day. I jumped off a lighthouse 20 feet high. I love the water and can do anything in it. We have a little portable motor for our boat, and it is the finest thing in the world, we think.

We have chickens and ducks and all sorts of poultry.

We have two automobiles, one for my brother and me to go to school in next winter because we live six miles from there.

I go riding lots. I love to be on a horse. We play tennis almost every day. I think it is a fine game although Brother likes baseball much better.

I am now poring over two bound volumes of St. NICHOLAS, dated 1885, which were Mother's when she was a little girl.

Your affectionate reader,

ELIZABETH TURNER.

ATHENS, GREECE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sisters and I have all enjoyed you during the four years we have subscribed for you.

We have been in Athens about six months and like it very much. It seems so wonderful to live in sight of the Acropolis (for we have a good view of it from our house), and more wonderful still to go up there, which we never tire of doing.

I have a good many Greek friends, and all of them speak English and French fluently, and other languages, too, beside their own. For example, I know two girls who are only twelve and seventeen years of age, and both speak, read, and write English, French, German, Italian, and Greek. It makes me quite ashamed, and although my sisters and I go to a French school, to study French, we can't speak very well yet. What a pity that more of us Americans do not learn to speak and write another modern language beside our own.

I have been on many short excursions from Athens, but only two long trips. From the top of Mount Pentelicus (about ten miles from Athens), where there are

ancient and modern marble quarries, there is a wonderful view of the bays of Marathon, Piræus, Phaleron, and Salamis, the whole stretch of the island of Eubœa, the Attic Plain, and, in the distance, Parnassus, Helicon and the Peloponnesus.

My two long trips were to Corinth and Crete. I was at the former when the American School of Archæology was there, actually at work, and it certainly was interesting to watch them excavating. We were there two days, and it seemed hard luck that just half an hour after our party left a wonderful head was found, and later, a statue. However, I did have the pleasure of seeing an arm of a statue and a piece of drapery unearthed. Before the American School began their work at Corinth in 1900, there was very little evidence of the ancient luxurious city, but now there are many interesting traces of the former busy life. It is here that we are shown the Fountain of Pirene, and other things interesting in mythology and history.

I spent ten days in Crete. We made our headquarters at Candia. That city is enclosed with thick Venetian walls, with several very picturesque gates, ornamented with the Lion of St. Mark. There are many Turks in the city, who wear the fez, and women with heavily-veiled faces. The regular Cretan costume is very picturesque and original,—very, very full, baggy trousers, with short embroidered jackets, red sashes, and high boots. The men always carry a knife stuck into the belt, so they look quite pirate-like at times, but are harmless. The ancient Minoan city of Cnosus, which is about four miles from Candia, has two very old palaces, one of which is supposed to be the labyrinth where Theseus slew the Minotaur! The palaces are entirely in ruins, but there are evidences of long corridors, and three- or four-story buildings. While we were in Crete, we took a three days' trip across the island to Phæstos and Gortyna, the former being similar to Cnosus, and the latter mostly Roman excavations. The country is beautiful, and most of it seems quite fertile. The higher mountains were covered with snow when we were there, and Mt. Ida, the highest point in Crete, is white all the year.

In America we live in Williamstown, Massachusetts, so here it seems queer not to have snow. We play tennis all winter, which is very nice, but I would rather see snow for part of the year. There was snow on the mountains here last winter, but none in Athens itself.

I want to tell you how much we liked the play "Everygirl," and a group of our Camp-fire Girls in Williamstown acted it in an entertainment. We all wait for you each month with great interest.

Sincerely yours,

CORA DROPPERS (age 14).

MARION, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for seven years and I am now twelve years old.

I thought I would write and tell you about being invited to assist in unveiling the Daniel Boone monument, on June 30th, erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution, at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee.

First I went to Big Stone Gap and was invited to a reception where I met Mr. John Fox, author of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and other books. Then we took the train for Cumberland Gap and arrived about 9:30 A.M. Here we took motor-cars for the monument, which is located on "Dixie Highway," at the end of the Boone Trail. When we arrived there John Preston Gray and myself represented our State, and unveiled the Virginia tablet. Then we had a lovely picnic on the mountain side.

We went back to Big Stone Gap that night and I was glad to get back to Virginia soil again.

Your loving reader,

EMILY JEFFREY.

HOUGHTON, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think that ST. NICHOLAS is the best magazine published. I have many reasons; I will name some:

In the first place, there 's always some story for a boy, girl, father and mother.

In the second, there 's always something for the children (no matter how big or how small, boy or girl) to do.

Third, the stories give the reader things to think about.

I am trying out the model aeroplane, and it looks pretty good so far.

My favorite stories are "The Lost Prince," "Peg o' the Ring," "The Letter-box," and "Nature and Science for Young Folks."

Your loving reader,

GEORGE POTTER (age 10).

NEOSHO, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the Letter-Box of March, 1915, I notice that Bradford Cook, of Chevy Chase, D. C., says he believes he is the smallest boy that ever went up in an aeroplane. I do not know how old he is, so I cannot state definitely whether he is or is not the smallest. However, a friend of mine, Harold Robinson, the son of an aviator who resides here, has gone up with his father. He is now ten years old but it was some time ago when he first went up. I have been unable to obtain a photograph of my friend so I cannot send you one.

His father built the first automobile ever seen in this part of the country. He has flown before many crowned heads in Europe, at one time he recklessly let his machine fall into the Mediterranean Sea and escaped unhurt.

Faithfully yours,

PITTS ELMORE.

I WONDER

(To the Members of the ST. NICHOLAS League)

I LIKE to read your verses,
Oh, little friends of mine;
And I like to read your stories,
And see your pictures fine.

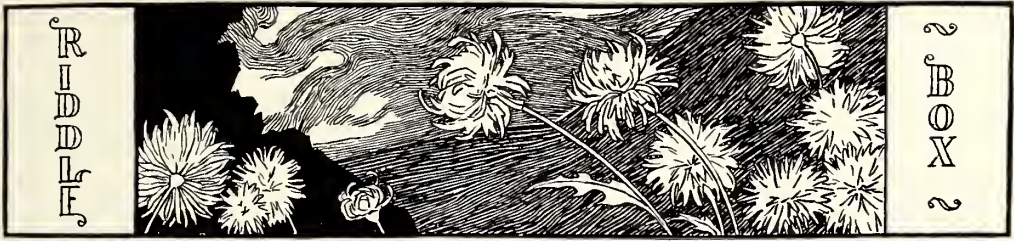
I often wonder how you look,
And what you think about.
Perhaps you like to sit by a brook
And fish for a salmon-trout.

Perhaps you like to lie and read,
And hear the buzzing bee,
All down among the soft green grass,
Beneath the shady tree.

Perhaps you like to ride a horse,
Over both hill and dale,
Or like to pick the dainty flower,
That grows in some woody vale.

I often wonder what you do,
And what you like to play,
And I hope you are as happy
As I am, the whole long day.

CHARLOTTE D. VANDERLIP (age 9).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals, Jane Austen; fourth row, "Persuasion." Cross-words: 1. Jumper. 2. Appear. 3. Nearly. 4. Exists. 5. Assure. 6. Umlaut. 7. Soused. 8. Traits. 9. Enjoin. 10. Nounal.

SEXTUPLE BEHEADINGS AND SEXTUPLE CURTAILINGS. The Iliad. 1. Illimi-tab-leness. 2. Compre-hen-sively. 3. Invuln-er-a-bility. 4. Microm-ill-imeter. 5. Chrono-log-ically. 6. Incons-ide-rately. 7. Disadv-ant-ageous. 8. Commem-dab-leness.

IMBEDDED WORD-SQUARE. I. 1. Cora. 2. Owen. 3. Reed. 4. Anda. II. 1. Tret. 2. Rine. 3. Ends. 4. Test. III. 1. Abet. 2. Bone. 3. Ends. 4. Test. IV. 1. Nape. 2. Atop. 3. Pori. 4. Epic. V. 1. Eden. 2. Date. 3. Etna. 4. Neat.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Bonaparte; fourth row, Wellesley. Cross-words: 1. Browse. 2. Oswego. 3. Naples. 4. Angles. 5. Pigeon. 6. Amuses. 7. Rifles. 8. Toledo. 9. Encyst.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. John Keats. 1. Jewel. 2. Doves. 3. Bohea. 4. Crane. 5. Brick. 6. Seven. 7. Slate. 8. Stove. 9. Spike.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received before August 24 from Edmund Burke—Hubert Barentzen—Elisabeth Allen—Elsie B. Jones—Evelyn Hillman—Catharine Rhoads—"Allil and Adi"—Dorothy Patterson Koller—"Chums"—Jean Ruhl.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received before August 24 from Sam Cohen, 9—Gladys H. Pew, 9—Louise Senneval, 8—Frances K. Marlatt, 8—Ellen M. Chisholm, 7—Helen A. Vance, 7—Dorothy Berrall, 6—Arthur Poulin, Jr., 6—Alice K. Cobb, 6—Emily Hayne, 6—Edwin R. Clark, 6—Ignatius Vado, 6—Nathan H. Goldstein, 2—Jacob Kaufman, 2—J. Bernard Joseph, 2—Joe Earnest, 2—Whitney Ashbridge, 2—Paula T. Siedenburg, 2—A. M. Scott, 1—E. F. Coonley, 1—R. Turner, 1—H. Tyroler, 1—B. Miller, 1—M. Applebaum, 1—L. Marple, 1—R. Drowne, 1—H. Murphy, 1—H. J. Roper, 1—M. C. Bostwick, 1—M. L. Copeland, 1—M. E. Newhall, 1—B. Finkelstein, 1—S. Taylor, 1—A. N. Farrar, 1—C. Crane, 1—R. Levinson, 1—S. Weisman, 1—J. Schoen, 1—E. Devoe, 1—K. Peterson, 1—M. N. Schwartz, 1—E. Purdy, 1—V. G. Kaufman, 1—C. Hoyt, 1—D. Anderson, 1—A. McDonald, 1—S. Peilte, 1—M. Gregor, 1.

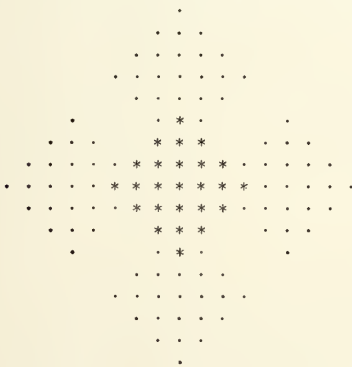
WORD-SQUARE

1. A PLOT of ground. 2. To invest. 3. Decree. 4. Riches. 5. To prevent by fear.

OWENS HAND BROWNE (age 15), *League Member*.

OVERLAPPING DIAMONDS

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In pans. 2. A rodent. 3. An Indian prince. 4. A suit for night wear. 5. Subdued. 6. Possessed. 7. In pans.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In bans. 2. To entangle. 3. Saps. 4. Tropical fruit. 5. Dogma. 6. Perched. 7. In bans.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In cans. 2. A beast of

ANAGRAM. Christopher Columbus.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Surrender of Saratoga. 1. Use. 2. Sun. 3. Urn. 4. Arm. 5. Few. 6. And. 7. Ode. 8. Net. 9. Art. 10. Ton. 11. Aft. 12. Ask. 13. Had. 14. Arc. 15. Fat. 16. Ate. 17. Bog. 18. Ago. 19. Lax.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Dogs. 2. Ogre. 3. Grin. 4. Send. II. 1. Mass. 2. Ache. 3. Shun. 4. Send. III. 1. Send. 2. Erie. 3. Nine. 4. Deed. IV. 1. Deed. 2. Ebro. 3. Errs. 4. Dose. V. 1. Deed. 2. Emma. 3. Emit. 4. Date.

CHARADE. Crab-bed.

A POD OF PEAS. 1. P-urge. 2. P-lace. 3. P-ant. 4. P-inch. 5. P-lay. 6. P-arable. 7. P-alms. 8. P-lead. 9. P-ounce. 10. P-rank.

AN OCTOBER NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Snowbound."
 "And, close at hand, the basket stood
 With nuts from brown October's wood."

burden. 3. A Greek letter. 4. A drug. 5. A long, narrow piece cut or torn off. 6. Help. 7. In cans.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In dine. 2. An insect. 3. An iron block. 4. Null. 5. Covered with tiles. 6. A cover. 7. In dine.

V. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In mine. 2. A number. 3. Put out. 4. Time intervening. 5. Weird. 6. To expire. 7. In mine.

PHYLIS YOUNG (age 15).

DIAGONAL

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning with the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the name of a famous Spanish explorer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Purchased. 2. A fortified residence. 3. A kind of hawk. 4. Pliant. 5. A small firearm. 6. The capital of one of the United States.

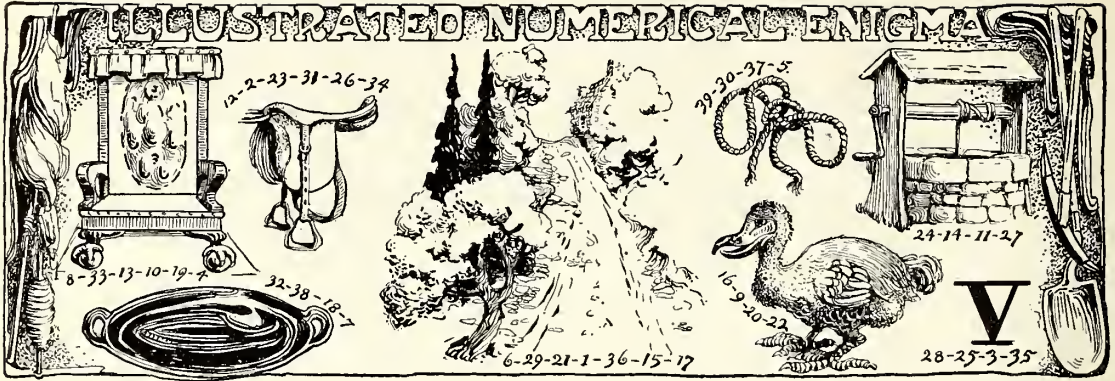
ROBERTA L. DUNBACHER (age 12), *League Member*.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals will spell the surname of a President of the United States; and another row of letters will spell the surname of another President.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pertaining to pottery. 2. Freeing. 3. Frugality. 4. A Prussian river. 5. To raise. 6. A young hare. 7. A great country. 8. To make void. 9. To decry.

ELOISE PECKHAM (age 12), *League Member*.



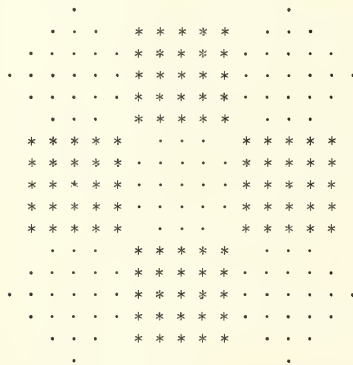
IN this enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty-nine letters, is a quotation from Charles Kingsley.

THE FROG IN THE WELL

THERE is a well nine feet deep and a frog is at the bottom. If he jumps three feet and falls back two feet every day, how long will it take him to reach the top?

SQUARES CONNECTED BY DIAMONDS

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



- I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In president. 2. A color. 3. To fit wood for insertion into a mortise. 4. A bread basket. 5. Sound. 6. Born. 7. In president.
- II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In president. 2. A number. 3. Peculiarity. 4. A red mineral. 5. An African river. 6. A sailor. 7. In president.
- III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In president. 2. A meadow. 3. A water worm. 4. To enter again. 5. A theatrical performer. 6. A pronoun. 7. In president.
- IV. LOWER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In president. 2. A cap. 3. Subdued. 4. A kind of rose. 5. A juicy fruit. 6. A cave. 7. In president.
- V. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In president. 2. A number. 3. Lukewarm. 4. To lay up. 5. A Jewish month. 6. Clamor. 7. In president.
- VI. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Severe. 2. A place of public contest. 3. To allude. 4. To scoff. 5. A masculine name.
- VII. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A veranda. 2. A musical drama. 3. To appeal. 4. The best part of a thing. 5. Injures.
- VIII. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Stringed instruments. 2. Ablaze. 3. A large stream of water. 4. A make of camera. 5. Two hundred pounds of Paraguay tea.

- IX. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A month. 2. To worship. 3. A wanderer. 4. A summary of belief. 5. Crowds of low people.
- MYRTLE WINTER (age 15).

GEOGRAPHICAL ZIGZAG

ALL the names described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, left-hand letter, will spell the name of a fine city of the United States.

- Cross-words: 1. A river of Germany. 2. An English seaport. 3. A range of mountains. 4. A city of Nebraska. 5. One of the United States. 6. A city of Idaho. 7. A mountain system of Asia. 8. A city of India. 9. A seaport on the Gulf of Finland.

ANKER WINTHER (age 9), League Member.

CHARADE

My first is twelve times a dozen,
 My second, the bill of a bird;
 My whole is a dear little creature
 Whose song very often is heard.

MARION P. HALLOCK (age 13), League Member.

EXPOSITION NUMERICAL ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

53 . . . 50 12 68 16 27	CROSS-WORDS: 1. Easily
. 23 . 42 4 . 49 15	tickled. 2. Wisdom. 3.
59 32 . 40 52 63 26 .	To produce. 4. Youthful.
33 39 19 77 72 . . 9	5. Stately. 6. Somewhat
62 20 8 48 54 1 . .	sweet. 7. Motherly. 8.
. 10 28 . 57 71 76 58	The science of the fer-
79 45 17 . 41 31 78 25	mentation of liquors. 9.
29 . 55 6 35 . 38 65	Wholly blind. 10. A
. 34 . 47 24 56 69 73	short, broad sword. 11.
7 70 21 66 67 . 2 43	A pretender to wisdom.
3 74 13 60 51 . . 36	12. An agreeable harmony
37 . 44 . 22 30 64 46	of sounds. 13. The place
14 75 5 . 18 11 61 .	where a smith shoes

When the above words have been rightly guessed, the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 13 will spell the name of the central feature of the Panama-Pacific Exposition; from 14 to 25, the building where musical entertainments are given; from 26 to 32, the amusement district; from 33 to 43, the famous artist who devised the color-scheme; from 44 to 50, the designer of the Palace of Fine Arts; from 51 to 58, the boy-aviator of the Exposition; from 59 to 65, from 66 to 70, and from 71 to 75 each name a country represented at the Exposition; from 76 to 78, a large body of water; 79, one thousand.

LEONA M. FASSETT (age 16).

A touch-down



And no kick coming!

In fact your goal is more than half won when you start your dinner with

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Its natural spicy tomato-flavor quickens the appetite like a tonic; and you feel its wholesome effect throughout the meal.

It seems to suit everybody exactly. Your most critical guest appreciates it like a special compliment; while your hearty men-folks and the hungry little ones feel as if it was made particularly for them. *And it always does them good.*

Order this nourishing Campbell "kind" by the dozen and enjoy it often. You will find it pays.

Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds 10c a can



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

Here they come—pell-mell! Nan and Dan and Dickey and Nell, Mary and Ethel and Tommy—and all because Nan said, "Mother has opened a box of Nabisco for us."

Wise is the mother who knows the joy a box of these delightful confections will afford her children, for boys and girls are ready for Nabisco Sugar Wafers any time of day. They're delicious, too, when served with ice creams or fruits.

In ten-cent tins, also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ANOLA—This is another dessert confection beloved by all boys and girls. Chocolate-flavored sugar wafers with the creamiest of chocolate fillings. In ten-cent tins.

**NATIONAL BISCUIT
COMPANY**



Girls!



Here's a really, truly, little **ELECTRIC** stove that will fry eggs, boil potatoes, bake biscuits and make real candy.



Western Electric Junior Electric Range

Just think! A beautiful, shiny stove, with a real oven and with a teakettle, skillet and baking pan. All you have to do is connect the cord to one of Mother's electric light sockets and turn the switch. Then the heat comes up through the six little round holes in the top of the stove. No matches. No flame or smoke.

Tell Mother that this range will be just the thing for you to learn to cook on. She will know that it is all right because it is guaranteed by the big Western Electric Company, which makes all the Bell telephones. And tell her that it is probably sold by the big toy stores and department stores where you live, or by the electric light company.

Wouldn't you like to have one for Christmas?

A Little Cookbook, Free

Write to our office in the city nearest to you and ask us for the little cookbook written especially for this Junior range. Then we can tell you, too, where Mother can buy one of them for you. Ask for Booklet No. 461-CB.

Safe as a Toaster



One-sixth actual size

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

New York
Buffalo
Newark
Philadelphia
Boston

Atlanta
Richmond
Savannah
New Orleans

Pittsburgh
Cleveland
Cincinnati
Detroit

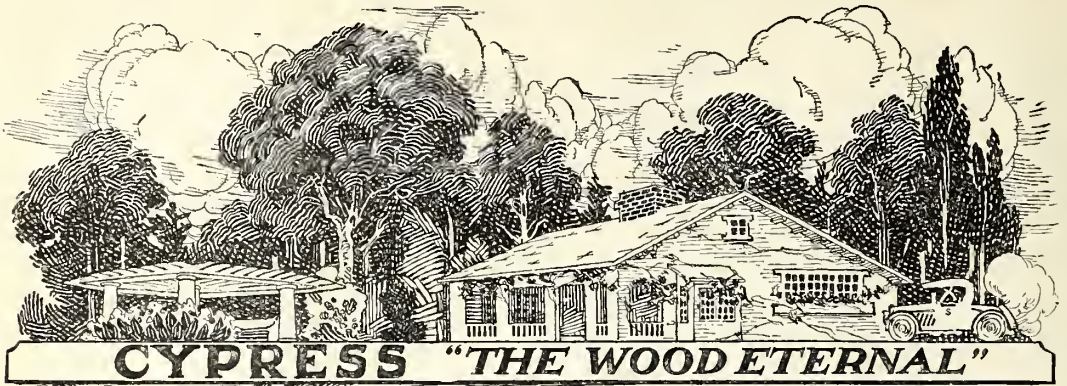
Chicago
Milwaukee
Indianapolis
Minneapolis

Kansas City
St. Louis
Dallas
Houston

Denver
Salt Lake City
Omaha
Oklahoma City

San Francisco
Oakland
Los Angeles
Seattle
Portland

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED



ALL THE GOOD CHILDREN
IN THE WORLD ARE INVITED
TO WRITE US A LITTLE LETTER
(OR EVEN A POST CARD) FOR THIS

Beautiful Free "Cut-Out"

of the ideal little Cypress Bungalow "B." The card is 14 x 11 inches and sets up 9 x 4. It is much prettier than the picture here. There are so many nice colors that we can't count them! The bungalow has a real bay-window and two red chimneys and a porch and the pergola has two real seats in it. One big round tree is entirely separate from the woodsy background and there's a red automobile in front and there is Mother walking down the front path! (She doesn't show in the sketch.)

(P. S.—Father himself will be interested in the floor-plan of the bungalow, and if you all like the toy-house he will be glad to know that we will gladly send with our compliments full plans and specifications for a real house to live in. And nobody will owe anybody anything but goodwill, which we hope will last as long as Cypress, "the Wood Eternal," the lumber that defies decay.)



Will you write right away? (Please address our nearest office.)



"ALL-ROUND HELPS DEPT.,"

Southern Cypress Mfrs.' Ass'n.

*1244 Hibernia Bank Building, New Orleans, La., or
1244 Heard National Bank Building, Jacksonville, Fla.*



ERECTOR

The Toy Like Structural Steel

Here, boys, is the famous Erector girder

Erector is the *only* construction toy with girders exactly like real structural steel. The interlocking edges (an exclusive Erector feature) enable you to build remarkably *big, strong* models of bridges, skyscrapers, inclined railroads, elevators, workshops with machinery of all kinds, battleships, aeroplanes, and hundreds of others. The powerful Erector motor, free with most sets, runs many of the models. It's great fun for boys!

**BOYS!
GET IT
FREE**

I want every boy, absolutely free, a three months' subscription to my boys' magazine, *Erector Tips*, including the big holiday issue in two colors, brimful of stories and photographs.

Be sure to get this interesting magazine and read the absorbing story, "How I Invented Erector" and the special articles telling how I became a World's Champion Athlete. *Tips* also contains full details of the \$3000 Prize Offer of automobile, motorcycles, bicycles, camping outfits, canoes, and other valuable prizes.

Write to-day for the three months' subscription—also a free copy of my new 24-page Book telling all about construction toys. Don't send any money or stamps; I want to present all this to you *absolutely free*.

Erector Sets sold everywhere, \$1 to \$25

Be sure to see Set No. 4 for \$5, which contains 571 parts and motor, builds 250 models and is packed in handsome oak cabinet

A. C. GILBERT, President

THE MYSTO MANUFACTURING CO., 130 Fox Street, New Haven, Conn.

ERECTOR TIPS

Big Prize Contest

This Auto FREE

Name

Address

My dealer is

Send this coupon to
The Mysto Mfg. Co.,
130 Fox Street,
New Haven,
Conn.

POLLY and PETER PONDS



(A Continued Story)

You will find one part of this story in last month's St. Nicholas and another next month



"It was a dark and stormy night. Around the camp-fire sat bandits large and bandits small—"

That 's the way this narrative ought to begin, and would, but for the fact that it was n't stormy, and the "bandits" were not very large. Four of them were gathered in the entrance to the old observatory, where it was really quite dark. They were undoubtedly bandits, for each one had a black domino mask, which gave him a very dangerous appearance.

"Well," spoke up one bandit, "we 've got to haze somebody or this society is no good; who 'll it be?"

"I know," replied the smallest bandit; "let 's haze Peter Ponds."

About five o'clock the next morning Peter woke up suddenly. "Hey, Bill!" he called, "what 's the noise?" No answer. Peter looked over toward Bill's bed (Bill Conley was his room-mate, you know). Nobody was there. Peter turned over to go to sleep again. All of a sudden he found a handkerchief tied around his mouth and four boys all holding him down, or trying to. You

can bet that there was a lively scrap before they got him tied.

After this they spent some time looking for Peter's bottle of

POND'S EXTRACT

which he kept under his mattress, "so Bill would n't use it all up."

The ringleader had a bad bruise over his eye, and when Peter saw it he told them where his "hiding-place" was. With all the bandits using Pond's Extract for their numerous bruises and bumps, it was nearly daybreak before they had Peter dressed and were leading him quietly down stairs that creaked mournfully, as if to say, "You 're in for it now, Peter."

Years before a boy had been badly injured while being hazed, so the boys had learned once and for all that "hazing" in any other sense than "fun" is very dangerous work, to say nothing of its being very bad sportsmanship.

Well, anyway, it was n't long before Peter was forced to kneel down blindfolded in a very damp, cold field.

"Now, Peter," said the ringleader, "kiss your sweetheart," and bumped Peter's nose into something warm, but clammy and rough. It was a harmless bossy-cow's tongue, and its owner, being of an inquiring turn of mind, gave Peter a good lick. Peter howled and jumped to his feet. Anybody would have howled. All the bandits howled, but gleefully. Then they were all very busy for a while holding Peter down.

Next they took Peter to the bank of Muddy Creek. A plank had been placed running over the bank, and Peter was propelled down the plank. One of the bandits said:

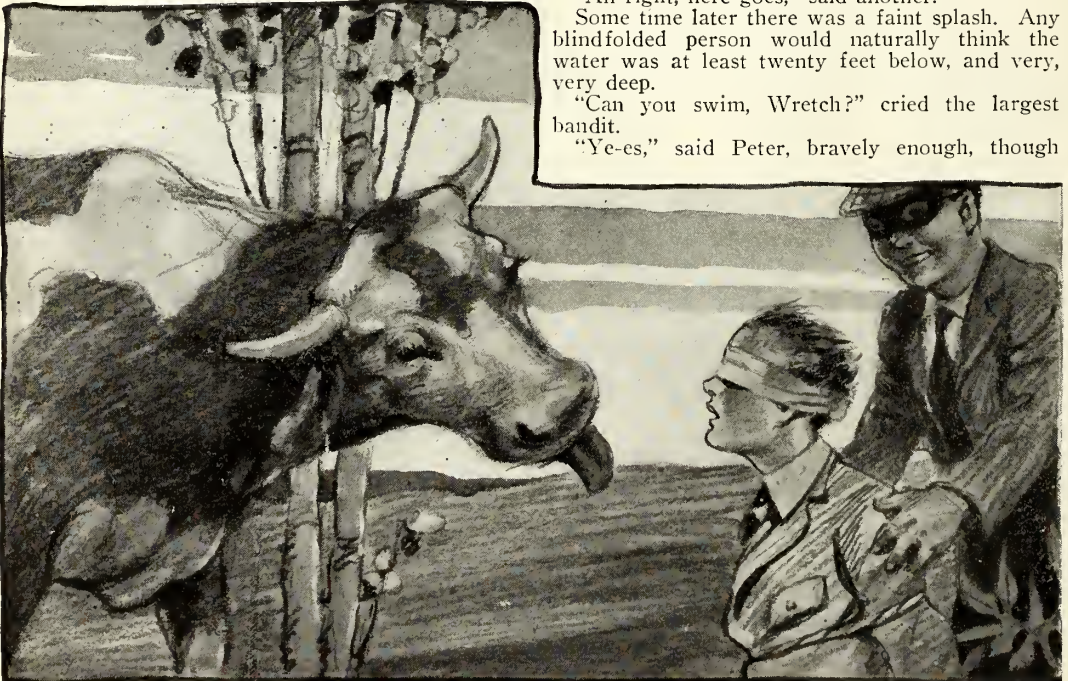
"Drop a stone in, Brother."

"All right, here goes," said another.

Some time later there was a faint splash. Any blindfolded person would naturally think the water was at least twenty feet below, and very, very deep.

"Can you swim, Wretch?" cried the largest bandit.

"Ye-es," said Peter, bravely enough, though



his voice trembled a little at the thought of that long drop into icy water.

And Peter went off. But he dropped only two feet into a pile of stones, but without an inch of water over it. He lay there quiet.

"Gee!" said the two smaller bandits, "some-thing 's happened." And they suddenly decided it was more comfortable in their rooms. But the two remaining bandits had nerve, if not sense, and went to Peter's rescue. There was a sudden whirlwind in the mud and water. After it was over, Peter stood on the bank and the bandits were floundering around in the mud. Peter had been quiet because he was mad and saw a good chance to work his arms loose of the rope and get even.

"Well, *Brothers*," said Peter, "if you 'll say nothing, I 'll be mum." Then the most astonishing thing happened. Peter found himself sitting on the ground trying to hold his forehead with one hand and his left ankle with the other, both of which were throbbing with pain.

The other boys saw that he was hurt, so they started to carry him back to the dormitory, when they met Dr. Blaine, who had been out on a "hurry call."

The physician saw at once that Peter was suffering from a sprained ankle, and took him into the warm interior of his electric brougham. Then he took Peter's shoe and stocking off and began to rub his ankle with something that soon made it feel better.

"I 'll bet that 's Pond's Extract," said Peter, before he saw the bottle, and, sure enough, it was. "I am never without it," said the doctor. "In fact, so many of my patients have heard me proclaim its merits that many of them call me 'Dr. Pond's.'"

"Is it good for anything besides sprained ankles?" asked one of the desperados while the doctor swathed Peter's with a cloth saturated with Pond's Extract.

"Oh, you ignoramus," Bill cried in disgust, "don't you know by this time what Pond's Extract is good for?"

"You need n't 'ignoramus' me; I know as much about it as you do," broke in his esteemed friend.

"Well, boys, in order to avoid calling out the

police reserves to settle this riot, I 'll just tell you some of the things it 's good for," said the doctor.

"It is for lame and sore and stiff muscles.

"It is for burns and scalds.

"It is for cuts and bruises.

"It is for nose bleed—you riotous young men just remember that.

"It is for sunburn—you won't need it for that 'til next summer.

"It is for stings and bites, and prickly heat or chafing.

"It 's good for your eyes when they 're full of dust or tired.

"It 's a fine mouth-wash; cools a burned tongue.

"It 's good for boils, and for lumbago, and a lot of other things I hope you never have."

"Well, but how do you use it?" asked the Ignoramus.

"It tells all about that on the yellow label on the bottle."

Well, to make a long story a little longer, the tale of this hazing got around school, and the bandits were properly punished.

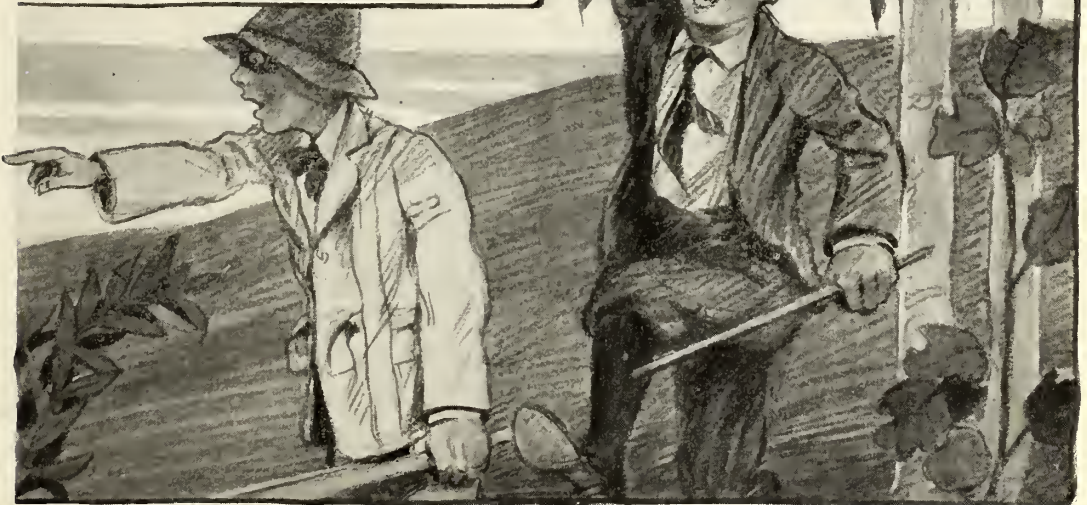
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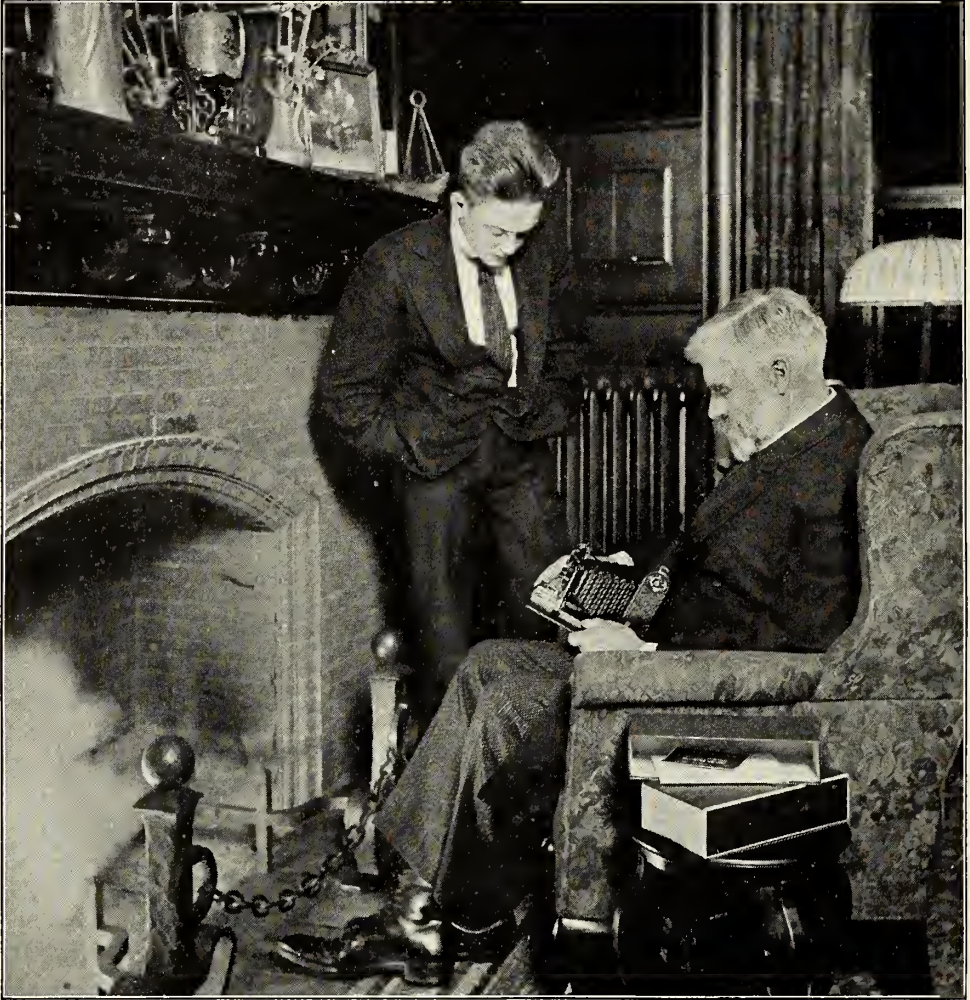
AND now about Captain Kidd's treasure. You know, Bill's father, who was a contractor in New York City, had found an old, old letter while he was excavating for a foundation. It was almost too old to read, and had a very wiggly map and a skull and cross-bones.

(Continued in the December ST. NICHOLAS)

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream—
Cold Cream—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
131 Hudson Street New York





The always welcome gift—

A KODAK



The gift that keeps the picture story of every youthful interest—School days and sports, the winter and summer outings, the city boy's trip to the country and the country boy's trip to the city. In all these there is fun in the picture taking and afterwards both fun and satisfaction in possession.

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Fine Stockings for Rough Wear

Six pairs of Holeproof Stockings, for boys or girls, must wear without holes for six months, or you are given new pairs *FREE*

That is the definite guarantee with every six pairs you buy. We guarantee three pairs for three months. A guarantee-ticket with redemption coupons attached comes with every box.

Holeproof means that darning can be minimized, and that children can still look neat. For these stockings are as fine in appearance as any cotton hose ever made. We use the best Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, for which we pay the top market price. Our yarn can be

made *softer* and more *elastic* because this *long-fibre cotton* gives it *extra strength*.

Yet these hose cost no more than others because we sell Holeproofs to millions. When a maker does that he cuts down his *making* cost and can give more for the money.

Try Holeproofs. See what they save you in your household, in money, time and trouble. You'll never have your children wear any other hose once you try this kind.

Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

The genuine Holeproofs are sold in your town. Ask for dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Write for free book that tells about these hose.

Prices: Men's, 25c per pair and up. Women's, 35c per pair and up. Children's, 35c per pair.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada
Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, England



Reg. U. S.
Pat. Office, 1906

The Newlastic Ribbed Top Stocking for Women

One of the newest features in Holeproof for women is a cotton-silk stocking with elastic ribbed cotton top—a top that stretches wide but always returns to shape—ideally comfortable for both stout and slender women. See this new Holeproof before you buy new stockings. Judge its quality and style. If your dealer hasn't it, write us; we'll supply you.

(723)

A brother to Good Teeth— assister to Good Health



YOUR teeth are very important to you. Without good sound teeth you cannot chew your food as you should—without proper chewing you cannot have good digestion—and without good digestion good health is impossible. Care for your teeth.

A visit to the dentist twice a year and a brushing twice a day with Ribbon Dental Cream is your duty to those willing servants, your teeth.

With Ribbon Dental Cream the twice-a-day care is a pleasure because the flavor is delicious. Care for your teeth.

Ribbon Dental Cream is safe to use because it has no grit to scratch and no drugs which work harm.

*Sold everywhere—or a generous
trial tube sent for 4c in stamps*

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 60, 199 Fulton St., New York
Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined

Dromedary Dates

From the
Garden of
Eden



Delicious as Candy

From the palm trees of far-off Arabia, where they are selected as the best of the crop, Dromedary Dates are again selected before being packed into the individual boxes in which they come to you. Thus, these dates are the choicest of the choice, and in dust-proof packages they keep as clean and fresh as when first picked. *Send for Free Cook Book showing many date dishes.*

Delicious as candy, Dromedary Dates are just as real a food as meat, eggs and bread. They are a growth food for children and a work food for men and women.

FREE One 10-cent Dromedary Cookie Cutter, a "One-Cake" package of Dromedary Cocomat (our new product) and a book of recipes—all Free. Send us your name and address and your grocer's name, and 5c partially to pay the postage.

The HILLS BROTHERS Company
Dept. 29, 375 Washington Street
New York City

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



HOW much nicer your play-party is if there is a *for-surely* lunch with real Beech-Nut Peanut Butter on the wafers.

Don't you like to be sure that the Beech-Nut label is on the jar—then you know how dainty and delicious the peanut butter is sure to be.

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., Canajoharie, N. Y.

Bonbons— Chocolates

Maillard candies, unvarying in their purity and flavor, have established an individual standard of quality in confections—that is why they enjoy a signal preference in the opinion of all who appreciate fine candies.

Your purchases will be packed ready for safe delivery and shipped to any address, on request.

Maillard

FIFTH AVE. AT 35TH ST., NEW YORK

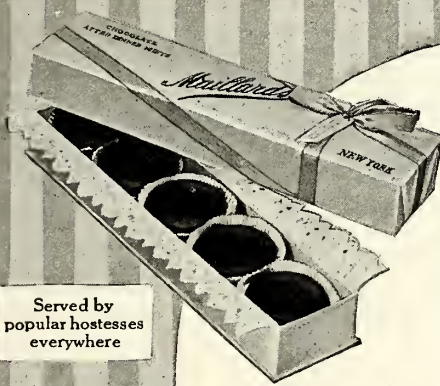


THE advertisers in this number of ST. NICHOLAS are telling you many interesting things that will make it easy for you to select Christmas gifts for yourself and all your friends.

When you write to them be sure to tell them that you saw their advertisement in ST. NICHOLAS. For then they will have a better knowledge of who you are and can answer your inquiry in just the way that will tell you most and please you best.



Maillard



Served by popular hostesses everywhere

After the dinner, Maillard's After Dinner Mints—although by no means to be confined to that particular occasion, for the fine flavor of melting mint is a choice favorite always, everywhere—truly a delectable dainty. In a smartly beribboned half pound box, priced at 25c.

At all good stores, or if not available, delivered, carefully packed and postpaid to any address on receipt of price—please send dealer's name.

To the Dealer—most stores where quality counts are obtaining wonderful results with Maillard products—complete trade information, with price list, furnished on request—write us today.

A cleverly designed series of six Poster Art Stamps, exquisitely colored examples of the New Art—valuable as an addition to your collection.—

FREE WITH

Booklet — "Maillard's Confections" — "just brimful of "Helps" and "Hints" for the lady of the house — complete, with descriptive matter and illustration — Yours for the asking.
Publicity Department
116 West 25th Street
New York

"We'll be all dressed before mama calls us."

Velvet Grip Hose Supporter helps little ones to dress quickly. It is easily adjusted and released by small fingers and holds the stockings securely all day. **Velvet Grip** is the only child's hose supporter with the **Oblong Rubber Button** which prevents drop stitches.

Velvet Grip
OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON
HOSE SUPPORTER
Sold Everywhere
Child's sample pair (give age) 15c. postpaid.
GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON.

How Much Does Your Baby Weigh?

As long as your baby gains steadily every week he is well. During his first year he should gain as follows:

- 1 to 3 months: Gain 6 to 8 ozs. a week.
- 3 to 6 months: Gain 4 to 6 ozs. a week.
- 6 to 9 months: Gain 3 to 4 ozs. a week.
- 9 to 12 months: Gain 2 to 3 ozs. a week.

He should double his weight in six months and triple it in a year.

If your baby does not gain something is wrong with his food. Don't experiment with his delicate little stomach. Give him Gail Borden "Eagle Brand" Condensed Milk.

"Eagle Brand" can be used economically in your cooking. With it you can make rich ice cream, delicious cake, pies and desserts and dozens of appetite-tempting dishes.

Grand Prize (Highest Award) and Gold Medal
AWARDED AT
Panama-Pacific International Exposition
at San Francisco on
BORDEN'S MILK PRODUCTS

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
Est. 1857 "Leaders of Quality" New York
BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO., St. Nich.
108 Hudson Street, New York, 11-15

Please send me your helpful book, "Baby's Welfare," which tells me how to keep my baby well—and send also "Borden's Recipes," your book of original recipes which show me how to save money on my cooking.

Name..... Address.....

Do as much as the Wright Brothers

to help your country and advance the knowledge of the science of flying. The Wright boys became interested in aeronautics through making, and then flying, Model Aeroplanes. Perhaps you will become as famous as they are, for the knowledge of air-craft is still in its infancy. The clipping from the *New York Times*, down below, tells



Curtiss 3 ft. Military Tractor
All Parts and Plan, \$5.25



Bleriot 3 ft. Monoplane
All Parts and Plan, \$4.25

NEW YORK TIMES, May 1911

AEROPLANE MODELS CONTEST FOR PRIZES

Harling Club's Tiny Airship Goes 4,609 Feet, Winning Leg on Villard Trophy

Full reports of the first of the series of model aeroplane contests for the Aero Club of America prizes and the Harry A. Villard Trophy, were completed yesterday. The first contest took place on Saturday at the Garden City Air Union and was presided over by the late Harry A. Villard, president of the Aero Club of America, and the late Harry A. Villard, president of the Aero Club of America.

Find out all about this scientific sport

Go to the dealers in toys and games in your own town and talk with them about the "Ideal" Model Aeroplanes which they sell. Tell them how interested you are in this new sport. Ask them if they don't think it an excellent plan for you to have a whole fleet of model aeroplanes and race one type against another. If, by chance, they do not sell

"IDEAL" Model Aeroplanes

drop a letter to us. Give the dealer's name. Ask us all the questions that occur to you. If you want our *Aeroplane Book*, ask

for that and enclose 5c in postage stamps. After you get it you will want to organize a fleet with yourself as Commander-in-chief and your boy friends as pilots, observers, commanders of aerial navy yards, etc. You can invent great games.

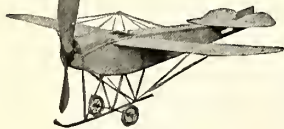
See who can fly fastest. See who can land nearest to a given point. See who can fly on the evenest keel. You



Taube 3 ft. Monoplane
All Parts and Plan, \$4.25

can buy model aeroplanes, ready made, or buy the plans and parts and make them yourself. We are headquarters for model aeroplanes and plans and parts in America. Go and talk with friend dealer and write for our catalogue.

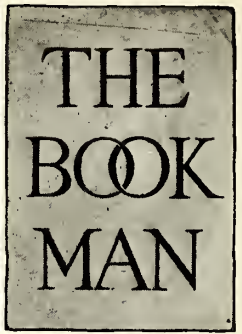
Don't forget that Christmas is now nearly



Nieuport 3 ft. Monoplane
All Parts and Plan, \$5.25

here. Your parents will want you to have model aeroplanes when they know as much about them as you do.

IDEAL AEROPLANE & SUPPLY CO.
84-86 West Broadway, New York City



"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."—Bacon, *Of Studies*.

There is one question that comes up again and again in connection with books and reading, and that is the question of depending upon public libraries as against having a library of one's own. Most children, like most grown people, do both and should do both, but few perhaps have thought much about just where the line between them ought to be drawn. Nowadays, of course, most of the public libraries have rooms especially for children, and there one can have access to a range of reading such as one could not possibly have at home. But on the other hand it would, I think, be a great pity were children to get the idea that having access to books is the same thing as owning them. With regard to the great mass of books, naturally, it is the same thing; there are hundreds of books we read that we don't want to read again, books which may do us a good service at the moment, widen our knowledge or stir our imagination, but which do not belong within the smaller range of things that should be permanently ours or that go to make up our own bundle of special interests and preferences. (And whatever may be said about being broad-minded and developed all-round, nothing is half so important as to have our own bundle of special interests and preferences, and to have them strong.)

It is just here that the question of owning books becomes so important,—the books, I mean, which you have once tried and which, owning them, you will read over and over with an ever-increasing sense of just those same interests and preferences. And I suggest that you might use the public library to "experiment," so to speak, with books, sorting out in your own mind those you have read there that have some permanent appeal and use to you of the kind I have suggested. Sectional book-cases that can be added to as your library grows can be bought at any furniture or department store.

THE BOOKMAN—Continued

Here is a letter from a boy in Bartlett, New Hampshire, that seems to me well worth passing on:

"Dear Bookman: As regards the reading of books I would like to make a suggestion which I think would be very useful to every one. In reading a book underline such passages as particularly appeal to you; and when you get around to it, write these passages down in some portfolio. I've done this for several years and have thus got at arm's reach the sayings of our great authors which give me the most pleasure. The pleasure of looking over your portfolio, which contains only the things that you like, is very great. Moreover, in constantly looking over your little collection, you very often get to know many passages by memory. Think of the tremendous advantages in an English exam. if you can quote from the different authors!

Very sincerely yours,
C. G. S., Jr."

In one of his essays the great English author, De Quincey (who wrote the "Confessions of an Opium-Eater") distinguishes between what he calls the Literature of Knowledge and the Literature of Power, the one appealing to and developing the faculty of thought, the other that of feeling and imagination. The definition is, of course, a loose one; but it is very suggestive, and one of the things it suggests is that one's intellect and one's imagination should be developed equally. But most young people, as you probably know, and just as many older people, as you will know some day, strongly object to having their intellects developed and their knowledge increased. To any fathers and mothers who may happen to see this column, then, I suggest a method of inculcating the Literature of Knowledge along with the Literature of Power which one mother has found successful. The suggestion comes to me from a girl reader: "I am going to tell you about a plan my mother and I have. Up to last year she had never let me read anything but very good books—classics, history, or travel. But last year I began to want to read novels; so, since then, when I have read two books which my mother chooses, I may read one which I have chosen. In this way I have to read twice as many good books as novels." That seems to me quite a scheme, though of course books that are not novels are not necessarily good, nor are novels necessarily the opposite.

The Bookman

Fine Fun For Winter Nights



Dull evenings are unknown where there's a *New Mirroscope*. Simply hang a sheet, darken the room and have a picture show of your own. Guessing games, puzzles, illustrated songs—there are hundreds of ways to entertain yourself and friends with

The New Mirroscope

The 1916 Models have improved lenses and lighting system and exclusive adjustable card holder. Prices range from \$2.50 to \$25.00. Six sizes. Made for electricity, acetylene and natural or artificial gas. Every *New Mirroscope* fully guaranteed.

FREE: The *New Mirroscope* Booklet of shows and entertainments. Send for it.

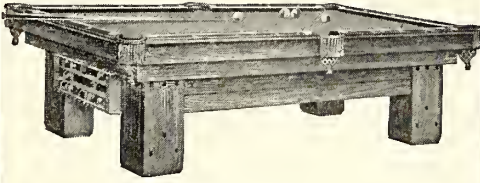
You can buy the *New Mirroscope* at most department and toy stores, at many photo supply and hardware stores. Ask for the *New Mirroscope* and look



for the name. If no dealer is near you, we will ship direct on receipt of price.

The
Mirroscope Co.
16912 Waterloo Road
Cleveland, O.

After School—After Work



Home Billiards!

With the smooth balls glistening in the early lamp-light—with lessons learned, business done and a good meal stowed away—all hands are eager for a rousing round of carom or pocket billiards.

One chance shot—a merry gibe—a hair's breadth hit—any of these may decide to-night's victory! This thrilling game puts new blood into grown-ups—and makes any boy *the king of the neighborhood!*

Superb Brunswick "Baby Grand"

"Grand," "Convertibles" and
"Quick Demountables," \$27 Upward

Brunswick Home Carom and Pocket Billiard Tables, made of beautiful woods, appeal to the expert as well as the novice because they are scientifically built. So don't confuse them with toys or flimsy contraptions. Every Brunswick is a real man's table, though made in sizes *to fit in any home.*

Free Trial—Then 10c a Day

Test any Brunswick in your own home *30 days free!* Then pay us only a small amount monthly—as little as 10 cents a day. Our prices are low because we are making for thousands—now \$27 upward.

Playing Outfit Given

Hand-tapered Cues, Balls, Racks, Markers, expert Book of 49 games, etc.—a complete high-class Playing Outfit included free.

Now see these handsome tables in actual colors and get full details in our famous book—"Billiards—The Home Magnet." The coupon or a postal brings it *free postpaid.* Send today!

Send This for Billiard Book Free

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company
Dept. 19-Y, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send free postpaid your color-book

"Billiards—The Home Magnet"

and tell about your free trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....(473)



Right in Your Own Town YOUR Christmas Gift Might HELP

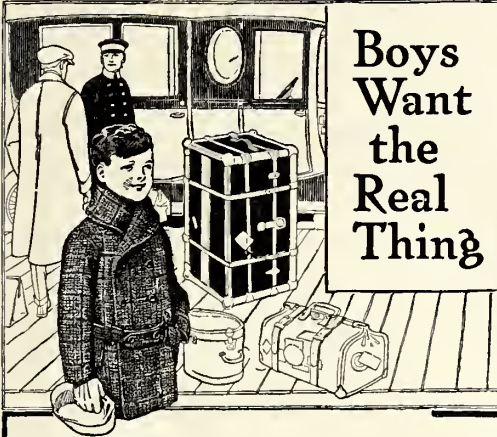
Get YOUR share of Christmas Happiness by helping those who are fighting Tuberculosis in your country and right in your own state or town.

Every effort you make to destroy Tuberculosis, will save life, add to the wealth of the community, and lessen the tax required for the support of institutions aiding tuberculous patients and those dependent upon them. Help stamp out the dread White Plague by buying Red Cross Christmas Seals.

It is *your* fight—for Humanity's sake. Do *your* share for your community. Even one seal will HELP.

RED CROSS Christmas Seals

If you cannot buy Red Cross Seals in your town, write to AMERICAN RED CROSS, Washington, D. C., for as many as you wish at 1c each.



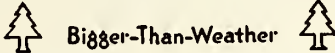
Boys
Want
the
Real
Thing

The Cloth of the North Country

EVERY BOY wants a "patrick" because it is the real mackinaw—the one worn by hunters, trappers and woodsmen. Made from the wool of sheep that thrive in the snow.

Patrick
DULUTH
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Wool Products



include patricks (mackinaws), long coats, blankets, auto robes, caps and macka-knit sweaters and socks.

The difference is in the wonderful fleecy, wool quality.

For sale at best stores.

Send for The Patrick Book showing all styles and colors.

**PATRICK - DULUTH
WOOLEN MILL**

441 Fifth Avenue
DULUTH, MINN.

"patrick" is the genuine
mackinaw

Buy a "patrick"
where you see
this sign



"Here I am again!"



"Let me help you do your
Christmas shopping easily.

"YOU remember me, don't you?"

"I am the ST. NICHOLAS Christmas tree, and my purpose in life is to make Christmas buying easy.

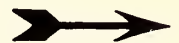
"While you have been reading the advertisements in which you found me, didn't you often think, 'That would make a *fine* present for Brother or Sister or Cousin (or me!), but I wish I could find out some more about it'?"


"Next time you are in a store where Christmas things are sold ask if they won't please show you what you saw advertised in ST. NICHOLAS. This is the way to find out best about it.

"But the next best thing to do is to sit down now and write a letter to these advertisers asking them please to tell you exactly what you want to know or just to send you more information. They like to receive letters from you and enjoy answering them.

"However, if you don't like to write letters, you can get all the information you need without writing even *one* letter. On the other side of this half page it tells just what to do. Be sure to fill out the spaces clearly and correctly and *mail the half page to St. Nicholas* (Catalog Dep't), 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City."

Now turn over the
page. 1, 2, 3—OVER!





A Lamp Especially Designed for CHILDREN'S STUDIES

A Home Lamp for the Whole Family

Has the rich, emerald-green glass shade which oculists prescribe for obviating eye-strain and for preserving your sight.



Stands, Clamps, or Hangs ANY PLACE you put it, and in ANY POSITION desired.

The EMERALITE Jr. Adjustable Electric Lamp

Concentrates light exactly where you want light, always keeping your eyes in the shadow and resting and saving them from glare and strain. It gives the clear, even light required for studying lessons. It clamps to bed-rod for mother's reading in bed, to back of father's favorite library chair; it floods sister's figure with light when she is making toilet—and hundreds of uses about your home. A jewel of a lamp in green and gold, and is not to be compared with the cheaply constructed, impractical lamps heretofore offered. *Your dealer has it in stock or will gladly get it.* Or we will send you one on receipt of \$5 and refund your money if not entirely satisfied. Be kind to your eyes—**SAVE THEM**—get an EMERALITE Jr.—it gives you exactly the clear, green-shaded light that your eyes require.

H. G. McFADDIN & CO., Sole Mfrs., 49 Warren St., New York

Price complete \$5


The "Sterling Toys"

Weatherproof Animals, Painted and Valsparred, 10c. to 35c.

Set of 15 Domestic Animals, \$2.50.
Set of 15 Wild Ones, \$4.00.

MAKE YOUR OWN PLAYTHINGS

MERCHANTS AND TRADERS

Originated by W. S. Sterling
Write for Catalog "S" to

The Children's Gift Shop

7 West 45th St., New York City



"Sterling" Miniature Lumber, with plans showing how to make toys and useful things for all your family. Set with lumber wagon, \$5.00. Other sets, \$2.00 and \$3.00.



The "Sterling" Trading Sets include stores, warehouses, wagons, trucks, railroads, and boxes and bags of goods to trade with.

They come in carefully chosen sets, priced from \$1.50 to \$10.00, and are described in a special catalog. This large farm group costs \$10.00. Landscape Blocks make ideal Christmas gifts, being durable as well as beautiful.

The "Sterling" Landscape Blocks, beautiful hand-painted reproductions of quaint houses, trees, hedges, autos, people, etc. Extra-large size; the farm group illustrated extends over five feet.



ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

ANOTHER COMPETITION

PLEASE read on this same page an article about a funny stamp collection. You will then better understand why we choose for the subject of our next competition—"The Backs of Stamps." Look over your stamps, study your catalogue, and write all you can learn about the backs of stamps. You will find a number of things of great interest, and we believe you will become as much interested in the subject as is our reader who collects "backs of stamps." But as he has made a study of this matter, it is not quite fair for him to be a competitor. Write out carefully what you learn, paying particular attention to neatness and spelling. The article should not exceed three hundred words, and should reach us not later than November 20.

Now, what is a competition without a prize? Not very attractive, is it? So for the first prize we will offer twenty unused stamps, with queer backs. Then, instead of a second prize, we will give to all answers which show care, and thought, and merit, a little book about stamp-collecting, written by the greatest student of stamps in the United States. It is an exceedingly interesting pamphlet entitled "What Philately Teaches." Philately really means stamp-collecting. One of our advertisers has given us a number of copies of this book to be distributed as prizes to those whose answers, in our judgment, warrant this recognition. So you see there is a good chance for every reader of this page, every student of stamps, to win a prize. We hope this competition will bring even more replies than we have received from previous competitions.

Any one may compete for prizes. All essays must contain your name, age, and address, and be written in ink on one side of the paper only. All answers must be in our hands by November 20. The names of the successful contestants will be announced in our January number. Replies should be directed to

EDITOR STAMP PAGE,

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE,

353 FOURTH AVENUE,

NEW YORK CITY.

A FUNNY STAMP COLLECTION

THE person who tries to keep up with the wide-awake readers of this page must needs get up early in the morning. We get letters from all sorts of readers, telling us of the way they collect stamps; how they collect them, why they collect them, and the kind, country, or variety they like the best. We have readers who like stamps with animals, birds, or fish upon them. One reader of this page has a collection of every stamp upon which a ship or vessel appears. Collectors of map stamps are quite common. Another collects at least one stamp showing the portrait of every king, queen, or president upon it. He calls it his royal picture gallery. And he knows something about every picture he has. That seems easy, but try to find out something about some of the portraits upon your foreign stamps, and see how really

difficult it is. But about this funny stamp collection. One of our readers amuses himself by collecting stamps not for what appears upon their face, but for what appears upon their backs. At first, one thinks—why the backs of stamps are all alike. There is nothing there but the gum. That is what the Editor thought. Then he remembered that some stamps have white gum, while others, like early Danish West Indies, have brown gum. Some of the old German States had pink or rose gum. But it was all about gum. Then suddenly he remembered that Portugal once printed a series of stamps on the backs of which was shown a prayer in very tiny blue letters. Then there is Spain, with serial letters or numbers on the backs of stamps. And yes! a certain other country with funny backs, and another, and yet another, and more of them began to come to his mind. And then an idea struck him. Instead of telling you all about this funny collection, why not have another competition with "The Backs of Stamps" as the subject? So please all read about our next competition.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

ONE of our readers admires the 1906 issue of Azores, and wishes to know more about it. The issue is certainly a striking one, and of pleasing appearance. The surcharges of figures and letters, especially those in red ink, are very effective. The portrait is of Carlos, who was King of Portugal from 1889 to 1908. As to the mysterious letters in the corners, let us look in our catalogue at the colonies of Angra, Horta, and Ponta Delgado. None of these colonies issued stamps later than 1905. And here is a clue as to the meaning of the letters. The issue is evidently commemorative of, or significant of, some union of the postal organizations of the four colonies Azores, Angra, Horta, and Ponta Delgado into one under the name of Azores. The lettering in the three corners of the stamps refers to the other three colonies. ¶ It is against the policy and the regulations of the United States Government to publish any pictures of our own stamps, so that we cannot illustrate the envelop stamp you mention—Scott's No. 1439, ten-cent, with large, or "booby," head. United States envelopes are an interesting study, but rather difficult. If one's purse will permit, one may buy a book on envelopes from any of our advertisers, who will also order from abroad for you a series of plates published in England, which illustrates all types of envelopes. As for the stamp in question (the ten-cent "booby"), one can tell it by the very large head. The head almost completely fills the oval space in the center. At the top and lower left, the embossed head almost touches the frame surrounding it, the margin between being only about one half a millimeter. The commoner variety with small head has margins at least a millimeter at top and lower left, and is well proportioned to the space it occupies. Again, in the large head the nose of Jefferson is almost on a level with the top of the left figure 10, while his lips are opposite the center of this figure. In the smaller head, the nose is opposite the center and the lips opposite the bottom of the 10.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

100 STAMPS—EACH FROM A DIFFERENT COUNTRY

Includes Bolivia, Crete, Hawaii, Transvaal, Venezuela, etc. Price only 50c. Send for big 80-page price list of sets, packets, albums, and supplies; also copy of monthly stamp paper free. We send out the finest approval selections at 50% discount. Write for a selection to-day.

SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO.,
127 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK CITY

STAMPS ON APPROVAL—Fine selections sent at 50% discount. LAUREN TREMPER, 136 No. DEWEY ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JAPAN 30 Diff. postage, no revenues, 10c. A. RASMUSSEN, 116A MINN. AVE., SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.


SPECIAL-ty Approvals. Good premium to new applicants. PRENTICE NORTHP DEAN, DALTON, PA.

FREE 5 Newfoundland with request for our 50% approval. 18 Mexico, 10c. 35 different West Indies, 20c. 30 different France, 10c. 500 different foreign, 90c. 1000 different foreign, \$2.25. 1000 mixed foreign, 20c. UNIVERSAL STAMP CO., MT. CLEMENS, MICH.


12 varieties Austria Jubilee stamps and perforation gauge to new approval customers. HESS BROS., CLEARFIELD, PA. **FREE**

Stamps 108 all diff., Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Trinidad, Java, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 **Finely Mixed**, 20c. 65 diff. U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agts. wtd. 50%. **List Free.** 1 buy stamps. C. Stegman, 5940 Cote Brillante Ave., 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! War Packet Special!** Educational, interesting. Stamps from Servia, Belgium, France, Russia, Germany, Turkey, England, etc., 107 vars. for only 7c. 1000 fine mixed only 20c. New 32-p. List and special offers free. Agts. wtd. 50%. **1 Buy Stamps.** L. B. DOVER, ST. LOUIS, MO.

20 DIFFERENT STAMPS—Cataloguing \$1.00—for 27c. K. H. A. GREEN, 4407 DOVER ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

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STOP! A real bargain! 5 varieties Hawaii, 10c. Approvals. Ref. requested. PERRY STAMP CO., PERRYSBURG, O.

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These stamps are the famous *Aguinaldo Insurrecto* stamps issued in the Philippines. Three are postage stamps, catalog value 6c., and two are telegraph, and all five are given **FREE** with 10 weeks' subscription to MEKEEL'S STAMP WEEKLY, 808 Kast, Boston, Mass. Price only 10c.

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20 diff. Persia 205 diff. for 'n. 50 diff. Asia 20 N. Zealand


Rare Stamps Free 15 all different Canadian and 10 India with Catalogue Free. Postage 2cents. When possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. **Large wholesale list for Dealers free.** We offer these sets, great bargains, cheapest ever offered, no two stamps alike in any set, all different, fine condition. Postage 2c. extra. 50 Spain, 1c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U. S., 21c.; 7 Siam, 15c.; 50 Asia, 17c.; 20 Chile, 10c.; 4 Malta, 5c.; 13 Nyassa, 39c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 10 Straits, 7c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 7 Persia, 4c.; 10 Ceylon, 15c.; 8 Hawaii, 20c.; 20 Denmark, 7c.; 30 Sweden, 10c.; 50 Brit. Col's, 6c.; 35 Austria, 9c.; 25 Persia, 25c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 50 Africa, 24c.; 6 Fiji, 15c.; 25 Italy, 5c.; 7 Iceland, 20c.; 4 Sudan, 8c.; 10 China, 10c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 10 Uruguay, 7c.; 6 Reunion, 5c.; 5 Panama, 13c.; 5 Zanzibar, 20c. **Remit in stamps or Money Order.** Fine approval sheets 50% discount. 50 Page List Free. We buy Stamps. MARKS STAMP CO., DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA.

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Kris Kringle (600 different) \$1.50
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BURT McCANN (Member American Stamp Dealers Association)
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One Cent Each for stamps cataloging 2c. to 25c. All countries, 19th and 20th Century. New Issues. Send for lot on approval. I pay return postage. FREDERICK, BELMONT CIRCLE, TRENTON, N. J.

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Listen! I collect stamps because I like the hobby. If you too like it, write for my European and European Colony selections. H. W. PROTZMANN, 1031 28TH ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE 52 different foreign, including China and Venezuela, to all who apply for our high grade approval selections. Send two cent stamp for return postage. THE EDGEWOOD STAMP CO., DEPT. S, MILFORD, CONN.

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1000 Mixed for 12c. This is our regular 25c. mixture containing about 200 varieties. Sold only to those applying for our 50% discount approval sheets. FAR WEST STAMP CO., TACOMA, WASH.

FINE Picture Stamps (no trash) given to those applying for my "KWALITY" Approvals. This offer is limited. J. EDW. STROYER, 27 VAN STALLEN ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BARGAINS EACH SET 5 CENTS. 10 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Hayti. Lists of 7000 low-priced stamps free. CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Hawaii 10 different, 40c.; 10 different Canada, 10c.; Packet, 500 different, list over \$5.00, price \$1.00; 1000 different, list over \$20.00, \$2.45. C. F. RICHARDS, BOX 77, GRAND CENTRAL P. O., NEW YORK.

BELGIUM—15 var., and 5 other nice sets for 10c. with approval sheets at 75% discount. F. J. STANTON, NORWICH, N. Y.

War Stamps Red Cross and Charity postage stamps, also Mexican Revolutionary. 20 different and 6 months' subscription to our monthly stamp journal. 15c. We Buy Rare Stamps and Old Collections. ALBEMARLE STAMP CO., KESWICK, VA.

Pet Department



BELOW are advertisements of pets especially suitable for children. The dealers listed are reliable. Their stock is pedigreed, and of course these aristocrats of the animal world in many instances command high prices. They are worth it. A few can be purchased for as little as \$5.00. In case you do not see the kind of pet you want, ask the Pet Man to help you. That's what he is here for. Use the coupon on page 44.



Save The Birds

DODSON

Feeding Shelters and Bird Houses

famous because they win birds to live in them.

Put out bird shelters now. Many birds stay

north all winter; you can attract them. Birds do not die from cold; they die from starvation in fall and winter months—thousands die. Give shelter, food and water—save the birds—by getting the genuine Dodson Shelters and Houses.

Catch Sparrows Now

The Dodson Sparrow Trap—no other trap like this—will catch sparrows for you. Now is a good time to remove this enemy of native birds. Price, \$6 f. o. b. Chicago.

"Nature Neighbors"

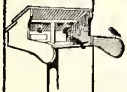
A set of beautiful books about birds, written by authorities, illustrated in color. John Burroughs says:—" Astonishingly good."

Free folder showing bird in natural colors. Write for this and for the beautiful book telling how to win birds—both free.

JOSEPH H. DODSON
707 Security Building, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Dodson is a Director of the Illinois Audubon Society



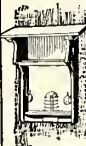
Dodson Sheltered Food House \$8— with copper roof \$10.



Automatic Sheltered Feeding Table \$6— with copper roof \$7.50



Dodson Feeding Car \$5— with copper roof \$6.



Feeding Shelf \$1.50— with copper roof \$2.



Have You a Home for Snowball?



Snowball is a pure white Esquimo puppy. His ancestors were hardy dogs from the snowy north, where their loyalty, courage, endurance and strength made them man's chief helper. Their beautiful whitefur, perfect disposition and remarkable intelligence form an ideal combination for a child's pet. They are natural trick dogs and are steadily growing in popularity. If you want an ideal pet, get a puppy like Snowball. He will make the finest sort of Christmas

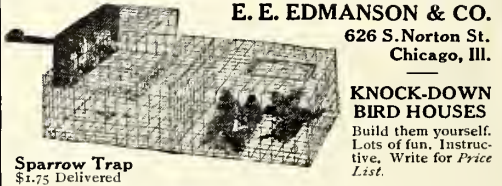
gift. Don't merely ask for a pet on your Christmas list. Say an "Esquimo puppy like Snowball," and tell Father and Mother you expect to see that kind of snowball under your tree on Christmas morning. Send 5c. for Pictorial Catalogue with particulars. Get your Xmas orders booked early. Please! **BROCKWAY'S KENNELS, Baldwin, Kansas**



Join the Country-wide Crusade Against the Sparrow Nuisance

Sparrows are destructive. Eat seeds and grains; drive valuable birds away. U. S. Dept. of Agriculture advises destroying sparrows. Many states offer a bounty.

This is the cheapest and best trap. *Guaranteed to catch sparrows.* Order to-day. Delivered FREE. Catalog of Bird Houses and Food Devices free.



E. E. EDMANSON & CO.
626 S. Norton St.
Chicago, Ill.

KNOCK-DOWN BIRD HOUSES
Build them yourself. Lots of fun. Instructive. Write for Price List.

Sparrow Trap \$1.75 Delivered

I'LL BE YOUR FRIEND

sing to you all summer and kill many bad bugs if you will only protect me from my enemies—Cats, English Sparrows and Squirrels. I would love a little cement house like this with removable lid. It only costs \$1.50 (6 for \$7.50) and expressage. Write to THE BIRD BOX, West Chester, Pa., and tell them you saw this letter in *St. Nicholas*.

Won't you put one on your Christmas list for my babies and me? *Jenny Wren*.



Purr! Purr! Purr!

That's what "Prince" says contentedly as you stroke his silky hair. He is a Prince indeed—a beautiful Royal Siamese Cat—the most fascinating and affectionate of pets. Write for booklet. Kittens at moderate prices.

Black-Short-Haired Cattery
Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.
Tel. 110 M Hasbrouck Heights



THIS IS ME

I may be little and soft and plump, But my heart is big and true. My mistress says now I'm quite big enough

To leave my dear mother—for you. From \$25 up for these wonderful little **PEKINGESE**

Address:
Mrs. H. A. Baxter, Telephone 418,
Great Neck, L. I., or 489 Fifth
Ave., New York City (Tel.)

SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., NEWARK, N. J.

received the

GOLD MEDAL AND HIGHEST AWARD

for DOG FOODS at the

PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

Write for prices and send 2c. stamp for "Dog Culture"

Pets (Continued)

Birds Prefer RUSTIC Homes



No. 60 ROBIN No. 61 WREN No. 62 BLUE BIRD

"To care for our Feathered Friends is the very spirit of true conservation."

Send for new 5" x 7" Catalog.
 Your choice of above for \$1.25; the three for \$3.50.
 Best Wire Sparrow Trap, \$4.00.
 Martin Houses, \$4.00 to \$20.00.
 Booklet, "Bird Architecture," free with every order.
 These Houses can be used as Models, and boys will readily make more.

THE CRESCENT CO., "Birdville," Toms River, N.J.

A "Blue Ribbon" Pet means quality and the kind for particular folks. When you buy a pedigreed

FRENCH POODLE

you can be sure of intelligence, style, devotion and affection. That's why they are ideal pets for children. When you buy from MEADOWMERE KENNELS, Southampton, Long Island you can be certain of "Blue Ribbon" quality. That's why you should order from them. Puppies, \$5.00. Write promptly.



Shetland Ponies

Colts, \$40.00 up. Yearlings, \$75.00. Mature ponies reasonable. The colts make charming pets and Christmas presents. Make your choice early while the assortment is good. It will be reserved when one-half the price is sent with the order.

SHADY NOOK FARM, Dept. B, North Ferrisburgh, Addison County, Vermont.



America's Pioneer Dog Remedies

Book on Dog Diseases And How to Feed

Mailed free to any address by the Author
 H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S.
 118 West 31st Street New York



30 Days FREE TRIAL

and freight prepaid on the new 1916 "RANGER" bicycle. Write at once and get our big catalog and special offers before buying. Extraordinary values in our 1916 price offers. You cannot afford to buy without getting our latest propositions. WRITE TODAY. Boys, be a "Rider Agent" and make big money taking orders for bicycles and supplies. Get our liberal terms on a sample to introduce the new "RANGER." Tires, equipment, sundries and everything in the bicycle line at half usual price. Auto and Motorcycle Supplies. MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. D-15 CHICAGO

Boys—You Can Beat Them All Now!

Easiest thing in the world with an Auto-Wheel Coaster Wagon. Roller bearings give the speed—you go down one hill and up like lightning. Steel axles and real auto type steel-tire wheels—mighty strong. The boy with an **AUTO-WHEEL COASTER WAGON** has a wagon that'll stand a lot of knocking around—it's built to last. Give hardware dealer's name.

Write how to get one FREE

Buffalo Sled Co.
 141 SENECA STREET
 NO. TONAWANDA
 N. Y.

In Canada, Preston, Ont.

Leedawl COMPASS Make Your Boy a Leader

Give him a Leedawl Compass for Christmas and let him lead "the boys" through the woods, over a trail or on a tramp. It's the only Guaranteed Jeweled Compass for \$1.00.

If your dealer does not have them, write us for folder C-12.

Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y.
 Makers of Scientific Instruments of Superiority.

Blaisdell

Paper Pencils

Color your maps and drawings! All colors at your stationery store or write us for free color chart. Philadelphia

Schools

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington (Suburbs).

National Park Seminary

For the higher education of young women. Extension courses of two years' collegiate work above high school. Thoroughly equipped departments of Home Economics, Floriculture, Arts and Crafts, Music, Painting, Dramatic Art, systematic study of the National Capital. Illustrated book on request to Registrar, Box 178, Forest Glen, Md.

FOR XMAS—A FOREIGN LANGUAGE!

Boys! Girls! Ask for a Language Outfit. It includes a standard talking machine upon which you can also play musical records. An ideal Xmas Gift that combines both pleasure and instruction. You will enjoy learning to speak a foreign language by the

LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD

And Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry

No tiresome rules to study. Just listen to the professor pronounce—French, German, Spanish or Italian—until you know it. Let your talking machine teach you. Write for free booklet.

THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD, 979 Putnam Bldg., 2 W. 45th St., New York

Mrs. Marshall's School for Little Girls

A home like boarding and day school for girls under fifteen, affording an abundance of healthful recreation and play in rural surroundings with elevating companionship.

Booklet free on request. Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

Nimble Twinklers



Just from Palmer Cox's Brownies

"When I was eist a Brownie,
A twenty twenty Brownie,
Long afore I got to be
Like childerns is to-day."

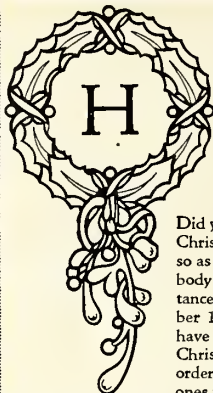
These **Stockinet Dolls** amuse young and old. Single, they are **35 cents**, postpaid, and pairs, as pictured below, are **60 cents**. Our Catalog of over one thousand Thoughtful Gifts, appropriate at this season, will be



mailed for six cents in stamps. Write for it. The unique gift guide of America. Many delightful things for the little folks.



THE POHLSON GIFT SHOPS 82 Bank Building PAWTUCKET, R. I.



How to Earn Christmas Money

Did you ever hear of boys and girls selling Christmas holly wreaths and evergreens so as to give "surprise presents" to somebody? You call on your family's acquaintances between November 1st and December 10th; ask if they would n't like to have some especially fine wreaths this Christmas; tell them you are taking orders for different sizes, from ten-inch ones with four bunches of holly berries to

sixteen-inch ones with eight bunches of berries. Before the month is out you will probably get a great many families to order their

Christmas Holly Wreaths and Evergreens

from you. Most of them will order from half a dozen to a dozen wreaths and other decorations.

We do not ask any advance money with your orders; payments are to be made us after you deliver them.

Write to-day for a little circular describing the different kinds of "greens," the prices, etc. We will write you a letter, too, giving all particulars.



The Burton Evergreen Co.
Milton, Delaware



A Letter to Santa Claus

Of course you want a real live pet that can play with you and love you—but it is hard to know just which kind is best and where to get it.

That's where St. NICHOLAS steps in. St. NICHOLAS and Santa Claus, you know, are very closely related. They always help each other, and both of them feel they would like to help you.

If you have decided to make this Christmas a really-truly one by getting a pet, and want St. NICHOLAS to help you, fill out and send as soon as possible the slip below. It will save you a great deal of trouble.

ST. NICHOLAS PET DEPARTMENT, 351 Fourth Avenue, New York City

The pet I want to know about is..... Dog, pony, cat, bird, etc.

Breed preferred..... Full grown or young.....

I want to buy it about.....

The price I am willing to pay is.....

My name is.....

And I live at.....



Boys and Girls Make These
Just think of making models
of your own toys, dolls,
soldiers, forts, houses, pic-
tures—at home with

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE

Mothers, keep the children happy and occupied with Plasticine. Easy, simple and delightful, it teaches them while they play, and trains eye, hand and mind for future vocations. Infinitely superior to clay, because it isn't mussy, needs no water, remains plastic and ready for instant use, and is absolutely clean and antiseptic. Inexpensive, as it can be used over and over again. Various sized Plasticine outfits with complete instructions for modelling, designing and house-building. 25c to \$2.00.

Sold by Toy, Stationery and Art Dealers everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for free toy booklet and list of dealers near you
THE EMBOSsing COMPANY, P. O. Box 598B, Albany, N. Y.

MAKERS OF
Toys that Teach

Trade **Vaseline** Mark

**CAMPHORATED CREAM
PETROLEUM JELLY**

Keeps the skin soft, clear and smooth.
At drug and general stores everywhere.
Illustrated booklet mailed free on request.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
(Consolidated)

38 State Street

New York



Jumping Rope

A little gift for a child of 5 to 10 years. A durable skipping rope, with nicely finished wooden handles and brightly colored braided cord of exactly the right weight. Packed in a pretty box with a charming gift card and sent postpaid for 35c. to introduce our

WONDERFUL YEAR BOOK

This contains 1000 thoughtful gift suggestions fully illustrated and described in 72 pages and will answer the gift question for everybody at all times. Poshon gifts are quaint, interesting, distinctive, fragrant of Colonial days, full of sentiment—the kind that carry a message and are not measured by money value. Year Book sent anywhere for 6c. in stamps. Write for it. Poshon Gift Shop, 39 Bank Bldg., Pawtucket, Rhode Island.



All-steel
Front
Grooved
Non-Skid
Runners

The ideal Christmas gift for boys and girls!

Flexible Flyer

with new construction—the all-steel Front

Stronger, easier than ever to steer and control. The swiftest, strongest, safest sled made. Its grooved runners of chrome nickel steel prevent skidding; and its scientific construction throughout is the reason why it

outlasts 3 ordinary sleds

Nine sizes—ranging from 38 to 102 inches long—including new Junior Racer at \$3.50. Sold by leading Hardware and Department Stores. Insist on the genuine—unless it bears this trade-mark it isn't a Flexible Flyer.

FREE Cardboard model shows how it steers. Also attractive booklet. Write us for them today!

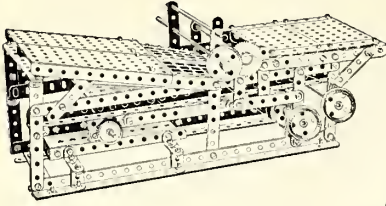
Wins
Every Race

S. L. ALLEN & CO.

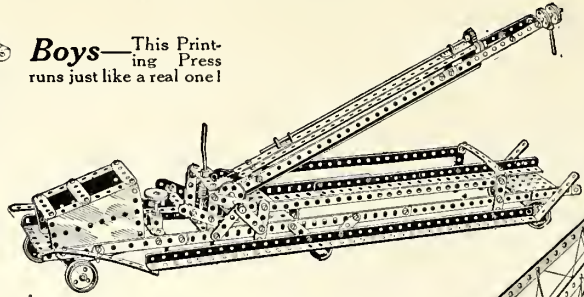
Box 1101 V

Philadelphia, Pa.



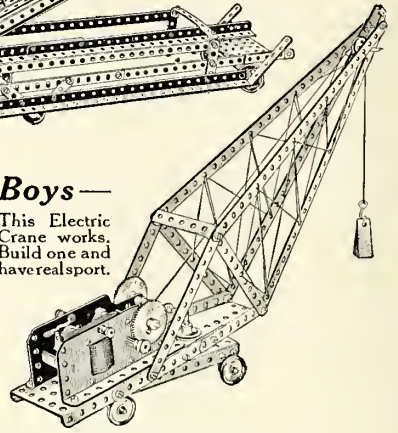
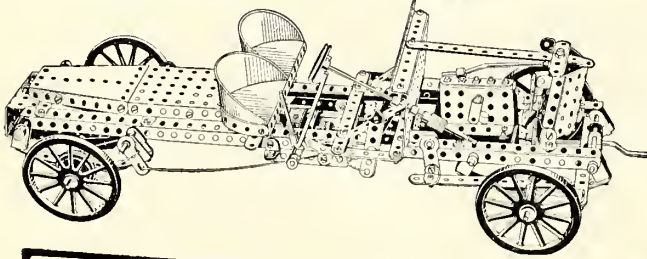


Boys—This Printing Press runs just like a real one!



Boys—This Electric Crane works. Build one and have real sport.

Boys—Isn't this a dandy automobile? Build one like it!



**Here's the New
MECCANO Girder Strip**

It builds big models like the tower above, quicker, easier and better. Is inter-change-able with all other MECCANO parts. Made in two sizes; 5 1/2" long, 35c. per half dozen; 12 1/2" long, 50c. per half dozen. Both included in the Inventors' Accessory Outfit.

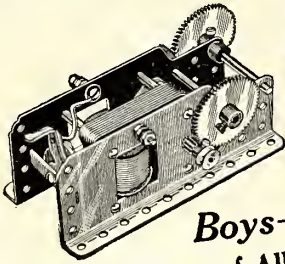
BOYS— You Can Build More Toys With MECCANO

A new toy every day: bridges, towers, locomotives, cranes and derricks, steam shovels, fire engines, automobiles, clocks, submarines and thousands of others. Small, complicated ones, or large, strong ones; anything real engineers build! It's the greatest fun you ever had—you'll never want to stop.

You build like a big engineer; and you can make your models work just like real machines. It's easy, too; you don't have to learn. You can start right away. Each outfit has everything you need—girders, beams, plates, rods, couplings, cranks, wheels, pulleys, gears, nuts and bolts—lots of things you won't find elsewhere.

**Boys—
Here's the Boss of All
Electric Motors**

It operates models like real machinery. Direct shaft and inter-change-able gear wheel drive—positive and powerful. A real little batteries run it. It's a real little electric engine—the most powerful electric motor made. Above toy electric motor made. Above MECCANO motor, with starting, stopping and reversing lever, included in outfit No. 3x (\$7.50); sold separate for \$3.00. Same motor, without control lever and with fewer gears, included in outfit No. 1x (\$3.00) and No. 2x (\$5.00); sold separate for \$1.50. Get a motor and double your MECCANO fun!



MECCANO, With Electric Motor, as Low as \$3.00

Sold in Toy Departments

Get MECCANO-wise! See the outfits and new parts now.

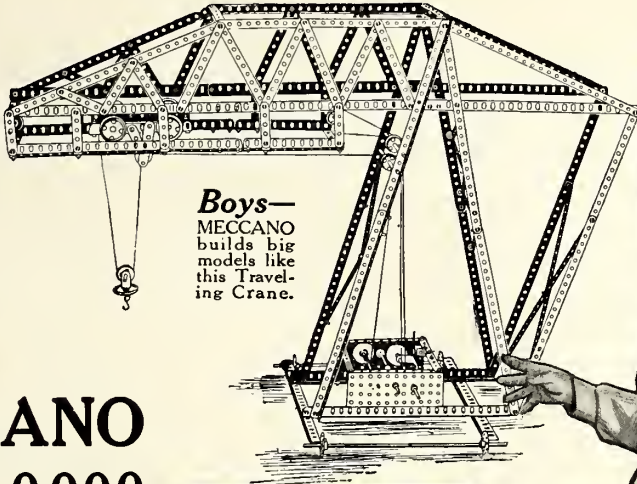
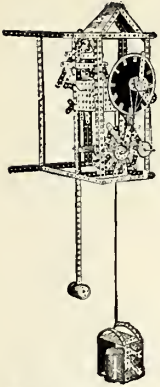
- Outfit No. 0 - - - - - \$1.00
- Outfit No. 1 - - - - - 2.00
- Outfit No. 1x With Electric Motor 3.00
- Outfit No. 2 - - - - - 4.00
- Outfit No. 2x With Electric Motor 5.00
- Outfit No. 3 - - - - - 6.00
- Outfit No. 3x With Electric Motor 7.50
- Outfit No. 4 With Spring Motor FREE 10.00

Other Outfits at \$14.00, \$18.00 and \$36.00

This is What You Want if You Have MECCANO

This Inventors' Accessory Outfit contains all this year's new parts: Girder strips; Sprocket Wheels and Chain; 1/2" and 2" Pulleys; Large Gear Wheels; Healds for Weaving Machines; and other parts. Can be used with any MECCANO Outfit. Sold for \$2.00 in Toy Departments.





"Boys— Look what I made with MECCANO. It's Great Fun!"

Boys— MECCANO builds big models like this Traveling Crane.

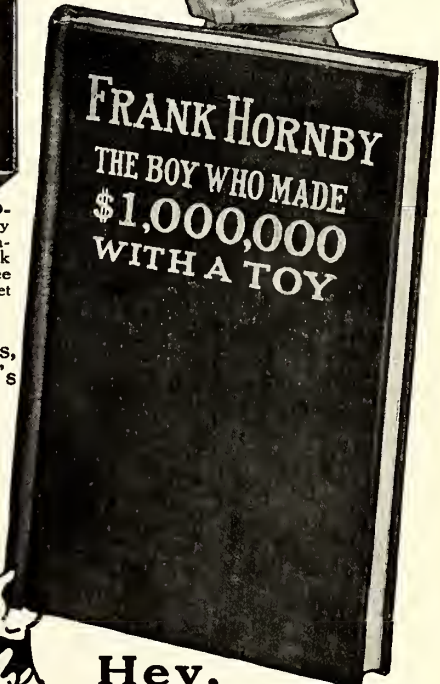
MECCANO Builds 10,000 Models

10,000 were entered in our last contest—just think of all the things you can build! MECCANO builds the most models because it has the most inter-change-able parts, as well as greater inter-change-ability of every part. MECCANO is mechanically

correct; you need fewer parts to make your models, and can make them better, easier and quicker. That's why MECCANO Toy Engineering is more fun.

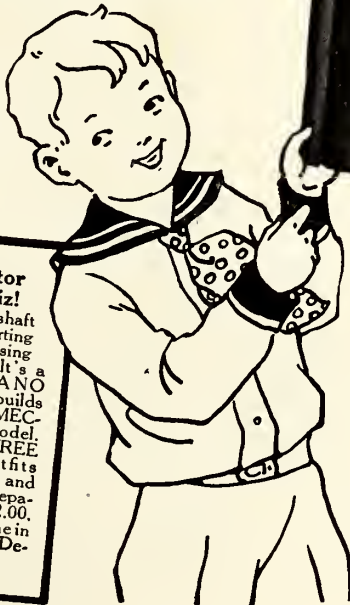


BOYS—Get MECCANO-wise! See the outfits in the Toy Department. Each one is complete, nothing extra to buy. Pick the one you're going to get. See the new 1915 Improvements! Get MECCANO-wise!



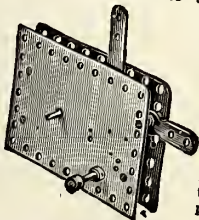
Big \$1,000.00 Prize Contest

Get into the 1915-1916 Prize Contest. Be an inventor! Build a good model and win a fine prize. Get an Entry Blank at the Toy Department and start now.



Boys—This Spring Motor Makes 'Em Whiz!

Has a strong spring, direct shaft and gear wheel drive, starting and stopping brake and reversing lever.



It's a MECCANO motor—builds into any MECCANO model. Given FREE with outfits Nos. 4, 5 and 6; sold separate for \$2.00. Ask for one in the Toy Department.

Hey, Fellows—Here's a Real Story

Tells how a hustler got an idea, made his first model, got a shop and finally won success and fortune. Tells all about how he did it. It's a live-wire story, boys, you'll want to read it twice. It's FREE, too. All you have to do is send five (5) boys' names and addresses, with 4c. in stamps for postage, and the book is yours. Better do it today!

Frank Hornby
President

MECCANO CO., Inc.
Room 30, 71 West 23d St.
New York City

“WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS”



To fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, grandfathers, grandmothers, distant relatives, neighbors, Santa Claus, and *all* other good friends. I have written down below a list of the Christmas gifts that would make me happiest. Of course I won't be disappointed if I don't get them *all*. I just thought it would be easier for you if I told you what I should *like* to have.



Signed

First of All I Want ST. NICHOLAS
After that I Would Like

(Advertised on page of the ST. NICHOLAS)

(Advertised on page of the ST. NICHOLAS)

(Advertised on page of the ST. NICHOLAS)

(Advertised on page of the ST. NICHOLAS)

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Signed

First of All I Want ST. NICHOLAS
After that I Would Like

(Advertised on page of the ST. NICHOLAS)

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What to do with this page.

To ST. NICHOLAS Boys and Girls—First look through your copies of ST. NICHOLAS and decide what things you would *most* like to find in your stocking on Christmas morning. Then write your name and copy your “wishes” in the spaces reserved above, putting in the exact page and issue of ST. NICHOLAS on which the gift is advertised so that “Santa Claus” will make no mistake. Then leave your ST. NICHOLAS in a conspicuous place with this page turned down at the corner or something to attract attention to it.

For Hallowe'en Fun

When you're out with the rest of the fellows on Hallowe'en Night, making the rounds or springing jokes on the people you meet in the dark—you'll just naturally be the leader of the crowd, if you have an

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT

You can keep one tucked in your pocket ready any time to give you a dandy bright light quick as a wink, and just as quickly to let you back into the dark, without giving you away to the fellow you want to surprise. For a real, live boy the greatest thing ever.

An **EVEREADY** is so simple it can't go wrong—just a fine, strong case with a real honest battery inside to supply the electricity. Nothing to bother with; nothing to start fires or cause explosions; nothing that can be put out by the wind or rain. In every way a "regular" light—that lasts long and costs little.

No. 2602, illustrated, is a tubular pocket light, made of vulcanized fibre, which sells for \$1.00 in the United States and \$1.10 in Canada. There are 75 other styles to pick from. Get your dealer to show them to you to-day and drop us a line for interesting, illustrated booklet No. 53.

**AMERICAN
EVEREADY WORKS**
of National Carbon Company
Long Island City, New York

No 2602

IVES STRUKTIRON



IVES Toys give you all the material needed to construct and operate a complete railroad.

You are the construction crew, the train dispatcher, the engineer—everything from "section-hand to president." You'll have a glorious time!

With an Ives Railway you lay the track; arrange the switches, semaphores, stations, and tunnels; couple the engine and cars; stop and start the train; and do everything else that is done on a real railroad.

Ives Toys

Make Happy Boys

With Ives Struktiron you build strong steel models of railroad bridges, elevated railways, signal towers, cranes, and derricks operated by the powerful Ives electric motor. You can also construct hundreds of other realistic, practical models, such as aeroplanes, revolving shovels, battle-ships, "shoot the chutes."

Toy, hardware, and department stores sell Ives Trains (\$1 to \$30) and Ives Struktiron (\$2 to \$25). Ask to see them.

Write for Catalog and names of Ives dealers in your town

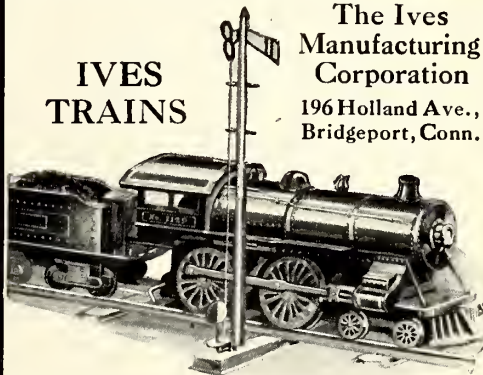
Free Poster Stamps

Beautifully illustrated in colors. Six stamps show the development of the locomotive from the famous "De Witt Clinton" of 1831 down to 1915. The other six show interesting Struktiron models. They're beauties!

Absolutely free to any boy. Write now (giving toy dealer's name) for complete set.



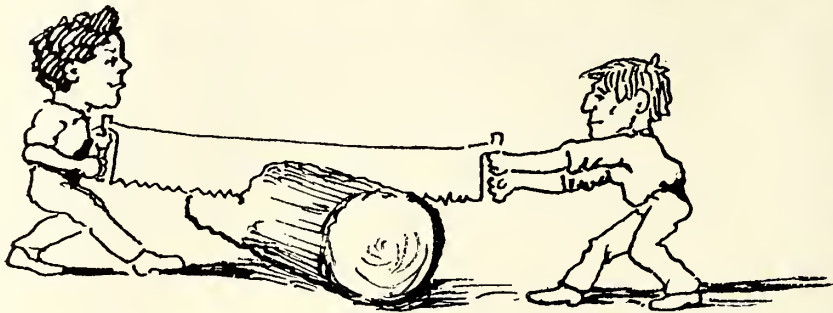
IVES TRAINS



The Ives
Manufacturing
Corporation

196 Holland Ave.,
Bridgeport, Conn.

Advertising Competition No. 167



DO you remember Alexander the Little? He is the precocious young man who used to plague the judges with puzzles so hard that they were kept up half the night working them out.

He brought this little drawing in the other day. "What is it?" we asked.

Alexander pretended to take the question seriously.

"It represents two very handsome and somewhat industrious young men, sawing wood," said he.

"But why impose it upon us?" we queried.

"Had to leave it somewhere, and it seems appropriate to this busy office," he told us, and went on his way.

After he had gone out we turned the drawing over and found this advertising puzzle written on the back:

"When you arrange the letters properly *aabbcdgiknnrrsuwy* " " spells something that has life! speed! lightning-action."

We had n't gotten any further than this when some one said: "Alexander must be playing a joke on us."

"Yes, smart Alec!" declared the office boy, who could n't make head or tail of it.

But finally the Brightest One discovered that if you re-arrange the letters

aabbcdgiknnrrsuwy " " you can make the words

Brunswick
"Baby Grand"

which those who read the advertisements in the October St. NICHOLAS know is a billiard table that has the qualities of "life! speed! and lightning-action."

It was n't long before all of us together had solved the rest of the puzzle, which is as follows:

2. *egilnorssty* spells something of which only a few are mentioned.

3. *aacoprrs'* spells something that promotes a natural, healthy condition.

4. *aafioprsy* spells something that fits the hand.

5. *abcchhhilooopprrsttuy* spells something that comes in a box.

6. *bbbceiilllmmnyy* spells the name of a company that offers to send you something for something.

7. *aaekogrstu* spells something that is the reigning dish even in Scotland.

8. *aceghhmoort* spells the name of a company that makes an announcement of timely interest.

9. *abcellmoppsssu'* spells something that is suited to all sorts of occasions.

10. *aaabbedeegilmmnoorrstt* spells something that is sold everywhere.

11. *aadveefghilltrstvy* spells something that you can afford.

12. *aaaccddddeeeefhllmmnnnoooopprrrrsttttww'* spells something that boys and girls prefer.

To compete for a prize re-arrange these letters from 2 to 12, inclusive, to form the names of products or advertisers mentioned in the October St. NICHOLAS.

When you have solved Alexander's mysterious puzzle write the correct names on a piece of paper and then write us a short letter as outlined in Rule 2, below.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

Be sure to comply with all of these conditions if you want to win a prize.

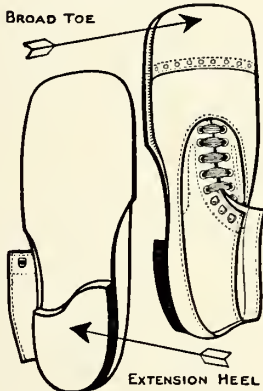
1. Write down the 11 answers to the puzzle.
2. Write a letter telling whether you ever buy talking-machine records for yourself or your parents; what brands or makes you buy, as Victor, Columbia, etc.; what prices you pay; and what seven records you like best of all those you have ever heard.
3. There will be 27 one dollar prizes awarded, and a roll of honor. The prizes will go to those whose answers are correct and whose letters show the greatest care and thought in preparation.
4. In the upper left-hand corner of your answer paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (167).
5. Submit answer by November 20, 1915.
6. Do not use a lead pencil.
7. Address answers:

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 167,
ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE,
353 Fourth Avenue,
New York City.

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 to St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

The Coward Shoe

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Children's Feet

Children's feet require great care in order that they may grow straight and graceful. Your child needs the helpful uplift of the Coward Arch Support Shoe with the Coward Extension heel. These shoes teach the child to stand and walk correctly and prevent many foot troubles. Coward Shoes give control of the foot muscles and permit the feet to grow naturally.

Send for the Coward Catalog and let it be your guide to shoe purchases.



SOLD NOWHERE ELSE

JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 Greenwich Street, New York
(NEAR WARREN ST.)

Mail Orders Filled—Send for Catalog

Betty's Lessons

(In which she finds that some lessons can be very interesting indeed)

VI. ARITHMETIC



YOU know how you are given "examples" in arithmetic to do. They go something like this: If a jack-rabbit jumps five feet while a black dog runs five feet and a half, and if the dog is 20 feet back of the rabbit, how many feet will the dog

have to travel before he catches the rabbit?

One day each pupil in Betty's class had to "make up" an example. Here is the one that Betty made up. See if you can solve it.

"If each of 75,000 *St. Nicholas* subscribers and their 150,000 parents and their 150,000 brothers and sisters and 130,000 of their grown-up relatives and friends, uses one inch of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Paste morning and night, every day during the year 1920 (except six days when their tubes are used up), there being 120 inches of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Paste in every tube, how many tubes of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Paste will be needed to supply all these *St. Nicholas* folks?"

We would just like to know how many of the *St. Nicholas* readers can solve this problem. If you mail us your answer before to-morrow night, perhaps we can tell you in the December *St. Nicholas* how many boys and girls have it right so far. Then in the January *St. Nicholas* we will tell you the correct answer, exactly how many have it right and how many tried to solve the problem. Be sure to send us your answer before Thanksgiving Day, if you can't get it ready in time to mail before November 2d.

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream



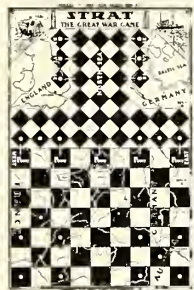
Send 2c. to-day

for a trial package of either DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER or DENTAL CREAM. There's enough to last for nearly two weeks. See what fun it really is to brush your teeth with dentifrice that you like—that tastes as good as it looks.



I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc.
533 W. 27th St. New York

THIS tiny picture gives you some idea of this fascinating new war game. See—it is something like checkers, but *far* more interesting. You *never* get tired of it. It is different every time you play and the rules are easy.



STRAT THE GREAT WAR GAME

Booth Tarkington, the author, says he can't get enough of it. So your father will like it as well as you do. Maybe you can beat him playing it. It will sharpen anybody's wits.

WRITE FOR A LITTLE BOOK
TELLING ABOUT IT **\$1.00**

STRAT GAME CO., INC.
450 Fourth Ave.
New York City



YOU can't help laughing when you first see the gleeful smile of this new dolly. He's as "bug-able" a rag doll as any little boy or girl ever loved. All dressed up in a sock and a sunny smile, he's called Smiling



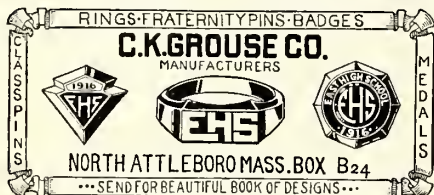
75c.

SAMMY SOCK

He stands 12 inches high in his "socking feet," is stuffed with really truly cotton and printed in the very fastest colors.

EVERY LITTLE BOY AND GIRL
NEEDS ONE FOR CHRISTMAS

STRAT GAME CO., INC.
450 Fourth Ave., New York City



BOYS AND GIRLS! GET BUSY AND SEND FOR A SET OF THESE BEAUTIFUL PENCILS

WITH YOUR NAME STAMPED HERE

NAME STAMPED IN GOLD LETTERS ON HIGH GRADE GREEN, BLUE, RED, OR WHITE ENAMELED RUBBER TIPPED LEAD PENCILS. 3 Pencils in Christmas box, 25c., 6 Pencils, 50c. Stamps or Coin. Write plainly name to be stamped and colors of enamel wanted.

Rochelle Pencil Co. Dept. H New Rochelle, N. Y.



"For My Dolly!"

This little gift combination will fill any girl's heart with joy. Watch her open the dainty package and find a miniature Turkish towel and a washcloth prettily embroidered in pink or blue and a rubber lined bag containing a tiny cake of soap—all for dolly!

A hand-colored card bearing an appropriate verse completes the gift and 60c., postpaid, buys untold happiness. This is one of 1,000 unusual and distinctive gifts in our Year Book for Thoughtful Givers. The 72-page book will be sent postpaid for 6c. in stamps. It will solve your gift problems immediately.

POHLSON GIFT SHOPS
38 Bank Bldg., Pawtucket, R. I.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION, No. 165

Most of the judges had an idea that this September competition would prove fairly easy for the wide-awake boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS. As usual, however, there were a few skeptics, a few who realized that carelessness would defeat the efforts of many of the cleverest among you. Such indeed was the case.

"You don't know our competitors," said one of the more confident judges; "they can't slip up on a simple problem like this, which requires only reasonable care."

"Yes, but—" grumbled the doubters, "even ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls are careless at times."

And we must admit that many of you were. For instance, what can we say of the scores who persisted in writing Pears' like this: Pear's; even though it was purposely printed correctly for your guidance; and likewise what can be said of the hundreds who put an apostrophe in Borden, and who could not subtract 1789 from 1915? Of course the lucky ones deserve all the more credit for showing that quality of carefulness without which this "easy" competition was pretty hard. A great many of you fell down on the easiest words, putting in a "t" in F. A. O. Schwarz's name, or forgetting the hyphens in 3-in-One Oil.

The successful and careful ones are as follows:

One First Prize, \$5.00.

Janet Woodworth, age 14, Massachusetts.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.

Minot S. Kelso, age 11, Connecticut.
Frances Fletcher, age 15, Virginia.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.

Frances Hamlet, age 22, Maine.
Eleanor Baldwin, age 17, Massachusetts.
Jessie Allison, age 17, Massachusetts.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

Margaret McIntyre, age 13, Missouri.
Helen Barnard, age 17, Missouri.
Marjorie Taylor, age 13, Massachusetts.
Grace West, age 13, Ontario, Canada.
Helen Ohl, age 12, South Carolina.
Dorothy Whitridge, age 16, Washington, D. C.
David Siegley, age 9, Washington, D. C.
Josephine Work, age 18, Illinois.
Laura Hunter, age 15, Massachusetts.
Eloise Peckham, age 13, Rhode Island.

Honorable Mention.

Theresa Van Beil, age 17, California.
Katherine Kitchin, age 17, Illinois.
Rachel Feldman, age 14, New York.
Mary Louise Baldwin, age 12, Montana.
John Sutcliffe, age 13, Kentucky.
Mabel Macferran, age 13, Pennsylvania.
Mildred Taylor, age 17, Illinois.
Helen Benjamin, age 11, Pennsylvania.
Hannah Sasse, age 16, Ohio.
Dorothy Winsor, age 19, Massachusetts.

Only
35c

Get This New Toy!



It is Already Delighting Thousands of Children
The kiddies everywhere think it the best toy they've had yet. It is a child-size model of the famous

Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner

Has a revolving brush, dust bag, handle, and highly polished aluminum nozzle just like the big one. Stands 18 inches high, and operates without electricity. Well worth a dollar, but sold at the advertising price of 35c to any electrically equipped home. The little ones love to keep house with the Toy Frantz Premier. They will be grateful to you for it. So, send 35c today, coin or stamps, and see how glad they'll be when it arrives. Makes a fine gift for any child.

THE FRANTZ PREMIER CO., 1140 Power Ave., Cleveland, O.

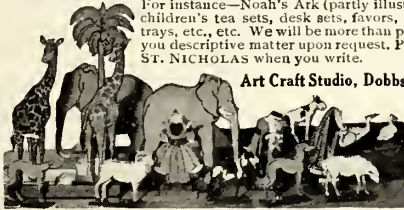


TOYS

To the mothers of the big ST. NICHOLAS family: Don't you often wish you might find toys that are not like those every one else gives at Christmas? We feel sure that you will be delighted with the originality of our toys.

We take the old, old ideas and express them in a new way. For instance—Noah's Ark (partly illustrated below), children's tea sets, desk sets, favors, wooden toys, trays, etc., etc. We will be more than pleased to send you descriptive matter upon request. Please mention ST. NICHOLAS when you write.

Art Craft Studio, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

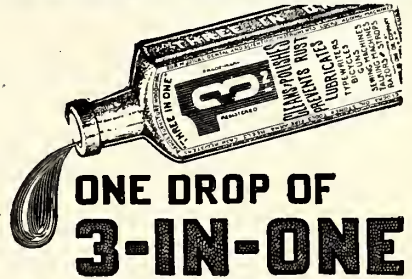


CATNIP MOUSE

Makes lots of fun for the whole family, including KITTY.



The mouse is stuffed solid with first quality catnip. It will make your cat playful, happy and healthy. 2 for 25c, post-paid with our catalog of 1,000 thoughtful gifts. Book alone sent for 6c in stamps. Makes gift shopping a joy. POHLSON GIFT SHOPS, Dept. 45, PAWTUCKET, R. I.



ONE DROP OF 3-IN-ONE

will go farther and do more than a whole bottle of inferior oil. **3-In-One** oils, cleans and polishes, prevents rust. The first and only lubricating oil for sewing machines, clocks, watches, typewriters, bicycles, talking machines, roller skates, fishing rods. Best preparation for cleaning and polishing furniture. Only gun oil recommended by all leading firearm makers. Can't gun or soil or dry out quickly—contains no acid. 10 cts., 25 cts. and 50 cts. sizes.

FREE generous sample and Dictionary —both free. Write for them

3-IN-ONE OIL CO.

42QM. Broadway

New York

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCACTION FOR HOOPING-COUGH OR CROUP

The celebrated effectual remedy without internal medicine. For 120 years this remedy has met with continued and growing popularity. Bronchitis, Lumbago, and Rheumatism are also quickly relieved by a few applications. No increase in price.

W. EDWARDS & SON
157 Queen Victoria Street, London, England

All Druggists, or E. FOUGERA & CO., Inc.
90 Beekman Street, New York

The Children of France Appeal to You

OVER in France and Belgium a terrible war is going on. You are so far away it does n't seem to have anything to do with you. But it really has, and we will tell you why.

There are thousands and thousands of French and Belgian boys and girls—just your age—who used to be as happy as you are. But to-day they are miserable.

Only the other day six hundred of these poor little children came into Paris from the war zone—homeless, hungry, helpless, and woefully lonely; their clothing in rags.

Every day more and more are coming.

Do you wonder why their fathers and mothers do not look after them? Their fathers are dead or in the trenches miles and miles away fighting to defend homes already ruined, and not even knowing where their children are. Their mothers have been killed when their homes were bombarded.

Paris has a big heart and she has opened it wide to let these forlorn children in. But poor France is in need herself. Even if she had the money she could n't clothe these little war orphans because even the materials are lacking.

Would n't it be wonderful if YOU could help these children?

Would n't you be happy if you could know that you had made some boy or girl warm and comfortable this winter who would be cold and ill without your help?

American children are going to care for their brothers and sisters across the sea.

Would n't you like to be one of the helpers?

You CAN be one of them.

It is n't enough just to raise money to buy them clothing, though that is the FIRST thing to do. You and your friends might give some party or entertainment to collect money, and tell everybody how badly in need the war orphans are. Perhaps you will be willing to make some sacrifice yourself and give your own money.

Then you send the money to The Children's Fund for Kiddies' Kits. They use it to buy "Kits." A Kit contains enough clothing of all kinds to keep a boy or girl clothed for a whole year. Each Kit costs \$8.00.

That is ONE of your duties. Another is to make up a Kit yourself and send it to The Children's Fund, packed in a linen sack marked with your name. If you will write on the sack your name and address, we hope that the little boy or girl who receives it will write and tell you how comfortable you have made them.

The list showing everything needed will be sent to you AS SOON AS YOU WRITE FOR IT.

If you want to help you must set to work quickly.

The need is great—and winter is here.

THE CHILDREN'S FUND FOR KIDDIES' KITS
105 WEST FORTIETH STREET NEW YORK CITY

COMMITTEE:

MRS. ARTHUR M. DODGE, Chairman
MRS. GEORGE B. OLNEY

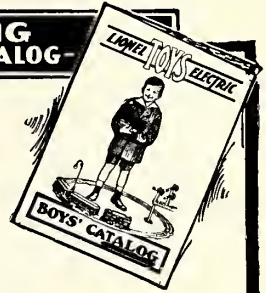
MISS ANNE MORGAN
MISS LUISITA A. LELAND

MRS. WILLIAM SLOANE
MRS. MARSHALL J. DODGE

Boys—Here's Fun

FREE BIG CATALOG
**STOP
LOOK
LISTEN**


ASK
DAD FOR
THIS
TRAIN


WRITE QUICKLY FOR CATALOG

You'll have barrels of fun with a Lionel electric locomotive; couple to it Pullmans or freight cars; get switches, semaphores, electric lights, track, etc. Make the train scoot around with a touch of your finger. Run 'em on batteries or from electricity in your house with a Lionel transformer which saves batteries. (See illustration.)

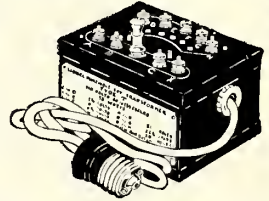
250,000 Boys Own Them. Join us—this quarter million of happy boys.

Lionel Electric Trains are safe—no shocks. They're steel—not cast-iron—and won't break. Are highest grade of material throughout but not high-priced. Unconditionally guaranteed. Finished handsomely in colors and gold. Models are faithful reproductions of originals seen on our prominent railroads.

Write Quickly for New Boys' Catalog. Written specially for YOU, crammed full of pictures. New photos tell you why you'll have such a dandy good time with Lionel Trains.

Section of Lionel Rail Free. Most toy dealers, electrical stores and department stores sell Lionel Toys. If you'll go to your toy dealer, find out if he sells Lionel Trains, and tell me when you write for catalog—I'll include a special section of rail—free.

J. LIONEL COWEN, A Friend of Boys, *President*

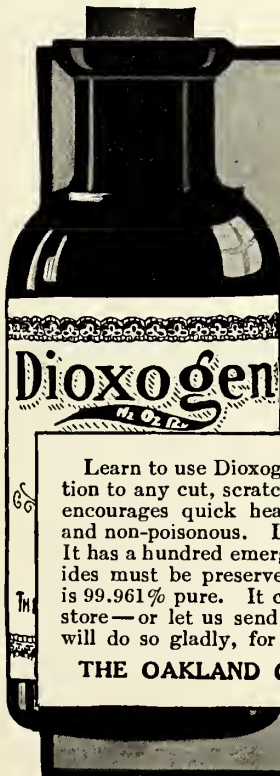


If you have Electricity be
sure to get this Transformer

THE LIONEL
MFG. CO.

LIONEL TOYS ELECTRIC

Dept. 41,
48-52 E. 21st St.
NEW YORK CITY



Any break in the skin
lets in the microbes—
Dioxogen kills them

Learn to use Dioxogen. Teach its use to your children. Its application to any cut, scratch, bruise or burn destroys infectious germs and encourages quick healing. In spite of its strength, Dioxogen is safe and non-poisonous. Learn to know Dioxogen from ordinary peroxides. It has a hundred emergency and toilet uses in your home. Other peroxides must be preserved with bitter, questionable acetanilid. Dioxogen is 99.961% pure. It contains no acetanilid. Buy a bottle at any drug store—or let us send you this convenient, trial-size bottle free. We will do so gladly, for the asking.

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO., 10 Astor Place, New York

This Size
**TRIAL
BOTTLE**
Free

BOYS AND GIRLS— Join "Poster Stampus"

The new Poster Stamp Collectors' Club

Send 25c. (stamps accepted) and receive handsome Member's button and 50 new advertising stamps. In addition you will receive a packet of stamps every 60 days for a year free.

Our collection of advertising stamps comprise the very latest issues and are distributed to our Members.

Try for the prize album; write and we will tell you how to win one.

If you are a collector of Poster Stamps send name, address and 2c. stamp and you will receive free packet of beautiful stamps.

Address to-day, Secretary,

"POSTER STAMPUS," 1115 East 15th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



130 Different ART STAMPS of Animals, size 2½ x 3, reproduced in natural colors from photos taken in the Zoological Park. Descriptions of real educational value. Handsome album with 10 stamps, postpaid, 18c. Balance of 120 stamps in 6 sets, each set 10c. Sample free. Address

ART STAMP BUREAU "S"
New York Zoological Park, N. Y. City

THE POSTER STAMP BULLETIN

YONKERS, N. Y.

THESE ARE THE STAMPS WHO ARE PUTTING OVER A NEW ONE

POSTER

NO POSTAGE—STAMP FANS—ATTENTION

REEBE EDITS MEVNER ILLUSTRATES

A SAMPLE COPY FREE IF YOU AGREE TO SUBSCRIBE OR RETURN TO LOCK BOX 365, YONKERS, N. Y.

432

DIFFERENT KINDS

of the most wonderful poster stamps you can imagine. All are printed in natural colors and the pictures describe the wonders of nature and the progress of the world. Every boy or girl who adds these stamps to a collection will learn a great deal about birds, animals, ships, inventions, flowers, costumes of foreign peoples and our own army and navy uniforms, and hosts of other things. That is why they are called

EDUCATIONAL ART STAMPS

You can buy one set or more at a time. Each set contains 12 stamps on a single subject. A set costs only 5 cents. If you buy less than 25 cents' worth, please add 2 cents for postage. Send 7 cents in stamps for a sample set and a circular listing all the subjects.

THE POSTER STAMP CLUB
327 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

HOW TO GET MORE POSTER STAMPS

For advertising stamps, ask different store-keepers or write to the list of advertisers published on page 26 of the July ST. NICHOLAS (except the following who have no stamps left: American Bank Note Co.; Alfred Benjamin-Washington Co.; F. A. Ferris & Co.; Lehigh Valley R. R. Co.; Westinghouse Lamp Co.; Y. W. C. A.). In writing to them, always *enclose* a 2c. stamp.

To get poster stamps write to those clubs and companies who sell stamps and who advertise in ST. NICHOLAS.

ST. NICHOLAS (Stamp Album Dept.)
353 FOURTH AVE.
NEW YORK

HOW TO GET THE ST. NICHOLAS ADVERTISING STAMP ALBUM

Do you see the little blank square in the lower left-hand corner? All it says is ST. NICHOLAS (Stamp Album Dept.), 353 Fourth Ave., New York. Write in this square your own name and street and town and state; cut it out and send it with 10 cents in postage stamps to the Stamp Album Department. Soon the postman will bring you the ST. NICHOLAS album, many times as big as the picture and 32 pages thick, with the ST. NICHOLAS stamp pasted on the cover. Even though you have another album, you ought to have the ST. NICHOLAS album, which is just for advertising stamps.





Start Your Collection POSTER STAMPS

THIS beautiful, artistic membership button, enameled in full colors, given to every new member of the Art Stamp League. Start your collection now—become a member to-day.

For \$1.00 we will enroll you as a member in this League, founded to help collectors, including your certificate of membership, the handsome League button, enameled in three colors (illustrated), a packet of 50 selected American advertising stamps, packet of foreign advertising and exposition stamps, packet of League stamps (assorted), six coupons entitling members to special free packets of stamps, and a very handsome portfolio, 10 1/2 x 13 (cover in five colors), with a supply of mats in two colors.

Or, as heretofore, for 25 cents we will enroll you as a member in the League, sending you the button, certificate of membership, a special assortment of stamps, and 6 coupons to be exchanged for free packets.

THE ART STAMP LEAGUE OF AMERICA, INC.
SUCCESSOR TO POSTER STAMP BUREAU
500 Fifth Avenue New York

BEGINNERS' OFFICIAL ALBUM

A most attractive Album for beginners—size 7 x 11 inches, cover printed in dark blue and orange on gray-blue. Pages are black—sent prepaid for 25c.

ADVANCED COLLECTORS' OFFICIAL ALBUM

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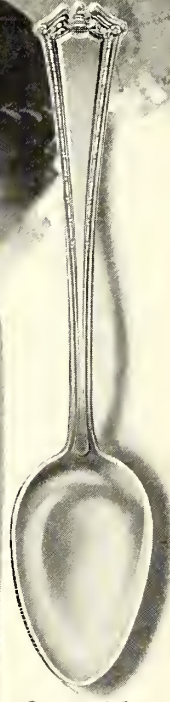
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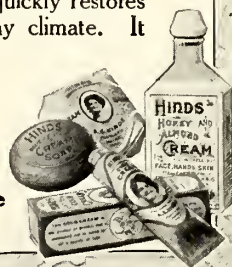
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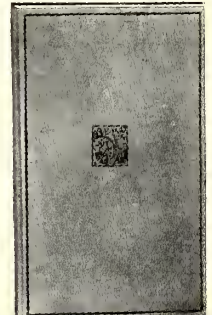
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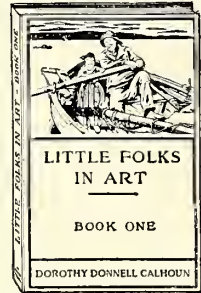
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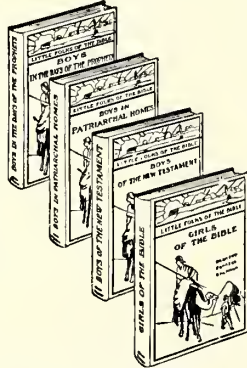


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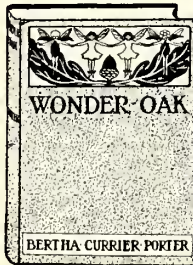
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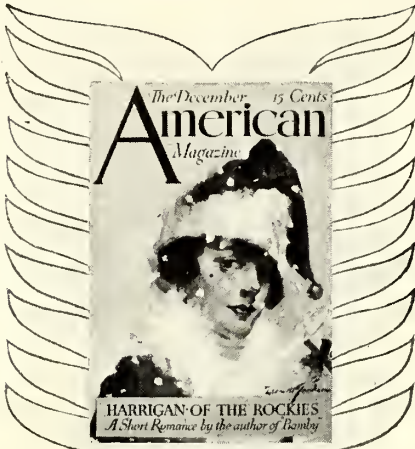
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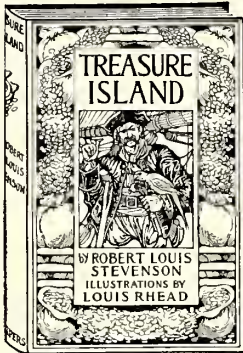
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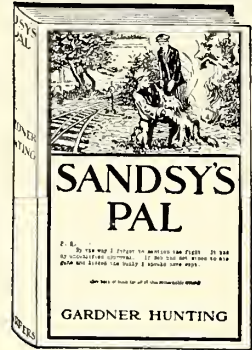
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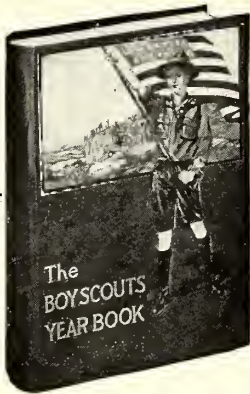
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For October 1, 1915

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Have You Filled in the Blank Spaces on Page 62?



Last Christmas everybody was delighted with *St. Nicholas'* new "What-I-Want-for-Christmas" page. It made it so easy for Everyone to tell Everyone Else what would please Everyone most. And it made it easy for Everyone Else to buy *the very thing* that Everyone wanted. Here are a few quotations from several hundred letters *St. Nicholas* received about it.

"I am awfully glad you put the 'What-I-Want-for-Christmas' page in the December *St. Nicholas*. It was the first time I ever received just what I wanted, and nothing I didn't want."—H.S.J.

"There are five in our family, and so we each wrote down the four things we wished for most. Then we tacked the page up on the wall upstairs so that we could all take inventory of what every one else wanted."—E.J.

"I think your 'What-I-Want-for-Christmas' page is a great success. It helped me in getting just the presents I wanted, and there were no duplicates. The family also voted it a very good idea."—M.S.

"I used the 'What-I-Want-for-Christmas' page to remind myself of what I wanted to *give* as well as to remind others of what I wanted."—E.A.K.

"The 'What-I-Want-for-Christmas' page was very interesting. Fulfilling the conditions you required, I found that my friends were delighted with it. It certainly helped them a great deal in selecting my presents."—R.W.

"Congratulations on the 'Christmas-List' page. It was a fine idea! Brother and I filled them out, then made copies for the family to fill. Christmas found no disappointed people. Each had known just what to buy and could make no mistakes."—C.H.S.

ST. NICHOLAS and "SANTA CLAUS"

"WHY," you say, "they are the same thing! We all know that Santa Claus is only short for San Nic'laus."

Well—we admit that they are the best of friends; but as for being the same, are you quite sure of that? Let us talk it over a little. How much do you know about Santa Claus?

Hush! Don't all talk at once about toys and reindeer and the sleigh and coming down the chimney and Christmas. We admit all that. But how about the rest of the year—the long list of days between Christmas and Christmas? Perhaps some of you have heard of an enormous toy-shop that used to be placed somewhere near the North Pole, a toy-shop in which the busy old Saint, with a box of tools, a glue-pot, and bright-colored paints, worked like a polar bear all the year, getting ready for his world-wide trip near the end of December.

But, unfortunately, our Mr. Peary has been there, and gone all around the Pole without finding that busy shop. Possibly old Santa Claus knew he was coming and hid everything behind the ice hummocks—or somewhere. But the fact that he was not found only goes to show what a puzzling, mysterious old fellow Santa Claus is.

Only one thing is sure about him. Wherever he is the rest of the year, he becomes a blessed old Parcel Post on Christmas Eve, and does his duty like a man.

Now, St. Nicholas is of a friendlier disposition. He can't stay away so long from our boys and girls, and he finds it necessary to visit them regularly once a month. He approves of Santa Claus, heartily, but he has charge of another part of the business. Instead of only one big pack once a year, St. Nicholas sends his gifts in twelve little packs, one every month. Santa Claus is—one does n't know how many years old; more 'n a hundred, anyway; but we know just how old St. Nicholas is, since his birthday was just forty-three years ago.

Santa Claus, though a most genial veteran, is

a sort of delightful grandpa; but St. Nicholas, though he ought to be middle-aged, is, you will find, merely a big boy, knowing just what boys and girls love best because he loves just what they do. Let nobody be offended by our saying that Santa Claus seems to prefer to do his own work for himself. Now and then he will give something through a father or mother, uncle or aunt, but what he loves best is to leave things secretly, and then go gliding away without a sound save, perhaps, the tiniest tinkling of little silver sleigh-bells. But St. Nicholas is a perfect busybody in getting people from all over the world and everywhere else to work for his boys and girls. Princes and professors, workers and wise men, golfers and generals, artists and architects—everybody from A was an archer who shot at a frog, and B was a butcher who had a big dog, down to Z who was a Zany, who did—I don't know 'zactly what, is called upon to tell whatever the boys and girls of St. Nicholas would like to hear.

If anybody in the world is doing something especially interesting, new, amazing, or delightful, St. Nicholas is apt to tap him on the shoulder with the command, "Come, you must write me an article to tell my young friends all about this!" And we are proud to say that almost all the clever people are glad to obey.

Sometimes Santa Claus puzzles us, distributing his gifts not quite in the way that seems best to us; but St. Nicholas treats all his girls and boys alike. He gives the same to every one, and to every one his best. As we have said, very little is known about the life of Santa Claus, but we know much about this other Saint. Over forty years ago, St. Nicholas—who seems to have been very bright even at that early age—thought he saw a chance to do much good by giving young people as good a magazine as was made for their elders. "Why," said he, "should grown-ups have the very best pictures and stories, and young people be put off with inferior work?"



So he began to look about him, to talk with the best writers and artists, and with the men who do things. He found them all glad to give their best work for young people, and month by month, ever since, he has collected not only from Americans, but from all the world of English-speaking folk, the choicest gifts to make up his twelve packs every year full of good things.

Those boys and girls who get St. Nicholas every month do not need to be told what it brings to them. They are mainly interested with a pleased curiosity to know just what good things are coming next year; and that they will find told them in these very pages—always with the understanding that St. Nicho-



The back steps of the Clemens home, down which Tom Sawyer (Mark Twain) used to steal away to join Huck Finn (Tom Blankenship).

las does n't pretend to know more than a part of the good things which the year will bring forth. Some of the best he comes upon unexpectedly; and be sure that every special treasure will find a place.

But the other boys and girls who are not yet taking St. Nicholas have a right to know what they are missing, and so the good St. Nicholas has entrusted to us a little letter especially addressed to the boys and girls who do *not* take St. Nicholas regularly.

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE WHO OUGHT TO BE MINE:

I am going to write to you here, hoping that my boys and girls will show you this letter. It is my wish that every boy and girl in the United States should have the benefit of the good things I am distributing every month. As a friend of mine said to me, recently, "They can get along without jam, but they *do* need bread and butter." What he meant by that, I am sure, is this: In the monthly numbers of St. Nicholas comes something which is needed by every boy and girl, a sort of food for the mind as necessary for its growth as every-day good food is for the growth of the body. We all know what a busy world this is, and how full it is of things hard to understand. You need a guide-book to it—not such a dull, dry guide-book as you may find useful when you grow up, but one that makes things clear and plain to you *now*. Year by year, month by month, almost day by day, new things are being made and brought into use that no one can understand except when they are explained and made clear.

You cannot do your work in the world, or enjoy the good things on every side of you, unless you know about them.

But, besides knowing about things, there is something much more important. An Eskimo baby, born and brought up in remote Greenland, seeing only the life of its own people, cannot become much more than a good member of his tribe. He must share their beliefs, their ideas of things, their notion of the world and the universe about them; and in the same way a boy or girl whose little world is no greater than the prairie farm, miles from neighbors, or the small town with its petty round of affairs, cannot become all he should be unless he has something to bring to him the news of the world, the thoughts of its better thinkers, the dreams of its poets, the visions of its artists.

Let us illustrate. Every girl has in mind an idea of what she ought to be, at her best, and she tries, for the most part, to be what this best idea presents as possible. This idea is made up of what she finds admirable in those

about her, not only in real life, but in the life presented to her in what she reads, or in what is pictured to her eyes.

Not only, then, upon her life, but upon her reading and her imaginings will her future depend. If that reading be merely inferior, she will suffer accordingly. Through the pages of *St. Nicholas* every effort is made to present only what is wholesome, good, inspiring; and thus to its readers it brings something more valuable even than its treasures of knowledge and information. It helps the boy and the girl to be the very highest type of young American.

Through its pages, for instance, you see examples of the best work done by 60,000 young people, members of the *St. Nicholas League*. With pen, pencil, and camera, this great army of workers presents its best efforts for your approval, your imitation, or your excelling.

Now, a word about myself, a word to explain why I am eager to count you among my big family. Every one who is doing a good piece of work likes to make it as good as possible; and in making up my magazine for you I can make it better and better as more and more of you subscribe to it. It is, as you all know, a business enterprise like any other, conducted, I hope, that it may be good for you all and a benefit to our Nation and to the world. But just as you can do nothing in the world unless you are cared for, fed, and clothed, a magazine can do nothing without its subscribers, and can do more as those subscribers increase in number. The more widely my magazine is circulated, the better it can do its work. The magazine costs hardly more than a single expensive book, and contains as much every year as a little library expressly written for you.

So, the question for you is not so much, Can you afford it? as Can any boy or girl afford to miss it?

Respectfully yours,

ST. NICHOLAS.

To All the Best Boys and Girls,
Wherever-they-Live.

For more than two-score years the good *St. Nicholas* has been admitted as a dear friend to thousands upon thousands of homes in this land, and we have yet to hear of one where his presence has been unwelcome. He has told many, many delightful stories, giving wholesome, cheering, or pathetic pictures of life, outdoors, indoors, at home, or in the school.

In the practical world, *St. Nicholas* readers are present from the beginning of the greatest enterprises, hearing the first faint whisper of the telephone, the baby whines of the earliest phonograph, knowing the first tottering outing of the wireless that will, later on, encircle the globe. They first hear when the young submarine successfully navigates the ocean depths; they are aware of the brief flight that promises to give mankind wings. And as the arts of peace and of war develop, the readers of this magazine are prepared to go along with them, step by step.

In its pages also the child finds letters of introduction to Dame Nature. Under her teaching it learns first to see what wonders are at one's very doorstep, and, later, to explore far afield, finding that Mother Nature is the greatest fairy queen of them all, whose wand is never idle, and whose wonder-working delights the child as greatly as it puzzles the wisest graybeard.

And the fireside travels that have been taken from the starting-point of the magazine's pages! If they could be marked down upon an enormous globe, they would cover it with a fine network of interlaced tracks reaching into the remotest regions of the earth.

St. Nicholas has published over five hundred monthly numbers. Such a record of past success proves either that *St. Nicholas* is what it should be, or that the American people think so. It ought not to be necessary to urge any other argument in its favor. With the promise of its new volume, backed by the proof given by the older ones, the magazine knocks at the door of those households where it is not a regular visitor, and craves admission. Will you not welcome it in?—or, if not so fortunate as to have in your home those for whom it is meant, will you not give it admission to the friendship of the boy or girl in whom you are most interested?—knowing that your reward will be gratitude, and that the magazine will undertake to prove its own best justification.

R. S. V. P. (See Page 23).

WHAT YOU WILL FIND IN THE NEXT—
AND SOME EARLY NUMBERS

THE January number of St. Nicholas will resemble a Spanish galleon such as we used to read about in the old pirate stories, for it will be packed as full of treasures as its space will allow. There will be the sterling bars of bullion, the coined gold of articles, and the rich gems of art and poetry. The young reader who captures this number and rifles it of its cargo will be rich indeed, not only in ready currency, but in precious things worth storing up for the future.

You have all begun Paine's fascinating "Life of Mark Twain," and in this next instalment you will see the boy and young man seized with a desire to behold the world. Leaving his home, we find him wandering to and fro as a journeyman printer, but one of a very independent disposition, for, as he said, "the printing trade did n't agree with me, and so I thought I'd go to South America." Exactly what he meant to do on the Amazon we are prevented from knowing by the fact that he finally chose the Mississippi River instead, and began his career as pilot—and found his pen-name from the cry of the man with the sounding-lead: "By the mark—twain!"

Even if this serial only told something more about this fascinating American, and about the real boys from whom were drawn the characters "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," it would be worth reading.

"The Sapphire Signet" promises to be a serial story built upon new lines and one that will grow in interest with each part. It is a story of to-day, telling the remarkable fortunes of four girls in New York City who happened upon an old diary—an old, old diary running back to Revolutionary times, and written in cipher. These clever girls read the secret alphabet, and thus become acquainted with the details of a plot by which the American patriots profited. In trying to learn more about it, the trail that they are following—with the valuable aid of a delightful, up-to-date youngster—leads them to a historic old house that is being torn down, in the Greenwich village district of New York City. They are delighted to discover—but there! we must n't tell you all the plot, for it is one of those stories where the chief pleasure consists in unraveling a mystery step by step to its delightful conclusion. The author, Augusta Huiell Seaman, has proved her ability to hold St. Nicholas readers by "The Boarded-up

House," one of the most enthralling serials the magazine has ever published.

A serial that begins in January is by A. Russell Bond, managing editor of "The Scientific American," and writer of our very popular series, "With Men Who Do Things." This new serial, "On the Battle-front of Engineering," recites recent triumphs of American engineers in their own country. The world wondered at the Panama Canal, but the problems solved in connecting the two oceans were no more difficult than many triumphantly grappled with in the minor battles of civilization. Young readers will come to believe, as they read this story, that no natural obstacle can defy our engineering army. Remember that this is a story, not a series of articles, and told in a most interesting way. A few of the achievements here described are: "Harnessing Thunder Creek"; "Utilizing a Four-thousand-foot Waterfall"; "Righting a Battery of Grain Bins"; "The Hole in the Lake"; "Making Gas Out of Water"; "Through Rock and Quick-sand"; "Railroads on Stilts."

Will Bradley, artist and writer, loves mystery and fanciful stories; and in January he will tell us "The Quaint and Marvelous Record of the Two Chests" in such a way as to make the young reader deaf to the dinner-bell and even oblivious to the Saturday half-holiday. Mr. Bradley's series will be "the something new" which magazines so earnestly desire and their readers so greatly enjoy.

One of the writers who is always finding quaint and delightful ways of putting things is Arthur Guiterman, whose "Rhymed Reviews" in "Life" grown-ups so greatly enjoy, and whose poetry and prose always have the fascinating quality that makes them pleasingly different. Mr. Guiterman's story, "Akbar and



Swifts Going to Roost

Birbal," will make you believe you have found a new volume of the "Arabian Nights"—and what is more thrilling than the long-bearded, turbaned potentate, ready at the slightest hint to bestow bags of diamonds or to hand over the wicked to the executioner? It is true recreation to forget the present day and the common round while we pass dreamy hours in the make-believe of the Orient.

But some questions of to-day must be solved, and how one institution solved "the boy problem" (namely, how to make useful

Some Features Selected for Early Publication

ONE of the illustrators whose work has been in *St. Nicholas* almost from the beginning is Harry Ogden. Mr. Ogden makes a specialty of thorough acquaintance with all that relates to the life of George Washington and to the life of Napoleon. In fact, he is upon these subjects a walking reference library of which other artists frequently avail themselves. He has prepared for an early number a delightful



Some Things Made by Children at the "Children's Village" near Dobbs Ferry

citizens out of small boys who, without help, will never have a chance) will be told in an account of a most worthy enterprise that offers to friendless little city boys an opportunity to learn all sorts of useful trades. Pictures show articles made by the boys, and even real buildings they have learned to erect. Grown-ups are interested in "Conservation"; surely, no conservation can mean more to the Nation than that of its future citizens.

We will mention only a few more attractions offered by the New Year's number—the conclusion of the very touching, homey story called "Where Journeys End," and, as a companion-piece, a short story with an equally strong appeal. It is linked with the name and San Francisco life of a world-famous author under the title: "To Remember Stevenson."

Then there are opening chapters of a thrilling new short serial, "Saved by a Camera," dealing with the experiences of two American college-boys within the lines of the French army in the early days of the present war.

article called "How Washington Went Traveling," and has illustrated it from authentic material. Those who look back to the early days of the Republic as days of simplicity will be greatly surprised when they read of the pomp and parade that surrounded our Chief Magistrate at a time when the ordinary citizen was thankful to arrive safely at his journey's end, and had no expectation of comfort by the way. Such information as will be given in this article must be excluded from ordinary histories, owing to the brief space that can be given even to great happenings; but we can have no true idea of early times without such particulars as will enable us to think of our forefathers as they really lived.

Hildegarde Hawthorne has for years served as "guide, philosopher, and friend" to our young lovers of literature. For the new volume she has prepared a series of papers meant to give her readers a close personal acquaintance with present-day authors who have won the friendship of boys and girls all over the

land. You will be glad to know that among those who will be thus made better known to us are Mrs. Burnett, author of so many delightful St. Nicholas serials; Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, who has the faculty of winning the personal affection of her readers, and who is quite as delightful to know as any of her young heroines; and James Whitcomb Riley, the most wonderful player upon the nation's heart-strings of all recent poets.

We do not attempt to name many of the short stories that are coming, as it is impossible to make sure just which will be used in each number; but one that is sure of early publication is "The Coward," by Joseph B. Ames. There is nothing stranger than the question of bravery and cowardice—why a man or boy who trembles before one kind of danger fearlessly confronts another peril quite as great. This story deals with such a problem, and its boy hero wins out.

Our younger readers have shown the utmost interest in the Ellen C. Babbitt stories, and early numbers will tell "How the Rabbit Fooled the Lion," about "Mr. Elephant and Mr. Frog," and "How the Sly Fox Caught the Jaguar."

The Editor wishes to call attention to the new department that began in September,

1915. It is called "The Watch-Tower," and is conducted by Dr. S. E. Forman, with the purpose of keeping young readers informed of current history—and of those great events which they are sure to learn to some extent and which they should rightly understand if they are to know them at all. Dr. Forman announced that in this department young readers will learn only of great events, events of the highest and greatest importance, that make some real change in human affairs. While happenings are new is the best time to learn about them; and by reading this department from month to month it is believed that St. Nicholas boys and girls will be kept properly informed of what they should know of passing history, and thus be better prepared for the future.

It is useless to deny or ignore the fact that we are living in a time of unrest. Our boys and girls as they grow up are to meet and solve pressing and serious questions. Unless they have something better to guide them than irresponsible accounts and garbled reports, or the partial representations to be found on every hand, they will find themselves lacking something of the equipment for life, of the all-round cultivation which this magazine purposes to secure for its readers.



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And then there is **The Watch Tower**, conducted by Dr. S. E. Forman the historian, which reports and interprets every month the great current news events of the world in a manner to interest and instruct boys and girls; as well as several other departments in addition to the stories, articles, pictures, etc.

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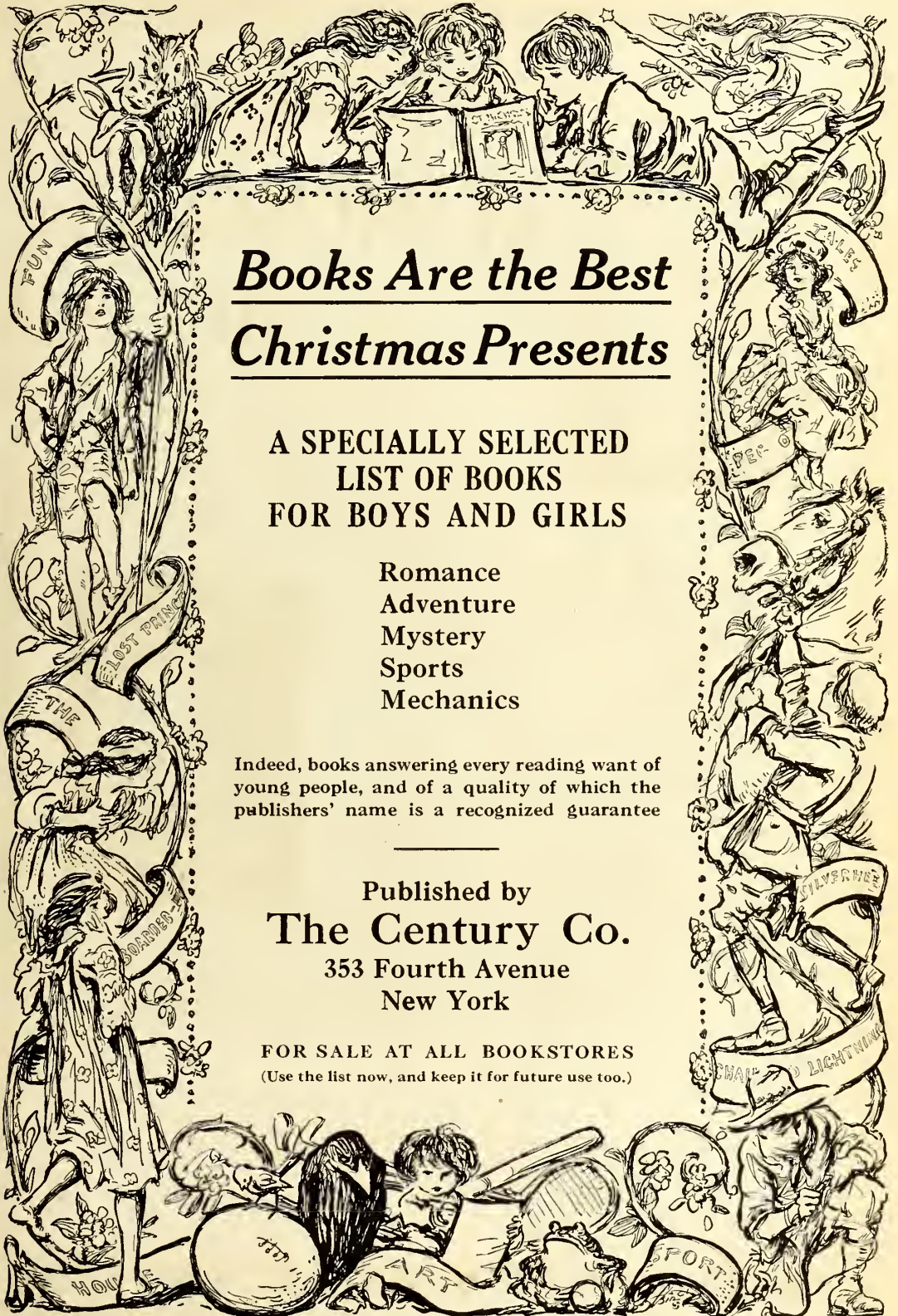
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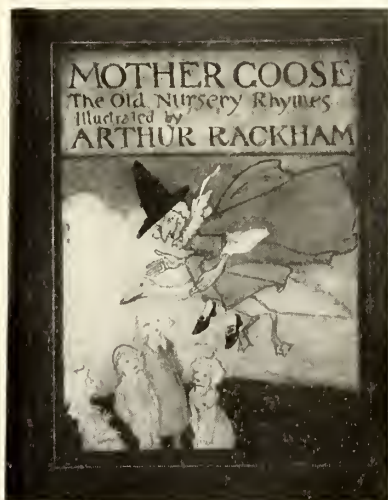
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Woman's Home Companion for December

WOMAN'S HOME
COMPANION



By MARGARET DE LAND
The Rise of Tom

Seven Fashion Features

If you seek unusual Christmas gifts for your mother or girl friend—if you are interested in negligees for idle hours—or aprons—or the new jewelry—or the new blouses—or the chic chiffon and tulle flowers—be sure to read Grace Margaret Gould's interesting, timely fashion contribution to the December Companion. Here are smart new ideas, straight from New York, London and Paris.

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Mr. Barker and the Twins—a continued story just like Mother's—Jack and Betty's Magazine—a novel cut-out feature—presents that little boys and girls can make—prize contests and puzzles—every month the children's section of the Woman's Home Companion holds many, many happy hours for the little ones, hours that many mothers enjoy fully as much as the little Companion readers themselves.

Three Art Features

The Companion has always been famous for the richness and beauty of its illustrations, and this month—the Christmas Number—there are three extra features of particular merit to lovers of the artistic. “The Christmas Fairy”—a painting by Jessie Willcox Smith—is superbly reproduced in three colors; so, too, is “A Christmas for Tony” by Alice Barber Stephens, in addition to which are the handsome Christmas Decorations by John Rae.

Seven Timely Suggestions for Christmas

Here is a whole section given over to new smart ideas for simple, practical gifts that you can make yourself. “The Christmas Railroad,” “Gifts for Girl Chums,” Gifts in Crocheting, Basketry, Painting and so on. Literally hundreds of suggestions, and every page is completely, beautifully illustrated, many of them in full colors. Here, all ready for you, are the solutions to that vexatious question, “What Shall I Give?”



Woman's Home Companion for December

The Helpful Departments

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WHERE JOURNEYS END

BY BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST

CHAPTER I

THE letter redirected at her New York school had said pleasantly:

My dear Mary,—yes, my *dear* Mary,—for, though I have never seen you, your mother and I were school-girls together, which surely entitles me to call her daughter what I please—can you come to us for the Christmas holidays? I will not deny that this eleventh hour invitation means exactly what you will surmise, failure of an expected guest. Repay my honesty, if you can, by your alacrity. The car will meet the train which I have marked. With plenty of young people in the house I think we can promise you a cheerful week, possibly indeed some little excitement. And surely my daughter and your mother's should know each other!

Cordially, your mother's friend and yours,
ALICIA COLEMAN WHITE.

Established in her parlor-car, magazine in lap, cushion at feet, Mary Strong was not thinking of the letter. Neither was she thinking of her father's elderly cousin, the family hotel, and the dull games of checkers from which she had fled. Sixteen years of wandering with a father and mother who pursued around the world a will-o'-the-wisp of health had accustomed the girl to taking things as they came, for better or worse. Steamers and railway-trains, summer camps and boarding-schools, east, west, and overseas, held no surprises for her. She had grown used to meeting strange people, falling into step with them for a few days or a few weeks, and passing out of sight of them as easily. Therefore she speculated little on the household to which she was going. Alicia Coleman was one of the few names connected with her mother's youth which she had heard her mother mention. There ap-

peared to be a daughter. A son? More than one? "Alicia's houseful of boys" returned as a hazy memory. A recent letter of her mother's had mentioned hearing through a mutual friend of the engagement of a niece of Mrs. White who lived with her at Crawford. "The little one she called 'Pet.'" What was the daughter's name? Alice? Mary's recollections appeared scanty. Some faint curiosity stirred in her mind regarding Christmas outside a hotel or school. Life in a private house must in some ways be different, she supposed, from life as she knew it. Mary Strong had never experienced a home in her life. She knew nothing about homes.

So she had a perfect right to be bored, sitting in the train two days before Christmas, idling through the pages of her magazine. Affection gives zest to life, and Mary's affections had never been allowed time to become rooted. She knew no ties, deep and far-reaching and strong, ties with a tug to them. Even with her father and mother it had always been touch and go. In her correctly tailored blue suit with her becoming Parisian hat she looked capable, carefully bred, charming, but she had an unwarmed look. Nothing about her suggested that she was used to the embraces of mother-arms or the hugs of brothers and sisters. To shake her out of her cosmopolitan ruts and show her the breadth and height and depth of the things that she did not know, she needed to be taken up by life and dropped into the midst of a big quiet homy kind of adventure.

The adventure was on the way. It could not very well have happened; nevertheless, it did happen—one of those incidents that prove the strangeness of truth. It did not begin pleasantly.

It involved an accident on a connecting road, vague delays, a missed train, and four tedious hours at an impossible junction wet with fast blackening snow. The junction had but one redeeming feature—a college boy. Without appearing to do so, Mary inspected him. She liked his laugh, his voice, his face, clean cut and strongly modeled, lightened by the twinkle in his eye. She liked the breadth of his shoulders and the lithe ease of his athletic body. Best of all she liked his method, collegiate probably. Other people liked it too; tired eyes brightened. A child or two got mixed up with the zest and energy of the boy and his friends; smiles grew

But the train had been late. Moreover it had no parlor-car and it stopped at every hen roost. And Mary had made an early start. She consulted her watch and her time-table. It would be nine o'clock when she reached Crawford. A yawn refused to be diverted. The rattle and swing of the train lulled her. Despite herself, her eyelids drooped. Once or twice she nodded. She rolled her coat into a ball and pillowed her head on it. Between her cat-naps the brakeman bawled unintelligible stations. Drowsily she wondered what he said. She was too sleepy to look up her time-table again.

"Hatley! Hatley!"

There was no mistaking Hatley. Hatley, East Crawford, Crawford. Her station was still two stops away. The man would call it with just that lift and fall of his voice, she supposed. *Crawford! Crawford!* She practised it sleepily in imagination.

She woke with a sense of having done more than lose herself for a moment. She had been dreaming. For an instant she did not know where she was. The wheels were groaning to a standstill. Outside her window glimmered the dim lights of a country station. In her ears resounded the brakeman's shout. His stressed syllables resolved themselves in her brain into the two for which she waited. Unmistakably he was calling Crawford.

Afterward she remembered jumping up, half awake, hurriedly collecting her things, stumbling down the aisle to the door, and stepping down, still sleepily, into snowy blankness. Behind her, the train began to move again. With the sound of its wheels the cold air stung her brain to horrid activity. Could she have got off at the wrong station?

"This way, Miss. I'm to take you up."

It was all right then. Mechanically she extended her bag to the fur-coated man.

"Have you a trunk?"

"Not on this train. I could not find it at the junction."

"Better give the check to some one at the house, then."

Beside the wooden platform glimmered the long dark body of a limousine. Mary Strong settled down in its warm rugs, comfortable in body and mind. Mrs. White had written that the car would meet her.

"Hello, John!" A voice struck familiarly on her ears. "Going to take me up, too?"

So the collegian with the jolly laugh belonged in Crawford. Was he one of "Alicia's boys"?

Mary had no long time for speculation. The car drew up before a house brightly lighted. The



"MY DEAR MARY," THE LETTER HAD SAID.

to laughter. Then the collegians disappeared and Mary herself annexed a small boy and girl for a walk through the village. Once annexed, they stuck like flies to the honey-pot. Even after the train had roared out of the darkness they murmured, "Go on," whenever she drew breath. Mercifully, they left at an early station.

collegian jumped down from the driver's seat and opened the door for her. At the top of the steps stood a girl of about Mary's age. Her face was joyous with welcome. Her hands closed on the guest's eagerly.

"Oh, I 'm so glad you 're here at last!" she said. "I 've always heard so much about you."

CHAPTER II

IN the hall Mary Strong looked about her with covert curiosity. She saw everything without appearing to see anything except her happy young hostess. Mary thought that she had never been in any place that looked in the least as this house did on its very threshold, and she wondered why. Had she but known it, the house was quite an ordinary house. To Mary it appeared an extraordinary place. The sheer livableness of it warmed her, as did the smile of the girl whose tongue ran glibly on.

"It was lovely of you to come! I 'm Sally. You don't know, of course. Please call me it right away. We need n't waste time being formal, need we?"

"Not if you will call me Mary."

"Mary? Oh, I like Mary. I 'm glad you call yourself Mary. I did n't like your other name."

It gave Mary a fellow-feeling to find another girl who disliked 'Grace.

"My cousin, Bob Travers. What a pity that you did n't know each other!"

"If I 'd known you were you," said the collegian, "I 'd have scraped acquaintance."

"I wish you had. Is n't that junction fearful?"

"The limit! Seems to me, Sally, Mrs. Lane might have told John to run down with the car and bring us up."

Sally laughed. "I think it 's quite nice enough of her to tell us to use it to-day and to-morrow just as though it were our own. But are n't you both hungry? Will you go upstairs before supper, Mary? I forgot to ask about your trunk."

"It has n't come yet." Mary repeated her explanations.

"The blue room, Bob," Sally directed, as he picked up Mary's bag.

"You have n't told us yet," he said, "where everybody is. I want Aunt Barby and Nell."

Sally turned to Mary. "He has called Mother 'Aunt Barby' ever since he was a little tad. Now neither of them will hear of any other name.

She 's in the city, Bob, with Nell, buying Nell's trousseau. They hoped to get back to-night, but they did n't quite finish. To-morrow we *shall* be busy. Father went up to Edgerton to see about flowers. He and Jim come down at midnight. Tracy is out doing errands. He hoped to get back in time to meet Mary's train. Midget and Molly have gone to Mrs. Lamb's to see about cakes. Katie is doing *the* cake, of course. And the children are in bed. There, that accounts for us all. Here is the blue room, Mary. Mine is



"THIS WAY, MISS.
I 'M TO TAKE
YOU UP."

just beyond this wall. As soon as you 're ready, come down, please. I know you 're starved."

The blue and white room folded a bewildered girl within its crisp daintiness. A wedding! So that was what Mrs. White had meant by her vague reference to excitement. But how odd to invite an utter stranger to a wedding, even if she was the daughter of an old friend. Nell was the niece's name—Bob Travers' sister—formerly called "Pet." The "young people"—Tracy, Jim, Bob, Midget, Molly, Sally—what a family for nicknames! Even "Aunt Barby"! And what a darling room! Mary had never loved

a room in her life. She had n't known that it was done. Rooms were for shelter, mere conveniences, made to sort people out in. But at sight, tiny as it was, she loved this room.

In the dining-room Bob Travers was saying to Sally: "So that 's the girl with the jaw-breaking name. You did n't introduce her, I noticed."

"Why, Bob! Indeed, I—"

"No, you did n't. Introduced *me* all right. Only 'Mary'-ed her. I 'll 'Mary' her, too. Think she 'll let me?"

"Of course not—so soon as this."

"You bet I won't call her the other thing. Not your Uncle Robert. Good looker, is n't she?"

"Bob, she 's lovely! And her clothes!"

"They 'll pass muster. Why did n't anybody have her here before?"

"Mother 's tried, plenty of times, but something always interfered. Remember, Bob," Sally twinkled at him, "you 're going to be busy to-morrow."

"She 's going to be busy, too—helping me."

Mary stood on the threshold, but had not heard his remark. "I did n't know they were going to be married so soon," she said.

"Nobody did," Sally told her promptly. "Please sit here. You like chocolate, don't you? Four days ago a night-letter came from Grant Franklin. He was ordered to South America, sailing Saturday from New York to be gone a year, and would Nell be married right now and go with him? Of course, she thought at first she could n't possibly get ready; but it made her sick to think of letting him go off so far alone. The things we had ready, table-cloths and napkins and towels, would n't help her in South America. Then Mother said, 'Nell, dear, you and I will go to the city and buy what you need.' They 're even getting the wedding-dress. And it 's our job to trim the house to-morrow. We always do it anyway at Christmas time. Grant comes at five; the wedding is at eight to-morrow night."

"To-morrow night!" gasped Mary.

Sally nodded excitedly. "Christmas eve. Did n't Mother tell you? She wrote again after the telegram came."

"What Aunt Barby did n't tell, you 've made up for by now, Sally," said Bob. "I always forget between vacations just how much information you can squeeze into a minute."

"The second letter never reached me," Mary told them.

Then Midget and Molly came in and there were more greetings, more voices repeating Sally's friendly "Mary." "It 's so much simpler than remembering always to say 'Miss.'"

"It is pleasanter," smiled Mary. She was so

used to the sound of her last name that its absence in this house chimed with the exhilarating strangeness of everything about her.

"Let 's make a rule!" cried Sally. "A Christmas rule—may we, Mary? Nobody shall call her anything but Mary, not a person in the house. It will make it so much more homy."

Bob turned to the guest ceremoniously. "Do you second the motion?"

"Yes, I second the motion."

"All in favor—unanimous vote! All handles to be permanently mislaid from now on. Will you help me rig out the house with evergreens to-morrow morning, Mary?"

"Surely I will."

"Surely you will—*what?*"

"Surely I will—Bob."

"Done. Ice broken, gone to smash. Hello, Tracy, old boy. Let your grandfather grip your hand. Having a try-out for Santa?"

It had all been like that, Mary thought that night, as she snuggled down into the little white bed in the lovable room,—all jolly, friendly, and gay, and very new to her. It was like that the next morning, from the moment when she struggled up through folds on folds of sleep and descried two small white figures standing beside her bed, to the time when Sally's father's gravely smiling, "Mary it shall be then," drew her within the breakfast circle, as one who "belonged." He was dignified to look at, was Sally's father, but Mary had not been at table five minutes before she learned that he was as big a boy as any there. Gradually she pieced together relationships. Jim, huge of body and gay of eye, and tall stately Midget were cousins to little Tom and Marian, to cordial Sally, and piquant Molly, and grave dark homely Tracy with the face that made you want to know him, but they were not brother and sister to Nell and Bob. These two stood for another branch of the family tree, Mary decided. She did not like to ask. Asking would reveal too dense an ignorance, and already her ignorance appalled her. Why had she never thought to question her mother about those old girlhood friends of hers? Names, whose identity it was assumed she knew, flashed from mouth to mouth. Her ignorance reflected on her mother's constancy to old ties, and suddenly Mary became passionately jealous of her mother's good repute.

"Everybody help trim," Molly was saying. "We simply must have the house done before Mother and Nell come at noon."

"Come along, Jim," said Tracy. "Let 's be off for a last load of green. You have a trunk check, have n't you, Mary? We 'll bring your trunk along when we come back."

Five minutes later Mary descended the stairs into a tangle of ground-pine and holly. "I can't find it," she breathed. "I never did such a thing in my life before as to lose a check. I'm thoroughly ashamed. But I took the number. Father

"I did n't mean that! You've a pretty long memory to remember his saying it."

She looked puzzled.

"Come along and help me do the right thing by this window, Mary," called Bob.

"Guess I can get it by the number," Tracy told her. "More errands, Molly? Ready in a jiff, Jim."

The big fellow, leaning against the stair-rail beside her, surveyed Mary smiling. "So you're 'Marcia's little cousin.' I'd a notion you were a tiny thing."

"I'm not very big beside you. But—'Marcia's little cousin'?"

"We always called you that. Come to think of it, Marcia was some kind of a thing-in-law to your father, was n't she? Coming, Trace."

Marcia! Mary searched her memory. What had her father once said of a relation or near-relation other than the checker-playing cousin? But was her name Marcia? It was dreadful to be a girl who did n't know her own people.

Bob pranced to the foot of the stairs. "Won't you please get onto your job? Midget says my window's a nightmare."

Mary smiled and went with him. Ground-pine passed through her fingers. Holly pricked them. In the rising tide of joyous excitement she forgot the surprising number of things that she did not remember, the relatives, her own and others', to whom she was a stranger. Something within her seemed to be growing, putting out little tendrils like the tendrils of a vine that

curl and cling. For the first time in her life she knew what it would be like to care for one spot of earth more than you cared for any other spot. Whole-heartedly she echoed Sally's rapturous exclamation: "Don't you love it? Don't you?"



Helen Nathan Crozier.

"WE HAVE WANTED YOU FOR SO LONG, DEAR." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

impressed on me that I must always know the number of my check."

"He did, did he? You've a fairly long memory."

"Oh, I wrote it down."

"No other house I was ever in has the smell of ours at Christmas time," Sally told her. "Tell me, have you ever smelled any like it?"

"Never. But you know I have n't seen many houses."

"Forgive me." Sally embraced her swiftly. "How stupid I am! You and Bob have made this room look delicious. When we bring in the red roses to-night—"

"Your trunk has n't come yet, Mary," Tracy announced from the door. "I looked around again this last trip. Nell 's doing pretty well, is n't she, for a girl who has an emergency wedding?"

With his arms full of packages he disappeared upstairs.

Bob cavorted in from the kitchen, munching one doughnut and waving another which he presented to Mary.

"I 'm off for the station. Take your last look at this house, partner. You won't know it for the same place when Aunt Barby 's inside it."

"What did he mean?" Mary asked Sally.

"Wait and see. I did n't know Bob felt that way, though. This house never feels the same without Mother."

"Everybody sit down," commanded Molly, "and pretend we have oceans of time. I 'm sure it will give Mother and Nell a nice leisurely feeling to see us with nothing to do."

"I get your idea." Midget sank into a chair and assumed a bored expression. "Really," she drawled, "how does one ever manage to kill time on the day before Christmas with a wedding in the house?"

The honk of a motor-car banished the restfulness of the scene. Mary, lingering behind the rush, saw them fly down the path and swallow the new-comers from her sight. She did not "belong" in that gay, welcoming rout. She wished she did. The wishing startled her into consciousness of a strange stabbing loneliness.

The next minute she heard Sally's voice. "She calls herself Mary, Mother, and we do, too. Oh, here she is!"

Mary turned, quietly at ease, perfect mannered, to meet her hostess. She did not know, afterward, what words she spoke. A face looked into hers, a face like Molly's, older but more beautiful, Madonna-like in its grave loveliness. The great dark eyes smiled at her. As she looked into them, it seemed to Mary Strong that she was looking into fathomless love. She lost her head a little, lost her heart completely.

"Mary is a beautiful name," said the tender lips, giving voice to the sweetest music Mary thought she had ever heard. "I am sorry I was

not here to greet you, Mary, when you came. We have wanted you for so long, dear, and now we welcome you with bustle and turmoil."

"I like the turmoil," Mary managed to say.

"You must let us make up for it later," said the lovely voice. "Nell, you and Mary have not had a chance to speak to each other yet. How beautiful this room is!"

"Me and Mary did it, Aunt Barby!" grinned Bob. "Going to be married in here, Nell? You 'd better."

"I 'll see, Bob," the pretty bride-to-be threw over her shoulder. "It is sweet of you to come and work for my wedding just like the others," she said to Mary, with a radiant look.

The girl answered in a smiling dream. In a dream she moved about, talked, ate luncheon, helped open the bride's presents. Outwardly she conducted herself much like the self-assured young person that she was. Inwardly she burned with a passion to be near Sally's mother, to watch her smile, to see her eyes, to hear her voice. Everything she had ever known seemed to fall into insignificance beside Sally's mother.

The chorus rose around her:

"What now, Aunt Barby?"

"I 've found another freezer, Mother."

"Oh, Aunt, look at this exquisite scarf!"

"Give me your advice for a minute, Mother."

"She says she will be over at four, Aunt Babs."

"There 's a woman downstairs wants to know if she can't help, mum, if it 's only to wash dishes, mum, on account of your having been so good to her and hers, Angel Aunt."

"Muvver, can't I have a piece of cake to-night—two pieces?"

"Aunt Barby, somebody 's swallowed every hammer in this house!"

"Did you send all Nell's new clothes on to New York, except the wedding-dress and the going-away dress, Mother?"

Since she had come, Mary wondered how for an hour the household had existed without the brown-eyed Madonna-faced woman.

"What did I tell you?" Bob asked. "Nobody sees anything but Aunt Barby when she 's around. Your trunk did n't come on their train. Naturally it would n't. No harm looking, though."

What did Mary care about trunks? What did she care about anything except the gracious presence on which she was feeding her starved girl-soul? The presence that smiled and answered hard questions readily, adjusted difficulties by a single sentence, and never hurried its quiet speech. In the morning Mary had begun to fathom the meaning of the word home. Now

she knew it from h to e, knew it intuitively after a single look into the face of a woman who stood, children clinging to her skirts and young people laughing around her, in a friendly, woodsy-smelling house.

"If your trunk does n't come, but of course it will," Sally told her, "you can wear something of mine. It would n't be as pretty, I 'm sure, but I 'd love to have you."



"WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHO YOU THINK I AM?"
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Mary squeezed her arm. She was catching family ways. She was catching family habits of thought. Was this girl who ran gleefully up and down stairs, who cajoled tired little Tom out of an incipient fret, who helped Sally set forth the glittering gifts, who fitted in happily anywhere and everywhere, the same young person who had sat bored and blasé in the parlor-car yesterday?

Afterward, Mary realized that if they had not all been so busy, it could not have gone on so long. If the sudden wedding had not absorbed everybody's thought and conversation; if Sally's mother had not been away from home when she came; if the family had not had the habit of pet

names; if—there were so many ifs! It was only a question of time anyway.

"Really," Midget remarked, strolling into the room where Sally and Mary were putting in place the last wedding present, "what can you girls find to do? Soon I shall be forced to twiddle my thumbs for lack of an occupation."

"You can always look at presents," said Molly, "and later—oh much later!—you can show Katie how to garnish the ices. Moreover, there is the woodshed."

"The woodshed?" questioned Mary.

That question, innocent as it seemed, was her undoing.

"Come and see," said Sally. "Then I must put Tom to bed. If he does n't have a good nap, he will be cross to-night."

Mary came. On the threshold of the woodshed she paused, dim memories stirring within her, sedate, sober memories, nevertheless akin to the prancing, breath-catching recollections of a girl with a different background.

"To-morrow is Christmas!" she exclaimed as she saw the shimmering tree. "I had forgotten all about it."

Tracy and Sally laughed at the surprise on their guest's face.

"You funny girl! How could you ever forget Christmas? But I don't believe you ever had a really truly merry Christmas! Did you, Mary?"

"Not what you would probably mean by a merry Christmas, Sally. I did n't know the difference, so it could n't hurt me. You will have to show me the right sort to-morrow."

"It makes me want to cry," Sally told her.

"Hand over that box of stuff on the shelf, will you, Sal," said her brother.

She handed it and fled to Tom and the wooing of his reluctant nap.

"So this is the first tree you ever helped trim?" Tracy asked, pulling shining things out of a box. "I see that from the way you do other things."

"The first real tree. But there have been make-believe trees at school, and in foreign pensions the boarders generally unite for a celebration of some kind."

He threw the girl a curious glance. "So you 've been abroad?"

"Oh, yes." Her whole attention was given to the placing of an iridescent bird. "You have the loveliest things for this tree I ever saw."

"It looks well, lighted up. We don't generally dress it out here, and usually we have a bigger tree. When people get away and things quiet down to-night, Father and I will bring it in and fix the lights. Could n't disappoint the kiddies in the morning."

"Then you always have a tree on Christmas morning?"

"Always—with presents for everybody. We had a great tree the winter I was ten, tip touched the ceiling." Tracy's eye kindled. Mary, listening and watching, made discoveries about Christmas trees. The shapely young spruce before her, taking to itself glittering beauty under their hands, stood forth a symbol of all that she had missed. The winter festival of home—pathetic travesty as celebrated in hotels and pensions—loomed before her for the first time, imminent, wonderful. The day before Christmas! Even the snow she glimpsed through the shed window looked new to her; passing sleigh-bells jingled with a fresh joy. A well defined thrill ran up her spine.

She hurried to her room. There were things in her trunk, if it would only come! Things she could give away on the Christmas tree. Mary's heart longed to pour itself out in giving. If she could only find her check! Not that finding her check would make any difference; at such a little station a trunk could not pass unnoticed; but hunting gave her a sensation of hastening its arrival.

It was really pitiful, the zeal of Mary's search. She emptied her bag inside out. She looked through the bureau drawers. She turned up the edges of the rugs. She peered under the bed. And then, behind the dressing table, she saw it.

"I've found my check, Bob!" she cried, flying down the green-wound staircase.

"Good!" Bob turned back from the front door. "Let's have it, and I'll take a turn by the station on my cake-collecting."

She put the pasteboard in his hands, her eyes joyous with hope. Save for the two, the hall was empty.

Bob glanced at the slip.

"Hello! Why look here, you checked it to the wrong place. No wonder you don't get the thing."

"The wrong place? No, I did n't. Let me see."

"I'll telephone," Bob was saying. "I'll telephone right away. We'll have that trunk here to-night if I have to send a man over with a team to get it."

"Why no. This check says Crawford plainly."

"Crawford, yes. That's what I'm telling you. It says Crawford."

"But Crawford is just what it ought to say."

"Just Crawford is what it ought not to say. It ought to say East Crawford, the same as your ticket."

"But my ticket said Crawford."

"Then you did n't get your money's worth. The conductor was napping."

"I was napping. But I don't understand. Your aunt's letter was dated Crawford. She had marked Crawford on the time-table. I bought my ticket to the address she gave me."

"My dear girl, pardon me—but you're crazy!"

"I am not crazy. Have n't I bought enough tickets, miles of them, to know where I buy them to?"

"You may have bought your ticket to Crawford. Aunt Barby knows where she lives, though."

"But Mrs. White dated her letter at Crawford. I have it upstairs. I'll get it."

Returning, she put it into his hand triumphantly.

"That's no letter from Aunt Barby!"

"Who is it from then?"

"Alicia Coleman White," he read the name slowly. "Who on earth is Alicia Coleman White?"

"Your aunt." She clutched the stair-rail, reading the blankness in his face. "Is n't she Mrs. White?"

"She's Mrs. White all right. Mrs. Howard White. But her name is Katherine—Oh, I say, what's the matter?"

"And this place is—"

"It's East Crawford, of course. What have you been thinking it was?"

Mary Strong sat down heavily on the stairs. Her brain reeled. Memory of that horrid moment at the station assailed her. Recollection of references, names, allusions, not understood, flooded her mind in one desperately illuminating second.

"It was the car that did it!" she gasped. "She said the car would meet me."

She clutched at one final straw.

"Would you mind telling me—who you think—I am?"

"Emmeline Rittensanger, Emmeline M., I suppose. You're not German, but your stepfather was, and you took his name. Are n't you? Don't say you are n't!"

"I did!" she cried. "I *did* get off at the wrong station. I don't belong here at all! I don't belong!"

(To be concluded.)



AN OLD ENGLISH CHRISTMAS—SINGING CAROLS BEFORE THE INN.

The Fate of the Christmas Pie

by Ellen Manly

It was Christmas Eve in Bongalee,
And the castle hall was light.
The greens were hung, and the wreaths they swung
Where the candles glittered bright.
And many the guests assembled where
The tables groaned with the royal fare.

Now every year, as the feast drew near,
The cook prepared with zest
A marvelous pie, to tempt the eye,
Of the kind the king loved best.
For the monarch of B, like most wise kings,
Was a capital judge of all good things.



Chicken and ham, with veal and lamb;
 Pepper and spice to suit;
 Olives and nuts, and strawberry jam,
 Raisins, sugar, and fruit.
 Partridge eggs, and froggywog legs;
 With cranberry jelly galore;
 Pickles and peas, and honey, and cheese,
 And a host of good things more.
 You never could guess if you were to try
 The dainties stored in that famous pie.

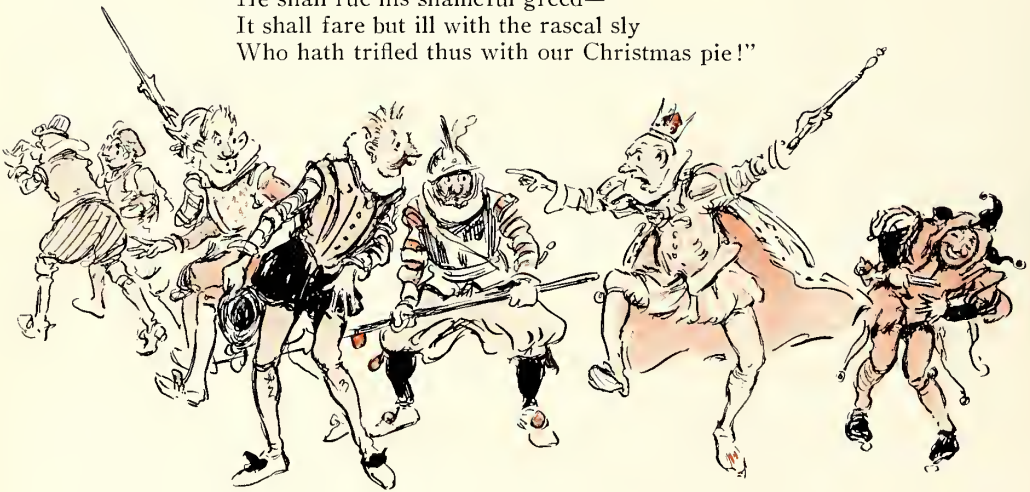


The guests they sate at the board in state
 When the cook appeared at the door.
 He was tearing his hair, in wild despair,
 For terrible news he bore—
 Some villain dire, at the kitchen fire,
 Had eaten the Christmas pie entire!



Then the king looked up, and the king looked down, —
 And the king he racked his brains;
 For what 's to be done when the pie 's all gone
 And naught but the dish remains!
 Then he stamped his foot, and he nodded his head,
 And thus to his minions sternly said:

“Let search be made the castle through
 For the wretch that did the deed!
 Whoe'er he be, when his face we see,
 He shall rue his shameful greed—
 It shall fare but ill with the rascal sly
 Who hath trifled thus with our Christmas pie!”





Then they searched the castle walls around,
 And they searched the dungeons deep,
 Till at length in a corner dark they found
 The culprit, fast asleep.
 And they haled him into the hall with joy—
 A poor little, frightened, half-starved boy!



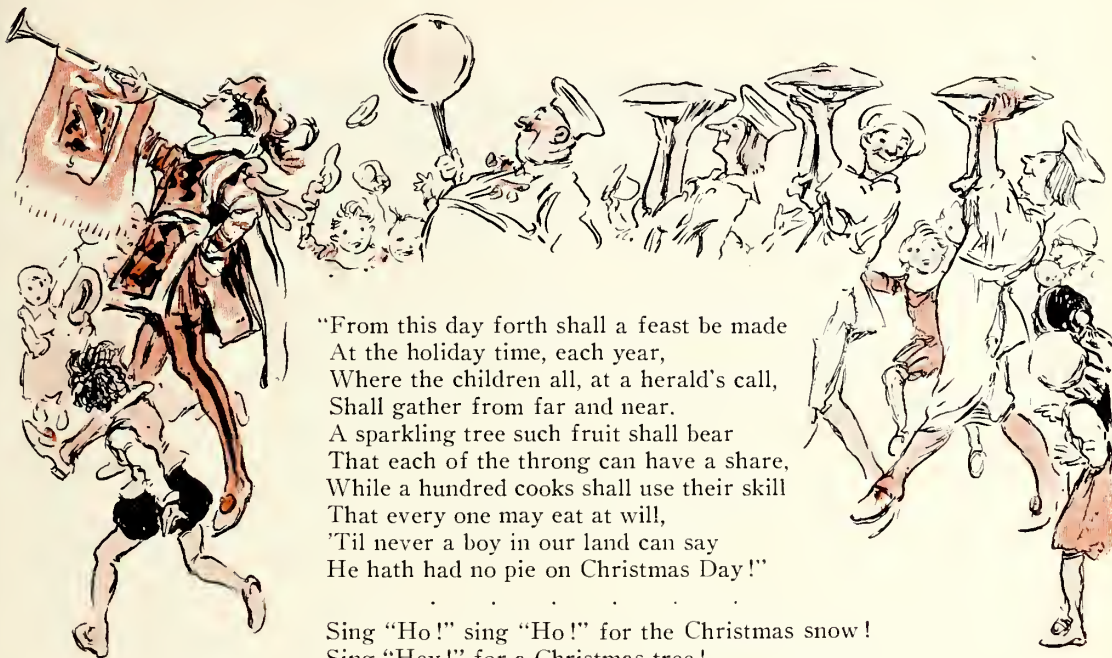
Then the monarch cries, as he rubs his eyes:
 "By our crown, it cannot be
 That a pie so great hath met its fate
 Through such an one as he!
 And pray," quoth he, in an angry tone,
 To the child, who shook with fright,
 "And *why* didst thou try to devour the pie
 That was meant for the feast to-night?"

Then the boy replied, as he bitterly cried,
 "I was cold and hungry, sire.
 The light shone wide, and I stole inside
 And sate me down by the fire.
 I never had met with a pie before,—
 And I doubted I ever should see one more!"

Then the king laughed loud,
 with the merry crowd,
 And he said, with a
 twinkling eye:
 "A better excuse could none
 produce

For eating a Christmas pie!
 But it grieveth us sore that such things be
 In our bountiful Land of Bongalee!





"From this day forth shall a feast be made
 At the holiday time, each year,
 Where the children all, at a herald's call,
 Shall gather from far and near.
 A sparkling tree such fruit shall bear
 That each of the throng can have a share,
 While a hundred cooks shall use their skill
 That every one may eat at will,
 'Til never a boy in our land can say
 He hath had no pie on Christmas Day!"

Sing "Ho!" sing "Ho!" for the Christmas snow!
 Sing "Hey!" for a Christmas tree!
 Sing "Ho!" sing "Heigh!" for the Christmas pie
 In the Land of Bongalee!





"WAKE UP, MAMA! WAKE UP, DADDY! SEE WHAT
SANTA CLAUS HAS BROUGHT US!"

THE SAPPHIRE SIGNET

OR, THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-up House"

CHAPTER III

THE DISCOVERY IN THE ATTIC

BUT Sarah continued to circulate around the little tea-table, clattering the cups, pouring the chocolate, and handing about the napkins and plates. And all the while she was scanning Margaret's new visitor with jealous and appraising eyes. Her ministrations seemed fairly interminable to the impatient four, and during the whole time that she was serving the refreshments not one of them uttered a word. So much of a contrast was this silence to their usual volubility, that she delivered this Parthian shot as she was at last taking her departure: •

"Ye all seem mighty quiet, though ye were chatterin' hard enough when I come up! I 'm thinkin' ye must have guilty consciences!"

When she had disappeared, Corinne spoke up: "You girls all seem rather afraid of your maid, if you 'll pardon my remarking it! But I think she seems very good-hearted."

"Why, it 's this way," replied Bess. "You see, Sarah 's more than just a maid or a servant. She runs the whole house, really, because Mother 's away so much and just trusts her with everything. She 's awfully good to us children and would do almost anything for us. But she 's very, very particular about her work and her way of arranging things, and she won't be interfered with the least bit. Why, Mother herself would n't think of changing any of Sarah's arrangements, even if she did n't like them, because Sarah would n't stand for it, and we could n't do without her. Jess and I tease her a lot, and she lets us have anything we want to eat; but we must n't on any account interfere with her in other ways, or there 'd be trouble!"

Bess did not enlighten Corinne, however, as to the real reason for their consideration of Sarah. It was because of an episode that had happened when she and her twin sister were several years younger. They had rebelled one fine day at what they considered Sarah's tyranny, and for twelve long hours had led her a life of excitement and angry remonstrance. And then that night, just as their mother arrived home, behold Sarah descending the stairs, dressed for departure, a huge carpet-bag in each hand. A stormy and tearful

scene ensued in which Sarah finally relented at the urgent importunities of the distracted Mrs. Bronson. But she promised to remain only on condition that the twins should obey her implicitly from that moment.

And in the privacy of their bedroom that night Mrs. Bronson had warned the nine-year-old rebels that, should such a scene ever occur again, she would give up their home, put Margaret in a sanatorium and the twins in the strictest boarding-school she could find, and herself find a place to live nearer to her business. The threat had its lasting effect, and nothing of the kind had ever happened since. But this was the true reason why the family lived in wholesome awe of Sarah. And, as the twins were anything but proud of the episode, they never referred to it.

"Sarah will probably do just as she threatened," added Jess, looking meaningly at Corinne, "and lock up the attic. She 's awfully particular about that place! You 'd think it was as important as the parlor!"

Suddenly Margaret, who could endure the suspense no longer, burst out:

"If some one does n't tell me quick all about that mysterious thing you found in the attic, I 'll—I 'll go *crazy!*" Then she dropped back in her chair, overcome anew by shyness at having been so vehement before a comparative stranger.

"Oh, tell her, right away!" cried Corinne. "I know just how she feels!"

"Well, it happened this way," began Jess, between a sip of chocolate and a bite of drop-cake. "Corinne and I were looking at the spinning-wheel—"

"Yes, and it 's a beauty, too!" interrupted Corinne. "You ought to have it down here."

"—and then we got to poking around, looking into some boxes and talking about the funny old hooded cradle that Mother brought from her home in Massachusetts. And all of a sudden Corinne spied that little old hair-trunk,—do you remember it, Bess?—and she said she 'd never seen an old trunk like that before. I asked her if she 'd like to look into it. I really did n't remember, myself, what the inside was like or what was kept in it. She said she would, so we started to haul it down. It 's rather small, and Sarah had it piled way up on that high shelf.

"Well, I guess we gave it too hard a jerk, for all of a sudden, down it came—smash!—and flew open (you know it has n't any lock now), and everything in it was scattered all over the floor. Sarah had all our winter flannels packed away in it, and you can imagine what a time we had picking them up and trying to fold and get them back so she would n't know what had happened!

"But here 's the queer part of it! Just after we 'd collected all the things and folded them nicely and were going to put them back, Corinne noticed that the bottom of the trunk seemed all wrong. One corner of it was humped up as though it had been knocked through in falling. I tell you I was scared, for I thought Sarah 'd just go wild when she found it out! But when we turned the trunk upside down,—lo and behold! the bottom of it was *all right*—just as tight as a trivet!

"If we were n't astonished! We just did n't know what to make of it! Then we turned it back, and I put my hand under the part that was poked up, gave it a pull, and—it came right out!—the whole bottom! And there, if you please, was the *real* bottom of the trunk, underneath! But between the two was lying hidden—*this!*" Jess ran to the bookcase, pulled out the mysterious object she had concealed there, and crossing the room laid it in Margaret's lap. They all crowded about the chair.

"Why!" exclaimed Bess, in a tone of great disappointment, before the others could speak, "it 's only an old, dusty, disreputable account-book with the back torn off. I don't see anything so wonderful in that!"

"Wait till you 've seen what 's inside!" remarked Corinne, quietly. Margaret, meanwhile, was fingering the crumbly leather cover, wondering at its queer, mottled aspect. Then she opened it to the first page and suddenly gave a big gasp.

"Well, of all things!" she murmured. "What in the world can it mean? I never saw anything like it before!"

"Neither did I!" agreed Bess, now in a tone of real awe. The other two only smiled, with a rather "I-told-you-so!" expression. Well might they marvel over its strange contents. The pages were yellow with age and mottled with curious brown stains, and some of them were torn. But the writing was still visible, and this is what it looked like:—

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 ∩ ⊙ △ □ \ \ △ ⊔ • \| ∙ ⊙ △
 □ • △ ⊙ • △ ⊔ \ \ ∩ ∙ / △ • △
 | \ △ | △ (\| ∩) • ⊙ \| \ △

with similar characters all down the first page. A glance through the rest of the long thin book revealed the same array of bewildering symbols to the very last leaf, where the back cover was missing.

The four sat for a moment in silent astonishment, trying to make some sense out of the riddle. Suddenly Margaret had an idea.

"I know! It 's shorthand! I 've read that that is writing with funny curves and dots and wiggly lines."

"No," Corinne gently corrected her, "I don't think it 's shorthand, Margaret. I saw some shorthand that Father's stenographer wrote once, and it was quite different from this. Besides, this seems quite old, as if it were done many years ago, and shorthand 's a comparatively modern invention, I think."

"Well, then, it must be Chinese or Syrian or Russian or something like that!" asserted Jess. "I 've seen lots of signs over the stores of foreigners that don't look so very different from this. Or—oh, I know now! it 's *Greek!*"

Corinne laughed. "No indeed, it is n't Greek!" she declared. "Father taught me the Greek alphabet when I was a tiny girl, and made me learn to know the letters. I 'm going to study it when I go to college. This is entirely different. I don't believe they 're letters of any other language, either."

She sat in frowning thought over the strange page for several minutes, while the others watched her in breathless interest. They, having no further solutions to offer, threw themselves unreservedly on her greater resourcefulness. Jess, meanwhile, refilled the chocolate-cups, and Bess passed the cake, while Margaret reveled in such excitement as she had never before experienced. Corinne still remained thoughtfully turning the pages. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"I have it!—at least, I *think* so!"

"What? what? oh, quick!" they begged.

"I think some one has written all this in what they call a—a 'cipher.' I 've heard of such things. Father told me people often send messages over the telegraph or cable in cipher—"

"But what is that? How?" demanded Margaret.

"Why, they have certain words or expressions which stand for other words or even whole sentences. And you can't understand the message unless you have the 'code' or explanation. For instance, a man may cable just the words 'Pay Smith' to his broker, and that may mean 'Buy me five thousand bushels of wheat to-day.'"

"Yes, but that is n't a bit like what 's here," argued Margaret.

"No, but it's the same idea," Corinne declared. "I think in this case some one has taken certain signs to represent the different letters of the alphabet. First I thought that perhaps each sign might stand for a different word. But that could hardly be, because there are so many words, one could hardly find signs enough to go round. And besides, I notice in looking through the book that there are comparatively few signs, and they are constantly repeated." She fell to gazing silently at the book again, while the others watched, still more fascinated by the discoveries she was making. Presently she looked up again.

"I've found out something else, I think. Do you see that sign of the triangle? Well, if you notice, that occurs more frequently than any of the others. In the first five lines there are more than fourteen of them, and no other sign happens as frequently as that. Now, if these signs stand for letters, that could n't be a letter, even if it were one of the commonest, like 'a' or 'i' or 'e'—"

"What *can* it be then?" whispered Margaret, in a voice so tense that they all laughed.

"I think it means the *space* between the words!" vouchsafed Corinne. "You see, there'd have to be *something* to indicate spaces. You could n't have the words all jumbled up together. It would n't make sense!"

"Well, you're wonderful!" sighed Jess, sitting back on her heels. "I never would have thought of it in a century!"

"Oh, no!" laughed Corinne. "There's nothing wonderful about that. It's only common sense and puzzling it out like a riddle. Now see! If we take it for granted that the triangle means a space between the words, this sign of the dot between two triangles must be either the letter 'a,' 'I' or 'O,' for those are the only words of just one letter. But you can't tell which it is till you've puzzled out some more. And—after all, this idea may be all wrong. It may be something quite different, for all we know!"

"But what can it all be about?" began Jess, going off on another tack. "And how under the sun did the thing get hidden away in our old trunk under a false bottom? It's awfully mysterious!"

"Tell you what I think," volunteered Corinne. "Whatever it is, it's been in that trunk for



"CORINNE NOTICED THAT THE BOTTOM OF THE TRUNK SEEMED ALL WRONG."

years and years—hidden there, perhaps, when the trunk belonged to some one else. Do you know where it came from—the trunk, I mean?"

"No, I don't even know whether it was Father's or Mother's," answered Jess. "But I can ask Mother. Maybe she'd know."

"I'd like to puzzle this thing out!" mused Corinne. "Who knows! Perhaps we'd find it was something awfully interesting. It's simply full of mystery and—and possibilities!" At this point, Margaret, who during all the latter conversation had been fidgeting with impatience, began:

"Now, girls, look here! I've just had the most delightful idea! We've made the discovery

of something awfully interesting, probably, if we could only find out what it 's all about. Why not let 's form ourselves into a secret society—just we four—with the purpose of finding out all about this mystery? We won't let another soul into the secret—not even Mother. Oh, it 'll be *such fun!* Do, *please!*"

She looked imploringly at the twins, and for once they did not appear to object—even looked a trifle interested. For it was the ambition of Margaret's pitiful, limited little life to be the member of a "secret society." She had read much of school fraternities and clubs, and the fascinating idea had taken a firm root in her mind. Of course for her—poor helpless little invalid that she was—there could be no such thing as membership or participation in the real organizations. In place of this, she was forever begging her sisters to form a tiny society of their own, just the three, and have meetings and secrets and all the paraphernalia of the big school "frats."

But the idea had never appealed to the twins. They had no interest in any of the school clubs except the basket-ball and tennis teams. And to have a make-believe one at home with no earthly or apparent object was something they had never yet brought themselves to consider, much as they loved their invalid sister. But here was something a trifle different! Margaret, quick to see her advantage, hastened on:

"Oh, yes! *Do* let 's have one! Would n't it be a good idea, Corinne? Think of the fun we 'd have, meeting and puzzling out this queer old book! Perhaps it might lead to something important, too. And I 've even thought of a name for it,—we could call it the *Antiquarian Club!*"

The latter idea captured Corinne. "That 's a dandy name for it,—'Antiquarian Club!' I *like* that! And besides, it 's true, too, for if this is n't an antiquity, I 'd like to know what is! Yes, let 's have the club!" Corinne was moved to accept the idea by two impulses. The notion really did appeal to her, but even if it had n't, she would have pretended it did for the sake of the pathetic little figure in the invalid-chair, who was rapidly taking a firm hold of her heart.

"Oh, goody! And you do like the idea, too, don't you, girls?" exclaimed Margaret. The twins capitulated unreservedly.

"Yes, we do," said Bess. "I 've always detested such societies because they seemed so useless. But this thing is really worth having a club for!"

Margaret, however, had something else on her mind. "Oh, just one thing more," she added, a little shyly. "Could I—could I be—*president?*"

All clubs have to have a president. I would so love to be!"

"Indeed you shall!" spoke up Corinne before either of the others had a chance. "We elect you at once—unanimously—don't we, girls? And now, Miss President, you can appoint the rest of us to other offices!"

Margaret flushed with pleasure. "I appoint you, Corinne, to be secretary. There always has to be one of those. And there usually is a treasurer, if there is any money to handle. But there won't be here, for we won't have any dues. So I don't know what to call the others."

"Let 's just be plain members, for the present," suggested Bess. "And now, what are we going to do about this book, Miss President?"

"I think we ought to let Corinne take it home and see if she can puzzle out any more of it before next meeting," decided Margaret. "That would be all right, would n't it?" They all agreed.

"I 'd like to show it to Father and ask him what he thinks—" began Corinne, but Margaret hastily interrupted:

"Oh, no! You must n't do *that!* You know it 's a *secret* society, and we are n't going to tell any one about anything in it. And besides—"

"Yes, and besides," put in Jess, "if we tell *any one* about this book, it might somehow leak out and get back to Sarah what we 'd done in breaking the trunk, and then there might be *trouble!*" She looked meaningly at Bess.

"Oh, no!" assented the latter hastily. "We must n't tell a soul!" Plainly the twins still lived in dread of the awful threat made so many years ago. They knew that Sarah was even yet fully capable of putting it into execution—under sufficient provocation!

"All right," agreed Corinne. "I won't breathe a word of this, then, and I 'll see what I can do to make head or tail of the thing. But, mercy!" glancing at her watch, "it 's nearly six o'clock, and I ought to have been home long ago. I 'll take the cars at the corner, I guess." She hurried into her wraps, gathered up the precious "find" with her school-books, and bade the girls good-by.

"It 's been a remarkable afternoon for me!" she declared as she kissed Margaret. "I feel like a *real* antiquarian now. Hurrah for the Antiquarian Club! Let 's have another meeting as soon as I 've made some progress with this!" She tapped the old account-book significantly and hurried away.

"Oh!" sighed Margaret, blissfully, settling back in her chair, "this is positively the most wonderful day I ever spent in my life! Can I ever wait

for the next meeting?" The twins stood by her chair, looking thoughtful. They too were strangely stirred out of their usual unimaginative selves.

"Well, I confess, I never dreamed of anything

laugh. "No, Mummy, I 'm all right,—only just too interested to sleep! Do you remember what you said about an *adventure* turning up? Well, it has,—the loveliest kind of a one! But I can't tell you about it, because it 's a secret. You won't mind, will you?"

Mrs. Bronson smiled. "No indeed, I won't mind! Just as long as you 're happy and contented, I don't mind a thing! Did the twins' new friend come to see you to-day? And did you like her?"

At this, Margaret entered on such a vivid and enthusiastic account of Corinne, that Mrs. Bronson heaved a sigh of thankfulness for the new interest in her little girl's empty life.

An hour later Margaret fell asleep to dream, the night through, of strange, hieroglyphic symbols, and all the weird things they might stand for. But not a thing she dreamed of was as curious as the reality that Corinne was soon to disclose!

CHAPTER IV

A KEY TO THE MYSTERY

THE next few days passed in a fever of impatience for Margaret. Each afternoon she besieged the twins for news of Corinne and her progress with the "cipher." And every day their report was about the same:

"She thinks she 's on the right track, but she can't tell surely yet. It 's pretty difficult, you know, and Corinne has to study and do other

things, too, beside puzzling over that."

"But has she found out *any* of the letters?" Margaret would demand.

"She *thinks* so, but she can't be sure till she 's made them *all* out definitely." And Bess would add, "Now, do be reasonable, Miss President! Your secretary is doing her very best. But if you don't think she 's a success, you might take the job away from her and give it to *me*!" At which Margaret would chuckle derisively.



"'I HAD THE WORST TIME PUZZLING THIS OUT!' SHE SAID."

so queer happening in *this* old ranch!" marveled Bess. "It 's all Corinne's doings."

That night Mrs. Bronson came home very late from business, but she went in, as was her invariable custom, to peep at her little invalid daughter before she herself retired. To her surprise, she found Margaret still awake.

"Dear, you 're not ill, are you?" she inquired anxiously. "You 're usually asleep at this time."

But Margaret only laughed a happy little

Truth to tell, the twins were almost as anxious as she for a solution of the mystery. The sudden introduction of this new element into their hitherto wholly athletic and unimaginative existences, they found, to their surprise, even more diverting than the most exciting tennis-match or basket-ball struggle. About a week after Corinne's first visit, all three burst in breathlessly upon Margaret, one cold afternoon, and transported her to the seventh heaven of delight with this exciting news: "Corinne 's got it, at last! Have n't you, Corinne?"

"Yes," she admitted, giving Margaret a big hug of greeting, "I think I 've puzzled out most of the letters now, and I 've even worked out a few of the first sentences—"

"Yes, and she says they 're awfully strange!" interrupted the twins, in chorus. "And she would n't tell us a word, though we begged her hard!"

"Well, Miss President," laughed Corinne, "it seemed to me that this was a thing to be revealed only in a solemn meeting of the club and in your presence. Was I right?"

"Indeed you were!" declared Margaret. "Don't you ever tell them a thing before you 've told me, will you?"

"I won't!" promised Corinne. "It shall be the first rule of our society,—no discoveries told to ordinary members before the president hears them! And now let 's get to business!" They all drew up before the cozy open fire.

"Oh, is n't this lovely!" sighed Corinne. She opened the old account-book and placed beside it a paper on which she had written the letters of the alphabet, and next to each the sign that appeared to stand for it.

"I had the *worst* time puzzling this out!" she said. "I worked and worked over it and changed them all around nearly forty times before I struck anything that seemed just right. But now I guess we 've got it, at last! I 'm sure 'a' is this perpendicular straight line, 'b' the rectangle with the bottom missing, 'c' the horizontal parallels—and so on. Now, as I 've said, I 've made out the first few sentences and they seem awfully strange! Here they are." She turned the paper over and read:

"'This is a house of mystery, and strange, unaccountable dread. I feel daily that something menaces me—that my life is not safe.'" A delicious shudder ran through the listening group.

"Oh, is n't this *gorgeous!*" half whispered Margaret. "It fills me with—with thrills!" Corinne went on:

"'Therefore I am keeping this little journal from time to time. Should aught evil befall me in this strange land and among these unfriendly

people, at least I will leave some record whereby my own kin may trace my fate, perchance, at some future day. I dare not write this out in good English lest it be discovered by those who hate me. So I have invented this secret code, whereof none save myself knows the key. This book I found in the library unused and I have taken it. I trust it will be counted no act of thievery. I keep it hidden in the false bottom of my trunk. The key of the code I have put in another spot. As soon as my memory has mastered it, I will destroy it. 'T is safer.'—And that 's as far as I got!" ended Corinne.

For a moment they all sat dumb with amazement.

"What *do* you make of it?" exclaimed Bess. "Who is it,—a man or a woman? When was it written, and where? Why, I 'm just wild to find out all about it!"

"I confess," admitted Corinne, "that I don't know *what* to make of it. I 've puzzled and puzzled over it all day—"

"But, good gracious!" interrupted the impatient Margaret, "of course we can't make anything out of it till we 've worked out some more! Come ahead! Right now! We 're only wasting time talking about it!"

"That 's so!" laughed Corinne. "And when we can find out right away, by getting to work! Here, Margaret! You write, while I spell the thing out!" She thrust the paper and pencil into Margaret's hands, while the twins hung over her as she slowly deciphered the sentences:

"'Would—that—I—had—never—left—my—peaceful—Bermuda—'" Corinne dropped the book suddenly.

"*Bermuda!*—I 've been there! Oh, this is fine!"

"Have *you* been to Bermuda?" exclaimed Margaret and the twins, with awe. "When?"

"Last winter, with Father. He was ill, and we stayed six weeks. It was heavenly!"

"You lucky girl!" sighed Margaret. "But, go on! We must find out more, right away!"

Corinne took up the book and began anew: "'But since I did wilfully abandon my home—aye!—and Grandfather, too, even though he does not love me—'"

"'Grandfather?'" interrupted Bess. "He can't be very old, if he has a grandfather living!"

"Does n't seem likely," murmured Corinne, spelling out another word under her breath, then continuing:

"'—and did in venturesome manner contribute my aid to the plot against my country, I must pay the price, I fear. I am watched constantly. I take no walk abroad, even in the grounds, but

I feel that I am spied upon. The affection of Madame M. has changed to dislike. She, too, suspects me. 'T is hard for a lass of but sixteen—'

"*A lass!*" shouted all four. "And only *sixteen!*"

"Oh, girls!" cried Corinne, rocking back and forth in her excitement. "She 's just like ourselves—only a year older than I am! What *can* be the trouble—or rather, what *could* have been the trouble with the poor little thing?"

"Go on! go on!" ordered Margaret, with glistening eyes. "Let 's find out!"

Corinne snatched up the book again: "to be alone and friendless in a strange land and to feel so constantly in danger. But I must not complain. I brought it on myself. As I have said, Madame M. no longer appears to care for me. She was so cordial and affectionate at first, partly for Aunt's sake, no doubt, and partly because she really seemed to like me. But since the day when I spoke to Lady —, at the time her coach broke down, Madame M. has regarded me only with suspicion."

"I wish I knew who 'Madame M.' was, and 'Lady Blank,'" put in Margaret. "How mysterious she is—never writing out their full names!"

"Perhaps she did n't dare," said Corinne. "You see, she says she 's in danger. But, oh!—listen to what she says next!—'There is something which weighs right heavily on my conscience. 'T is the matter of the sapphire signet. But of that I will speak later.'"

"*The sapphire signet!*" breathed the twins in a tone of hushed awe. "Does n't it sound rich and gorgeous and—and *mysterious!* What 's a 'signet,' anyway?"

"I think," explained Corinne, "that it 's another name for a seal—something with a monogram or crest or coat-of-arms, used to stamp on sealing-wax. Father has one set in a ring—not a sapphire though—just some ordinary stone with his monogram on. He never uses it, but he told me once that in former times they were used a great deal when letters were only sealed with wax. Oh! *what* do you suppose this matter of the sapphire signet is all about! Is n't it wildly exciting? But, goodness!" glancing at her watch, "it 's awfully late again, and I must get home. The time goes so fast, and it takes so long to puzzle all this out!"

"I have an idea!" began Margaret, hesitatingly. "Suppose *I* do the puzzling out and write it down, now that Corinne has discovered the way. I have so much time that I don't know what to do with, and this would be so interest-

ing! Then, when we meet again in a couple of days, I could read it right off to you without any trouble. We could get on so much faster!"

"I think that 's splendid!" agreed Corinne. "And much as I 'm crazy to find out right away what happens, I 'd rather wait and hear a lot of it read at once. Would n't you all?"

"Yes, that 's a good scheme," admitted Bess, "except for one thing. How about Sarah? You 'd have a hard time hiding this from her, Margaret, and you know she simply must n't find out!" For a moment they all looked "stumped." The obstacle seemed almost insuperable, when Jess had a brilliant idea.

"Tell you what! We 'll hide the thing in the bookcase, way back here behind these old encyclopedias,—the account-book, the paper, and a brand-new fat blank-book that I 'll give you to do all the copying in. You can tell Sarah to wheel you over to the bookcase because you want to read. Then, when she 's out of the way, you can work to your heart's content. But do hide everything whenever you hear her coming!"

"Oh, good! Just the thing! Sarah 'll never suspect in the world!" laughed Margaret. "And there 's no difficulty about hearing her coming—she weighs two hundred and fifty pounds!"

"Well, that 's settled then," said Corinne, "and I 'll have to go. But I 'm coming day after to-morrow, if I can manage to wait. It 's better than the loveliest book I ever read! Good-by!"

When she had gone, the three sisters sat and looked at one another with an expression of sheer wonder on their faces. In one week, through the agency of this same "queer," quiet girl, their absolutely uninteresting and commonplace lives had been transformed into an unbelievable round of mystery and discovery and romance. And the strange part of it was that this same mystery had been lying here—right under their noses, so to speak—all these years, and they had never even suspected it, while she had been in the house scarcely half an hour and had run it straight to earth! Some such thought was in Margaret's mind when she presently exclaimed:

"Is n't she just *wonderful!* I think she 's the most interesting person I ever met in my life!"

"So do I!" echoed Jess.

"Oh, I shall just dream of this all night!" whispered Margaret. "It 's the most thrilling thing I ever heard of—this puzzle-story—and the best of it is, it 's all our own! We discovered it! To-morrow you may envy me, girls, for I 'll be finding out—all about the sapphire signet, and what happened next!"

AKBAR and BIRBAL

By
Arthur Guiterman



IN the days when Elizabeth was sovereign lady of England, and Henry, he of Navarre, was liege lord over France, there ruled in Hindustan one who, in soul if not in might, was greater than either. Therefore rightly was he surnamed "Akbar," which means "the Great."

Though by edge of sword he had won again the broad empire that had slipped from the feeble hands of his father, no lover was he of needless strife; he warred but to safeguard peace. Though his high word, that none might gainsay, was life and death over millions, ever he sought the welfare of those whom he ruled, still mindful that while "the land is the king's, the people are God's." Though of the proud blood of the Moguls, that nation of conquerors, and born in the faith of Mahomet which brooks no rival, he welcomed men of all races and all creeds, even those from oversea, giving equal justice and tolerance to all, greatly to the scandal of the bigots of his court.

Thus it was that while he cherished the friendship and valued the counsel of those wise brothers, Abufazl and Faizi, who were of his own people and faith, yet did he love above all others one of an alien and conquered race—Rajah Birbal the Brahman, wit, poet and scholar, clear of brain to solve hard doubts and merry of tongue to lighten heavy hours.

Now the great Mogul lords were vexed that their emperor showed favor to a Hindu and a Brahman, and oft did they scheme to bring the good rajah into disgrace, subtly hinting hard

questions and heavy tasks by which he might be tested; and such questions and tasks did Akbar, in pure sport, often put upon his friend, whose ready wit never failed to win him greater honor.

Thus did the Rajah Birbal live safe among his enemies, like the tongue among the thirty-two teeth, turning malice into jest, drawing wisdom from folly, and honor out of hate; and his deeds and his sayings are to this day ever in the mouths of his people of Ind.

HOW BIRBAL CAME TO COURT

HARDLY was the Emperor Akbar, by dint of keen swords and soft words, firmly seated upon the throne than there came to the royal city of Agra he that is now famed as the Rajah Birbal; but at that time was he known as Mahesh Da, and small fame and less wealth was his, for he was but a wandering minstrel from the North, with naught but a lively wit and clever tongue between himself and want. Truly he was poor as though he carried a begging bowl and there were seventy holes therein.

As was the wont of his caste, Mahesh Da went much about the bazaars where goods are sold and talk is free, and in the caravansaries where travelers rest with their camels, horses, elephants and bullocks; and also went he among the grooms and servants of the great lords, ever pleasant of

mien, guarded of speech, and quick of ear and eye, and thus did he gain news of great matters whereof it seemed well that the king should straightway know.

Therefore did Mahesh Da clothe himself in the robes of a fakir, or roving beggar, who may

gift, in sooth that a king lacks may a beggar bring?"

Him answered Mahesh Da, undaunted: "My Lord, to Suleiman the Glorious, on whom be peace, came the princes of the earth bearing rich gifts; and likewise came the birds of the air, the



"THE FAT VIRESETTI HAILED THEM, CRYING, 'WILL YE NOT COME HITHER AND SHARE IN OUR PLEASANT PASTIME?'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

freely enter hovel or palace, and boldly made his way into the royal court, crying, "I bear a gift to the great king!"

Then loud laughed the mighty lords of Hindustan, and the king laughed too, saying, "What

beasts of the field and the creatures of the sea, with treasures theretofore unknown of man; and last of all came a lame ant dragging the leg of a locust—and Suleiman the Glorious held not the gift in scorn."

Then Akbar bowed his head, saying gravely: "I thank thee for the tale. Now say what is thy gift."

"My gift," answered Mahesh Da, "is a talisman to guard the king's health; it is a writing that I have made with many prayers; but none save the king himself must know the words thereof, lest its virtue depart. Nor may I take aught in return. May the king live forever!" So he gave into the king's hand a sealed writing and departed from the palace, while the courtiers laughed again, deeming him more than half crazed, as, in truth, are many of the fakirs.

Then Akbar, in silence, read on the cover of the writing: "Each night when the king is alone in his chamber, let him unsheathe his sword and say thrice over, and in a loud voice, the words that he shall find on the scroll herein." And the king laughed, even as had the courtiers; yet did he thrust the writing into the inner fold of his tunic.

Now, at the midnight hour when Akbar was alone in his chamber, he unsheathed his bright sword, and, breaking the seal of the writing, drew forth the scroll and read in a loud voice these words that were written thereon: "He seemeth to be digging a very deep well, but in truth is he plotting against the life of his king!"

Even as he was speaking the words for the third time, a man rushed forth from the darkness and cast himself at the king's feet, crying, "Mercy, my Lord, mercy!"

And Akbar spake sternly: "Rise up, and say what thou wilt do to deserve mercy."

Then the man rose to his feet, pallid and shaking, and his face was the face of Mirza Raza, one of the king's trusted ministers. "O my Lord," he groaned, "I perceive that all is known to thee! And yet, though it was I that dug the secret passage beneath thy chamber that we might burst in and slay thee, yet the plotting of it was not mine; and I will tell thee truly the names of all those that have conspired against thee!"

So he confessed all. And the king sent forth his guards in that same hour and seized all his lurking enemies.

And at the dawning he sent for Mahesh Da, who came before him robed no longer as a fakir, but clad as a rajah from the North. And Akbar said to him, "I thank thee. But why didst thou not tell me plainly of the danger?"

Then answered Mahesh Da, placing his open hand betwixt his eye and his ear: "Betwixt Truth and Falshood there is but a hand's breadth. Well is it known unto the king that much that he *hears* is false; but what he *sees* he knows to

be true. How would the king have credited a rumor echoed from the lips of a poor wanderer as against the oaths of his ministers and the lords of Ind?

"Moreover, none will now know whence my lord learned of his peril, and thus others will fear to plot against a king whose eye is everywhere. And, as touching the king's safety, having given him the writing I feared not for that, for have not his own ready sword and quick brain preserved him many times ere this?"

Then was Akbar well pleased, for the answer was both wise and courtly; and then and there did he give Mahesh Da the name of "Rajah Birbal," likewise making him court poet, so that he might have him ever at hand.

But none other knew that Birbal was the fakir, nor that he had saved the king's life; but Akbar knew, and loved him greatly.

THE THREE JESTS

ONE morning sighed the king, "Truly I am weary of statecraft, weary of pomp, weary of splendor. Come, my good Rajah, let us go forth among the people; and, since thou art both wise and witty—as I may say to thy face, no other being nigh to hear—I pray thee, to lighten my weariness, show me three of thy shrewd devices and merry jests even before the going down of the sun."

Then answered the Rajah Birbal, "May it be even as the king desires." So, having clothed themselves as merchants of Persia, they stole like truant boys forth from the palace and into the teeming streets of Agra.

First of all went they to the bazaar where, as at that hour was little of buying and selling, the merchants lounged in groups, telling over the gossip of the day. Now, as Akbar and Birbal in their foreign dress came near, the fat Viresetti, the wealthiest and craftiest of traders and ever a leader in the sport and tricks of the bazaar, hailed them, crying, "Salaam! Peace be upon ye, friends from Iranistan! Will ye not come hither and share in our pleasant pastime?"

"Upon ye all be peace!" responded the king. "And what is your sport, O merchants of Ind?"

"Thus it is," began Viresetti; "each of us in turn recounts a marvelous tale, as marvelous a tale as may be, and yet ever a new one; and should any deny the truth of a tale that is told, then is he bound to pay to the teller thereof a hundred silver rupees as a forfeit."

"I like this well," said Birbal; "gladly would we join in the game, for, of a truth, there be marvels in Iran as well as in the land of Ind."



“FOR SALE! FOR SALE!—THE
CAMEL FOR ONE PICE, THE
CAT FOR TEN GOLDEN MO-
HURS!” (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

So was it agreed; and wonderful and strange were the tales that were told in that circle; yet,

however strange and wonderful, no one denied their truth, for fear of the penalty. But when it

came the turn of the Rajah Birbal he faced the fat Viresetti, saying:

"Dost thou not remember how, three years ago, thou and I were in partnership?"

"Yea," answered the fat Viresetti, for he dared deny nothing that was told.

"Aye," went on Birbal; "and it was agreed that I should send thee rich silks from Persia. And under a large and beautiful banyan-tree, hard by a tank in the town of Jangula, thou didst sell those silks at a goodly profit. Rememberest thou?"

"Yea, truly," answered the fat Viresetti, as needs he must, for fear of the forfeit.

"Aye, so it was," repeated Birbal. "And thou wilt likewise remember that when we cast our accounts thou wert indebted to me in the sum of one hundred rupees of silver, which thou hast never paid. Long have I sought thee, and now I beg thee to pay me those one hundred silver rupees, which, I call all here to witness, are still due me—as thou canst not deny!"

Then, amid the laughter of his brother merchants, did the fat Viresetti pay over those hundred silver rupees to Birbal, for had he denied the truth of the tale, must he needs have forfeited the very same sum.

"A goodly jest!" said the king as they went their way; "and a profitable one to boot (though it behooves me to see that Viresetti be not a loser by it). But who is yonder woebegone wight?"

Now, he of whom the king spake sat by the roadside in front of his house, lamenting, and pouring dust upon his head, while near by, tied to a palm-tree by a strong rope, stood a solemn camel. The Rajah Birbal went up to the man and asked him his name and the cause of his grief.

"Ai! ai!" wailed the man. "I am that unfortunate simpleton, Lal Mir, the camel-driver. This, my camel, is a good camel, with but one fault; at nightfall will he slip his halter and stray afar, and much pain and trouble hath it cost me to find him. Now, yester eve for the tenth time did he thus wander; and I—fool that I am!—in my wrath made a strong vow that when I again found him I would sell him for a copper pice—he that is worth full ten golden mohurs! And I am a poor man! And I repent me of my vow, yet no-wise may I be released therefrom!"

To him said Birbal: "Friend, vows that are spoken betwixt two-and-thirty teeth are not lightly to be broken; and yet it may well be that thou mayest fulfil thy vow and still be no loser. Hast thou a cat in thy house?"

"Aye," answered Lal Mir, "that I have; and a right evil cat. She vexeth me by stealing the cream, and then angers me still more by waving her tail in my face in saucy fashion. She is, moreover, grown so fat and lazy that when she seeth a mouse she scratcheth upon the ground to let me know, so that I may catch it if I choose!"

"Bring me that cat," commanded Birbal.

So Lal Mir went into the house and brought forth the cat. And the Rajah Birbal bade him fasten the cat to the camel's back and drive through the streets crying:

"For sale! For sale!—the camel for one pice, the cat for ten golden mohurs! But who buys the one must buy the other, for they are friends and I will in no wise part them!"

And so the man did; and thus was he saved of loss without the breaking of his vow.

Now was evening near; and the king said as they went again toward the palace, "My Rajah, two merry jests hast thou shown me, but the third is yet lacking."

"Have faith, O my King," answered Birbal; "the sun is not yet down, nor has the folly of gravity yet dried the great river of mirth that floweth through this sad world."

Even as he spake they approached the house of Badaoni Khan, and Birbal saw that Badaoni sat upon the balcony but little above them. So he stayed his steps and lifted up his voice as though in the midst of a disputation, saying: "Nay, my Lord, though much may at times be done through force, yet more may be done through the tongue. Even I, by means of speech and argument alone, can bring unwilling men to do what I could no way compel them to do with the strong arm."

"Sayest thou so, boaster?" cried Badaoni Khan from the balcony; "then use thy potent speech to bring me down to thee in the street, or own that even so small a thing is too much for thee!"

"Nay," returned Birbal, seemingly abashed, "mayhap that I could not do; yet, if thou wert down here, I could make thee ascend again."

"Ho!" jeered Badaoni; "that shall soon be proved!" And he came down from the balcony into the street and stood beside them.

"See, my Lord," said Birbal to the king, "how easy it was to make him come down?"

THE THREE FOOLS

AKBAR the King, sitting upon his throne, yellow with gold and white with pearls, spake unto the Rajah Birbal: "Thou hast said, as it is told me, that my realm is full of fools, and that the com-

pletest of these fools are wise fools. Now I command thee to show me three of these 'wise fools' of whom thou hast spoken."

And the Rajah Birbal bowed and said, "Lord, I do thy bidding." So he set forth upon his quest; and in three days' time he came again before the king and his court, followed by a countryman.

"Who is this that thou hast brought before me, Rajah?" said the king.

"This, my Lord," replied Birbal, "is Lal Bujhakar, the wise fool of a village of fools. While upon the search that the king commanded me, I came into a town where there was a great outcry. And the noise thereof led me to a house in which stood a boy with his arms around a pillar, and his clasped hands full of sweetmeats. It seems that the father of this boy had filled his hands while they were thus clasped, and the people cried out for that none could devise how the lad could be freed of the pillar without dropping upon the ground the sweetmeats that were in

his hands. Then came this man and gave wise counsel. 'Remove,' said he, 'the beams from the roof and draw the pillar up through the boy's arms.' And thus they did!

"So I bade him, for his wisdom, follow me to thy court. And as we came we crossed a river upon the bank of which was printed the huge, round footmark of an elephant. Long did Lal Bujhakar study that footprint; and then, nodding wisely said, 'Ah! A deer with a millstone tied to its foot must have leaped here.' Therefore do I say he is that completest of fools, a wise fool."

"Truly," said the king, "a complete fool indeed! Yet he is but one; and did not I command thee to show me three such?"

"There be three," said the rajah; "this man is one, as thou hast said; I am the second for having sought him and brought him hither; and thou, my Lord, art the third for having sent me on such an errand."

(To be continued)



"THIS, MY LORD, IS LAL BUJHAKAR, THE WISE FOOL OF A VILLAGE OF FOOLS."



The Spirit of Christmas
By Edith Houghton Hooker
Illustrated by C. Clyde Squires

EVERYBODY'S hands were quite full of little pin-pricks from the holly leaves. Alan and David and little Alice had all been helping with the Christmas greens, and at last the wreaths were securely fastened on tiny tacks in the windows, and sprays of holly peeped festively out from behind each picture. There was a large red paper bell hanging from the chandelier in the hall for Santa Claus to ring when he came in, and beside it a sprig of mistletoe, so there would be no embarrassment about kissing him in case he should be caught.

It was Christmas eve, and we all gathered around the fire to rest after our labors and to speculate about the prospects for the morrow. "Suppose he does n't come," surmised David, "or suppose he should bring us only switches!" The thought was terrifying.

"It all depends on what you deserve," I answered. "Santa Claus has a way, you know, of finding out just what each child really ought to get."

"Well," said Alan, the skeptic, "there are some who say there is n't any Santa Claus—that he 's just a story made up by older people to amuse the children. I never knew of any one who 'd seen him."

Alice gasped. "You will get only switches, Alan, if you say such things," she warned him.

"There are people who deny everything that 's good and true," I took the conversation over, "but their lack of faith hurts no one as much as

themselves. Would you like to hear about the old man who denied there was a Santa Claus, and to learn what happened to him?"

"Please, please!" they all cried, and I began the story:

ONCE upon a time there was an old man whose name was Mr. Grouch, and he had lived so many years that he could hardly count them. He was little, and thin, and bent over, and wrinkled, and he had a scraggly little beard and cross, snapping eyes. He used to carry a big stick that he would shake at the boys when they laughed at him, and he never had a smile for anybody. He lived all alone with one crabbed old man-servant in a vast house, and no one even dared to ring the doorbell.

One Christmas eve I was coming down the street taking gifts around to some friends, and my mind was full of Christmas. There was a new fall of snow on the ground and the sleigh-bells were jingling. Even the busy shopkeepers seemed to be in the Christmas spirit. Banks of fir-trees stood on the corners, and every now and then I passed some one proudly carrying home a tree over his shoulder. All of a sudden, whom should I see coming toward me but old Mr. Grouch, looking crosser than ever. He was shaking his stick at the Christmas trees and scowling at the fat turkeys, and for a moment I was half afraid to speak to him. Still it seemed too bad not to give the old man the season's greetings,

so I called out as cheerily as I could—"A Merry Christmas to you, Mr. Grouch!"

He turned on me, coming quite close and shaking his big stick in my face, so that he frightened me. "A Merry Nonsense!" he snarled, biting the words off short. "You should go home and attend to your business, not go running around wasting your own time and other people's. This Merry Christmasing is all nonsense, I tell you, fit only for children and simpletons. There 's no such person as Santa Claus! It 's all a myth concocted by idle folk to fool the children."

I stood quite still, rooted to the spot, in terror lest Santa Claus should see me in such bad company.

"You don't know what you 're saying, Mr. Grouch!" I finally brought out. "It 's wicked to deny the spirit of Christmas."

"Wicked or not wicked," he retorted, "I say it again—A Merry Nonsense to you and all your kind!"

He looked so fierce that I hastened on my way without another word, and as I turned the corner, I still heard him muttering—"A Merry Nonsense! A Merry Nonsense!"

On he went homeward to his great dreary house, and there he found a frugal supper laid out by the old man-servant. He ate without appetite and then went upstairs. Then, after stuffing cotton in his ears and closing both the windows and the shutters to keep out the music of the bells and Christmas crackers, he climbed into his large four-poster bed, and, pulling his nightcap down over his head, he went fast asleep.

How long he slept, he never knew, but suddenly he awoke hearing a fireplace sound. "*Plump!*" It was over near the fireplace, and there was a great rush of falling soot and plaster.

Mr. Grouch sat up quickly, scratched a match, and lighted his bedside candle. He lifted it high and scanned the room, peering out over the bedclothes like a strange gnome in his pointed nightcap. He stared at the fireplace, and there—what do you think he saw? He could scarcely believe his eyes—and yet, sure enough, it was Santa Claus, dressed all in ermine and scarlet velvet, with great high boots covered with snow, his red cheeks glowing from the cold, his white beard glistening with snowflakes. There he stood chuckling softly and rubbing his hands together, the jolliest possible twinkle in his kind blue eyes.

"A Merry Christmas to you, Mr. Grouch," he said in a deep hearty voice.

Mr. Grouch trembled so that the candle wax dripped on his hand. "A Merry Christmas, Sir," he said, his voice sounding queer and squeaky.

"Now, Mr. Grouch," said Santa Claus, smiling broadly, "that does n't sound natural from you. Why don't you say 'A Merry Nonsense'? You don't believe in Santa Claus, and I know it, and I 've come here this evening to give you back your faith—as a Christmas present. Put that candle down; get out of bed and into your clothes while I count three. My reindeer will be tired waiting."

Then you should have seen Mr. Grouch scramble. He popped his thin legs into his trousers and laced up his boots with shaking fingers; then he pulled on his greatcoat and wound his long knitted muffler round his neck just as Santa Claus said three!

"You 've forgotten your hat," Santa Claus reminded him, chuckling. And sure enough, there he stood, the funniest figure you can imagine, still with his pointed nightcap on his head. He tore off his cap and placed his old beaver in its stead just as Santa Claus gave him a great boost that sent him flying up the chimney. Santa followed close after, and Mr. Grouch could hear him puffing and panting, and digging his boots into the side of the chimney as he came up behind him.

On top of the house it was all singularly quiet and peaceful. There was snow everywhere, on all the roofs as far as the eye could reach, and above was the limitless heaven with the calm stars shining out.

Santa Claus stretched his arm toward the East. "It was there," he said, "before I was born, that the wise men saw the Star of Bethlehem." His voice was so full and deep that the old man trembled. He looked out over the great city and saw in a thousand homes the candles burning for Christmas. A group of singers, strolling by in the street, stopped and began to sing a Christmas carol. Suddenly the bells rang out from churches far and near. It was midnight, they were pealing the glad tidings.

"We must be off," said Santa Claus; "we are already late; we must be going."

Mr. Grouch noticed now for the first time a wonderful little sleigh drawn by eight reindeer harnessed in pairs together. In it lay Santa Claus's great pack, bursting with toys, and candy, and all sorts of joy for the children. One or two switches which Mr. Grouch saw sticking out at the top gave him a sense of uneasiness. "Get in, my man, get in!" commanded Santa Claus, and they leaped into the sleigh. The reindeer pawed the snow and snorted; then Santa Claus gave them the word and away they went. Over the housetops and over the trees, on—on—like a wind through the heavens. The old man clutched his

hat down close on his head and shook with fear as he saw the great city glide by beneath them. Past the great houses they went and never drew rein. "They 're rich there," said Santa Claus; "they have more than they need. We won't stop; they 're untrue to the spirit of Christmas."

After a time they came to a part of the town where the houses were all small and wretched-looking. "These are my boys and girls," said Santa, as he drew up on the roof of a particularly sorry-looking little dwelling. The reindeer shook their great horns and their bells jingled. The old man looked doubtfully at Santa Claus and then at the little chimney.

"Can we get down?" he asked fearfully.

"It 's the size of their hearts, not the size of their chimneys, that makes the difference," answered Santa Claus. "I 'll go first and you follow."

He stepped in the chimney and down he went, and then Mr. Grouch stepped in and down he went, also. The fire was out, and they found themselves in a tiny little room all cold and wintry. Two little stockings were hanging by the hearth, long and lank and empty, and in a bed near by, two little children were sleeping. They were smiling happily as they slept, dreaming of Christmas morning. Before the empty fireplace a woman was sitting, dressed all in black. She was slight and small, and around her thin shoulders she had drawn a shawl to protect herself from the cold. Here there was no holly, no wreaths in the windows, nothing at all to suggest Christmas except the unfilled stockings. The little mother had her eyes fixed on the dead ashes, and her thoughts could not have been happy for tears were rolling down her cheeks. "Oh, the poor children!" she whispered to herself, with something very like a sob, "what will they do in the morning?" She hid her face in her hands and began to weep bitterly; and it was just at this juncture that Santa Claus and Mr. Grouch came down the chimney.

"Her husband died two months ago," whispered Santa Claus to Mr. Grouch, "and she has nothing in the house for Christmas,—no toys, no Christmas turkey, no nuts and raisins, nothing at all to fill those hungry stockings." A large tear rolled down his cheek. Mr. Grouch sniffed and looked uneasily at the sleeping children.

"Now," said Santa Claus, "watch and see what happens."

While the little widow sobbed on, he took one thing after another out of his wonderful pack—nuts, raisins, candy canes, a beautiful great doll with yellow curls and blue eyes that went to sleep, a little railway-train, a top, a small tea-set,

a doll's chair, and, finally, several pieces of nice warm clothing. Then he proceeded to fill the stockings with remarkable speed. When they were finished, the doll was peeping out of one, and the little engine out of the other. Mr. Grouch thought it was all over; but no, Santa Claus reached far down into his pack once more and brought out a beautiful Christmas basket. The fat legs of a turkey were standing out amid cranberries, and sweet potatoes, and oranges, and apples, and every other sort of good thing you can imagine.

Santa Claus placed the basket under the stockings, and then poked Mr. Grouch in the ribs so hard that it made him jump. "Now," said he, "watch; for she 'll be looking up."

And sure enough, in a moment the little widow sighed and raised her eyes. Then you should have been there to see her. Her poor little face grew quite pink with joy, she gasped, and her breath came fast with bewilderment. She rubbed her eyes with her thin hands; she could n't believe it was not a dream. Then she gave a little cry, just between a sob and a laugh, and fell on her knees before the basket.

She poked the fat turkey and felt deftly between all the other things until she knew exactly what was in the basket. "We 'll have a beautiful Christmas dinner, after all," she said, "even a turkey!" She did n't take a thing out of the stockings—just peeped in and felt softly down the long knobby legs. "I 'll leave them for the children just as he packed them, the dear saint!" she murmured to herself. She went over to the children and kissed each one softly; they smiled and wriggled cosily in their sleep. Then she looked over again at the wonderful hearthside—it seemed to Mr. Grouch that she looked straight at him, though of course she could n't see him as both he and Santa Claus had on caps of darkness. Her face was shining with a wonderful light of love and joy. Her eyes beamed like two stars, and the room seemed to be filled with a kind of glory. "It 's the blessed spirit of Christmas," she whispered brokenly, "come to cheer my fatherless little ones and me." Then she knelt down by her little bed, and it was plain that she was praying.

Santa Claus nodded triumphantly at Mr. Grouch, shaking off another big tear, and Mr. Grouch returned the look tremulously. He drew a large red handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped both eyes before speaking.

"Could n't we take off our caps of darkness," he finally whispered, "and wish her a Merry Christmas?"

"A Merry Nonsense!" said Santa Claus, laugh-

ing until his fat sides shook; "no—we 're not allowed to be seen. 'Sh-h! it 's time to go up the chimney."

Up they went into the dark night where the reindeer were waiting for them. Into the sleigh they jumped and off they started, and, as the wind whistled by them, Mr. Grouch said: "Santa Claus, I feel I owe you an apology. When I saw her face—"

and sorrow. They visited sinful men in prison and softened their hearts, and they stopped at the homes of the rich and bade them remember their poorer brothers.

It was a night to dream of, such as no one else but Santa Claus can ever know again, but at last the pink glow of morning showed in the eastern sky.

"It 's time to be getting home," said Santa



"'A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU, MR. GROUCH,' HE SAID IN A DEEP HEARTY VOICE.

Santa Claus interrupted him: "If you 're ready to admit you were wrong, go out to-morrow and wish every one a Merry Christmas."

Far, far away they went, out over the rolling sea till they came to a ship which had had to sail out from port just three days before Christmas. Down into the forecabin they went, where the sailors were sadly thinking of their homes, and spread cheer around until each man wished the other a Merry Christmas.

All the long night they sped over the great world leaving joy behind them. They visited the children's hospitals, where little boys and girls were lying awake, weeping for their mothers, and they quieted them and touched them with joy, and they slept, forgetful of their pain

Claus. "We can be seen if we 're out when the day is dawning."

In a moment they had landed safely on Mr. Grouch's roof.

"Good-by," said Santa Claus, as he politely helped his passenger to alight and to shake off the snow and start down the chimney, "and remember, you are never to say you don't believe in Santa Claus again!"

"Never in all this world," said Mr. Grouch, in heartfelt tones. "Long live the spirit of Christmas!" He took off his hat and bowed in an old-fashioned, ceremonious manner just before the reindeer leaped into the air and started in the direction of the North Pole.

Mr. Grouch must have slid down the chimney



“OVER THE HOUSETOPS AND OVER THE TREES, ON—ON—LIKE A
WIND THROUGH THE HEAVENS.”

and gone to bed after that, but in the morning he had forgotten all about that part of the adventure.

When the sun was high, the old man-servant knocked at the door and reminded him that breakfast was waiting. Mr. Grouch woke with a start. "A Merry Christmas to you, Andrew," he shouted.

The old servant ran almost all the way downstairs with never a word. He thought his master must be mad, for he had never heard him give that greeting before in all his thirty years of service.

ON Christmas morning I went out to take some toys to the crippled children's hospital, and there, coming down the street, whom should I see but old Mr. Grouch, a gayly decorated little Christmas tree over his shoulder, the pockets of his greatcoat bulging with toys and candy, and behind him, trooping merrily along, an endless chain of boys and girls, each with a toy and a bag of candy.

I stood stock-still with surprise and waited for the procession to come up.

"A Merry Christmas to you!" shouted Mr. Grouch, his face glowing from the crisp air, and all the children called out too, "A Merry Christmas!"

"We're going to take this tree to some fatherless children," he said; "would you like to come along with us?"

When I found my voice, I explained my errand and, quick as a wink, Mr. Grouch said they would stop at the hospital too, on the way to the

other children. So on we went, all together, and everybody smiled and beamed and echoed our joy as soon as they saw us.

It must have been merely my imagination, but Mr. Grouch's voice sounded to me just like Santa Claus's as he wished everybody "Merry Christmas!"

He spent the whole day going round from one poor family to another, taking them toys and good cheer and leaving joy everywhere behind him.

Now the most curious part of the story is yet to come, for, would you believe it, Mr. Grouch has grown quite fat and jolly as time has gone by, until now, if you saw him, except for his black coat you would think he was Santa Claus. He has round red cheeks and a shining white beard, and his eyes are no longer cross and snapping; they beam upon every one the whole year round as if they were always saying, "I wish you a Merry Christmas!"

All of which goes to prove that Santa Claus is just as real as we think him, for each one of us can show by our own deeds and words the reality of the Spirit of Christmas."

I stopped.

"Is that all?" asked Alice.

"Yes," I answered, "the story is finished."

"And now do you believe in Santa Claus?" said David, looking hard at Alan.

"Yes," answered the boy, drawing a long breath. "Let's go up to the play-room and get some of our toys together to take to the hospital children to-morrow. We'll do it for the sake of the Spirit of Christmas!"





The Wonder-Box

By Will Bradley

The First Story is called MUCH FROM LITTLE

ONE fine day in June there was such a stir in Noodleburg as had not been seen in that town for many a day: a herald astride a big white charger was riding up one street and down another and all the while blowing a gay tune upon his bugle.

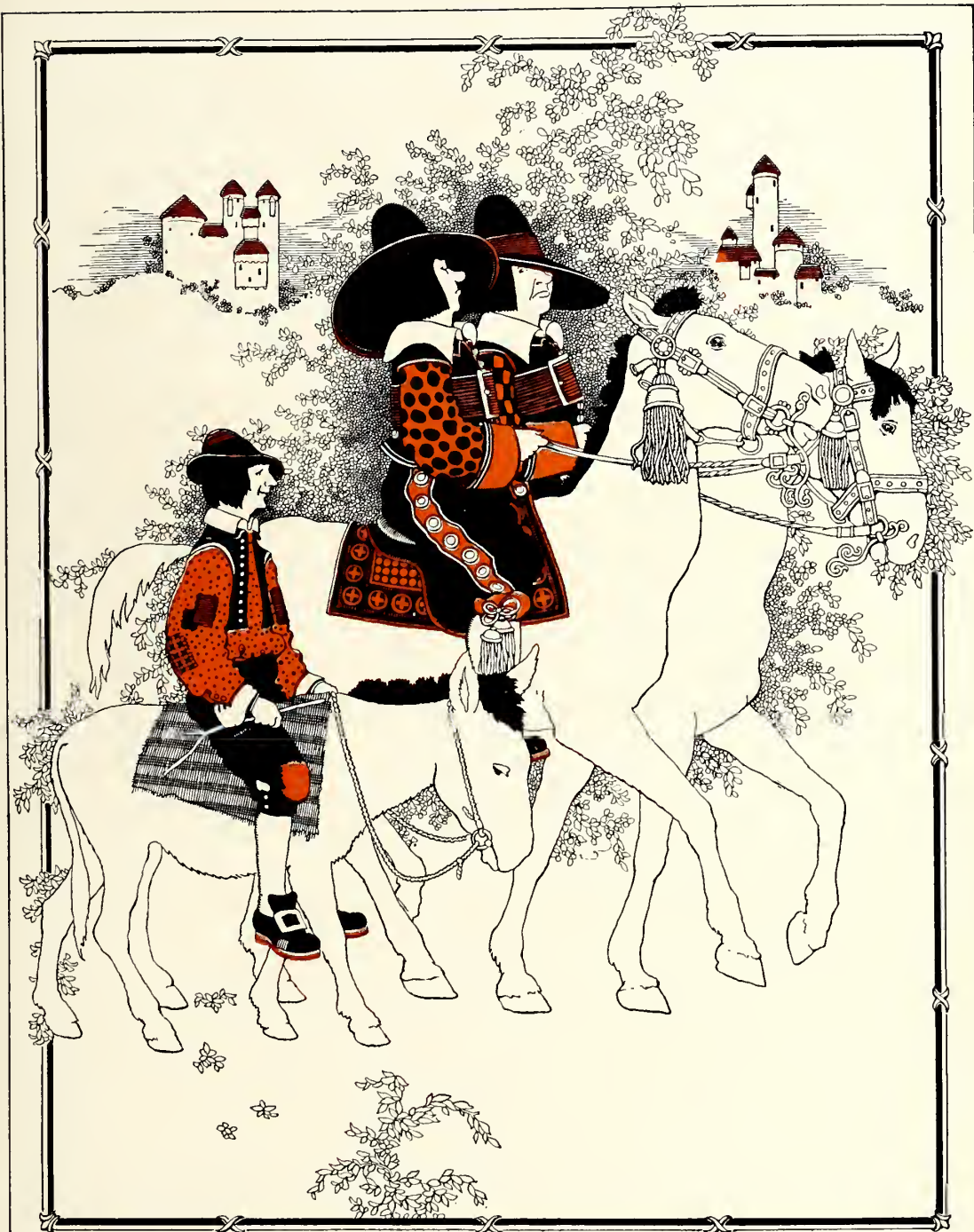
When the people had come from out their houses and had followed the herald into the market-place, he turned his horse about, and this is what he said: "In a land over the hills away, there is a King who is looking for a husband for the Princess; but the Princess has vowed and declared how she will never marry unless she is brought a dress, the finest in all the world, into the making of which there has gone no sorrow and nothing save kindness. So the King decrees that whoever will bring such a dress may have the Princess, and half the kingdom to boot."

Yes, that was what the herald said in the market-place of Noodleburg that day in June.

As you may well guess, this set the people's tongues to wagging, and it was n't long before a word or two came to the ear of the Provost. How he did chuckle when he heard what the King intended to give away!

This is why the Provost chuckled. He thought: "Surely there are no lads in all the land smarter than the two I have at home. I will fit them out with this, that, and the other, and off they shall go to find the dress. If one of them finds it not and fails to win the Princess, then must she surely fall to the lot of the other."

It did n't take long then for the Provost to get the lads ready. Unto each he gave a fine suit of clothes for his back, a bag of silver pennies to tie at his belt, and a good steed for the journey.



*The THREE Start upon
A Journey* 

This was all right and good, said the two sons, but who ever heard of any one riding out to win a Princess with no servant to wait upon him—to brush his clothes, hold his stirrup, and dance here, there, and yonder, as might be need.

Now the Provost was close-fisted and stingy, and he could n't hear the silver pennies jingling in the two bags without making a wry face over the matter. But if the two lads must have a servant, why of course they must; only they could n't each have one; no, there must be one for the two. And see how would Brother Hans's boy, Peter, do?

Well, since that was all the sauce there was to that pudding, why they must make the best of it; so if the Provost would send for Peter they would be getting along on their journey.

Brother Hans was a poor wood-chopper living at the edge of the Black Forest over beyond Noodleburg. As for Peter, if one was to say he had enough to eat each day, but no more, and one suit of clothes to his back, and no other, that would be only the bare truth.

Yes, Peter could ride with the Provost's two sons. Hans would n't say no to that offer, for perhaps the lad could earn a penny or two and see a bit of the world into the bargain.

So the Provost's sons bestrode their fine steeds, and Peter mounted a little donkey, and off they started.

Up one street and down another they went, and by and by came out upon the highway. All day they traveled with the good sun warm upon their backs, and the birds singing by the wayside, arriving, when it was nearly evening, at a big town that lay just over the hills.

"Do you go ahead, Peter, and get us lodging for the night at some inn," said the older son.

"And a good supper, mind you!" said the younger.

Peter let his little donkey run at a smart gallop, and presently came into the town and saw before him a fine inn with lights in every window and with the savor of meats a-cooking coming out of the open door.

Just across the way was another inn, not so big by one half as that fine one, yet a neat and tidy-looking place withal, and as good, indeed, as any there were back in Noodleburg.

At first Peter was for going into the fine inn, and he said, "Surely, this is the sort of place they will be wanting." Then he glanced over the way. "But if they are of a mind to be saving their pennies," he thought, "then it is the other they would choose. I had best get them lodging there."

Across the way he went then, and no sooner

was the matter settled with the landlord than up the street came the two sons.

So Peter thought they wanted to stop at the little inn, did he? And when there was such fine entertainment to be had across the way? Well, if that was how he was going to do their bidding, why, he could go without his supper; it was high time he was taught a lesson. If he wanted a bed, he would have to look for one in the stable. That is what the two sons told him. As for them, they would certainly lodge in the big inn.

Off Peter went with his donkey and the two horses; and when he had fed them, he shook down a little straw for their beds, then curled up in a corner and went to sleep.

Whatever happened that night with the Provost's two sons is more than I can tell. But it must have been a jolly time they were having, for never a minute passed when there was not flying out of the open windows a sound of singing and laughter.

On the morrow Peter was up early, and, when he had fed and saddled the horses, there was such a noise and stir in the stable-yard that he must needs go and see what it was all about.

No sooner did he get outside the door than he saw three stout lads with stones and sticks in their fists tormenting a little green frog, while they shouted and laughed in great glee.

"Here is a game another can play at," said Peter. And in a moment he, too, had a stick in his fist and was wielding it as well as the best of them. But it was n't the frog that felt Peter's blows; he was dusting the jackets of the three lads with such warm whacks that he who received one was glad to avoid another.

While the lads were scampering away (which they did as fast as their legs could carry them), the frog escaped also.

When Peter had led the horses around into the street, there was the landlord of the little inn standing smiling in the doorway.

"Good morning, lad," said the landlord.

"Good morning, sir," said Peter.

And now would Peter come over the way a moment? The landlord had a word or two the lad might be glad to hear.

See? The landlord had heard how Peter got no supper the night before, and how he was like to get no breakfast; here was a bit of bread and cheese he might slip into his pocket to eat by the way. And, since the landlord liked the looks of such a lad as Peter, here was something more, which no doubt would come in handy some day. With that he dropped into Peter's hand a tiny silver casket.

"How long is our servant going to keep us



The KING showeth his Displeasure

waiting?" These were the words of the older son when he came out of the inn and saw Peter over the way. "And what can be in that little silver casket the lad has just slipped into his pocket?" That was what the older son was wondering. But of this he said nothing.

All that day they traveled under the good blue sky and at evening came into another town.

Peter knew better what to do this time, for had n't he been taught a good lesson yesterday? There would be no trying to save pennies now.

This time he chose the fine inn; and gay times they certainly were having inside, for every guest was a rich lord or noble, journeying on to the King's town, where each hoped to be the one to win the fair Princess.

Well, no sooner had Peter begun his bargaining with the landlord than up the street came clattering the two sons.

So Peter was for putting them in this fine inn, was he? Did n't he know they had spent nigh all their money in the last inn? No, they would go to the small one over the way. As for Peter, why it was plain he would never learn how to serve them. He had best find a bed in the stable again, and get no supper into the bargain. The two sons had no pennies left to waste on such a stupid lad; and anyway, he needed another lesson.

This night there was such a throng of travelers in the town, that, with all their servants and lackeys to be housed, there was not so much as an inch of room to spare, even in the stable.

A sheltered nook in the lee of a big rock was the only place that Peter could find. "I am in great luck to get such a fine bed," said he, for the night was warm, and he did not mind having no more above his head than the twinkling stars.

No sooner did Peter have his jacket rolled up for a pillow, than he saw that another had occupied his nook before him. "Oh, ho!" said he, "if I sleep here, I am to have a spider for my bedfellow, am I? He has spun a fine web, too. It would be a shame to spoil what has cost him so much hard labor. I will just find me a new bed."

On the morrow, when Peter stood with the horses before the little inn, the landlord stepped out of the door of the fine inn over the way.

Would Peter be good enough to step across the street? The landlord had something he would say to him. See? The landlord had heard how Peter had no supper the night before, and how they would give him no breakfast. Here was a bit of roast chicken he might tuck into his pocket to eat by the way. And—it was good to have a look at a fine lad like Peter—here was a little

gold casket he might have; it would come in handy some day.

"Well, well, well! we can't be waiting here all day for our servant to come and hold our stirrups," is what the younger son said when he came out of the inn and saw Peter talking with the landlord over the way. But all the while he was thinking: "I wonder what can be the contents of that little gold casket?"

Just then the elder son came out of the inn. He had paid the score and there was not one penny left to jingle against another in either of the two bags. Nothing remained now but for Peter to sell the donkey. It would never do for the Provost's two sons to ride to the King's town with not a penny upon them to buy a night's lodging or to get a bit to eat by the way.

When the donkey had been sold and the pennies counted into the two bags, the two sons mounted their fine steeds and left Peter to trudge on afoot. How the two were ever going to get the dresses that would win the Princess they did not know. "We must trust to luck," they said.

"Ho, Brother," grumbled the older son, "we are getting on but slowly; we must ride double. I will take our servant on my horse for away, then 't will be your turn."

Not long did they ride before the older son must know a thing or two about the silver casket; and in the end, there it was snug in his pocket. Such trinkets were not for servants, he said. Peter should have handed it over in the beginning; it was very plain he needed another lesson, so he must get down and walk.

"H'm! Well, we will never get to the King's town at this rate," said the younger son. "'Needs must when need drives.' Come, fellow, get up with me."

Peter mounted before the younger son. As it happened before, so it happened now. They had not gone far before Peter was paying well for his ride, and this time with the gold casket. After that, it was n't long until Peter was again on the ground with no more to bear him on his journey than his two good legs.

Now that they had the two caskets, the Provost's sons were of no mind to have their journey delayed any longer by their servant; so, putting spurs to their horses, they went galloping off down the road with never so much as one "good-by" to Peter.

Yes, the Provost's two sons went clattering off and left Peter alone on the highway.

Over the hills they rode and through the valleys, and by evening came to the town where the King lived. There they sold their horses and took lodgings.

As may well be guessed, no sooner was the older son alone in his room than he must be taking a peep at the silver casket. My, how he did skip and dance and caper about when he saw what was inside! For no sooner did the lid spring open than he beheld neither more nor less than a beautiful silk dress. All of the color of spun silver, it was, and so finely woven that not one little bit did it get wrinkled from being confined in the tiny casket. That he would win the Princess with such a dress as that, the older son never once doubted.

While the older son was busy with the silver casket, the younger son was having a peep into the gold casket; what he found there was another dress as like to that silver one as two peas in a pod, only that the color was like unto spun gold.

"There can be no dress one half so beautiful as this," said the younger son, "and now the Princess will surely be mine."

In the morning the two sons started off to the palace. Each carried in his pocket one of the tiny caskets, and in his mind the thought that when he was next traveling that way it would be the Princess he 'd have at his side and not his brother; and that he would be riding in the King's finest coach and not kicking his toes in the dust with all the common folks.

When at last they came to the palace, there were the King and Princess seated on a high platform, and before them a long line of noble suitors, each bearing his beautiful gift.

If ever a lady wanted to see fine dresses, she should have been in the King's town on that day, for never before nor since has there been such a sight.

At the very end of the line, the Provost's two sons had to wait nearly the whole day, it took the Princess so long to judge. Some of the gowns were so lovely it seemed as if she surely must choose one of them, but always, when she looked carefully, there was to be found a thread of sorrow that had gone somewhere into their making.

At last up stepped the older son.

My, but the Princess did like that gown in the silver casket, and no mistake! Look as hard as she would there was not to be found in it one single thread of sorrow. Yet she could n't quite decide; the Provost's older son was just to be seated beside her, and she would take a look in the gold casket.

Up stepped the younger son. A fine gown it was that came out of the gold casket and no two words on that! and now it was harder deciding than ever. If the silver gown was beautiful, certainly it was no more so than the gold one; neither was the gold more beautiful than the

silver; never one single stitch of sorrow could the Princess find in either. As for choosing, she just could n't that night; the Provost's two sons would please be kind enough to wait until the morrow; and now she would be glad to have them come up to the palace for supper.

Meanwhile what had happened to Peter?

No sooner had the Provost's two sons left him alone on the highway, than Peter began to wonder whether it was best to go on or turn back. Then he said, "Surely, if I may not ride, I can at least go afoot, and no doubt there will be fine sights to be seen in the King's town." So, right foot forward, off he started.

A long way Peter traveled, and presently there he was, so tired and hungry he could n't go another step. Then he sat down on a rock and felt in the corner of one pocket and found a little bread and cheese, and in the corner of the other and found a bit of roast chicken; and that was n't the worst meal that might be, either.

When Peter had finished eating, he saw that there were a few ants running here and there upon the ground, so he shook them the crumbs from off his lap, and, getting to his feet, started again on his journey.

A little breeze was singing in the tree-tops, and the great white clouds were tumbling overhead as the lad went trudging along. Over hills he traveled and through dales, all of that day and all of the next, arriving at the King's town just at the dusk of evening.

What a buzz there was in the streets, what excitement, and how people were talking! "What is it all about?" That was the first question Peter had to ask.

Why just this: there had come two smart lads from Noodleburg, with two fine caskets containing two beautiful dresses. They were up at the palace now, having supper with the Princess. Which one of the two she would be choosing to have for her husband was more than ever a body could tell. But 't would be one or t' other, that was sure and certain.

When Peter heard this, off he started for the palace. "Now," said he, "is the time they will be needing a servant to brush their clothes and wait upon them while they are visiting the Princess."

No, Peter could n't enter the palace. That 's what the guard told him when he reached the front gate. Such a thing was not to be thought of. The King was n't for having a poor lad like Peter about while the Princess was at supper with her two fine suitors. Peter must be locked in the guard-house for the present—that would surely save trouble. "There is no telling," said

the guard, "what tricks a lad like you might be up to."

A hard bench in the guard-house was all Peter had for his bed that night; but he was too tired to mind it one particle and slept as soundly as might be.

In the morning early, when he awoke, he jumped up and said: "I will just be tidying up a bit to pay for my night's lodging."

In one corner was a pile of sweepings. "I will clean this up first," said he, as he started to brush it into the dust-pan.

Now, at the very bottom of the pile there was hiding a little green frog.

"Oh, ho!" said Peter, when he saw the frog winking and blinking up at him, "so I have spoiled your house, have I? Well that is too bad, but perhaps you can find a better one outside." Then he stooped to pick up the little creature, intending to put it out at the door.

No sooner did Peter touch the frog with the tip of his finger, than lo, a most wonderful thing happened! With a hop and a bound the frog jumped right out of its skin and off through the open window.

And the skin that it left on the floor?

Ah, that was a skin no longer; it was now a beautiful green suit, all of silk and velvet.

It took Peter only a minute to see that this suit was intended for him, and only another minute to get it upon his back. A fine suit it was, too; there were not many tailors could make a fit like that every day. Not one single kink or wrinkle was there anywhere; and as for looks, never Prince in all the realm wore clothes so beautiful.

Peter opened the door and walked out, and the guard never even said "Boo." The guard thought Peter to be some fine noble, and doffed his cap and bowed very politely.

Presently there was a blare of trumpets, and out of the gate came the King mounted on a fine charger, and beside the King rode the Princess, as sweet and lovely a little lady as ever one would care to see. Back of the Princess came the Provost's two sons, bearing the two caskets, and back of these many lords and ladies.

The Princess looked about here and there, bowing to one and nodding to another, until presently her eyes fell upon Peter. If any one were to say that sight pleased her, it would be to tell what was no more than the truth.

When the King and the Princess had mounted the platform and were seated in their great gilded chairs, the King called forward the Provost's two sons with their gold and silver caskets, and he said: "Willy-nilly, the Princess must

now take her pick of one of these, for she has vowed and declared she would marry whoever brings her a dress, the finest in all the world, into the making of which there had gone no sorrow. Here, then, are two such dresses."

So the Princess must be taking a look at the two dresses again.

First she was for having the gold one; then it was the silver one she thought the most beautiful. But any one with half an eye could see that the choice lay not with the two dresses, but with the two lads who bore them, and that neither of these was pleasing to the Princess.

Yes, that is what any one with half an eye could see. But if any one used *two* eyes, and these were very sharp, it might easily be seen that not so much was the Princess thinking of the Provost's two sons as of the lad yonder, in the fine green suit of silk and velvet.

"And is there not some other suitor, who, perchance, has arrived late?" That is what the Princess had to ask now.

"No, there are no others," answered the King, and he told the Princess she was to take her pick of these two and be done with it.

Well, the Princess did n't say "No" to that, only first she would like to speak a word or two with the lad in green yonder.

The King could see no sense in that, but he made no objection if she would be quick about it.

So presently Peter was brought before the Princess, who blushed very prettily and cast down her eyes as she let her fingers fall to playing with the folds of her dress.

Did the lad have a gift for her? The Princess no more than whispered this question without once lifting her eyes.

How the Provost's two sons did laugh when they saw that the lad in green was only their servant, Peter. And so that simpleton was setting himself up to win the Princess, was he? Well, that would be a good joke to tell of when they were over in Noodleburg again.

Peter was sorry he had no gift for the Princess. Of course there were those two caskets, which were really his; but whoever would believe it if he told how they had been taken from him?

The Princess was sorry also when Peter told her he had no gift to offer. "That is too bad," she said; "now I suppose there is no help for it only to choose one of these caskets."

The Princess then handled the silver dress, but all the time, out of the corner of her eye, she was looking at Peter. Then it was the gold dress she handled; but never for a moment could she forget the lad in green.

At last, with tears in her eyes, she turned to

the great gathering of her subjects and said: "My beloved people, your Princess has pledged her word to take for her husband the one in all the land who brings to her a dress into the making of which has gone no sorrow. Two such dresses are now before me. Your Princess will keep her word. Your Princess has made her choice, and will have for her husband, to sit beside her on the throne and rule one half of the kingdom, that one of these two whose dress is the color of spun—"

"Hold, my Princess!"

It was Peter who cried this.

"Wait! Decide not until you see my gift, for I too have a gift for thee, even though it be but a small one."

As Peter spoke, he held out his hand; and in his palm there was only a little gray web which a spider had just left there.

That was a poor enough gift indeed to offer a Princess, and how the Provost's two sons did laugh!

The King stamped his foot and raved, as mad as could be. What did the lad in green mean by playing such a scurvy trick upon the Princess? The King would like an answer to that question. Where were the guards? Let them come at once and pack the lad off to prison. The King would n't have any more delay or any more fooling; there had been too much of that already; the Princess was just to make her choice of either the gold or the silver dress, and be done with it.

While the King was raving and stamping about, the Princess did n't hear one single word that he said. She held out her hand to receive Peter's gift; and, when she looked up into his face, the bright light that came dancing into her eyes drove away the tears very quickly, I can tell you.

Peter dropped the web into her little hand, and no sooner did it feel that gentle touch than it all unfolded; no longer a spider's web, but changed to a beautiful filmy dress, like unto a rainbow mist from Dreamland.

It did n't take long now for the Princess to get the whole story out of the lad in green. Then it was good to see the way the King's lackeys made birch switches dance a jig upon the backs of the Provost's two sons as they chased them through the town and out on the road to Noodleburg.

Which one of them she would have chosen I do not know; but now it was the lad in green she would have, and it was easily seen he was the sort of a lad she had been waiting for.

"Well, you may have him if you wish," said the King, "but as for me, I will never give one half of the kingdom to a poor wood-chopper's son with only one decent suit to his back, so there is no need to say any more words on that matter."

That speech of the King made no difference to the Princess and Peter, however. They were sure they would be very happy, even if they could n't have one half of the kingdom. The Princess then said "Good-by" to Peter and started for the palace to prepare for the wedding, which she said would be held that very afternoon. As for Peter, the people bore him away on their shoulders to the finest inn in town, and all the while they were sitting and cheering in greatest glee.

When Peter reached his room at the inn, he must needs stand and wait in the hall, there was such a colony of ants swarming through the door as covered nearly one-half the floor. Every ant bore in its mouth a grain of sand, and these they deposited in a little heap upon the floor. When the last ant had brought in its burden and departed, the mound began to glow and glimmer, to burn and crackle, to flash and sparkle, until presently there lay upon the floor not a heap of sand, but more than a bushel of rich and rare jewels. Not a jewel in all that pile was smaller than a hazel-nut, some of them were much larger; and, besides diamonds, rubies, and sapphires, there was at least one of every other rare stone that one might mention.

When the King learned of all these riches that had come to Peter he began to whistle a new tune. As for giving him half the kingdom, he was glad enough to do that now, I can tell you. It was n't every day he could be sure of finding a clever lad like Peter.

After the wedding, which was the finest ever held in that country, matters went very smoothly with poor Hans's son, and he and the Princess lived together long and happily. When it came time for them to rule over the whole kingdom, they ruled wisely and justly and were greatly loved by all their subjects.

HERE ends the Story of MUCH FROM LITTLE
 and next there will appear the Quaint
 and Marvelous record of THE TWO CHESTS



It was Christmas Eve. Anna Belle had had a very exciting day, and now, curled up on the window seat, her head pillowed on downy cushions, she sat watching the sleighs as they went flying by.

It was a glorious night. The moon shed its silvery glow on the busy scene, and Anna Belle drowsily noted the people passing with arms filled and pockets bulging.

"I wish I could see what 's in those packages," she murmured. "I think Christmas is queer anyhow."

"Why?" came in the prettiest tinkling tones to her ears.

Anna Belle jumped, for there beside her was a beautiful fairy, holding on high a silver wand, on the end of which gleamed a star.

"Why?" persisted the fairy creature, determined to have an explanation.

"Well, I ask for a lot of things I never get, and I get a lot of things I don't want."

"You do?" said the Fairy, inquiringly.

"Yes, every year I do. In the attic are boxes and boxes of things I did n't care for at all. Somehow I 'm never very happy at Christmas time."

"Are you giving any presents this year?"

"Oh, yes, Papa always gives me money for

that, but I did n't spend it all. I 've asked for a bracelet, and if I don't get it I 'm going to buy one with what I have left."

The Fairy glanced about the beautiful room, where there appeared to be everything to make one happy, then she gently asked:

"Are the gifts you bought gifts you feel sure are wanted by those who will receive them?"

Anna Belle flushed as she replied:

"Perhaps not. Papa always says, 'You can't get something for nothing,' and you see I did n't want to spend all my money."

"Did you have a happy time buying these gifts?"

"Well, no. Do you think any one is *very* happy at Christmas time?"

"That depends. Some are very, very happy."

"Yes, I know. People who receive bushels of gifts are, especially if the gifts happen to be what they really want."

"Oh," laughed the Fairy, "I know people who have scarcely any money to buy presents and yet are having a lovely Christmas with presents out of nothing. People who are as poor as crows, and yet are bubbling over with joy this very night."

Anna Belle opened her eyes very wide at this statement.

"Making a Christmas out of nothing, and as poor as crows!" she echoed. "Just how poor is that? I'd like to see them."

"You would? Come with me then," and after a wave of the silvery wand Anna Belle found herself floating along in mid air like a bird.

"Oh!" she cried. "What fun! I wish I could always be a fairy!"

"If you wish it hard enough you may be. Now follow me very closely, for we are n't the only fairies abroad on Christmas Eve."

"Oh, how lovely it is!" she exclaimed. "How different it all looks from above!"

"Yes, dear, everything looks different from above. Do you see that wee brown house far over in that meadow, all alone?"

"Yes," replied Anna Belle; "are they poor as crows?"

"Poorer; they have n't even any feathers," laughed the Fairy, as they gently floated down, down, till they could peer into a window of the little house.

A mother sat by a table sewing. Anna Belle

skilfully painted a face, then tied a trim little bonnet about it, and behold, there was a smiling bit of a creature awaiting the next move.

She then made for it petticoat, dress, and coat, and stood it in a corner while she fashioned another. As she worked, she smiled so sweetly the whole room seemed aglow.

"Come and see whom they are for," whispered the Fairy.

Anna Belle followed and peeped into an upper window. There she saw a number of little children all snuggled up fast asleep.

"Look!" whispered the Fairy, and pointed to a stand upon which stood a pincushion made of bits of ribbon from a scrap-bag and a work-box fashioned from a cigar-box. Pockets had been tacked inside, and on the bottom of the box lay a spool of thread.

"Looks lonesome, does n't it?" whispered the Fairy.

Anna Belle nodded as she thought of her own beautiful work-box of carved ivory, with a gold thimble and all sorts of exquisite fittings. And



"ALL SNUGGLED UP FAST ASLEEP."

watched her and saw that she was making dolls from bottles.

She fashioned heads by placing a wad of cotton in a piece of muslin. Giving the cloth a twist, she had a perfect round ball, which she shaped and tied down over a cork. On this she

then she remembered another laid away in the attic, one of the things she did n't want.

The two crude gifts on the little table were marked in a childish hand, "For Mother with much love."

"Love is sticking out all over those things,"

said the Fairy. "Come down and see how she is getting on with her bottle family."

They went below to find the dolls nearly finished, and a fine ready-made family it was.

Father, mother, children—and even a weenty, teenty pill-bottle doll, dressed as a baby in long clothes, was pinned to the mother, the tiny head nestling close to where her heart should be.

"They are lovely!" declared Anna Belle.

"They are, indeed, and they can do what many of the finest dolls you buy cannot. They can stand, and so you can have great fun with them."

"I 'm going to make some," said Anna Belle. "I think they are cute. What is she doing now?"

"Why, don't you see? Some one has given her a branch from a Christmas tree. She is fastening the dolls to it. Now she 's poking the coals; she 's going to pop corn and string it for the tree. That cost one penny. She 's also going to make molasses candy. See it bubbling in that kettle. Molasses is very cheap and it will be the only candy they will have, but they will be wild over it, just because they have it only at Christmas time.

"Now come and let us see crow number two."

Anna Belle was loath to leave this interesting window, but she obediently followed on.

"Look in here," whispered the Fairy as they paused by another humble home.

Anna Belle looked, to see an empty stocking swinging from the mantel, on which was pinned a paper, and Anna Belle read the printed words:

Dear Santa Claus—If you have enuff things to go round wont you give my sister a musick box and a reading book. She is lame and cant play like me. You neednt give me anything. I can hear the musick and read hers.

JAMIE.

Anna Belle's eyes filled as she read, and followed the Fairy to see two children fast asleep dreaming of what they hoped they might find in the morning.

"They have no mother. The father is n't much good, but does his best to feed them. In the morning those stockings will be as empty as they are now."

"Dear! Dear! Why does n't some one know about it?" asked Anna Belle, tearfully.

"Some one does—now," replied the Fairy with a wise nod as they floated on.

"I hope they 'll do something then," said Anna Belle.

"I hope so," whispered the Fairy. "Look in here," and again Anna Belle peered in a window.

Here a child of perhaps twelve or fourteen was seated at a table working busily. Anna Belle watched to see her making paper-dolls. She cut them out, painted faces and hair, then made a number of cunning dresses, coats, and hats,

placed them in envelopes, and marked the outside.

They watched till she had three ready. Then she slipped them into the stockings that hung waiting.

The love light in her eyes was sweet to behold, and, as she stood over the lamp, Anna Belle noticed the rare delicate beauty of her face.

Then all was dark, and the Fairy moved on.

"She did n't hang up her own stocking," said Anna Belle.

"No one to fill it. She mothers those three little ones, and it 's all she can do to get along. But did you ever see any one look happier? See the card on this door-knob."

Anna Belle paused to read:

Dear Santa—Please bring me a sleeping doll. If you would just let me hold one and sing it to sleep once, I will be glad. I am a good girl. I never had a doll.

ELSIE.

"See her! 'Is n't she dear?" cried Anna Belle, as she peeped in the window to see a beautiful plump little girl fast asleep. "She looks like a sleeping doll herself. Will she get the doll?"

"I hope so. It all depends," said the Fairy.

They floated along for some time and presently went down to hover over some children looking in the window of a toy store. Wistful little faces they had, and their clothes told Anna Belle they must get their fun out of just looking. Farther on, in front of the candy store, huddled another shabby crowd, gazing at the sparkling goodies.

"Come away, please, I don't want to see any more. Surely they are n't happy!" cried Anna Belle.

"They are as happy as they can be. Each one of them has a penny in a tightly closed fist, wondering what to buy to take home and put in an empty stocking. Let 's stop here a moment," whispered the Fairy, poising on the top of a Christmas tree in front of a big store.

Anna Belle, standing beside her, noticed that as she held her wand on high the star shone out so bright and beautiful the people below paused and gazed in wonder. The happy faces beamed even brighter and the unhappy ones changed instantly.

"What does it mean?" whispered one and another, while one dear little girl cried:

"Why, Mother, it 's the Star! Don't you know?"

"Yes," whispered the mother, clasping more closely the little hand and passing on.

"What made the cross ones look so glad, and the happy ones look more so?" asked Anna Belle, as she watched the throngs below.

"Don't you know really?" asked the Fairy.

Anna Belle pondered a while, then looked at the sky to see it thickly dotted with stars, and saw that one shone more brightly than any of the others. She then turned to look at the star on the end of the wand, but lo, it had vanished!

I have one, and a music-box, and many 'readin' books with pictures. But how can we get them to the places?"

"Fairies are stronger than you think. I will summon my helpers."

Anna Belle then heard a sound as of wind



"A CHILD WAS SEATED AT A TABLE WORKING BUSILY."

"Where is it?" she asked in surprise.

"It came down and did its work and then went back where it belongs," replied the Fairy with a roguish twinkle, and Anna Belle stared for a moment at the splendid bright star, then said softly: "I understand now why it could do it, but I had forgotten what Christmas really means. For a long time it has seemed to mean only things. Gifts—and not only gifts, but certain kinds of gifts. Oh!" she said wistfully, "I wish I could do something to help. Was that what you meant when you kept saying, 'That depends'?"

"That was just what I meant. Now you have seen the Star, and I know all will be well."

Anna Belle seemed busily thinking, and the Fairy waited.

"The attic is full of presents I did n't want, and I have a lot of money I was going to use for the bracelet."

"If you did n't get it," laughed the Fairy.

"I don't want it now. I'd rather use it for these poor little children. Elsie must have a doll.

whistling around the corners. In a moment there appeared fairies without number. Such silvery sprites they were that Anna Belle longed to take one to her heart to keep for ever and ever.

"Come!" cried the Fairy, who seemed to be the leader.

As she floated away, all followed, and Anna Belle found they were headed straight for her own home and the attic.

As she wondered how they would get in, she found herself flying easily through the tiny bird-window high up in the tower.

"How lovely!" she cried. "I never knew it was for fairies!"

"Show what we are to take," cried the Fairy. "We must hurry."

Anna Belle pointed out a music-box, books, dishes, balls, skates—in fact, toys of every description. Then she opened one large box where lay a beautiful doll with eyes closed in slumber. "For Elsie," she whispered. Then she watched and saw each fairy gather up a gift.

"Are you really going to take them?" she asked.

"We would n't miss the joy of it for anything!" replied her fairy friend.

They floated away, Anna Belle among them, holding to her heart the sleeping doll. She tried to recall why she had n't wanted it, for it was so pretty. Then she flushed, for she remembered that she had been very cross over this very doll because she had asked for a brown-eyed doll and this one had blue eyes!

"I did n't deserve any doll, nor anything!" she said. "I did n't know I was so bad."

"Forget it!" laughed the Fairy. "We can't afford to be thinking over our wrong-doings. If we have started on the right track we have enough to do to keep on it. Here is the candy store. I know you want to buy something here. Give me your money; I'll get it for you. The man is our friend. He'll double what he gives me, for he well knows what I'll do with it."

In some mysterious way Anna Belle found in a moment that each tiny arm was carrying a basket of bonbons as they floated on.

"Here is Elsie," whispered the Fairy.

Anna Belle placed the doll in Elsie's arms, then filled the stockings with other toys and sweets. In the toe she placed a shining gold-piece.

The music-box, books, and other toys were left in the home of the lame child, and a gold-piece in the toe of each stocking hanging there, too.

The paper-doll girl was generously remembered, and the bottle dolls smiled gratefully at the load of gifts left at their feet.

Anna Belle's eyes shone as she thought of the joy this Christmas was to bring to so many hearts.

"How many?" asked the Fairy, who seemed to know what she was thinking.

Anna Belle pondered as they floated homeward. Presently she cried: "Why, just think, it's twenty-four!"

"Only twenty-four? I counted twenty-five."

Again Anna Belle went over them, then said: "I can't remember the odd one."

The Fairy sent forth a bubbling, rippling laugh, which puzzled Anna Belle for a moment, then she twinkled and cried:

"Why, I'm the odd one. I never was so happy. When did it begin? Oh, I know; it was when I saw the Star, was n't it?"

"Yes, indeed!" replied the Fairy, "and not only when you saw the Star, but when you remembered the meaning of it. The love that came in with the Christ Child and His spirit of loving and giving, not only of gifts but of Himself, has come down with the ages and will go on and on."

"I'm so glad I found it out. I really don't care now whether I get the bracelet or not," declared Anna Belle, as they floated into her bedroom window.

"No, but see!" and the Fairy pointed with her wand, on the end of which Anna Belle again saw the shining Star sending a glow of light over her pretty dressing-table, and there, lying on its velvet bed, she beheld a beautiful circlet of gold.

As she leaned forward to look at it, she whispered: "Is it plain? I really wanted it jeweled." Then she laughed and added, "No, I don't care *how* it is. Just so it's a bracelet, for I'm afraid I *do* want it. Is it wrong to want it? If it is, I'll try till I don't."

The Fairy gently caressed her, then touched the golden circlet with her wand.

"No, it is n't wrong to want it, now that you remember the true meaning of Christmas, and will keep it with the true Christmas spirit. See!"

Anna Belle looked and saw a starry jewel embedded in the gold. Then she noticed that the Star had vanished from the wand.

She looked quickly out at the sky, where the steady light of the Star shone straight into her eyes.

"I'm glad you did n't take *that* Star," she whispered. "We could n't get along without it."

"My, no! I could n't take that Star. That's the Star of Bethlehem, you know. This is just a tiny shadow of that Star—that's why it is n't quite so bright."

"It's bright enough for me, and means a lot. How can I ever thank you for this night's work?" asked Anna Belle.

"Never again lose sight of the Star and I will be more than repaid. Good-by."

Anna Belle watched her out of sight, then turned and—dear me!—she opened her eyes. The sleighs were still flying past, for she could hear the bells ringing so merrily.

"How much sweeter they sound!" she cried. "They seem to be saying 'Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!' I wonder why I did n't notice it before."

She ran downstairs to find Mother busily wrapping packages. She looked at Anna Belle and cried:

"Why, child! What makes your eyes so bright, and why do you look so glad? I heard you saying all sorts of things as you slept."

"Oh, Mother! If you only knew!" and thereupon she told the whole story of her dream, omitting the part about the bracelet. When she had finished, she drew her mother to the window where together they gazed at the Star.

Mother's eyes were full of tears as she said gently, "Ring the bell, dear."

The maid appeared, and Mother asked that John bring out the double sleigh at once, adding: "Then come to me; bring Annie also. We have work to do."

Wonderingly the maids followed to the attic and brought down many boxes lying there, waiting for they knew not what.

"Help me to tie them up separately in white tissue-paper. Use the prettiest ribbons."

"It is, indeed, dear. I'm very glad you had the dream, for I fear I, also, was forgetting the real meaning of Christmas and almost entirely losing sight of the Star."

She held the child close till the wonderful ride was over, then kissed her, saying:

"I don't know when I have been so happy!"

"Nor I, Mother dear, and we owe it all to the Good Fairy."



They worked busily, and soon a more Christmasy lot of bundles it would be hard to find.

They worked busily, and soon a more Christmasy lot of bundles it would be hard to find.

They placed them in baskets, and Mother added some warm clothing.

Presently Anna Belle, Mother, and the baskets, packed in the big sleigh, were dashing down the street. One stop they made, at the candy store, then on they went.

"Do you think you can find Elsie, and the little lame girl, and the house where the bottle dolls are?"

"I'm sure I can," replied Mother. "I happen to know them all."

And find them they did, and many others who were not in the dream.

"Oh, Mother! is n't it a happy thing to do this?" cried Anna Belle, her bright eyes shining up at the Star.

"We do, indeed. May she never cease to wave her starry wand. Good night, my child, good night."

Soon Anna Belle slept; and, as she slept, the starlight beamed on her sweet face, and presently shone also on a golden circlet lying on its velvet pillow on the dresser.

The dream seemed really coming true, for there embedded in the gold gleamed a starry jewel.

When Anna Belle found it the next morning, she ran to Mother's room asking earnestly, "Mother, do you think the Fairy left it?"

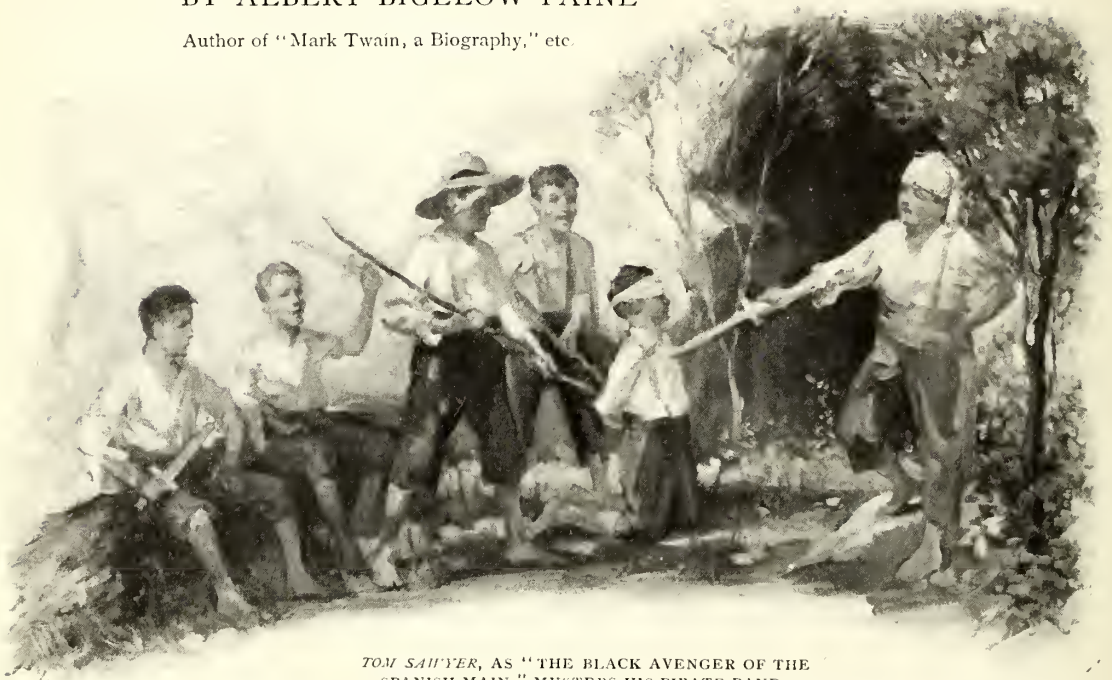
"No doubt," replied Mother, with twinkling eyes. "At least, she must have touched it with her wand, for you see she has left her messenger."

"And the Star is shining."

THE BOYS' LIFE OF MARK TWAIN

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Author of "Mark Twain, a Biography," etc.



TOM SAWYER, AS "THE BLACK AVENGER OF THE SPANISH MAIN," MUSTERS HIS PIRATE BAND.

CHAPTER V

TOM SAWYER AND HIS BAND

IN beginning the "Adventures of Tom Sawyer," the author says, "Most of the adventures recorded in this book really occurred," and he tells us that *Huck Finn* is drawn from life; *Tom Sawyer*, also, though not from a single individual, being a composite of three boys whom Mark Twain had known.

The three boys were himself, almost entirely, with traces of two schoolmates, John Briggs and Will Bowen. John Briggs was also the original of *Joe Harper, the Terror of the Seas*. As for *Huck Finn, the Red-Handed*, his original was a village waif named Tom Blankenship, who needed no change for his part in the story.

The Blankenship family picked up an uncertain livelihood, fishing and hunting, and lived at first under a tree in a bark shanty, but later moved into a large barnlike building, back of the Clemens home on Hill Street. There were three male members of the household: old Ben, the father, shiftless and dissolute; young Ben, the eldest son—a doubtful character, with certain good traits; and Tom—that is to say, *Huck*, who was just as he is described in the book—a ruin of rags, a river-rat, kind of heart, and accountable for his

conduct to nobody in the world. He could come and go as he chose; he never had to work or go to school; he could do all the things good and bad that other boys longed to do and were forbidden. To them he was the symbol of liberty; his knowledge of fishing, trapping, signs, and of the woods and river gave value to his society, while the fact that it was forbidden made it necessary to Sam Clemens's happiness.

The Blankenships being handy to the back gate of the Hill Street house, he adopted them at sight. Their free mode of life suited him. He was likely to be there at any hour of the day, and Tom made catcall signals at night that would bring Sam out on the shed roof at the back and down a little trellis and flight of steps to the group of boon companions, which, besides Tom, usually included John Briggs, Will Pitts, and the two younger Bowen boys. They were not malicious boys, but just mischievous, fun-loving boys—youngsters of ten or twelve, rather thoughtless, being mainly bent on having a good time.

They had a wide field of action: they ranged from Holliday's Hill on the north to the cave on the south, and over the fields and through all the woods between. They explored both banks of the river, the islands, and the deep wilderness of the Illinois shore. They could run like turkeys

and swim like ducks; they could handle a boat as if born in one. No orchard or melon-patch was entirely safe from them. No dog or slave patrol was so watchful that they did not sooner or later elude it. They borrowed boats with or without the owners' consent—it did not matter.

Most of their expeditions were harmless enough. They often cruised up to Turtle Island, about two miles above Hannibal, and spent the day feasting. There were quantities of turtles and their eggs there, and mussels, and plenty of fish. Fishing and swimming were their chief pastimes, with incidental raiding, for adventure. Bear Creek was their swimming-place by day, and the river-front at nightfall, a favorite spot being where the railroad-bridge now ends. It was a good distance across to the island where, in the book, *Tom Sawyer* musters his pirate band, and where later *Huck* found *Nigger Jim*, but quite often in the evening they swam across to it, and when they had frolicked for an hour or more on the sand-bar at the head of the island, they would swim back in the dusk, breasting the strong, steady Mississippi current without exhaustion or dread. They could swim all day, those little scamps, and seemed to have no fear. Once during his boyhood, Sam Clemens swam across to the Illinois side, then turned and swam back again without landing, a distance of at least two miles, as he had to go. He was seized with a cramp on the return trip. His legs became useless, and he was obliged to make the remaining distance with his arms.

The adventures of Sam Clemens and his comrades would fill several books of the size of "Tom Sawyer." Many of them are of course forgotten now, but those still remembered show that Mark Twain had plenty of real material.

It was not easy to get money in those days, and the boys were often without it. Once "Huck" Blankenship had the skin of a coon he had captured, and offered to sell it to raise capital. At Selms's store on Wild Cat Corner the coonskin would bring ten cents. But this was not enough. The boys thought of a plan to make it bring more. Selms's back window was open, and the place where he kept his pelts was pretty handy. Huck went around to the front door and sold the skin

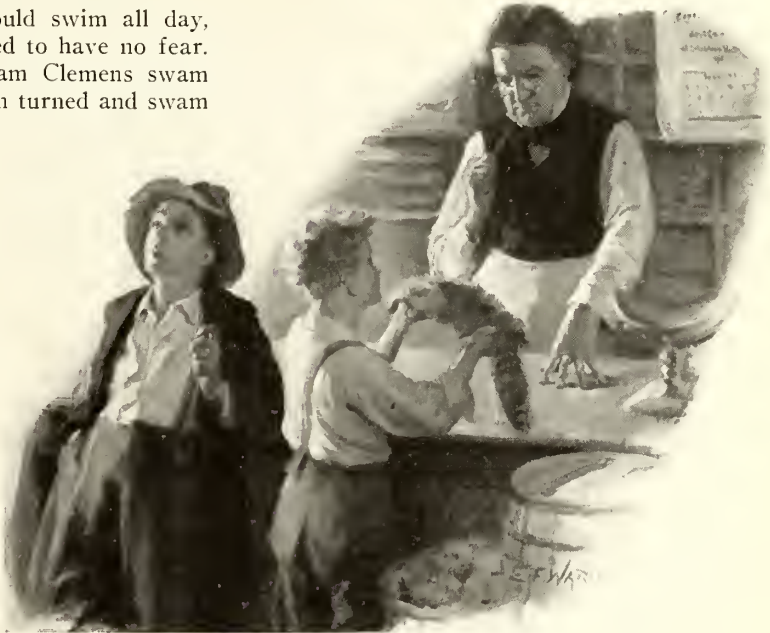
for ten cents to Selms, who tossed it back on the pile. Then Huck came back and, after waiting a reasonable time, crawled in the open window, got the coonskin and sold it to Selms again. The boys did this several times that afternoon, and the capital of the band grew. But at last John Pierce, Selms's clerk, said:

"Look here, Mr. Selms, there 's something wrong about this. That boy has been selling us coonskins all the afternoon."

Selms went back to his pile of pelts. There were several sheepskins, but only one coonskin—the one he had that moment bought.

Selms himself, in after years, used to tell this story as a great joke.

One of the boys' occasional pastimes was to climb Holliday's Hill and roll down big stones, to frighten the people who were driving by. Holliday's Hill above the road was steep; a stone once started would go plunging downward and bound across the road with the deadly momentum of a bomb. The boys would get a stone poised, then wait until they saw a team approaching, and,



MR. SELMS PURCHASES A COONSKIN.

calculating the distance, would give the boulder a start. Dropping behind the bushes, they would watch the sudden effect upon the party below as the great missile shot across the road a few yards before them. This was huge sport, but they carried it too far. For, at last, they planned a grand climax that would surpass anything before attempted in the stone-rolling line.

A monstrous boulder was lying up there in the right position to go down hill, once started. It would be a glorious thing to see that great stone go smashing down a hundred yards or so in front of some peaceful-minded countryman jogging along the road. Quarrymen had been getting out rock not far away and had left their picks and shovels handy. The boys borrowed the tools and went to work to undermine the big stone. They worked at it several hours. If their parents had asked them to work like that, they would have thought they were being killed.

Finally, while they were still digging, the big stone suddenly got loose and started down. They were not ready for it at all. Nobody was coming but an old colored man in a cart; their splendid stone was going to be wasted.

One could hardly call it wasted, however; they had planned for a thrilling result, and there was

longer leaps with every bound, and, wherever it struck, fragments and dust would fly. The shop happened to be empty, but the rest of the catastrophe would call for close investigation. They wanted to fly, but they could not move until they saw the rock land. It was making mighty leaps, now, and the terrified negro had managed to get exactly in its path. The boys stood holding their breath, their mouths open.

Then suddenly they could hardly believe their eyes; a little way above the road the boulder struck a projection, made one mighty leap into the air, sailed clear over the negro and his mule and landed in the soft dirt beyond the road, only a fragment striking the shop, damaging but not wrecking it. Half buried in the ground, the great stone lay there for nearly forty years; then it was broken up. It was the last rock the boys ever rolled down. Nearly sixty years later, John

Briggs and Mark Twain walked across Holliday's Hill and looked down toward the river road. Mark Twain said:

"It was a mighty good thing, John, that stone acted the way it did. We might have had to pay a fancy price for that old ducky—I can see him yet."¹

It can be no harm, now, to confess that the boy Sam Clemens—a pretty small boy, a good deal less than twelve at the time and by no means large for his years—was the leader of this unhallowed band. In any case, truth requires this admission. If the

band had a leader it was Sam, just as it was *Tom Sawyer* in the book. They were always ready to listen to him—they would even stop fishing to do that—and to follow his plans. They looked to him for ideas and direction, and he gloried in being a leader and showing off, just as *Tom* did in the book. It seems almost a pity that in those far-off barefoot days he could not have looked down the years and caught a glimpse of his splendid destiny.

But of literary fame he could never have dreamed. The chief ambition—the "permanent ambition"—of every Hannibal boy was to be a pilot. The pilot in his splendid glass perch with his supreme power and princely salary was to

¹John Briggs died in 1907; earlier in the same year the writer of this memoir spent an afternoon with him and obtained from him most of the material for this chapter.



THE HOME OF HUCK FINN.

certainly thrill enough while it lasted. In the first place the stone nearly caught Will Bowen when it started. John Briggs had that moment quit digging and handed Will the pick. Will was about to take his turn when Sam Clemens leaped aside with a yell.

"Look out, boys, she's coming!"

She came. The huge boulder kept to the ground at first, then, gathering momentum it went bounding into the air. About half way down the hill it struck a sapling and cut it clean off. This turned its course a little and the negro in the cart, hearing the noise and seeing the great mass come crashing in his direction, made a wild effort to whip up his horse.

The boys watched their bomb with growing interest. It was headed straight for the negro, also for a cooper-shop across the road. It made



TOM SAWYER'S ISLAND.

them the noblest of all human creatures. An elder Bowen boy was already a pilot, and when he came home, as he did now and then, his person seemed almost too sacred to touch. Next to being a pilot, Sam thought he would like to be a pirate, or a bandit, or a trapper-scout—something gorgeous and awe inspiring, where his word, his nod would still be law. The river kept his river ambition always fresh, and with the cave and the forest round about helped him to imagine those other things.

The cave was the joy of his heart. It was a real cave, not merely a hole, but a marvel of deep passages and vaulted chambers that led back into the bluffs and far down into the earth, even below the river, some said. Sam Clemens never tired of the cave. He was willing any time to quit fishing, or swimming, or melon-hunting for the three-mile walk, or pull, that brought them to its mystic door. With its long corridors, its royal chambers hung with stalactites, its remote hiding-places, it was exactly suitable, Sam thought, to be the lair of an outlaw, and in it he imagined and carried out adventures which his faithful followers may not always have understood, though enjoying them none the less for that reason.

In "Tom Sawyer," *Indian Joe* dies in the cave. He did not die there in real life, but was lost there once and was half starved when they found him. He was not as bad as painted in the book, though he was dissolute and accounted dangerous; and when one night he died in reality, there came a thunder-storm so terrific that Sam Clemens at home in bed was certain that Satan had come in person for the half-breed's soul. He covered his head and said his prayers with fearful anxiety lest the evil one might decide to save another trip by taking him along then.

The treasure-digging adventure in the book had this foundation in fact: It was said that two French trappers had once buried a chest of gold about two miles above Hannibal, and that it was



THE ENTRANCE TO TOM SAWYER'S CAVE.

still there. Tom Blankenship (*Huck*) one morning said he had dreamed just where the treasure was, and that if the boys—Sam Clemens and John Briggs—would go with him and help dig, he

would divide. The boys had great faith in dreams, especially in Tom's dreams. They followed him to a place with some shovels and picks, and he showed them just where to dig. Then he sat down under the shade of a pawpaw bush and gave orders.

They dug nearly all day. *Huck* did n't dig any himself, because he had done the dreaming, which was his share. They did n't find the treasure that day, and next morning they took two long iron rods to push and drive into the ground until they should strike something. They struck a number of things, but when they dug down, it was never the money they found. That night the boys said they would n't dig any more.

But *Huck* had another dream. He dreamed the gold was exactly under the little pawpaw tree. This sounded so circumstantial that they went back and dug another day. It was hot weather, too, August, and that night they were nearly dead. Even *Huck* gave it up then. He said there was something wrong about the way they dug.

This differs a good deal from the treasure incident in the book, but it shows us what respect the boys had for the gifts of the ragamuffin original of *Huck Finn*. Tom Blankenship's brother Ben was also used, and very importantly, in the creation of our beloved *Huck*. Ben was considerably older, but certainly no more reputable, than Tom. He tormented the smaller boys and they had little love for him. Yet somewhere in Ben Blankenship's nature there was a fine, generous strain of humanity that provided Mark Twain with that immortal episode—the sheltering of *Nigger Jim*. This is the real story:

A slave ran off from Monroe County, Missouri, and got across the river into Illinois. Ben used to fish and hunt over there in the swamps, and one day found him. It was considered a most worthy act in those days to return a runaway slave; in fact it was a crime not to do it. Besides, there was for this one a reward of fifty dollars—a fortune to ragged, outcast Ben Blankenship. That money and the honor he could acquire must have been tempting to the waif, but it did not outweigh his human sympathy. Instead of giving him up and claiming the reward, Ben kept the runaway over there in the marshes all summer. The negro fished, and Ben carried him scraps of other food. Then, by and by, the facts leaked out. Some wood-choppers went on a hunt for the fugitive and chased him to what was called "Bird Slough." There, trying to cross a mass of driftwood, he was drowned.

Huck's struggle in the book is between conscience and the law on one side and deep human

sympathy on the other. Ben Blankenship's struggle, supposing there was one, would be between sympathy and the offered reward. Neither conscience nor law would trouble him. It was his native humanity that made him shelter the runaway, and it must have been strong and genuine to make him resist the lure of the fifty dollar prize.

Ministers and deacons did not prophesy well for Sam Clemens and his mad companions. They spoke feelingly of state prison and the gallows. But the boys were a disappointing lot. Will Bowen became a fine river-pilot. Will Pitts was in due time a leading merchant and bank president. John Briggs grew into a well-to-do and highly respected farmer. *Huck Finn*—which is to say, Tom Blankenship—died an honored citizen and justice of the peace in a western town. As for Sam Clemens, we shall see what he became as the chapters pass.

CHAPTER VI

CLOSING SCHOOL-DAYS

SAM was at Mr. Cross's school on the Square in due time, and among the pupils were companions that appealed to his gentler side. There were the RoBards boys—George, the best Latin scholar, and John, who always won the good-conduct medal and would one day make all the other boys envious by riding away with his father to California, his curls of gold blowing in the wind.

There was Buck Brown, a rival speller, and John Garth, who would marry little Helen Kercheval, and Jimmy MacDaniel, whom it was well to know because his father kept a pastry-shop and he used to bring cakes and candy to school.

There were also a number of girls. Bettie Ormsley, Artemisia Briggs, and Jennie Brady were among the girls he remembered in later years, and Mary Miller, who was nearly double his age and broke his heart by getting married one day, a thing he had not expected at all.

Yet through it all he appears, like *Tom Sawyer*, to have had one faithful sweetheart. In the book it is *Becky Thatcher*—in real life she was Laura Hawkins. The Clemens and Hawkins families lived opposite, and the children were early acquainted. The "Black Avenger of the Spanish Main" was very gentle when he was playing at house-building with little Laura, and once, when he dropped a brick on her finger, he cried the louder and longer of the two.

For he was a tender-hearted boy. He would never abuse an animal, except when his tendency to mischief ran away with him, as in the "pain-killer" incident. He had a real passion for cats.



"THE BOULDER SAILED CLEAR OVER THE NEGRO."

Each summer he carried his cat to the farm in a basket, and it always had a place by him at the table. He loved flowers—not as a boy-botanist or gardener, but as a companion who understood their thoughts. He pitied dead leaves and dry weeds because their lives were ended and they would never know summer again or grow glad with another spring. Even in that early time he had that deeper sympathy which one day would offer comfort to humanity and make every man his friend.

But we are drifting away from Sam Clemens's school-days. They will not trouble us much longer now. More than anything in the world Sam detested school, and he made any excuse to get out of going. It is hard to say just why, unless it was the restraint and the hours of confinement.

The Square in Hannibal, where stood the school of Mr. Cross, was a grove in those days with plum trees and hazel bushes and grape vines. When spring came, the children gathered flowers at recess, climbed trees, and swung in the vines. It was a happy place enough, only—it was school. To Sam Clemens, the spelling-bee every Friday afternoon was the one thing that made it worth while. Sam was a leader at spelling—it was one of his gifts; he could earn compliments even from Mr. Cross, whose name, it would seem, was regarded as descriptive. Once, highly inspired, Sam wrote on his slate:

Cross by name and Cross by nature,
Cross jumped over an Irish potatoer.

John Briggs thought this a great effort and urged the author to write it on the blackboard at noon. Sam hesitated.

"Oh, pshaw!" said John, "I would n't be afraid to do it."

"I dare you to do it," said Sam.

This was enough. While Mr. Cross was at dinner, John wrote in a large hand the fine couplet. The teacher returned and called the school to order. He looked at the blackboard, then searchingly at John Briggs. The handwriting was familiar.

"Did you do that?" he asked ominously.

It was a time for truth.

"Yes, sir," said John.

"Come here!" And John came and paid handsomely for his publishing venture. Sam Clemens expected that the author would be called for next; but perhaps Mr. Cross had exhausted himself on John. Sam did not often escape. His back kept fairly warm from one "frailing" to the next.

Yet he usually wore one of the two medals

offered in that school—the medal for spelling. Once he lost it by leaving the first “r” out of February. Laura Hawkins was on the floor against him, and he was a gallant boy. If it had only been Buck Brown he would have spelt that and all the other months backwards, to show off. There were moments of triumph that almost made school worth while; the rest of the time it was prison and servitude.

But then one day came freedom. Judge Clemens, who, in spite of misfortune, had never lost faith in humanity, endorsed a large note for a neighbor and was obliged to pay it. Once more all his property was taken away. Only a few scanty furnishings were rescued from the wreck. A St. Louis cousin saved the home, but the Clemens family could not afford to live in it. They moved across the street and joined housekeeping with another family.

Judge Clemens had one hope left. He was candidate for the clerkship of the surrogate court, a good office, and believed his election sure. His business misfortunes had aroused wide sympathy. He took no chances, however, and made a house-to-house canvass of the district, regardless of the weather, probably undermining his health. He was elected by a large majority and rejoiced that his worries were now at an end. They were, indeed, over. At the end of February he rode to the county-seat to take the oath of office. He returned through a drenching storm and reached home nearly frozen. Pneumonia set in, and a few days later he was dying. His one comfort now was the Tennessee land. He said it would make them all rich and happy. Once he whispered:

“Cling to the land; cling to the land and wait. Let nothing beguile it away from you.”

He was a man who had rarely displayed affection for his children. But presently he beckoned to Pamela, now a lovely girl of nineteen, and, putting his arm around her neck, kissed her for the first time in years.

“Let me die,” he said.

He did not speak again. A little more, and his worries had ended. The hard struggle of an upright, impractical man had come to a close. This was in March, 1847. John Clemens had lived less than forty-nine years.

The children were dazed. They had loved their father and honored his nobility of purpose. The boy Sam was overcome with remorse. He recalled his wildness and disobedience, a thousand things trifling enough at the time, but heart-breaking now. Boy and man, Samuel Clemens was never spared by remorse. Leading him into the room where his father lay, his mother said

some comforting words and asked him to make her a promise. He flung himself into her arms, sobbing:

“I will promise anything, if you won’t make me go to school! Anything!”

After a moment his mother said:

“No, Sammy, you need not go to school any more. Only promise me to be a better boy. Promise not to break my heart!”

He gave his promise to be faithful and industrious and upright, like his father. Such a promise was a serious matter, and Sam Clemens, underneath all, was a serious lad. He would not be twelve until November, but his mother felt that he would keep his word.

Orion Clemens returned to St. Louis, where he was receiving a salary of ten dollars a week—high wages for those days—out of which he could send three dollars weekly to the family. Pamela, who played the guitar and piano very well, gave music lessons, and so helped the family fund. Pamela Clemens, the original of *Cousin Mary* in “Tom Sawyer,” was a sweet and noble girl. Henry was too young to work, but Sam was apprenticed to a printer named Ament, who had recently moved to Hannibal and bought a weekly paper, “The Courier.” Sam agreed with his mother that the printing trade offered a chance for further education without attending school, and then, some day, there might be wages.

CHAPTER VII

THE APPRENTICE

THE terms of Samuel Clemens’s apprenticeship were the usual thing for that day: board and clothes—“more board than clothes, and not much of either,” Mark Twain used to say.

“I was supposed to get two suits of clothes a year, but I did n’t get them. I got one suit and took the rest out in Ament’s old garments, which did n’t fit me in any noticeable way. I was only about half as big as he was, and when I had on one of his shirts, I felt as if I had on a circus-tent. I had to turn the trousers up to my ears to make them short enough.”

Another apprentice, a huge creature named Wales McCormick, was so large that Ament’s clothes were much too small for him. The two apprentices, fitted out with their employer’s cast-off garments, were amusing enough, no doubt. Sam and Wales ate in the kitchen at first, but later at the family table with Mr. and Mrs. Ament and Pet McMurry, a journeyman printer. McMurry was a happy soul, as one could almost guess from his name. He had traveled far and learned much. What the two apprentices did not

already know, Pet McMurry could teach them. Sam Clemens had promised to be a good boy, and he was so, by the standards of boyhood. He was industrious, regular at his work, quick to learn, kind and truthful. Angels could hardly be more than that in a printing office. But when food was scarce, even an angel—a young printer-angel—could hardly resist slipping down the cellar stairs at night for raw potatoes, onions, and apples, which they cooked in the office, where the boys slept on a pallet on the floor. Wales had a wonderful way of cooking a potato which his fellow-apprentice never forgot.

How one wishes for a photograph of Sam Clemens at that period! But in those days there were only daguerreotypes, and they were expensive things. There is a letter though, written long afterward by Pet McMurry to Mark Twain, which contains this paragraph:

"If your memory extends so far back, you will recall a little sandy-haired boy of nearly a quarter of a century ago, in the printing office at Hannibal over the Brittingham drug-store, mounted upon a little box at the case, who used to love to sing so well the expression of the poor drunken man who was supposed to have fallen by the wayside, '*If ever I get up again, I'll stay up—if I kin.*'"

And with this portrait we must be content—we cannot doubt its truth.

Sam was soon office favorite and in time became chief stand-by. When he had been at the work a year, he could set type accurately, run the job press to the tune of "Annie Laurie," and he had charge of the circulation. That is to say, he carried the papers—a mission of real importance, for a long sagging span of telegraph-wire had reached across the river to Hannibal, and Mexican war news delivered hot from the front gave the messenger a fine prestige.

He even did editing, of a kind. That is to say, when Ament was not in the office and copy was needed, Sam hunted him up, explained the situation, and saw that the necessary matter was produced. He was not ambitious to write—not then. He wanted to be a journeyman printer, like Pet, and travel and see the world. Some-

times he thought he would like to be a clown, or "end man" in a minstrel troupe. Once for a week he served as subject for a traveling hypnotist and was dazzled by his success.

But he stuck to printing and rapidly became a neat, capable workman. Ament gave him a daily task, after which he was free. By three in the afternoon he was likely to finish his stint. Then he was off for the river or the cave, joining his



THE CLEMENS HOME (INDICATED BY THE ARROW) IN HANNIBAL, MISSOURI.

old comrades. Or perhaps he would go with Laura Hawkins to gather wild columbine on the high cliff above the river, known as Lovers' Leap. When winter came these two sometimes went to Bear Creek, skating; or together they attended parties, where the old-fashioned games "Ring-around-Rosy" and "Dusty Miller" were the chief amusements.

In "The Gilded Age," *Laura Hawkins* at twelve is pictured "with her dainty hands propped into the ribbon-bordered pockets of her apron . . . a vision to warm the coldest heart and bless and cheer the saddest." That was the real Laura, though her story in that book in no way resembles the reality.

It was just at this time that an incident occurred which may be looked back upon now as a turning-point in Samuel Clemens's life. Coming home from the office one afternoon, he noticed a square of paper being swept along by the wind. He saw that it was printed—was interested professionally in seeing what it was like. He chased the flying scrap and overtook it. It was a leaf from some old history of Joan of Arc, and pic-

tured the hard lot of the "maid" in the tower at Rouen, reviled and mistreated by her ruffian captors. There were some paragraphs of description, the rest was pitiful dialogue.

Sam had never heard of Joan before—he knew nothing of history. He was no reader. Orion was fond of books, and Pamela; even little Henry had read more than Sam. But now, as he read, there awoke in him a deep feeling of pity and indignation, and with it a longing to know more of the tragic story. It was an interest that would last his life through, and in the course of time find expression in one of the rarest books ever written.

The first result was that Sam began to read. He hunted up everything he could find on the subject of Joan, and from that went into French history in general—indeed, into history of every kind. Samuel Clemens had suddenly become a reader—almost a student. He even began the study of languages, German and Latin, but was not able to go on for lack of time and teachers.

He became a hater of tyranny, a champion of the weak. Watching a game of marbles or tops, he would remark to some offender in his slow drawing way:

"You must n't cheat that boy."

And the cheating stopped, or trouble followed.

CHAPTER VIII

ORION'S PAPER

A HANNIBAL paper, the "Journal," was for sale under a mortgage of five hundred dollars, and Orion Clemens, returning from St. Louis, borrowed the money and bought it. Sam's two years' apprenticeship with Ament had been completed, and Orion felt that together they could carry on the paper and win success. Henry Clemens, now eleven, was also taken out of school to learn typesetting.

Orion was a better printer than proprietor. Like so many of his family, he was a visionary, gentle and credulous, ready to follow any new idea. Much advice was offered him, and he tried to follow it all.

He began with great plans and energy. He worked like a slave and did not spare the others. The paper was their hope of success. Sam, especially, was driven. There were no more free afternoons. In some reminiscences written by Orion Clemens in later life, he said:

"I was tyrannical and unjust to Sam. He was swift and clean as a good journeyman. I gave him 'takes,' and if he got through well, I begrudged him the time and made him work more."

Orion did not mean to be unjust. The strug-

gle against opposition and debt was bitter. He could not be considerate.

The paper for a time seemed on the road to success, but Orion worked too hard and tried too many schemes. His enthusiasm waned and most of his schemes turned out poorly. By the end of the year the "Journal" was on the down grade.

In time, when the need of money became great, Orion made a trip to Tennessee to try to raise something on the land which they still held there. He left Sam in charge of the paper, and, though its proprietor returned empty-handed, his journey was worth while, for it was during his absence that Samuel Clemens began the career that would one day make him Mark Twain.

Sam had concluded to edit the paper in a way that would liven up the circulation. He had never written anything for print, but he believed he knew what the subscribers wanted. The editor of a rival paper had been crossed in love, and was said to have tried to drown himself. Sam wrote an article telling all the history of the affair, giving names and details. Then on the back of two big wooden letters, used for bill-printing, he engraved illustrations of the victim wading out into the river, testing the depth of the water with a stick.

The paper came out, and the demand for it kept the Washington hand-press busy. The injured editor sent word that he was coming over to thrash the whole "Journal" staff, but he left town instead, for the laugh was too general.

Sam also wrote a poem which startled orthodox readers. Then Orion returned and reduced him to the ranks. In later years Orion saw his mistake.

"I could have distanced all competitors, even then," he wrote, "if I had recognized Sam's ability and let him go ahead, merely keeping him from offending worthy persons."

Sam was not discouraged. He liked the taste of print. He sent two anecdotes to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post." Both were accepted—without payment of course in those days—and when they appeared, he walked on air. This was in 1851. Nearly sixty years later he said:

"Seeing them in print was a joy which rather exceeded anything in that line I have ever experienced since."

However, he wrote nothing further for the "Post." Orion printed two of his sketches in the "Journal," which was the extent of his efforts at this time. None of this early work has been preserved. Files of the "Post" exist, but the sketches were unsigned and could hardly be identified.

The Hannibal paper dragged along from year to year. Orion could pay nothing on the mortgage—financial matters becoming always worse. He could barely supply the plainest food and clothing for the family. Sam and Henry got no wages, of course. Then real disaster came. A cow got into the office one night, upset a type-case, and ate up two composition rollers. Somewhat later a fire broke out and did considerable damage. There was partial insurance, with which Orion replaced a few necessary articles; then to save rent he moved the office into the front room of the home on Hill Street, where they were living again at this time.

Samuel Clemens, however, now in his eighteenth year, felt that he was no longer needed in Hannibal. He was a capable workman, with little to do and no reward. Orion, made irritable by his misfortunes, was not always kind. Pamela, who meantime had married well, was settled in St. Louis. Sam told his mother that he would visit Pamela and look about the city. There would be work in St. Louis—there was sure to be—and at good wages.

He was going farther than St. Louis, but he dared not tell her. Jane Clemens, consenting,

sighed as she put together his scanty belongings. Sam was going away. He had been a good boy of late years, but her faith in his resisting powers was not strong. Presently she held up a little Testament.

"I want you to take hold of the other end of this, Sam," she said, "and make me a promise."

The slim, wiry woman of forty-nine, gray-eyed, tender and resolute, faced the fair-cheeked youth of seventeen, his eyes as piercing and unwavering as her own. How much alike they were!

"I want you," Jane Clemens said, "to repeat after me, Sam, these words: I do solemnly swear that I will not throw a card or drink a drop of liquor while I am gone."

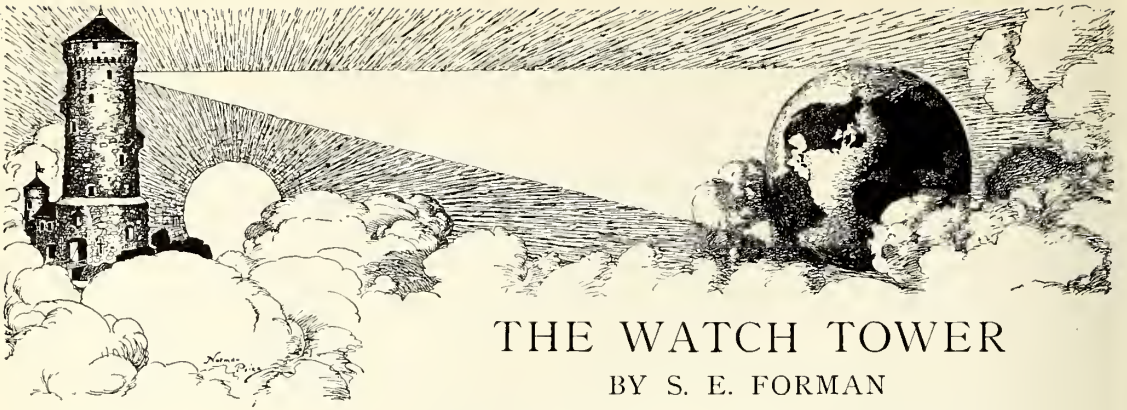
He repeated the vow after her, and she kissed him.

"Remember that, Sam, and write to us," she said.

"And so," writes Orion, "he went wandering in search of that comfort and advancement and those rewards of industry which he had failed to find where I was—gloomy, taciturn, and selfish. I not only missed his labor; we all missed his abounding activity and merriment."

(To be continued.)





THE WATCH TOWER

BY S. E. FORMAN

Author of "Advanced Civics," "A History of the United States," etc.

THE GREAT WAR

EARLY in October, after long hesitation, Bulgaria decided to cast her lot with Germany and Austria. Then the eyes of the world were turned from the battle-fields of France and Russia to Serbia; for, as soon as Bulgaria's assistance was secured, the Teutons, with an army said to comprise 400,000 men, promptly moved across the Danube and captured Belgrade and other Serbian cities. The Great War now took on a new lease of life. The Allies rushed troops to Serbia with the view to check the Teutons, who plainly had started out to cut their way to Constantinople.

With the opening of the campaign in the Balkans, the world began to see more clearly than it had seen before that one of the great prizes for which the nations are contending is Constantinople. What Germany now really wants most is the thing she began to fight for when a few weeks ago she crossed into Serbia—an undisputed, unobstructed path to Constantinople. Give her this, and she plans to establish railway connections across Asia Minor to the head of the Persian Gulf, and draw to herself the trade of the Orient, the commercial prize of the ages. Great Britain sees that if she allows Germany to link Berlin with Constantinople, British trade with the Orient will suffer incalculable loss. So the English people will fight with all their might to check the advance of the Teutons in the Balkans. Russia likewise will see her plans shattered if the Germans reach Constantinople. Russia hopes that, when the war is over, Constantinople will be freed from the Turks, and that Russian trade will have an outlet to the Mediterranean. So it is with Russia as with Great Britain: both nations feel that they must do their utmost to prevent Germany from reaching the goal of Constantinople. This is why there was so much excitement throughout the world at the opening of the campaign in the Balkans. Men knew that a

struggle for the greatest of all commercial prizes had begun, and they felt that the struggle would be long and bitter.

An incident of the month served to reveal how great are the horrors and cruelties of war even when the strife is between civilized nations. Miss Edith Cavell was an English nurse working among the soldiers in Belgium. Out of humanity and love for her country she assisted imperiled soldiers in Brussels to escape from Belgium and some of them returned later to the ranks of the Allies. Her offense under the rules of the military law of Germany is punishable by death; so, having been tried and found guilty, she was condemned to die. A firing squad of German soldiers was ordered to carry out the sentence, and the order was obeyed. Under so strict a military system, the gates of mercy are closed against woman as well as man. If rulers contemplating an appeal to arms would picture in their minds the horrors and cruelties involved, if they would recall incidents like that of the shooting of Edith Cavell—they might not be so ready to unchain the dogs of war. Indeed, they might not unchain them at all.

THE RECOGNITION OF CARRANZA

WE saw in the last number of THE WATCH TOWER that in September all the signs pointed to the recognition of Carranza as the official head of the Mexican Republic. In October this came to pass; our own Government and six republics of South and Central America formally recognized Venustiano Carranza as the "chief executive" of Mexico, and it was understood that France, Germany, Austria, and other European countries would soon follow the example of the United States. The reason why Carranza was given the preference over Villa and others was that he controlled more of the territory of Mexico than any other leader and seemed the man best fitted

to preserve law and order in the republic. Villa was still in arms against Carranza but apparently his power was growing less. Indeed, the followers of Villa were regarded by many as outlaws and bandits rather than representatives of an orderly government.

The recognition of Carranza was really a mild form of intervention in the affairs of Mexico. Having chosen to favor the Carranza faction, the United States now must do what it can to support and uphold the government which it has recognized. President Wilson has already issued a proclamation stopping the importation of arms and ammunition to Villa and the other enemies of Carranza. In return for this support, our Government will expect Carranza to protect the lives of foreigners in Mexico and to keep peace along the Mexican border. If Carranza is not able to do this, if he is helpless to prevent the

150 strikes involving more than 150,000 working-men. Most of the strikers were mechanics, garment-workers, street-railway employees, and miners. But, notwithstanding this unrest, there were plain signs of improvement. The movement toward shorter hours gained strength in all parts of the country. In a number of instances employers granted an eight-hour day without the employees resorting to the strike. Then there were many increases in wages. More than 200,000 wage-earners had their pay increased, while there were no reports of wages having been reduced. Still another sign was the falling-off of the number of the unemployed. Not for eight years past have there been so few idle men as there were in September and October. These favorable conditions were, of course, due in part to a greater demand for labor, for in many lines of production there were calls for more workers, and they were

also partly due to the fact that the tide of immigration was flowing very low and few foreigners were coming in to join the ranks of those seeking jobs. Already the check in immigration is having its effect upon our industrial life.



After a map in the New York "World."

CARRANZA'S ARGUMENT FOR RECOGNITION.

killing of Americans and other foreigners in Mexico, and if he cannot check the raids upon the border, what will our Government do then? Will it still be possible to continue the policy of "watchful waiting"? Does the recognition of Carranza mean the end of our troubles with Mexico, or does it mean that our troubles have only begun?

BETTER TIMES IN THE LABOR WORLD

IN THE WATCH TOWER for September attention was called to the unrest which had prevailed among working-men almost everywhere during the summer. During the fall there was still much turmoil in the labor world, but there was less lawlessness and violence than there were in July and August. In September there were more than

THE NEW EDUCATION

A SURVEY of the school world shows that our educational system is undergoing a change that will cause the school of the future to be strangely different from the school of to-day. In the past, and largely in the present, too, the chief aim of the teacher has been to train the pupil's *mind*, and in this training the text-book has played a most important part. Up to the present time in almost all schools it has been books, books, books. But recently

the educational air has been full of plans for a school in which the *hand* as well as the mind shall be trained and in which machines will be as important as books. Unless all signs fail, the school of the future is to furnish the pupil with a *vocational* education, that is, it is to fit him for some vocation or occupation. In other words, the chief aim of our schools in the future will be to give the pupils a trade at which they can earn a living. Pupils will learn while they are in school the things which up to this time they have learned outside after their school-days were over. If the plans of the new system are fully carried out, the pupil will first be given an opportunity to find out what vocation he is best fitted to follow, and will then be trained to do the very kind of work which must be done by the actual worker in that calling.



AN OLD-TIME SCHOOL.

The teachers who give the instruction will be themselves thoroughly trained in the vocation or trade for which they prepare their pupils; they will be accomplished electricians, carpenters, metal-workers, printers, plumbers, weavers, spinners, milliners, seamstresses, cooks, farmers, housekeepers.

Only a few thoroughly organized vocational schools have thus far been established, yet all over the country there is a demand for the training they give, and in many places the demand is meeting with a response. Gary, Indiana, has become famous for the wide range of vocational guidance which is given in the schools of that city, and many of the schools of New York City are undertaking to conduct their work after the fashion of the Gary schools. In the schools of Springfield, Massachusetts, and in those of Rochester, New York, a great deal of such work is being done. But more significant than the efforts of individual cities are the laws which are being passed for establishing a regular system of vocational training. In Indiana a law has been passed which makes such education a fundamental and essential feature of the public

school, the idea of the law being that every boy and girl in the State shall be fitted for some form of useful manual labor, either in the home, or on the farm, or in the shop. Laws providing for vocational education have also been passed in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Wisconsin, and Massachusetts.

What is the meaning of this "new education"? Why are these vocational schools being established? The answer is easy to give: they are being established to meet new industrial needs. Every leading nation is fast becoming a great workshop in which goods are made to be sold in the markets of the world. The success of a nation in the field of international trade depends upon the skill and efficiency of the workers at home. Germany has made wonderful progress as a commercial nation, and it is generally believed that her success has been largely due to her system of vocational training. As a rule, when a boy leaves a German school, he is fitted to earn his living at some particular trade which he has learned while at school. Other nations, the United States among them, are beginning to profit by the example of Germany and are planning to send out from the schools armies of workers trained for the industrial warfare in which every progressive



A SCHOOL OF TO-DAY.

nation is engaged. This is the meaning of the new education; this is why we are hearing so much of vocational training.

CORN CLUBS AND PIG CLUBS

In the training of youths for the vocation of farming, in one sense the most important of all, our Government is showing a great deal of interest. Among many of the things which Uncle Sam

is doing for the farmer, one of the most useful is the instruction which he is giving to boys in the methods of tilling the soil in a way that will yield the largest results. By means of his great Department of Agriculture at Washington he is organizing, throughout the country, boys' and girls' clubs for the purpose of aiding young people to become efficient and more contented farmers and home-builders. Under the auspices of the Department are conducted corn clubs, garden clubs, canning clubs, sugar-beet clubs, potato clubs, tomato clubs, poultry clubs, pig clubs, bread clubs. Altogether these clubs have a membership of



JERRY MOORE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA, A MEMBER OF A BOYS' CORN CLUB, AND PART OF HIS 228 $\frac{3}{4}$ BUSHELS OF CORN PRODUCED ON 1 ACRE IN 1910.



THE LARGE PIG ON THE RIGHT WAS RAISED BY A PIG-CLUB BOY AND IS 6 MONTHS OLD. THE SMALL HOG WAS RAISED BY THE FATHER AND IS 2 YEARS OLD.

about 250,000. The clubs are often formed under the leadership of the county superintendent of schools, or of some of the teachers under him, but the practical work of the clubs is supervised by an officer of the Department of Agriculture known as the county demonstration agent. There are already more than 1100 of these county agents scattered over the country, and it is the plan of the Department to have such an agent in every county in the United States. Since there are about 3000 counties altogether, when the Department shall have completed its plans it will have 3000 agents at work helping farmers to solve the problems of farm life.

Of the various kinds of clubs which have been organized, none are doing more useful work than

is being done by the corn clubs and the pig clubs. To each of the boys belonging to the corn club there is given a small plot of land—an acre or a half acre—to till, and to the boy who raises the most corn on his plot is given a prize, provided

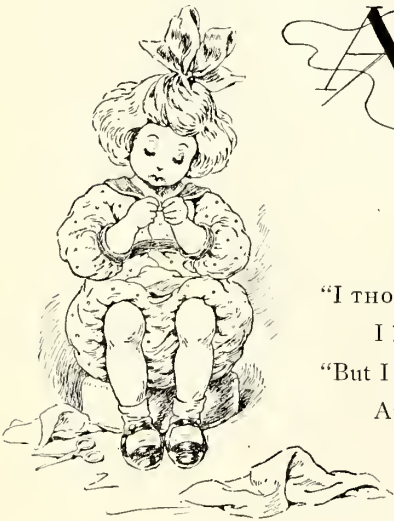
not by the Department, but by bankers or merchants or other public-spirited citizens of the community in which the boys do their work. The prizes differ in kind. One of the most desirable prizes is a free trip to the city of Washington. Other prizes which have been offered are: fifty dollars in gold; a first-class bicycle; a double-barreled shot-gun; a gold watch; a fine colt; a fifteen-dollar suit of clothes. The county demonstration agent meets members of the club at the county court-house or at some other convenient place and tells them how to prepare the soil, what kind of seed to select, what kind of fertilizers to use, when to plant, how to cultivate, etc. As a rule, three meetings of the club at three different times in the year are sufficient to give the boys all the instruction they need. The results obtained in 1914 by boys belonging to these clubs are astonishing. Last year Earl Zeller, a champion club-boy of Iowa, raised on an acre of land 139 bushels of corn at a cost of \$12.15. Carl Graves, of Soso, Mississippi, raised 202 bushels at a cost of \$29.29. There were 334 cases in which the yield was one hundred bushels or more. How very big these yields are is seen when we remember that the average farmer is mighty glad to raise 50 or 60 bushels of corn to the acre. The pig clubs have been organized for the purpose of complementing the work of the

corn clubs. At the pig club the boy learns how to sell his corn to the best advantage by feeding it to a pig and caring for the pig in a proper manner. In the State of Georgia alone more than 1500 young people are enrolled in the pig clubs. The results of the pig club work are also astonishing. At the State fair in Louisiana a member of a boys' pig club exhibited a pig twelve months old which weighed 500 pounds. Good luck to the corn-club boys and the pig-club boys, for they are working in the right direction! In these times of high food prices it is of the first importance to have efficient farmers.

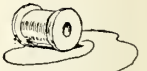
THE WORLD A WHISPERING-GALLERY

MEN who are not very old can remember when the world was startled by the news that by means of an invention called the telephone the human voice could be carried along a wire and heard at a distance of ten or fifteen miles. The telephone which Alexander Graham Bell invented in 1876 was only a toy, and it would carry the voice only a short distance. But as improvements were made, the distance grew greater and greater, until at last one could speak at a telephone in New York and his voice could be heard in San Francisco. Wonderful as the telephone was, it was soon followed (in 1901) by an invention even more wonderful—the wireless telegraph. But now comes the most wonderful invention of all—the *wireless telephone*. Inventors for many years have been trying to find a way to telephone

long distances without wires, and at last their labors have been rewarded. A few weeks ago at Arlington (near the city of Washington), where there is a great tower at which experiments in wireless telephony may be tried, Captain W. H. Bullard, of the Navy, talked to a man in the Eiffel Tower at Paris, and his voice was plainly heard. Captain Bullard said that, although he was familiar with the land telephone and the wireless telegraph, he was thrilled when he found that he could speak in Washington and be heard in Paris. "What do you think of the probabilities of talking around the world by wireless telephony?" Captain Bullard was asked. "The human voice," he replied, "can girdle the globe with as much ease as it was heard across the Atlantic. It is just a question of building the wireless towers." Those who are familiar with the workings of the wireless telephone tell us that the day is not far distant when the Secretary of the Navy, sitting in his office at Washington, will be able to take his telephone receiver off its hook and talk in person with the commander of any American battle-ship in any part of the world. According to Mr. J. J. Carty, the man who directed the experiments which led to the wonderful talk between Arlington and Paris, it will be possible for any one to telephone from a wireless telephone tower and be put in communication with *any one anywhere*, for the waves which are sent out from a wireless telephone go in all directions and reach everywhere. Thus the marvelous invention bids fair to make the world a vast whispering-gallery.



A TASK of TIME



BY MARGARET JOHNSON

"I THOUGHT I 'd make my Christmas gifts, and s'prise them all, you see;
I love to sew!" said little Juliet.

"But I guess I 'll have to hurry, 'cause to-morrow 's Christmas day,
And I have n't got my needle threaded yet!"



WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

BY ABIGAIL WILLIAMS BURTON

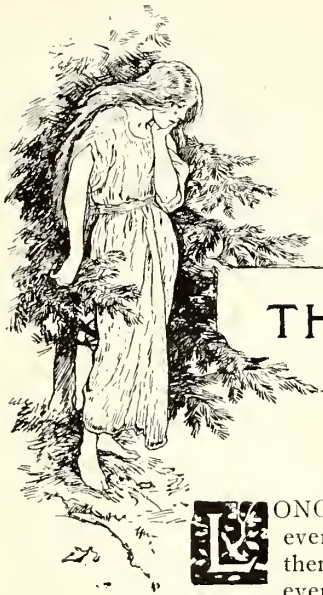
WHEN Christmas comes,
I never mind the cold.
I like to get up prompt
an' go to school,

An' do my sums,
An' clean the walks 'thout waitin' to be told—
Though I like sleddin' better, as a rule,
Or buildin' forts— But nothin' ain't so bad,
When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes, I 'd just as lief give half
My cooky to the baby, an' take care
About the crumbs.
It 's fun to make the little fellow laugh.
An' I don't mind his taggin' ev'rywhere.
He can't help bein' little! *I 'm* not mad
When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes, I don't forget to give
My shoes a wipe, an' scrub my ears a lot
Till my head hums.
An' Mother says, "That boy 's too good to live!"
But I 'm not 'fraid of dyin', 'cause I 'm not
No different from always—only *glad*
When Christmas comes!

4207



THE LITTLE FIR-TREE

By
Carolyn Wells

LONGER ago than you ever heard of, and farther away than you ever dreamed, the great Tree-master went out to make the trees.

Now the making of trees was a most important matter, and the Tree-master put his whole mind to it. He made all sorts of trees to use for building houses and making things to furnish the houses. Oak, maple, elm, ash, mahogany, rose-wood, and many more, as you well know.

Then he made all sorts of trees to bear food: fruits, nuts, olives, and queer things like bread-fruit and cocoanuts.

And he made lovely trees just to look pretty. He made dogwood, magnolia, horse-chestnut, and holly.

Then the Tree-master gave each tree its orders about blooming blossoms and bearing fruit, and at last the Tree-master thought his work was about done, and he turned to go away.

"Oh, please, sir," said an anxious little voice, "are n't you going to give me anything nice to do?"

"Who is speaking?" growled the Tree-master, in a voice of thunder.

"It 's only I," and a very trembly tone reached his ear. "I 'm a little fir-tree, and I 'm neither beautiful nor useful."

"You 're good enough," said the Tree-master, as he glanced at the poor little thing. "Behave yourself, and no one will notice you."

But they did notice her. The springtime came, and all the fruit-trees put on their beautiful blossom-frocks, and they jeered at the forlorn little fir-tree.

"Ho!" said the apple-tree, "look at my pink and white garb. Is it not exquisite? Don't you wish you could be dressed like this?"

The poor little fir-tree looked on with longing eyes, but she was too crushed to reply.

"And see mine!" vaunted the peach-tree. "Was there ever such a perfect shade of color as I wear? How it is set off by my green leaves!"

The little fir-tree, though tempted to envy them, had a generous heart, and she said, "Your clothes are indeed beautiful, O Apple-tree and Peach-tree! I never saw more delicate and lovely coloring. Indeed, I wish I might dress like that! I hate my old dull needles!"

"And see me!" cried the cherry-tree; "after all, there 's nothing more beautiful than my pure white with touches of feathery green."

"True, true," agreed the little fir-tree. "The colors are all so lovely, I scarce know which to choose."

The fruit-trees tossed their blossomy branches, and showers of dainty petals fell all around.

"Oh!" cried the little fir-tree, enraptured, "I never saw anything so wonderful! If only I had been made like that!"

But the fruit-trees paid little heed to the fir-tree's lament, they were so busy admiring themselves and flaunting their glories to the breeze.

Then the wood trees 'broke into their soft spring greens.

"Look at me!" said a young maple, proudly; "is not my pale yellowy green as lovely as the pink and white of the fruit-trees?"

And gazing at the delicate shade of the tiny leaves, the little fir-tree admitted that it was.

"Oh," she said, with a deep sigh, "if I could have that soft light green to wear, I would n't ask for pink blossoms! But how I hate my old dull needles!"

The oaks and elms put out their young green also, and the feathery willows down by the brook waved young withes like fairy wands.

As every fresh beauty unfolded, the poor little fir-tree wept anew and wished the Tree-master had given her the like. But so engrossed were the trees in watching their own decorations that they paid small heed to the sad little fir-tree.

And then summer came. The fir-tree felt sure new beauties would come to the trees, and she almost hoped some wonderful change might come to her. But she watched and waited in vain.

The others, though! Ah, how they reveled in their happiness!

The fruit-trees fairly laughed aloud under their happiness of fruit! Saucy red cherries, crimson velvet peaches, mellow golden apples, dewy purple plums, everywhere a riot of color, fragrance, and sweetness!

How they boasted!

"Ah, little fir-tree," they said; "what would you give for glories like these?"

And the poor, forlorn little fir-tree shook with sorrow to her very heart as she replied, "Ah, if I might be like that!"

"Too bad," said the peaches, carelessly, and they went about their business, which was to hold their soft cheeks up toward the sun that he might kiss them till they blushed.

"Yes, too bad!" chattered the pears, not heeding what they were saying, as they swayed gently on their stems while they slowly ripened to a golden and rosy glow.

The poor little fir-tree shuddered at their cruel indifference, which was even harder to bear than their outright scorn.

And the shade-trees were just as bad.

And then autumn came. Oh, the triumphs of the trees then! The wonderful flaming banners of scarlet and gold that they flung out to dazzle all nature! The rich depths of bronze and crimson that lurked mysteriously in their thick foliage!

The little fir-tree marveled. "Is there no end to their magnificence?" she thought; "must I ever see more and more of these wonders that I may not share?"

And the poor little thing wept until her needles lay in a pool all round her feet. The willows down by the brook saw her and they wept in sympathy. The little fir-tree saw the weeping willows and she was grateful for their kind thought, but so saddened was she that she only wept more needles to the ground.

And the nut-trees! They shook their nuts in her very face, and taunted her afresh with her uselessness and her lack of beauty.

The little fir-tree thought she would die.

And then the Tree-master came walking around. "Hey, hey, what 's this?" he exclaimed, as he saw the sadness of the little fir-tree.

In a burst of woe, the fir-tree told him all her trials and sorrows.

"Oh, pooh, pooh," said the old Tree-master, who was really most kind-hearted, "have you forgotten this? All through the winter the other trees will be shivering and shaking in bare boughs. They will have no beauty and they will be sad and forlorn. You will be green and handsome, and then you can ask them why they look so ugly and downcast."

The fir-tree cheered up a little, for though not vindictive, she had been so scorned by the other trees that she was glad to look pretty in the winter when they were forlorn and bare.

And yet, somehow, she felt it was not enough. To be sure she was green and glossy and shapely, and all the other trees looked really ugly; but she had no gay-colored blossoms and no rich fruits or nuts.

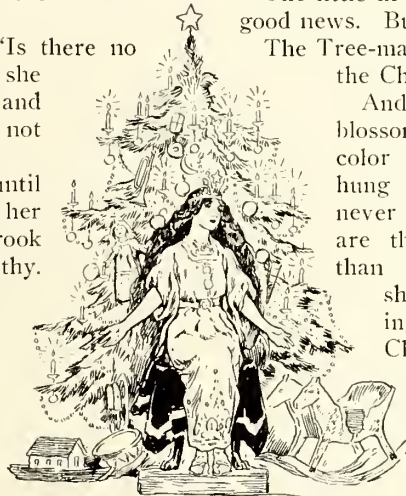
The kind old Tree-master laughed when he heard this. He was not so busy now, and he could listen to the troubles of his little fir-tree.

"Ho! ho!" he said; "so you want fruit and flowers, do you? Well, I rather guess we can fix that! Hereafter you shall bear wonderful fruit and flowers and nuts every winter, when the other trees are impatiently waiting for spring. And the blossoms and fruits you show shall far, far excel anything they have ever flaunted in your face!"

The little fir-tree could scarcely believe this good news. But it was true.

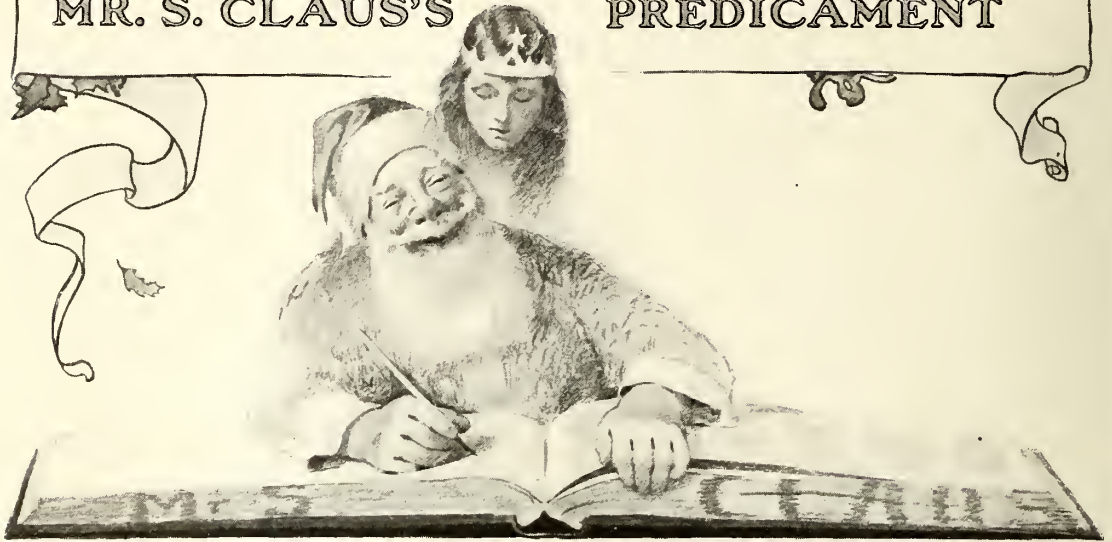
The Tree-master ordered that she should be the Christmas Tree!

And so, every winter, the fir-tree blossoms out in marvelous blooms of color and gold! Her branches are hung with wondrous fruits such as never grew on a summer tree! Nuts are there, and more holly berries than the holly-tree herself ever showed! And high above, crowning the glorified little fir-tree, the Christmas star sheds its rays in a blessing never bestowed on any other tree!



MR. S. CLAUS'S

PREDICAMENT



MacKwell

(Prelude for a Christmas-tree distribution)

BY J. D. WHITNEY

CHARACTERS

Santa Claus. Snow Queen

PROLOGUE

(Spoken before the drop-curtain by the person who is to take the part of Santa Claus)

Ladies and gentlemen—and grown-up people: This evening we are going to present a sensational and scintillating spectacular drama entitled “Mr. S. Claus’s Predicament.”

This is the first time it has been given on any stage in the world—also the first time in America.

It has been put on at tremendous cost, and Santa Claus has been engaged especially for this production, regardless of expense, on this the busiest night of the year for him.

We want to say that we have with us to-night the only real, genuine, authentic Santa Claus.

We are pleased to be able to give this show before so stylish and handsome an audience. In fact, on looking at you all a second time, I see that you are the politest and most intelligent company that ever came together to see a play. Therefore we shall ask you to be kind enough to keep your seats until the end of the show, and please do not throw anything, except bouquets, at the actors.

The first scene shows Santa Claus in his workshop at the North Pole, and his friend, the Snow Queen, calling on him. After that you will be able to follow the plot yourselves.

As it is a long way to the North Pole, the orchestra will first play Mr. MacDowell’s piece called “To a Wandering Ice-chest”—excuse me—“Ice-berg”; and, if you listen carefully, you will hear the icebergs clinking against each other.

(Exit.)

SCENE I

(The workshop of Santa Claus. At the left are seen andirons and the glow from an open fireplace; at the back, a work-bench strewn with toys, dolls, and several very large books. Over the bench is a long low window through which blue sky and a moon are seen. At the close of the piano solo the curtain rises, and Santa Claus is discovered, sitting opposite the fire, working on a toy. The whistle of the wind is heard.)

SNOW QUEEN (speaking off the stage). Good-by, North Wind, good-by.

(She peers in at the window, waving her light-tipped wand. Finally Santa Claus looks up and sees her.)

SANTA CLAUS. Evening, Snow Queen!

SNOW QUEEN (entering). Evening, Santy!

SANTA CLAUS. Howdy! Step right into the shanty.

(Snow Queen trips forward throwing Santa Claus a kiss.)

Mercy! I’ve known some charming misses, But none that threw me such frosty kisses. Come and get warm.

(He picks up a shaving and puts it on the fire.)

SNOW QUEEN (laughing). Oh, Santy! you joker!

SANTA CLAUS (motioning to the wand). Just stir up the fire a bit with that poker.

SNOW QUEEN. Now, Santy, you know if I came near the fire,

I’d melt, and your little Snow Queen would expire.

SANTA CLAUS. Oh, yes, I know, Snow Queen, you’re made out of ice.

SNOW QUEEN. I love to be cold.

SANTA CLAUS. Well, you’re chilly—but nice.



SANTA CLAUS AND THE SNOW QUEEN.

(*He places his hands on the Snow Queen's shoulders, but quickly withdraws them, blows on his fingers, and extends his hands to the fire.*)

SNOW QUEEN. North Wind and I have been out for a lark,

Whistling down chimneys of folks after dark;
Rattling the windows and blowing the leaves;
Hanging up icicles under the eaves;
Piling up snow on the roofs of the houses;
Puffing cold breezes up sleeves and through blouses.

SANTA CLAUS. There is n't much snow down Haworth¹ way,

They tell me it feels like the middle of May.

SNOW QUEEN. No snow?

SANTA CLAUS. Just so!

SNOW QUEEN. Well, if *that's* how it feels, It must be nice for the automobiles.

SANTA CLAUS. Yes, but how are my reindeer going to go

If the roofs around Haworth are n't covered with snow?

Oh, beautiful Snow Queen, please hustle right down And spread a snow-blanket deep over the town.

Else how do you think I can get any toys

To all those dozens of girls and boys?

SNOW QUEEN. I really don't see how you ever remember

Who all of them are—as you do each December.

SANTA CLAUS. Oh, I jot down a list—their names, and their looks,

And how they behave—in these little books.

(*He selects one of the large volumes from the work-bench, muttering "Let's see—letter H," and sits down in front of the fire, Snow Queen kneeling beside him, playfully waving her lighted wand about his head.*)

Let's see! Here's Jack,¹ and Beth, and Pink,

And a boy named—Donald Knapp, I think;

Here's Harry Blake, and Gladys Graeme,

And another family—what is their name?—

Why—Whitney, surely! Kate and Polly,

They're all in here—oh yes—how jolly!

SNOW QUEEN. Have all these children been very good?

If they'd seen that book they surely would.

SANTA CLAUS (*producing a book about on inch square*). There are n't many bad ones—just this minute.

This book is for them—(*loughing, and speaking behind his hand*) but there are n't any in it!

No, all these children are very nice;

You never have to speak to them twice.

If only some snow were on the roads

I'd take them candy and toys in loads.

SNOW QUEEN (*going to the door and waving her wand*). North Wind, come quickly!

White snow, fly thickly!

I'll see, Santa, dear, you have plenty of snow.

The ground will be white wherever you go.

North Wind and I

To Haworth will fly

And give you good sleighing. Dear Santa, good-by!

SANTA CLAUS (*as Snow Queen starts to go out*).

And, Snow Queen, I'm terribly busy this year,

And the chimneys are smaller than ever, I hear;

So, lest I be late and you don't hear my team,

Give each sleeping youngster a nice Christmas dream.

¹ Local names may be substituted for those used in the text.

(*Exit Snow Queen; Sonta Claus waves to her at the window. Then as he sits down and resumes his work the curtain falls.*)

SCENE II

(*A nursery bedroom. Big dolls asleep in doll-beds. A white curtain hangs across the back of the scene. The open fire throws out a soft glow. Snow Queen enters and stoops over the sleeping children.*)

SNOW QUEEN. Tired of waiting! Asleep in their beds!

I must put some beautiful dreams in their heads.

(*She waves her wand over each child, making the wand shine as she does so. Then she sits down in the obscurity of one side of the stage, and the reflecting lantern throws pictures of Santa Claus and other Christmossy subjects on the sheet. The "fire" should be put out for this, and the lantern should not be seen by the audience. Some one reads aloud "The Night before Christmas," the lantern throwing on the sheet pictures from an illustrated edition of the poem.*)

SCENE III

(*Christmas tree, decorated but unlighted, stands at the back of the stage, dimly visible in the light cast by the open fire. Snow Queen enters and examines the tree by the light of her wand.*)

SNOW QUEEN. No candles? That is tragic! This is the time for magic! (*waving her wand*). Tree, light! (*Button is pressed behind the scenes and the tree lights.*)

Shine bright!

Santa Claus is here to-night.

(*Snow Queen vanishes, and Sonta Claus appears, carrying his pack, stepping from the wing where the fire is, seeming to have come down the chimney.*)

SANTA CLAUS. *Phew!* That's a warm welcome, sure enough!

Suppose I'd stuck with all this stuff?

But here I am, and here's my pack,

With gifts for Molly, Beth, and Jack.

There's one for you, just over there;

And one for you—behind that chair.

Let each come quickly when I call—

Then—Merry Christmas—one and all!

(*The presents or favors are distributed.*)

DIRECTIONS FOR STAGING

AN ordinary parlor can readily be arranged as shown in the following diagram. A light strip of wood extends across the room, about half-way to the back of the stage. From this sheets are hung, at the right hand to hide the tree in the first scene, and across from side to side for the second scene.

The scenery for the workshop, in the original production of this play, was built out of wood $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick, and made in adjustable parts, so as to be set up and taken down quickly. The window was an old piece of narrow sash laid lengthwise, originally intended for a small storm window. Cotton and



"MERRY CHRISTMAS—ONE AND ALL."
(THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRESENTS BEGINS.)

artificial snow were arranged on the panes to resemble real snow. The wall can be stained brown—the weathered white of the sash makes a good contrast, and the bench can be left the natural color of lumber. The moon and sky are made by pasting blue and white tissue-paper over a box with a light in it. The floor is strewn with shavings.

The fireplace is arranged by having a pair of andirons project from between two curtains; an electric light bulb, covered with orange tissue-paper, placed between the andirons out of sight of the audience, gives the effect of firelight.

MECHANICAL NOTES

THE light for Snow Queen's wand should be a $3\frac{1}{2}$ -volt bulb, which can be bought at any electrical store for ten cents. Use a five-cent pin-socket and magnet-wire. Wind the wire around the wand, and paste silver paper over all. Cut one wire at the point where the hand comes and attach the two ends to a skeleton push-button, which can be readily fastened to the wand with a rubber band. Then lead the wires up the Queen's sleeve and down to a small candle-battery fastened at the waist on a belt.

Opaque bulbs in the form of flowers are very pretty for the tree. They are sold at electrical stores in sets of eight, and can be attached to the house-

circuit. The person who switches on the lights in Scene III should, of course, be concealed.

Reflecting lanterns, which can be used on the electric circuit, and which will project, in its correct colors, any picture put in them, can be bought in camera stores, electrical stores, and toy-shops, at from three to fifty dollars. Jessie Willcox Smith's illustrations of the poem are very effectively shown in this way.

A drop-curtain can be easily contrived with a couple of breadths of denim or some similar material, a few nails, some screw-eyes, and a ball of twine.

The lantern should be used as a spotlight when the Snow Queen enters in Scene I and should be kept on her and Santa Claus to reinforce the firelight.

COSTUMES

SANTA CLAUS wears long rubber-boots, a red coat, trimmed around the edges with white "fur" made of

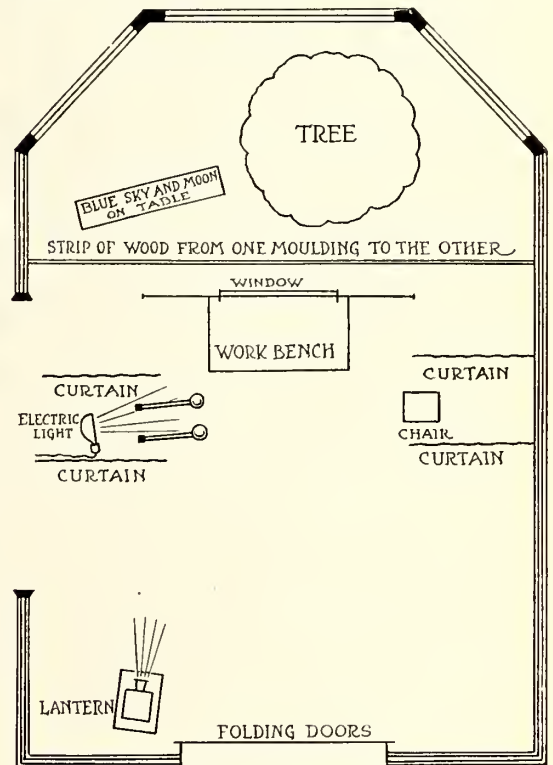


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE STAGE, LANTERN, ETC.

cotton, a long white beard, a touch of rouge on each cheek, and a stripe of "clown's white" on each eyebrow.

The Snow Queen has long golden hair, and wears a flowing white gown trimmed with cotton and sprinkled with artificial snow. On her head is a crown of pasteboard covered with silver paper. She carries a silver wand with a small electric bulb in the end of it.



HOLLY TREES IN THE NEW FOREST.

THE NEW FOREST

BY J. SMEATON CHASE

WHAT is a forest? Probably nineteen persons out of every twenty would answer, "A large tract of wooded country," or something to that effect. And of course they would be right, for that is the meaning of the term as it is now understood. But the derivation of the word, in which we may see its original meaning, is from the Latin *foris*, meaning outside, or out of doors, that is, lying outside the walls of the park, not fenced in. An old writer thus defines it: "A certen territorie of woody grounds and fruitful pastures, priviledged for wild beasts and foules of Forest Chase and Warren to rest and abide in, in the safe protection of the King for his princely delight and pleasure."

So much for the word forest. But one might go on to ask, "What does 'New' mean?" for anything must cease to be new at some point of its age. So it is with the famous New Forest of England: it was set apart as a royal forest, under the name of New, in the year 1079, by William the Conqueror, so that it is over eight

centuries since it received its name; while as to its actual age, since it is part of the original forest of Britain, it would really be hard to guess how old it may be.

At the mention of the New Forest, one striking event comes to the mind of every English boy and girl. It was here that occurred, in the year 1100, the tragic death of William II, known as Rufus, successor to the Conqueror, the cruel and wicked son of a hard though not, perhaps, cruel father. The forest laws of the Norman kings seem to have been invented as a special instrument of oppression against the conquered Saxons. A Saxon found even trespassing within a royal forest might be hanged with his own bow-string to the nearest tree; and an old rhyme names four points of mere suspicion, any one of which was held to be sufficient evidence of guilt,—

"Dog draw—stable stand,
Back berand—bloody hand":

that is, holding a dog in leash, standing concealed with drawn bow, detected carrying a dead deer, or blood-stained hands.

But to return to Rufus:—whether he died by

murder (hated as he was by Norman and Saxon alike) or by accident has always been a matter of doubt. This is what is said to have happened:

A French knight, Sir Walter Tyrrel, was visiting England that summer, and had come to pay his duty to the king, who was staying at Castle Malwood on the edge of the Forest. Tyrrel was reputed to be very expert as a bowman, and one afternoon was invited to join the court, including the king and his brother Henry, in hunting the deer. A peasant living in the neighborhood had that morning brought to the castle and presented to the king six "quarrels," or arrows, of fine workmanship. Three of them William handed to Tyrrel, with the complimentary remark, "*Bon archer, bonnes flèches*" (a good archer deserves good arrows). The king and Tyrrel had been hunting in company, but chanced to be at some little distance from one another when, toward sunset, a stag appeared near the former. He shot his arrow, but the bowstring broke, and the arrow fell short. "Shoot, Walter, shoot, even were it at the fiend!" he cried. Tyrrel shot, and the arrow, glancing from a tree, struck the king a mortal wound. He died almost instantly, in the act of drawing the shaft from his body.

Tyrrel hastened to escape from the country, while the others of the king's companions scattered,—his brother to Winchester, to secure the crown and the treasure for himself. The body was left where it lay until it was found by a charcoal-burner—and by him taken in his cart

to Winchester for burial. The man, Purkiss by name, received for his service an acre or two of ground. It is strange to learn, though it appears to be a fact, that the lineal descendants of that



MONUMENT MARKING THE SPOT WHERE THE OAK STOOD THAT SWERVED TYRREL'S ARROW.

Purkiss still live in the Forest, and it is said that down to a comparatively recent time one might see in their house the axletree of the very cart in which the Red King's body was carried.

In the year 1745 a monument was set up by an English nobleman on the spot where, as said in the inscription, he had himself seen growing the oak from which Tyrrel's arrow made its fatal

swerve. The stone having become defaced, a similar pillar (shown in our picture) was placed there in 1841, bearing the same inscription.

But the New Forest to-day has more cheerful associations—in summer as one of the most delightful of English vacation-grounds, and in winter as the place from which comes a great part of the holly that brightens up the houses of Londoners for Christmas. Both in density of growth and in size and beauty of individual trees,



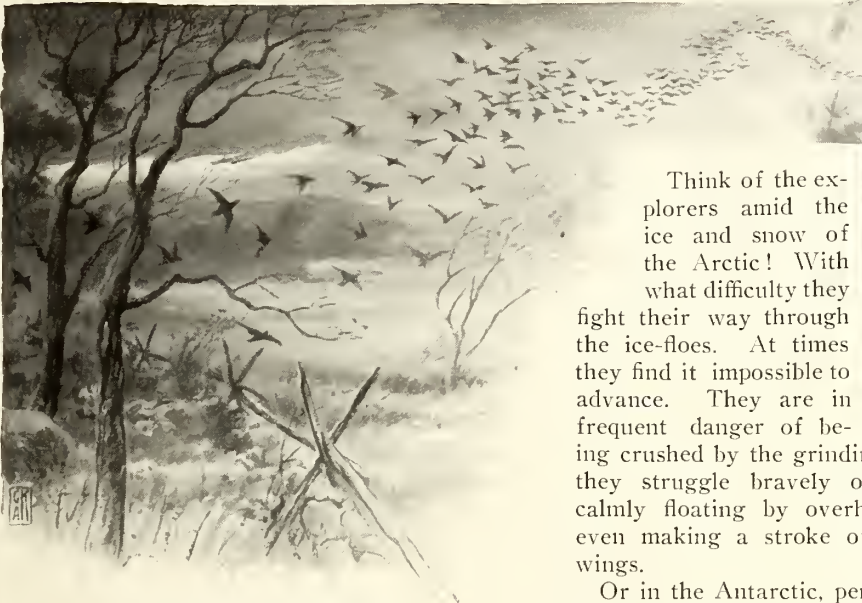
THE OLD PARTNERSHIP OF HOLLY (THE BUSH GROWING BEHIND THE TREE), OAK AND IVY.

the Forest is a superb piece of woodland, and in my walks through it I could see no reason to question, at least as regards some parts, the truth of the old saying that in the New Forest a squirrel might be hunted for six miles and not come to the ground. Many of the oaks and beeches are of enormous size; but what impressed me most of all among the trees were the hollies. In general, the holly may be said to be something between a bush and a tree, but these hollies are quite phenomenal in size, actual forest trees, and give one a new and respectful idea of what hollies

at their best may be. The largest of them grow in a grove near a spot known as Thorny Hill. A few old ivied oaks are mixed among them, as if to give an opportunity of seeing that fine old English partnership of oak, holly, and ivy still flourishing in all its glory. I had no means of measuring the size of the trees, but certainly many of them must be fully twelve feet in girth and seventy feet in height. Here and there is one whose trunk is distorted into rheumatic-looking twists and knots. The smooth, slate-gray bark gives to these monsters an eerie and snake-like look that, in conjunction with the gloom and silence, is apt somewhat "to get on one's nerves."

There are still a fair number of deer roaming the Forest, both the "tall red deer," and also the smaller fallow or spotted deer, introduced by James I, who also was fond of hunting, though he was of a timid and unkinglike character. A token of how slowly things change even now in quiet old England is the fact that to-day, as in Rufus's time, charcoal-burning is one of the industries of the Forest. And in the names of some of the localities one gets a hint of things old and strange. For instance, there are Prior's Acre, and Dane's Slough, and King's Copse, while the name of Puckpits brings up, especially to those who know Kipling's delightful tale, "Puck of Pook's Hill," all sorts of whimsical, quaint possibilities. (If you have not read it, let me suggest that you put it down at once as number one on the list of things to be enjoyed, and hunt it up without delay.)

The Forest is naturally a great place for wild life, and it is pleasant to recall that when, a few years ago, ex-President Roosevelt was in England, after his African hunting-trip, he stole the time from banquets, speeches, and receptions, to make a tramp across the forest in the company of Sir Edward Grey, the British foreign secretary, also a keen lover of outdoor things and a writer of charming books upon them. That is a fine idea, is n't it? an ex-President of the United States and a most important and responsible member of the British cabinet going off together for a heel-and-toe tramp, and talking, not of tariffs and treaties, but of trees, squirrels and wild-flowers. It makes one wonder whether it could not somehow be managed that once every year or two the heads of the six or eight greatest nations should meet, say in their different countries in rotation, and start off all together some fine morning, each man with his lunch in his pocket, for an all-day spin across country. I am inclined to believe that they would all be ready, round the dinner-table that night, to enter into a general peace treaty to last for all time.



BIRDS AS TRAVELERS

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN


Curator of Ornithology, American Museum of Natural History, New York

BIRDS are the greatest travelers in the world. Some other animals also make long journeys. The fur-bearing seals that pass the summer on the Pribilof Islands in Bering Sea go as far south as southern California in the winter. The caribou or reindeer of the barren grounds which border the Arctic Ocean travel southward in the fall to find food and shelter in the spruce and balsam forests of the interior of British America.

Shad and salmon leave the sea and swim often hundreds of miles up rivers to lay their eggs. Certain locusts, which are called grasshoppers, and some butterflies go long distances. But not one of these creatures can compare with the bird as a traveler.

It is true that man makes longer journeys than birds do. But it is also true that he could not make them without help from other men. He might walk where there was land, but he would need days to go as far as a bird could go in an hour. And when he comes to the sea, he requires a sailing-vessel or steamer with charts and maps and compass to aid him in finding the way. And in the hold there must be food for the use of the crew and passengers during the voyage.

But the bird-traveler asks help from no one. He has no use for locomotives, automobiles, or steamships. He carries no chart and no compass, and he can go with ease to parts of the world which it took man many years to reach; and to some parts of the world still unknown to us.



Think of the explorers amid the ice and snow of the Arctic! With what difficulty they fight their way through the ice-floes. At times they find it impossible to advance. They are in frequent danger of being crushed by the grinding ice-fields; and while they struggle bravely onward, gulls may go calmly floating by overhead without, perhaps, even making a stroke of their long, powerful wings.

Or in the Antarctic, penguins slip through the river-like leads, or openings in the ice; or, like feathered submarines, dive, when their path on the surface is closed to travel, and move even more easily under the water than on it.

There are mountain-tops so high and so steep that man has never succeeded in climbing them. But the birds may use them as resting-places and soar about in the sky far above them.

So I think we may safely say that the bird is not only the greatest of aviators, but that he is also the greatest of travelers. Not even man can excel him.

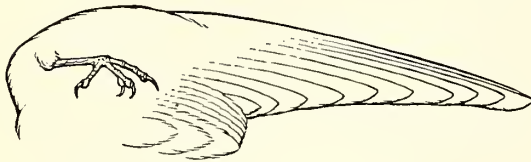
Now to travel is one of the most interesting things we can do. We may see beautiful scenery, wonderful cities, and strange people. There is no end to the experiences which may befall the traveler or to the opportunities to learn which he may have. But if we cannot go to strange countries ourselves, sometimes the next best thing we can do is to read about the travels of others. So far as I know, there is no way by which we can go with the birds on their travels. Even a tiny humming-bird could laugh at the best aviator if he should attempt to follow him in an aeroplane from Canada to Central America.

Of course the birds cannot write books about themselves. If, therefore, we cannot either go with them or read their own accounts of their long journeys, how shall we learn anything about these great bird-travelers? We must ask a naturalist who studies birds.

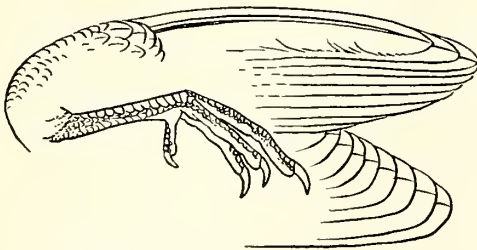
In the dictionary we shall find him defined under the word "ornithologist," which means a person who studies and writes or talks about birds. It is a long name, but, like hippopotamus

or rhinoceros, not so strange when you become used to it.

Then we shall discover that there are various kinds of bird-students, or ornithologists. Some of them study the food of birds; others their nesting habits; others still their migration. By migration, the ornithologist means travels, though migration more exactly describes the journeys of birds than the word travel. Migrations are more regular and are made with a more definite purpose; while travels may be made at any time



THE "ENGINE" AND FOOT OF THE SWALLOW.



THE "ENGINE" AND FOOT OF THE BOB-WHITE.

and to any place. So what is really meant by travel, as we have been using the word, is migration.

For many years I have been studying the migrations of birds. I have gone to their summer homes in the north and their winter homes in the south. I have seen them go and seen them come.

I have been on little islands in the seas at which they paused for food, and on vessels in the ocean when they stopped to rest. With a telescope I have watched them flying at night; and while at the top of a lighthouse, I have had the birds, blinded by the bright rays from the lantern, fly against me as they tried to continue their journey through the night. Then, of course, I have studied what other ornithologists have written about this wonderful subject of bird-migration. From what I have learned from them and from the birds themselves, I propose now to act as the birds' historian.

I shall try to tell you how they prepare for the journey; how they find their way; when and where they go to, and how they get there. And I shall be but a poor historian if I do not arouse in you so strong an admiration for these skillful voyagers of the air that you will give them a hearty greeting when they come in the spring

and wish them "good luck" when they leave in the fall.

PREPARING FOR THE JOURNEY

ALTHOUGH the bird-traveler has no trunk to pack, guide-book to study, or ticket to buy, still he must make some preparations for the journey.

The warbler, which nests in Alaska and passes the winter in northern South America, should not begin an eight-thousand-mile voyage through the air over mountains, plains, and seas unless its engine is in good order and it has a proper supply of fuel.

"But," you ask, "what is a bird's engine, and where does it carry fuel?"

A bird's engine is really its wings and the muscles which move them. It is one of the most perfect engines in the world. It is simple but strong; it works easily, but it is powerful, and rarely gets out of order.

For many years man tried to make flying-machines which should have wings like those of birds. But he never succeeded. He could not make even a feather! Finally, he discovered that if he would make a machine that would fly, he must give it wings *and* an engine. So he constructed an *aéroplane*, which has wide stiff wings, or "planes," measuring about thirty feet from tip to tip. These wings cannot be flapped, and, in themselves, they furnish no power. But to them man added an engine, driven by gasoline and electricity. This engine turns a long-bladed propeller which urges the *aéroplane* forward, while the planes support it when it is in motion.

But a bird's wing, we must remember, is both plane and engine. It gives support as well as power. It is, therefore, a far more remarkable machine than the one made by man.

THE BIRDS' ENGINE

Now let us see some kinds of bird-engines. Although they all work on the same principle, they differ greatly in shape and size. We shall find that most birds which make long journeys have one kind of engine, while those that travel but little have quite a different looking engine.

Think of the swallow's engine! It is quite as long as the bird itself; the feathers are stiff and strong, and, when in motion, they cut the air with graceful, sweeping strokes, which send the bird forward easily but at great speed. A bird fitted with such an engine, we feel sure, could make a very long journey quickly and without tiring itself. So we find that the barn-swallow, which glides and darts about our fields in summer, goes to Brazil to spend the winter.

Now let us see the engine of the quail, or bob-white. How short and round it is! And when the bird flies, how rapidly it moves its wings; at least four times as fast as does the swallow! The bird is so heavy, its wings so small that, although it can go swiftly, it is evidently hard work for it to do so. It, therefore, makes but a short flight and soon drops to the ground again. So we are not surprised to find that bob-white spends his life near the place where he was born. He is no traveler. Most of the time he lives on the ground, like a chicken. And like a chicken, he has large strong feet, which not only carry him about from field to field in search of food, but can be used to scratch for it. He needs his engine chiefly to help him to escape quickly from some prowling fox or other enemy. Then he must go fast if not far.

If we should put bob-white on an island where there were no enemies to escape from and where it was never necessary for him to fly, he might, in time, wholly lose the use of his engine and be unable to fly. Indeed, this has happened to some birds of the rail and gallinule family. They have lived so long on islands, where they never had to fly, that their wings have become too small to raise them in the air. It is as though their engines had become rusty from disuse and lack of care.

Not all the great bird-travelers have such a splendid engine as the swallow. Some indeed, like the sora, or Carolina rail, have such small wings that it is difficult to understand how they fly from Canada to South America. But we must remember that their bodies are light. It is not so much the size of the engine as the size of the train it draws, that counts.

The humming-bird's wings are not much wider and longer than one's thumb, but they are large enough to carry the bird's tiny body over thousands of miles.

Every one knows that birds' wings, or engines, are made of feathers growing from a very light, but wonderfully strong frame of bones. Lightness and strength are indeed the main features of the bird's wing. But even the strongest feathers wear out. Then the engine must be repaired. No bird wears a suit of feathers longer than one year. The change is usually made in summer after the family has left the nest and learned to take care of itself. Then the old and worn feathers drop out, and fresh ones grow rapidly in their places. This is called molting.

If the feathers should fall out of one wing faster than they did from the other, the bird's flight would be unbalanced. It would be crippled, like an airplane with only one plane. Or

if all the feathers were to fall out of both wings at once, the engine would be powerless. The bird could not get its food, and it might fall a prey to its enemies. To prevent this, the bird's engines are repaired in the most wonderful way.

The feathers begin to drop from the middle of the wing. Only two are lost at a time, and they are from exactly the same place in each wing. New ones at once sprout from the holes left by the falling feathers. When they are about half grown, two more feathers are lost as before, one from each wing. These were probably the next feathers toward the outer ones. Again, the new ones sprout quickly. Now the third pair is lost. If the second pair fell from toward the outer-



THE BOBOLINK IN HIS SPRING SUIT, AND IN HIS TRAVELING COSTUME.

most ones, the third pair will fall from toward the body, or innermost ones.

So the repair of the engine, or molt of the wings, continues. First a pair from the outer half, then a pair from the inner. The process is slow, for it waits on the growth of the new feathers. But it never robs the engine of its power. At no time is there more than a pair of feathers missing from each wing. The wing is, therefore, always balanced, and the bird can fly during the entire molt.

Usually it is not until the molt is completed and the engine is in perfect order that the bird starts on its travels; but with some birds, like snipe, which nest in the far north, the summer is so short that the birds do not seem to have enough time after nesting to change their clothes before they start on their southern journey. With these, the feathers of the engine are not renewed until late fall or winter, and by the following summer they show no signs of wear and tear, but are as good as new.

Some birds prepare for the journey not only

by getting new wing-feathers but by putting on a traveling-suit which permits them to journey in disguise, as it were. The brilliant scarlet tanager dons an olive-green costume like that of his mate, though he keeps his black wings and tail. The black-and-buff bobolink takes the streaked, sparrowlike dress of Mrs. Bobolink.

In many of the warblers, the goldfinch, the red-winged blackbird and others, the bright-colored spring males would not be recognized in their dull fall and winter plumage. Thus they are to some extent protected by their plainer colors, and the more striking marriage-costume is not put on until it is needed the following spring.

It now only remains to take the fuel aboard. This, with birds, is nothing less than fat. A runner training for a race tries to become thin. But many birds, when preparing for a long journey, put on a regular coat of fat. On it they live to a greater or less extent during the time of migration. If the bird can get food by the way, it is not necessary to carry so much with him. Swallows can feed as they fly. The warblers, and vireos, and other birds that fly by night can hunt insects during the day. But the plover and other birds that travel over the seas cannot stop for meals. Like bears in winter, they must live on themselves; that is, on their fat. When they start, their bodies are covered

with a thick layer of fat; but when they arrive at their journey's end, it has disappeared. It was fuel for the engine.

Even the birds that travel overland, where food is plentiful, take some fuel with them. I have noticed, when collecting and preserving specimens of birds in South America in the spring for the American Museum, that all the North American birds which were about to start on their long journey to their summer homes were very fat. But all the native birds, which were getting ready to nest, were practically without fat. Still there they were living together, eating, probably much the same kind of food. Why this food should make one bird fat and the other thin, it is difficult to say. But we may be sure that in each case it was preparing the bird for the work it had to do.

(To be continued.)

A WONDERFUL RAILROAD LOOP

SEVEN thousand feet above sea-level, among the great Himalaya Mountains, lies the town of Darjeeling, the chief health-station in Bengal, India. Here the government of the province has its summer residence, in order to take advantage of the delightful climate, as the temperature rarely rises above eighty degrees. In addition to this, the residents of the town have constantly spread



THE RAILROAD LOOP NEAR DARJEELING.



A CANAL-BOAT IN THE LOCK-LIFT AT THE UPPER LEVEL.

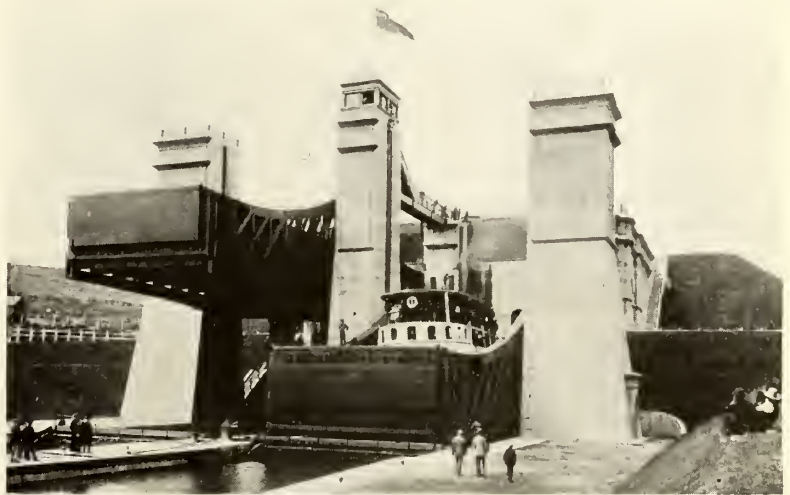
before them the most wonderful and stupendous scenery, for the two highest mountains of the world, Kunchinjunga and Everest, are in sight, and other great peaks rise all around them.

A railroad climbs up to the town, making its way through rocky gorges and over deep chasms ever higher and higher. But it is when it has almost reached its destination that it performs its most extraordinary "stunt." For then it makes a complete double-loop, being, perhaps, the only railroad in the world that behaves in such an extraordinary manner. In the picture that we print with this, you can see where the track comes up on the right-hand side at a steep slant, makes a complete turn and, at the left, passes under its own upper level. Then it makes another circle and comes straight toward us over the track which shows as a white line in the lower central part of the picture. This may well be called the corkscrew method of climbing a mountain.

LARGEST HYDRAULIC LIFT-LOCK IN THE WORLD

THE largest hydraulic lift-lock in the world is at Peterborough, Canada. It consists of two great steel boxes, or pontoons, moving up and down

between guiding towers. When a boat moves into one of the two pontoons, the lock-gates are closed behind it and water is pumped into the other pontoon until it becomes heavier than that containing



ONE CAISSON, CARRYING A BOAT, RISING, THE OTHER DESCENDING.

the boat, which then, being overweighted, rises bodily into the air until it reaches the level of the upper canal.

The boats are lifted a total distance of sixty-five feet, the gates and capstans being operated entirely by hydraulic power. The time of lockage for boats is about twelve minutes, the actual time of the vertical lift being one and a half minutes.

ROBERT H. MOULTON.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY MARIAN ALLARDT, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

THIS month's ST. NICHOLAS glows with the Christmas spirit from cover to cover, and right nobly have the young folk of the League contributed their full share to its Yule-tide cheer. In prose, in verse, and in well-drawn little pictures, our girls and boys pay ardent tribute to the joys of Christmas time; and it is to the credit of many League members, too, that in the midst of the peace and prosperity of our favored land they did not forget how sad a Christmas this of 1915 must be in so many countries beyond the seas. There were numerous contributions this month which gave eloquent proof that the hearts of American young folk go out in earnest sympathy to the stricken victims of the embattled nations. For those, therefore, whose stories and verses were based upon some phase or incident of the great war, we wish to record a word of sincere com-

mendation; and if most of their offerings were too sad for these pages, they were at least in the same strain as the "Christmas Bells" of a favorite American poet, written fifty years ago. Perhaps it will be well for us all—perhaps it will deepen our sympathy and renew our faith—if, amid our plenty and rejoicing, we pause long enough to recall a few of those lines by our beloved Longfellow:

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

But then, as now, "the cannon thundered" and seemed to drown the carols in the roar of conflict.

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstones of a continent
And made forlorn the households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail, the Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 190

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Naomi Archibald** (age 13), France.

Silver badges, **Lisa Stillman** (age 15), Cal.; **Anna D. Hall** (age 17), Mass.; **Agnes Law** (age 14), Col.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Louise Guyol, Jr.** (age 13), New Hampshire; **John Duncan Cox** (age 10), Missouri.

Silver badges, **Josephine Smith** (age 14), Cal.; **Paul J. Kinnare** (age 12), Ill.; **Agnes MacDonald** (age 13), N. Y.

DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **Margaret C. Harms** (age 15), Illinois; **Margaret E. Hanscom** (age 16), Rhode Island.

Silver badges, **Marian Allardt** (age 12), Cal.; **Hilda Hahn** (age 17), Canada; **James Dee Richardson** (age 15), D. C.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Carolyn F. Rice** (age 17), Massachusetts.

Silver badges, **Dorothy C. Hess** (age 12), Connecticut; **Marion Clark Guilford** (age 11), Maryland; **Percy B. Jenkins**

(age 17), Connecticut; **S. Raymond Eddy** (age 14), Virginia; **Peggy Gantt** (age 14), New Jersey.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Frances Knoche Marlatt** (age 14), N. Y.

Silver badges, **James G. Meehan** (age 14), Scotland; **William Penn** (age 13), Porto Rico.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badge, **Elizabeth L. Young** (age 12), Rhode Island.

A CORRECTION: In our October issue, the head-piece on page 1140 was wrongly attributed to "Sarah M. Johnson" instead of "Helen A. Johnson."



BY GWENDOLYN LONGYEAR, AGE 13.



BY CONSTANCE CALDWELL, AGE 12.
"THE FAMILY PET."



BY DOROTHY C. HESS, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

YULE-TIDE CHEER

BY LOUISE GUYOL, JR. (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1915)

C FOR the candles that glimmer at night,
H for the hampers, with goodies packed tight,
R for the rush that prevails in the store,
I for the ink-blots on parcels galore,
S for the sugar in candies and cakes,
T for the turkey, which sometimes gives aches!
M for the mantel where stockings will be,
A for the apples we have at our tea,
S for the snow sparkling white on the ground,
D for the dinner, with plum-pudding crowned,
A for the angels a-hovering near,
Y for the youngsters, glad through all the year.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY NAOMI ARCHIBALD (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won January, 1915)

CHRISTMAS eve that year was cold and windy. It seemed even more bitter than usual to the poor little musician as he walked home along the deserted streets. He had played in his orchestra all the afternoon and



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY HELEN A. JOHNSON, AGE 13.

evening, and his thoughts matched the cold. They were bitter and depressing as he thought of his lonely life and his dreary attic-room.

Christmas meant nothing to him. He worked just as hard, he ate just as little, he was even more lonely than usual. Only about three people wished him a Merry Christmas, knowing well that it would not be a merry one at all.

He went up his dingy stairs and opened the door of his room—but he did not go in as usual; he stood and stared. And no wonder, for had not some good fairy (perhaps in the shape of a motherly neighbor) transformed his dreary room into what seemed to him a little paradise? There was a fire in the grate—a fire that actually crackled! There was an arm-chair in front of it, and slippers! Slippers such as he had never seen.—There was a new quilt on the bed, and—wonder of wonders—a beautiful little Christmas tree all trimmed and lighted stood in the corner, and seemed like an angel to keep light and sunshine in this paradise.

Pinned to the tree was a note saying: "Merry Christmas from a friend!"

It was not a dream and did not melt as he expected.

The good fairy had the pleasure of knowing that her efforts had been successful and that the little musician's Christmas was a happy one.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

(By Tommy Kitten)

BY NORMAN JOHNSON (AGE 13)

It was a day I shall never forget—a day so full of excitement that by night I was more than ready for my soft bed by the kitchen stove.

At about five o'clock I awoke with a start as my master grabbed me in his arms, crying: "Come, Tommy,



"THE FAMILY PET." BY MARY P. WHEELER, AGE 12.

and see the Christmas tree and your present." "Christmas tree! Present!" I thought. To be sure I had climbed many trees after birds, but had never come across a Christmas tree or a present.

By this time we had arrived in the study. There sat the whole family and—"Why! that must be the Christmas tree!" I exclaimed. And such a nice tree, covered with shiny things. With a great effort I squirmed from my master and made a dive at a tempting bird which perched proudly on a branch.

Crash! Down came tree and trimmings, nearly frightening me to death. "Naughty Tommy! Bad cat! All those trimmings smashed!" Such were the remarks which made me creep shamefacedly away.

But then came my punishment.

What they called a present! A collar with bells. Every step I took, it jingled (how could I catch mice?) making me thoroughly miserable.

The rest of the day I played with ribbon, holly, tissue-paper, et cetera, and, as I said before, was dog-(ugh) tired by night.



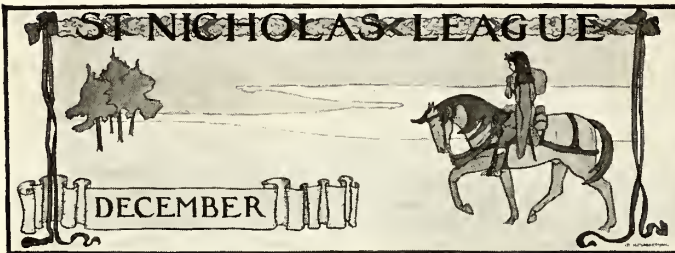
"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY MARGARET C. HARMS, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MAY, 1911.)

A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY ANITA L. GRANNIS (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

THE sheep had settled down for the night, their white bodies showing clearly against the hillside in the dim



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY BERYL H. MARGETSON, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

starlight. The air was chill, and the shepherds were glad to huddle about their crackling fire to get what warmth it afforded. Surrounded by all-enveloping stillness, the three men gradually ceased talking and sat silently watching the flames. It was Abel, the youngest, a lad of seventeen years, who roused his companions from their reverie by a sharp,

"Hark! What is that?"

The sound of singing, faint yet heaven-sweet, floated upon the breeze. And then something happened that brought the shepherds to their feet, but only to fall upon trembling knees. In the star-jeweled sky, a wondrous effulgence grew; an angel appeared, clad in snowy robes. Bidding them fear not, he spoke, telling of the birth of the blessed Saviour in the city of Bethlehem near by, and how to recognize the child.

The caroling rang clear and strong. A multitude of angels stood in the shining light. Their words, "*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and goodwill,*" echoed in the ears of the frightened shepherds as the vision faded.

Then spoke Isaac, the patriarch: "*Let us now go, even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us.*"

So they left their flocks and traveled into the city, seeking the Babe. In a rude stable, amid lowing cattle,



"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY HILDA HAHN, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

they found Him, the Prince of the earth. The halo above His little head was bright; beside Him lay his mother, brooding, motherlike, in adoration.

And these shepherds worshiped too, while in the east a star gleamed; and over the world spread an ineffable sense of peace and well-being.

For Christ Jesus was born.

THE WINTER WORLD

BY JOHN DUNCAN COX (AGE 10)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1915)

THE winter world lies bleak and still,
Clothed in her robes of white,
O'er hills and dales the wind blows chill
And whistles round at night.
The trees have lost their gorgeous gowns
Of red and brown and gold,
They 're standing there without a sound,
All barren, bleak and cold.
The birds have all gone far away
To balmy southern lands,
The giant windmill, night and day,
A lonely sentinel stands.
Across the snow, a rabbit-track,
The only living sign;
I wish the summer would come back
And bring its bright sunshine.

MAKING PORT ON CHRISTMAS DAY

BY LISA STILLMAN (AGE 15)

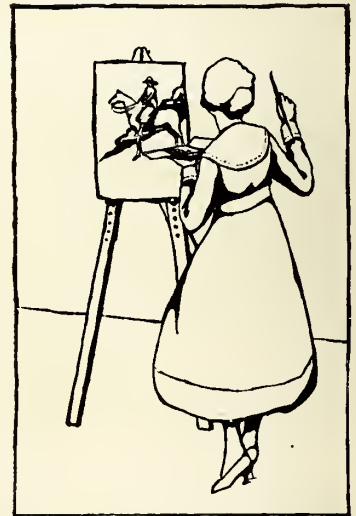
(Silver Badge)

NEARING the shores of fair Tahiti, the barque *Clara* sailed briskly over the blue Pacific. She had had a stormy passage from San Francisco and all on board were glad to be nearing land.

It was Christmas morning, and a fairer Yule-tide never dawned. The sea, though there was an occasional whitecap, was very calm and blue. The sky was cloudless save for "the orderly clouds of the Trades" which framed both sea and sky in whiteness, save in the east, where they were a glorious orange-gold. The *Clara* herself, white-painted and white-winged, added a beautiful touch to the whole lovely picture.

As she approached the island, her crew beheld the rich tropical vegetation and the high, mist-hidden peaks; also, nestled close to the water's edge, the dainty little town of Papete. All rejoiced, for this was the first land they had seen since leaving California, several stormy weeks before, and the sight was a welcome one indeed.

Soon the *Clara* sailed slowly through the pass in the reef, against which the white surf beat in thunder, into the harbor. A beautiful sight met the eyes of those on board. The early sunlight bathed the little town in glory. A red-roofed church peered from its surrounding verdure, and further to the left rose the spire of a white cathedral. Inviting little vistas appeared as one's gaze followed the narrow streets leading inland. Like white birds at rest on the water, small trading-



"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY MARGARET E. HANSCOM, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MAY, 1913.)



BY VIRGINIA SAWYER, AGE 10.



BY MARION CLARK GUILFORD, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY CAROLYN F. RICE, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON FEB., 1914.)



BY VIRGINIA MOORE, AGE 14.



BY S. MARSHALL BUSSELLE, AGE 12.



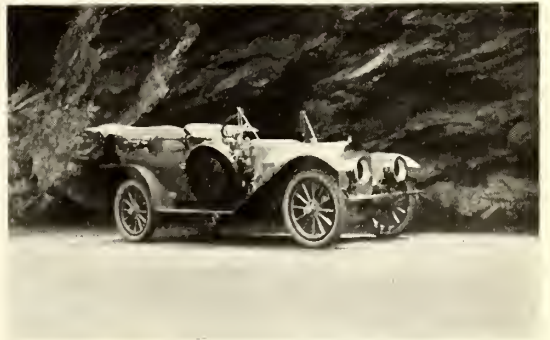
BY LOUISE MATTHEWS, AGE 11.



BY JUDSON CORBIN, AGE 12.



BY PERCY B. JENKINS, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY JACK WITHERS, AGE 15.



BY WILLIAM WILSON MAMOSS, AGE 9.



BY S. RAYMOND EDDY, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

“THE FAMILY PET.”

schooners lay moored to the sea-wall. Coconut-palms, rising above the little cottages half hidden by vines and trees, waved their feathery tops in the warm breeze. The whole scene breathed peace and rest; and as the *Clara's* anchor splashed, the church bells began to ring out the old Christmas message, the same the world over, of "peace on earth, good-will toward men."



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY KATHARINE E. SMITH, AGE 17.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

BY JOSEPHINE SMITH (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

In a stable manger lay,
Long ago on Christmas lay,
Our Christ, the Christmas King,
Shepherds on the hills that night
Saw a clear and glorious light
And heard the angels sing.

"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Angels sang and sang again.
They cared not in the inn.
Near them infant Jesus lay,
Who came that happy Christmas Day
To cleanse the world from sin.

Years have passed; the star shines still
O'er every valley, every hill,
And men repeat the story
Of Him who came the world to save,
And angels that glad message gave,
And filled the world with glory.



BY PERCY WINTER, AGE 13.



BY CONSTANCE G. CAMERON,
AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)



BY PEGGY GANTT, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELIZABETH W. GRAVES,
AGE 16.

"THE FAMILY PET."

THE WINTER WORLD

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

WHITE, white, white is the land of the driven snows.
Peace reigns over all. But alas! across the seas,
Red, red, red, with the blood of a million foes,
And the tears of a million hearts, that God alone can
ease!

THE GUESSING GAME—A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY ANNA D. HALL (AGE 17)

(*Silver Badge*)

Two ragged little children, with their faces pressed closely against the brilliantly lighted window of a city toy-shop, were gazing longingly at the many wonderful things beyond their reach and means. It was Christmas eve, and the snow was falling heavily on the many happy passers-by, each absorbed, apparently, in his or her own affairs, although some did smile pityingly upon the shivering pair at the shop-window.

Presently the elder child, a boy of ten, spoke:

"Oh, Maggie! I wish I had that tool-box. Jiminy! Is n't it a beauty?"

"Yes; and I should love the little stove," sighed his sister. "Well, we can't have 'em and—I have an idea. Choose something you want, and I'll try to guess it in three guesses. Is it the sail-boat?"

"No."

"The tool-box?"

"No."

Of course the third time she guessed a fire-engine and was right.

The game went on merrily. Maggie could n't guess Sam's third choice, and Sam gleefully jumped up and down like a jack-in-the-box.

"Heigh-ho! What 's all this?" cried a gruff voice, and, on looking around, Sam saw an old gentleman, with his little granddaughter, who had just stepped out of a limousine.

"The g-guessing game, sir," was all Sammy could stammer, but later, with Maggie's help, he explained everything.

Then the old gentleman took them into the toy-shop—fairyland to them—and some time afterward two happy children, clasping two large packages—one the

miniature stove, and the other the tool-box—fairly staggered up the steps of a gloomy tenement, while an automobile glided slowly away into the darkness.

"Kitty, dear," said the old gentleman, "thinking about your new pony and doll-house, eh?"

"No, Grandpapa—about the little boy and girl and the 'guessing game.'"



"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY JAMES DEE RICHARDSON, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

YULE-TIDE CHEER

BY PAUL J. KINNARE (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

THOUGH frost should bite, and snow rise high,
Though chilly gray should wax the sky,
And wintry blasts go howling by,

We 'll cheery be and jolly.

With blazing logs we 'll feed the fire,
Our groaning tables heap the higher,
And laugh at blust'ring winter's ire,

As futile fuss and folly.

With song, and cheer, and merry shout.

We 'll drive all care and trouble out,
And put old Father Time to rout,

With feasting and with dancing.

The Christmas tree is laden low;

'Mid holly wreath and mistletoe,

Right ruddily the tapers glow,

Our Yule-tide cheer enhancing.

Now 'round the Christmas board we stand

(Piled mountain-high on ev'ry hand

With blessings of a thriving land),

To toast each happy guest.

The smiling cooks, with pride, bear high

The steaming goose and Christmas pie;

The turkey comes, with sauce hard by,

To give a crowning zest.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

BY JESSIE MARILLA THOMPSON (AGE 13)

THE candles on the Christmas tree beam forth their mellow light;

They sparkle out full joyously, for it is Christmas night.
The song-birds in our hearts sing loud, full loud they sing, and clear,

Although the winter wind is wild, and gone is spring o' year.

Tho' spring o' year is gone, 't is true, and winter's wind is wild,

'T is springtime in our hearts when glad we greet the Christmas Child;

For Christmas is the spring o' hearts; the song-birds sing their lay,

Oh, there are song-birds in our hearts, for Christ is born to-day.

O Father of the fatherless, hear Thou our Christmas prayer.

Thou makest wars to cease, dear Lord, and rulest ev'rywhere;

We, thine own helpless children, pray aloud from near and far,

That peace may come to bless the world, when shines the Christmas star.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY AGNES LAW (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

EVERYTHING was very still in the house where little Tommy Rac lived. Every one was asleep, dreaming of the good things to come on the morrow, for it was Christmas eve.

Suddenly a clock began to strike the hour. Just as the twelfth stroke died away, a little old man, dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot, none other than Santa Claus himself, slipped down the chimney and began to fill the stocking hanging there. He had just about finished when he heard a noise. Some one was coming down the stairs. Santa had no more than stepped behind some curtains when a little figure in white pajamas walked into the room, and hesitating for a moment, moved slowly forward, straight for the fireplace.

Now the truth was that Tommy had been dreaming about Santa Claus all night, and dimly through his dreams he had heard the clock strike twelve—the very hour when Santa would be most likely to come. So he had crept out of bed and come quietly downstairs to investigate.

He walked straight to his stocking, took out a box of



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY RUTH S. THORP, AGE 15.

candy, carefully put the box back, and walked upstairs again and put the piece of candy on the mantel.

Santa Claus was much mystified at these strange proceedings, but he had far to go that night, so he quickly finished filling the stocking and went his way.

Tommy was downstairs early next morning, anxious to find what Santa had brought him. The first thing he pulled out was a box of candy. Opening it, he saw that a piece was gone.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "Santa must have got hungry and eaten a piece of my candy!"

You see, he did not know about his midnight visit. He had been walking in his sleep!

THE WINTER WORLD

BY AGNES MAC DONALD (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

THOUGH spring is full of gladness,
And summer very bright,
And autumn gaily garmented,—
I love the winter white!
I love to hear the sleigh-bells
That tell of Christmas cheer!
I love to see the holly wreaths;
They banish all that 's drear!
I love to see the crackling fire
That dances in the grate;
I love to watch the falling snow
When day is growing late!
I love the clink of ice-skates,
I love the frozen pond,
I love the world transfigured
By winter's fairy wand.

A CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA

BY BEATRICE LOUISE EGAN (AGE 14)

"WHY, Mama, we 're nearly there!" exclaimed Dorothy Spencer to her mama as the brakeman called out, "Richmond Springs next stop!"

They had left their eastern home to spend Christmas with Mrs. Spencer's sister, Louisa Powell, in sunny California.

Mrs. Powell and Florence met them at the depot with their car.

After a long ride they reached the Powells' country home.

The next week passed quickly with rides, parties, and Christmas shopping.

Dorothy never grew tired of exclaiming over the flowers and bright sunshine in December, and she could hardly realize it was really Christmas day.

The family had planned to attend church, but at the last moment the car refused to run. All plans for going were then stopped.

The boys voted for a hike in the afternoon.

"But where?" asked Florence.

"Let 's take Dorothy to see the iron springs," answered Hale with a smile.

Dorothy was delighted, as she had never seen any iron springs. She took a small cup so that she might taste the water.

Dorothy noticed that her cousins seemed greatly amused all the way there.

At last, after a long walk, they reached the spot, and imagine Dorothy's surprise at seeing only a pair of rusty iron springs.

She immediately saw the joke, and they all had a hearty laugh.

"To think I even brought a cup this distance!" laughingly said Dorothy.

On returning home the joke was told to the grown-ups, and all enjoyed the prank played on Dorothy by her cousins, no one enjoying it more than Dorothy herself.

I don't think Dorothy will ever forget her trip to the iron springs, or her Christmas in California.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

BY HELEN RANNEY (AGE 9)

A SNOWY, blowy Christmas
Is the kind I like the best;
With the dolls, and books, and candy,
And the tree, and all the rest.

On a snowy, blowy Christmas,
I 'd like to have a sled;
A sled to take me down the 'ill,
And one that 's painted red.

YULE-TIDE CHEER

BY MARTHA E. HODGSON (AGE 9)

THE bells are chiming far and near,
The weather 's cold, the night is clear,
The world lies sleeping under snow,
Sleighs that tinkle come and go.
To-night 's the night that brings much joy
To every little girl and boy.
Such laughing, squeals, and happy cries
There 'll be when each a string unties!
Candies, cameras, dolls and drums,
Horses, books, and sugar-plums.
What fun there 'll be to-morrow morn,
When Gabriel blows his silver horn.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

PROSE

Martha C. Tucker
James G. Woodworth
Anna Bodian
Rebecca Tatham.
Edna Lawver
Betty M. Howe
Ruth F. Burgess
Elizabeth S.
Shillingford.
Rosemary E. Livsey
Edna E. Brouker
Frances M. Segner
Mary Folsom
Elsbeth McGoodwin
Anne Shiras
Emily Pendleton
Ketwah M. Williams
Helen Zielsdorf
Betty Humphreys
Norma R. Gullette
Hemny Luth
Virginia W. Norman
Ruth Gardner
Hazel Wilcox
Dorothy van A. Fuller
Pinta Huff
Frances Weed
Helen E. Burriss
Clara A. Pierce
Bella Lebowsky
Katherine Carter
Florence Brugger
Hannah Ratisher
Alwin Streng
Kathleen M. Bibby
Esther E. Dongworth
Eustis Hundley
Chester Small
Ruth D. Rickaby
Enid I. Hutchison
Anna Higgins
Mary Bray

Ruth D. Freer
Beaufort B. Copeland
Estelle S. Jacobs
Lolita Stubblefield
Rosamond Tucker
Pauline Heller
Helena Adamowska
Genevieve O.
Anderson
Ethel C. Litchfield
Rebecca Emery
Elinor Colby
Elinor Boyle
Marjorie Seligman
Gladys Lutz
Ermelinda D' Ambrosio
Elizabeth Hazen
Frances Raymond
Dorothy A. Fessenden
Henrietta L. Perrine
Ruth E. Baker
Ridgely Warfield
Catherine F. Urell
Constance C. Ling
Corey H. Ford
Elise Ayles
Sarah W. Goodstone
Richard L. Greene
Jeanne B. Lowry
Tillie Rosen
Gjems Fraser
Josephine Chandler
Gladys Fliegelman
Elizabeth A. Diller
Persis Miller
Florence N.
Nightingale
Susan M. Collier
Lucille I. Barrett
Janet Millis
M. Ritia Greenfield
Mabel Macferran
Helen Lichtenstein
Jessie Babcock

Josephine E. Joy
Octavia Sheldon
Esther Pritchard
Mildred Fish
Gertrude Woolf
Louise Van Loon
Alice B. Parker
Grace Ludden
Elizabeth Klink
Dorothy Donlan
Gladys M. Smith
Irene Shlwik
Ethel M. Tingley
Catharine Dunham
Juanita D. Helmer
Ethel Satterlee
Evelyn Beckwith
Carolyn B. Woodruff
Hannah Davidson
Gertrude Kraus
Ruth E. Bedford
Dora Sussman
Ruth Hollowell
Frank Kohn
Ruth Hastings
Grace Raymond
Elinor Raas
Vera Enright
Gladys I. Pelz
Winifred M. Bronson
William Richmond
Elizabeth Nightingale
Margaret Klein
Gunther W. Harms
Anne Hight
Gertrude Solinsky
Dorothy A. Moore
Marjorie Fraser
Alfred S. Valentine
Eileen Hayes
Florence Westerberg
Henrietta P. Clunet
Bernard Weiss
Nell Hiscox

Zora Brotherton
Oliver Howe
Zelma Owen

VERSE

Martha Bolles
Benita Clarke
Dorothea S. Hill
Florence M. Treat
Hester A. Emmet
Elizabeth Reimer

Ruth C. Robinson
Margaret E.
Whittemore
Dorothy P. Koller
Roanna W. Hill
Helen E. Davies
Bessie Doogue
R. K. Turner
Isabel Conklin
Alma Kechoe
Dorothy D. West
Ruth Browne

George L. Pendleton
Janet Coleman
Anne Driscoll
Theodosia Cushing
Rachel Reaney
Louise Lyman
Katherine A. Adams
Mary C. Moffett
Dorothy Lawton
Dorothy Sommers
Fritz W. Taylor
Phyllis Jayme
Elizabeth Milne
Laura Morris
Julia R. Hall
Marion V. Hendrickson
Dorothy B. Gladding
Agnes E. Titcomb
Elizabeth Bennett
Mary L. Holway
Hazel W. Russell
Mary C. Ballard
Elizabeth G. Osius
Helen C. Kirkwood
Kittie Herrick
Shelley McKnight
Rosamond W. Eddy
George W. F.
Chapman

Saul Borock
Katharine K. Spencer
Hubert Barentzen
Martha Hammond
Eugenia Anderson
Eloise M. Peckham
Mary C. Bostwick
Lucy D. Thurston
Catharine Rhoads
Roberta Taylor

Alice K. Cobb
Catherine H. Hall
John Irvin
E. Custis Bennett
Lillian Genn
Elisabeth Allen
James A. Miller
Elisabeth Wheeler
Frances Ames
Alice D. Quintal

Francis W. Bronson
Eleanor E. Hull
Sterling Dow
Eugenia Raymond
Rebecca Farnham
Helen Hope Wilson
Edith Pierpont
Stickney
Frances Church
Evelyn Heymann



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY HELEN
B. BROWN, AGE 15.

Sarah F. Borock
Nellie Adams
Elizabeth Sheble
Idella Purnell
Jane B. Walden
Fannie M. Bouton

Katharine Winchester
Marion E. Bell
Oliver W. Huckel
Atha R. Woodward
Muriel W. Curtis
Miriam Cooper

PHOTOGRAPHS

I. Katharine Boston
Eleanor V. D. Lucas
Harriette Tipton
Josephine W. Holman
Verdi E. B. Fuller, Jr.

Annette Auslander
Mary S. Benson
Elizabeth Wilson
Sarah M. Brown
Roderick Young
Margaret Winfield
Ruth Gilbert
Elizabeth Fish
Frances E. Noble
Marcella H. Foster
Caroline L. Ingham
Hope Dennis
Emma Jacobs
Dorothy Levy
Rachel E. Saxton
Beatrice Griffith
Charlotte D. Vanderlip
Helen F. Smith
Elizabeth Cowles
Llewellyn A. Wilcox
B. Bishop
Wesley A. DeLaney
Nancy Barnett
Janet Newkirk
Miriam Hussey
Marion Cleveland
Mary I. Fry
Virginia Traylor
Eleanor Hebblethwaite
Marian L. Williams
Margaret Harland
Rachel Feldman
Dorothy Hall
Betty P. Fitts
Lou Conklin
Katharine Brooks
Edith A. Lukens
Helen Hastings
Lois M. Levy
Beverly R. Stephens
Elizabeth Warren
Gertrude E. Richards
Mary E. Feddeman
Marie Mirvis
Celestine Morgan
Allis F. Hussey
Alice Bever
Wendell S. Clampitt
Louise A. Jackson
Phyllis Harrown



"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY
DOROTHY E. HANDSAKER, AGE
17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

DRAWINGS

Betsy Flagg
Marie Nelson
Gertrude Harms
Hester B. Curtis
Harlan Hubbard

Samuel B.
Fortenbaugh, Jr.
Eleanor Evans
Eleanor Lowrey
Anna R. Payne
Dolores M. Wright
Margaret Olmstead
Olive Gawtry

Betty Lowe
Florence Lufkin
Vera I. Sillman

PUZZLES

Edith E. Dewes
Grace H. Parker

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 194

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. 194 will close **December 24** (for foreign members **December 30**). 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, "When the Days Grow Longer."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Legend of Our Town."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Sunny Corner."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Something Square," 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.

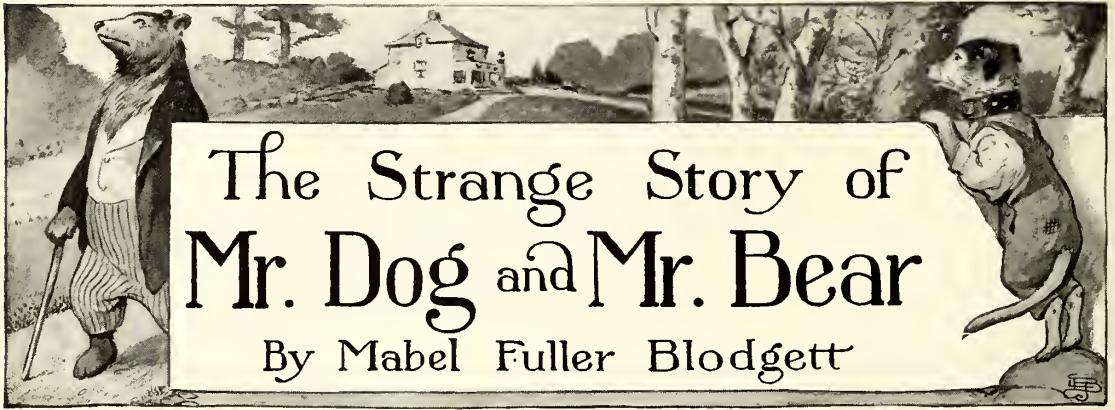
No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

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—and must state in writing—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; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.



(FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK)

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

MR. BEAR was looking forward to the first real snowstorm because Mr. Dog had made a fine double-runner, and they were both planning for little housework, and a lot of coasting. Mr. Bear's fur suit was just the thing for winter sports, but Mr. Dog had been obliged to go to the village and buy himself a sweater. It was bright crimson and was very becoming. Mr. Dog, who loved fine clothes, had also purchased a scarlet and white skating cap, with a tassel that hung down over one ear in a most engaging manner. So both Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear could hardly wait for cold weather to set in, and they spent a great deal of time running out to the porch and



"MR. DOG'S SWEATER WAS VERY BECOMING."

looking at the thermometer that hung there. When they were not doing that, they were reading the weather reports in the newspapers, or

watching the clouds, and at last they were rewarded late one afternoon by the sight of large feathery flakes of snow lazily floating downward from a cold gray sky. But alas! there was to be no coasting for either of them, for many days to come.

Mr. Bear, who had not been feeling like himself for some time, came down with the mumps the very next morning, and Mr. Dog had his paws full with cooking, and nursing, and bed-making, and carrying up trays to the invalid.

Now I suppose you never saw a bear with the mumps! It is a sorry sight, I assure you, and the cottage was a sad place now with only the doctor's visits for company and Mr. Bear in the dreadfulest state with his poor neck so swollen that none of his collars would fit him—he had lately, to please Mr. Dog, taken to wearing them. For daily use a red bandana handkerchief became the only thing possible. Well, Mr. Dog was a pretty fair nurse, though he did bring Mr. Bear some lemonade the first day, and, if you've ever had mumps, you will know how Mr. Bear felt after he got a real good taste. But Mr. Dog was more careful after that and never so much as said "pickles" or brought Mr. Bear anything that was sour or puckery, so they got along quite nicely.

Still, there was a lot of time for thinking, and Mr. Bear, looking wistfully out on the snowy landscape, began to plan for Christmas. He decided that he would surprise Mr. Dog, and the surprise should take the form of a Christmas tree. There were plenty of dear little firs growing about near by, each one holding up its tiny branches as if begging for the honor of being chosen, and Mr. Bear knew Mr. Dog, who was something of a carpenter, was just dying to have

a complete tool-chest, and he thought what a fine present that would be and how beautifully the awl and saws and other tools would glitter, hung from the branches in the light of the Christmas candles.

Mr. Bear would also see that Mr. Dog had a wonderful big bone, the best in the market, and tied with scarlet ribbon and holly, and a bottle of perfumery, and oh, yes! a dozen handkerchiefs with colored borders. Mr. Bear had to get his notebook down and write the things as fast as he remembered them, and the best of it was Mr. Bear was determined, firmly determined, that Mr. Dog should know nothing whatever about the whole matter.

Now the funny part of it was that Mr. Dog had been thinking also, and the end of his reflections were pretty much what Mr. Bear's had been. He would give Mr. Bear a Christmas tree and *Mr. Bear should know nothing whatever about it.*

Mr. Dog was so excited that one day he put salt instead of sugar into the pudding and never knew the difference till he and Mr. Bear sat down to dessert together. By this time Mr. Bear was better, and soon he was well enough to go coasting, which means that he was well enough to do anything at all that he wanted to.

His actions began to puzzle Mr. Dog. In the first place, Mr. Bear began to make a lot of mysterious trips to the village, and then he was always getting a lot of catalogues, which he was careful to keep locked up. One day Mr. Dog found him measuring the height of the parlor ceiling, and he looked very much embarrassed when asked what he was doing; and yet Mr. Dog had n't the slightest idea of what was going on. You see, he was so full of his own plans to surprise Mr. Bear that it never crossed his mind that Mr. Bear might have secret holiday plans of his own. Mr. Dog was chiefly concerned that Mr. Bear should n't find out what *he* was doing, and, as he was much more careful than poor, dear, blundering Mr. Bear, he never gave his friend the slightest idea of what was in his mind.

After a lot of thinking, Mr. Dog decided to cut the prettiest little Christmas tree you ever saw, that he had found near by in the forest. He would trim it with popcorn and cranberries and little candles, and he would give Mr. Bear a half dozen jars of the finest honey, because Mr. Bear loved honey best of anything, and a big blueberry pie tied up with scarlet ribbon and holly, for Mr. Bear liked blueberry pie next best, and a muffler, a beautiful warm plaid muffler, because Mr. Bear was n't stylish but loved to be

comfortable. Oh, yes, and a white and gold book for the parlor table. Mr. Dog did n't care at all what was inside the book, but he wanted a very handsome cover. It would look awfully well under the best lamp, and as the only book in the house was a cook-book, Mr. Dog felt it would lend quite an air to the whole cottage, and was, in a way, really needed. To do all this would take every penny Mr. Dog had earned, but Mr. Dog did not grudge a single cent of his hoard.

Mr. Bear did n't tell anybody of his plan, and Mr. Dog did n't tell anybody either. They both gave very good reasons for refusing a number of



"MR. BEAR CAME DOWN WITH THE MUMPS."

invitations that they received for Christmas parties; Mr. Bear, looking very wise, said he felt rather old for romping about, just a quiet evening in slippers at home for him; and Mr. Dog said what with the mumps and all he was so behind-hand with his work that he thought he would rather spend a quiet day at home, with slippers and a comfortable chair before the fire in the evening.

But what were they going to do about Christmas, their friends asked.

Mr. Bear looked up in the air and rubbed his head and finally said something about wreaths in the windows, and Mr. Dog answered briskly that he was going to make the finest plum pudding that day for dinner they ever saw and if that was n't celebrating Christmas, what was?

Still, it did seem as if the time would never arrive, for you know yourself how slow Christmas and birthdays and vacations are about getting around; and how very quickly school-days, and trips to the dentist, and such things come. But at last it really was December twenty-fourth,

and that very evening after sunset had been planned both by Mr. Dog and by Mr. Bear for their grand surprise.

Mr. Dog had all his presents on the top shelf of his bedroom closet, and Mr. Bear had all his presents on the top shelf of *his* bedroom closet; and both of them had their closets locked and the keys in their pockets.

Neither of the friends talked much at supper that night for both were too busy thinking. Mr.

At last supper was over and the dishes neatly washed and put away. The two friends turned to each other, and both spoke at once and said just the same thing all in a breath without pausing:

"I was thinking of taking a little stroll this evening."

"Why, that 's a good idea," said Mr. Bear, putting on his cap and goloshes as he spoke. It was handy for him not having to bother with anything more on account of his fine fur coat, though he would rather have liked a muffler.

"I think so too," said Mr. Dog, hurriedly getting into his coasting togs—sweater, tasseled cap, and all.

"Which way were you going, Mr. Bear? I was thinking of going west—"

"I was thinking of going east," said Mr. Bear, much relieved at the turn things were taking. And so the two friends parted.

Mr. Bear called out over his shoulder, "No use, Mr. Dog, of being back before eight o'clock a fine night like this."

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Dog, much pleased and inwardly planning to get his tree trimmed in the forest, and then to have it all set up in the cottage a few moments before that hour.

So both friends hurried off—Mr. Dog to the west, to hang on his tree as fast as ever he could the strings of cranberries and pop-corn with which his pockets were bulging, and Mr. Bear to decorate his tree in the most beautiful manner and as rapidly as possible. And my! were n't they busy? You may not believe it, but each of them got through the very same moment, which was exactly seventeen and a half minutes to eight o'clock, and each of them was exactly one

half mile from home. Mr. Bear put his tree on his shoulder and started; Mr. Dog put *his* tree on *his* shoulder and started. Mr. Bear's tree was bigger and heavier than Mr. Dog's tree, but then Mr. Bear was stronger than Mr. Dog, so they both covered the ground at the same rate of speed.

Now I suppose you have already guessed what happened. It was sure to, was n't it? And it just did.

Mr. Dog, stealthily coming up the back way, and Mr. Bear, stealthily coming up the front



"MR. DOG FOUND MR. BEAR MEASURING THE HEIGHT OF THE PARLOR CEILING."

Bear wanted to get some good excuse for leaving Mr. Dog and getting into the forest where the Christmas tree was to be found. It was already cut, but it wanted trimming, and Mr. Bear decided to trim it right where it stood, or rather where it leaned against another fir-tree, and then manage some way to get it into the house without Mr. Dog's knowing it. Mr. Bear's pockets were full of tinsel and bells, gilt walnuts, golden and silver balls, and such like ornaments. He fairly tinkled when he walked; but Mr. Dog was so very busy thinking that he did n't notice.

way, met right at the cottage door, and I wish you had been there to see them. I don't suppose their eyes were ever wider opened in all their lives; and as for their mouths, they were open too, and both their tongues were hanging out.

Mr. Dog was the quickest, so he began to laugh first, but Mr. Bear was not long in following, and they both laughed so hard they had to lean their beautiful Christmas trees up against the side of the cottage while they rolled over and over in the snow and neither one could stop.

But at last Mr. Bear caught his breath and sat up, and Mr. Dog, still wiping away tears of merriment with his paw, sat up too, and then it all came out—their wonderful plans and all the doings.

Well, the end of it was, there were two Christmas trees set up in Mr. Bear's house that night and two very happy people.

The presents were a truly surprise after all, and they were exactly right. Each said so to the other, I don't know how many times. Mr. Bear put on his muffler at once, though the cottage was as hot as hot could be, and Mr. Dog had so much perfumery on his handkerchief that they had to open the front door to air off. Mr. Dog began to do things with his tools at once, while gnawing ever and anon at his wonderful bone, and Mr. Bear ate a piece of blueberry pie that was big enough to give him seven kinds of nightmare, but did n't.

Then Mr. Bear drew up his big rocking-chair to the fire, while Mr. Dog threw himself down on the rug in front of it and stretched out to enjoy the blaze with his paws clasped un-

der his head. And they both said there had never been such a Christmas and that it was the greatest fun having it that way, all alone. I suppose

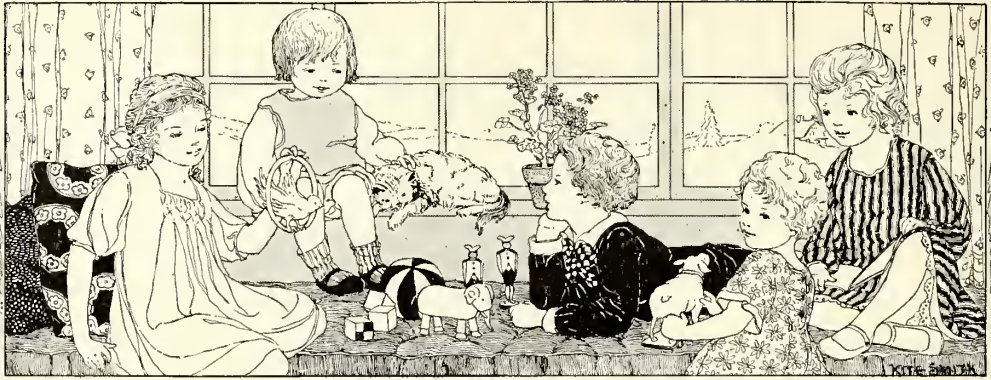


"MR. DOG AND MR. BEAR MET RIGHT AT THE COTTAGE DOOR."

they meant not having the forest and the farm people there; and perhaps this is a good place and time for you and me to leave them, too.



"THEY ROLLED OVER AND OVER IN THE SNOW."

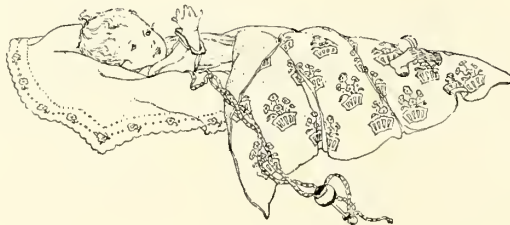


HOW OUR BABY KEPT CHRISTMAS

BY ELIZABETH CARRINGTON YOUNG

WE children talked it over, and none of us could see
 How the baby could keep Christmas—such a little mite is he.
 He cannot eat the goodies, and he will not like the noise,
 Though he 'll do his best to swell it—like all the other boys.
 He can't enjoy the Christmas tree, not a single little bit,
 For in his crib he 'll be asleep ere the candles have been lit;
 And Santa may not know it, but it 's no use bringing toys
 To a baby only three months old—there 's none that he enjoys.
 We've shown him all our playthings, and it was n't worth the while—
 He stared at us instead of them and broke into a smile.
 You can give him bibs and mittens and put pennies in his bank,
 But that is n't keeping Christmas—if you like us to be frank.
 Yes, it is hard on babies—to that we all agreed—
 And when they are *so* tiny, it 's very hard indeed!

But if you will believe it, when Christmas morning came
 And we were all so happy, the baby was the same.
 We 're sure 't was Santa's doings, so cleverly 't was planned,
 Our baby had a plaything—his own dear little hand!
 He held it up before his face and eyed it with surprise,
 And smiled, and laughed at it, and cooed, as though he 'd drawn a prize.
 "And so he has," said Father. "'T is well to understand,
 The finest toys, the greatest joys, are ever in one's hand."



THE LETTER-BOX

ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for almost seven years, and during those years I don't think anything has given me so much pleasure as your magazine. When you come, the first thing I always turn to is the "League." I love to see what others have accomplished, and of course try a hand myself. I never was so surprised and delighted as when I received my two badges. I want to thank you for them now.

Of course I must tell you how much I enjoy your stories. I do not read many children's stories now, but those in ST. NICHOLAS never lose their charm. Indeed, if I were to read them until I were eighty, they would always be the same. I love "The Lucky Sixpence" and "Beatrice of Denewood," and "Peg o' the Ring" is just as good. "The Boarded-up House" certainly is very exciting, and I look forward to the next numbers with great anticipation.

I have many of your old volumes, and for years my favorite stories were "A Boy of the First Empire" and "Chris of the Wonderful Lamp." Both of these stories appeared in ST. NICHOLAS for the year 1895. If any of the ST. NICHOLAS readers wish to read two corking good stories, I advise them to go to their library and look up these two. Then there are Ralph Henry Barbour's stories, many of which I have read; and, of late, "More Than Conquerors." All these stories, dear old ST. NICHOLAS, as I look back, and more too, place you in a spot in my heart where you shall always remain.

Yours most sincerely,

MILDRED MAURER.

LA GRANGE, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old and like you very much. I think "The Lost Prince" is about the best story. The other night when I went to bed, I happened to remember that *Marco* often told himself to wake up at a certain time. To see if this was true, I told myself to wake up at seven o'clock. When I awoke it was just that time. I can hardly wait until the next number.

Sincerely,

AMY WILKINSON.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are a birthday present to me and I enjoy you very much. My best school-friend gets you also, and we like to discuss the stories.

I am reading aloud to Mother "The Boarded-up House," and it is so interesting that it seems years to wait for the next number.

From your interested reader,

AGNES RAPIER.

ARROYO SECO, N. MEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to thank you for the many happy hours you have given me. Though you are just a magazine, your characters are so real they seem almost alive.

We live on a ranch here in New Mexico. We get a fine view on our porch; but when we go up on some rocks, we see even a more wonderful one. Also we can see the Rio Grande River; when we go down to its banks, it is a very pretty river, but from our house it is not so pretty, as it looks like a great crack in the earth. About sixteen miles from here stands the Toas pueblo, one of the oldest Indian pueblos in existence.

This great apartment-house is made of adobe and is the home of about five hundred Indians.

Away down in their basement they keep a fire burning all the time; there is some secret about it that I have never been able to find out.

Your sincere reader,

BERTHA HAWK (age 9).

MILTON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four or five years and have written but once in all that time. But please don't think it is because I don't love you—for I do!

I am very much interested in the "Letter Box," and, after I have read all the stories, I get out old ST. NICHOLAS and read the nice letters that are written to you.

I do not *live* in a very far-off town (though I have never read a letter from here), but I have been in Florida, Canada, and Cuba. In Havana, Cuba, almost all the houses are built of concrete, with the inside walls tinted. In our hotel the windows were about ten feet up the side of the high wall, and are small ones at that! But we never felt the heat in the hotel. The streets are very narrow, especially O'Reilly and Obispo streets. The stores are all open, and they have iron grating for doors and for most of the few windows—as do the houses. Havana is a very clean city, its streets being cleaned every night. The women are beauties, and powder their faces with pulverized egg-shells.

I liked "The Lucky Sixpence" and "Beatrice of Denewood" very much, and I love "The Lost Prince," as I do all Mrs. Burnett's books.

I hope I may have you to look forward to for many years to come.

Lovingly,

DOROTHY HOOD (age 12).

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day, when I was reading over some of the letters in your nice magazine, I noticed one written from Menton, France.

I would like to tell you that that was the very place where I was born, and we lived there for some time. When I was a baby, we lived in "La Villa Bleue," Menton, and I used to have everything in blue. My bedroom was all trimmed in light blue, and I had a light-blue baby-carriage. People used to call me the "Blue Baby of Villa Blue."

My mother used to take you when she was a little girl, and I know that we enjoy you as much as she did. I do not think that it would be a nice New Year without ST. NICHOLAS coming the first of the month. This is the second year we have taken you.

Your loving reader,

JARVIS KERR (age 11).

STAMFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for one year now, but I never have written to you before. When I started to take you, "Beatrice of Denewood" was all over and I was so sorry to miss it. I liked "The Run-away" very much. My mother took you when she was a little girl and we have a good many copies of you bound. I am very fond of horses, and I have one of my own. Last summer I rode in the Stamford horse-show and got a prize. I have always enjoyed the "Letter-Box."

Some of my little friends take you, too, and we love to read you together.

Your interested reader,
ELIZABETH CUNNINGHAM (age 11).

PASADENA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for a year, and I enjoy you so much.

We have an Airedale that is very clever. I am sending you a picture of him wheeling the baby-carriage. He has several other tricks, such as shaking hands and



THE AIREDALE WHEELING THE BABY-CARRIAGE.

catching and bringing a ball to you. If you tell him to "find the ball," he runs to an orange-orchard near by, picks up an orange from the ground and brings it to you. He drops it and backs off a little ways, looking down at it. If you don't pay any attention to him, he goes and brings another orange until he has about four of them. Then he will pick one of them out for you to throw.

Your interested reader,
AGNES MEAD (age 12).

HARVARD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was five years old February fifth. I had a cake with five candles on it and Mama gave me the pretty bound volumes of *ST. NICHOLAS* for 1913. I just love them and wish I had all the *ST. NICHOLASES* you have ever published.

This is the second year I have taken your magazine. I like all the "Little Folks" stories very much. I enjoyed "Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman" and "The Lucky Stone," and think "Tommy and the Wishing Stone" is just splendid.

We can't go to school here until we are six years old, but I can read quite a little myself, and I enjoy reading better than anything else.

Mama is reading "Jack and Jill" to me now from

ST. NICHOLAS of 1880 which she had when she was a little girl. I like to hear anything about Miss Louisa Alcott, for she once lived here in Harvard. I went all over the house last summer and saw the room where *Meg, Jo, Beth,* and *Amy* used to sleep. We have four baby kitties and I named them for the "Little Women." If there had been one more I would have called it *Laurie*.

I am sending you the names of some little friends of mine who do not take *ST. NICHOLAS*. I wish their mamas would take it for them.

Your loving little friend,
GENEVIEVE GOODWIN MEAD.

TONO, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For two years I have been your only subscriber in my town—a small mining camp. But when Mother sent the first number of "Tommy and the Wishing Stone" to school (a four-roomed one) for my brother's teacher to read, the teacher read that, then started on "The Lost Prince," then borrowed my back numbers of "Peg o' the Ring."

Her children liked it so well that she has now subscribed for *ST. NICHOLAS*.

My favorite stories are "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "The Boarded-up House," and the "Tommy" stories.

The new number of *ST. NICHOLAS* is coming to-morrow.

Hurrah!

Your expectant reader,
MAEBELLE BROOKS.

TIENTSIN, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken *ST. NICHOLAS* for three years.

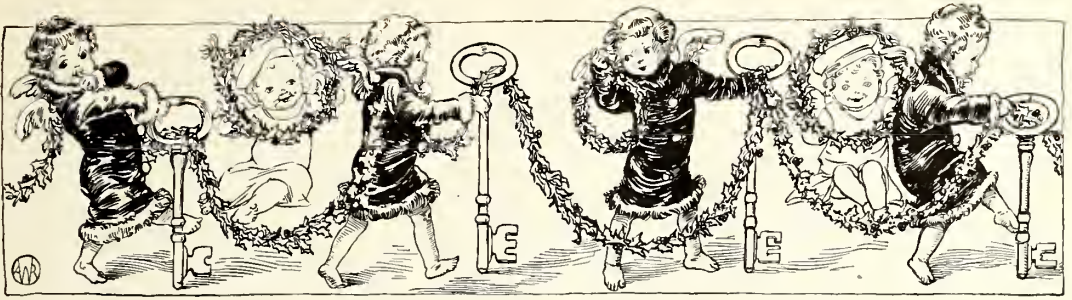
My father is an army officer, and we are now living in Tientsin, China. Last week we had a very interesting trip to the Ming tombs and the Great Wall of China.



THE STONE CAMEL NEAR THE MING TOMBS.

I am inclosing a picture of myself on one of the stone animals at the Ming tombs. As we were going through the Nankou Pass, we saw a caravan of camels on the old caravan-trail, moving along just as they had been doing for hundreds of years.

Your interested reader,
BETSY MORRIS SLADEN (age 10).



THE RIDDLE-BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Field. 2. Indue. 3. Edict. 4. Lucre. 5. Deter.

THE FROG IN THE WELL. Seven days.

OVERLAPPING DIAMONDS. I. 1. P. 2. Rat. 3. Rajah. 4. Pajamas. 5. Tamed. 6. Had. 7. S. II. 1. B. 2. Mat. 3. Mines. 4. Bananas. 5. Tenet. 6. Sat. 7. S. III. 1. A. 2. Ass. 3. Alpha. 4. Aspirin. 5. Shred. 6. Aid. 7. N. IV. 1. I. 2. Ant. 3. Anvil. 4. Invalid. 5. Tiled. 6. Lid. 7. D. V. 1. I. 2. One. 3. Outed. 4. Interim. 5. Eerie. 6. Die. 7. M.

DIAGONAL. Balboa. Cross-words: 1. Bought. 2. Castle. 3. Falcon. 4. Limber. 5. Pistol. 6. Helena.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals, Cleveland; third row, Roosevelt. Cross-words: 1. Ceramic. 2. Loosing. 3. Economy. 4. Vistula. 5. Elevate. 6. Leveret. 7. America. 8. Nullify. 9. Detract.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Have thy tools ready and God will find thee work."

GEOGRAPHICAL ZIGZAG. Rochester. Cross-words: 1. Rhine. 2. Dover. 3. Rocky. 4. Omaha. 5. Maine. 6. Boise. 7. Altai. 8. Delhi. 9. Reval.—CHARADE. Gros-beak.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 24 from Elizabeth L. Young and Evelyn Hillman.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 24 from Elizabeth Palms Lewis, 11—Frances Knoche Marlatt, 11—"Allil and Adi," 11—Emily P. Hayne, 10—Margaret B. Lott, 8—Lloyd Berrall, 7—Alice Noël Farrar, 6—Ignatius Vado, 6—Arthur Poulin, 6—Helen Adda Vance, 5—Protasio Maymi, 5—A. Eugene Griffin, Jr., 3—Whitney Ashbridge, 3—Elizabeth Morrow, 2—M., L., and C. Jacoby, 2—M. W. White, 1—R. A. Packard, Jr., 1—W. S. Forrest, Jr., 1—B. Bancroft, 1—M. E. Close, 1—L. Guthrie, 1—L. Perkins, 1—D. C. Hess, 1—C. Smith, 1—E. Lemieux, 1—J. B. Walden, 1—A. Higgins, 1—Isidore Goldin, 1—X. W. Marghetic, 1—C. Wyckoff, 1.

A BUNCH OF KEYS

EXAMPLE: A Thanksgiving key. Answer, Turkey.

1. A key that rides race-horses. 2. A meddlesome key. 3. A fortunate key. 4. A brave key. 5. An African key. 6. A stupid key. 7. A dripping key. 8. A playful key. ALICE R. BRAGG (age 12), *League Member*.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG

I 3 CROSS-WORDS: 1. An ambassador. * 2. Incentive. 3. The fur of the coy-pou. * 4. A tree-lizard. 5. Growing dim. 6. A plant that bears aromatic seeds. 7. Legitimate. 8. To bring out. 9. To secure. 10. To arouse.

Zigzags, from 1 to 2, a poet; from 3 to 4, one of his poems.

ARTHUR MINOT REED

(age 12), *League Member*.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters.

1. Triply behead a reel for holding yarn, and leave an inclosure for coal. 2. Triply behead to begin to grow, and leave away. 3. Triply behead a musical instrument, and leave a snare. 4. Triply behead honest, and leave a part of the verb to be. 5. Triply behead a floor-covering, and leave to fondle. 6. Triply behead to spatter, and leave a tree. 7. Triply behead parted with,

SQUARES CONNECTED BY DIAMONDS. I. 1. P. 2. Tan. 3. Tenon. 4. Pannier. 5. Noise. 6. Née. 7. R. II. 1. R. 2. Ten. 3. Trait. 4. Realgar. 5. Niger. 6. Tar. 7. R. III. 1. R. 2. Lea. 3. Leech. 4. Reënter. 5. Actor. 6. Her. 7. R. IV. 1. R. 2. Tam. 3. Tamed. 4. Rambler. 5. Melon. 6. Den. 7. R. V. 1. R. 2. Ten. 3. Tepid. 4. Reposit. 5. Nisan. 6. Din. 7. T. VI. 1. Harsh. 2. Arena. 3. Refer. 4. Sneer. 5. Harry. VII. 1. Porch. 2. Opera. 3. Refer. 4. Cream. 5. Harms. VIII. 1. Harps. 2. Afire. 3. River. 4. Premo. 5. Seron. IX. 1. March. 2. Adore. 3. Rover. 4. Creed. 5. Herds.

EXPOSITION NUMERICAL ACROSTIC. Cross-words: 1. Ticklish. 2. Sapience. 3. Generate. 4. Juvenile. 5. Majestic. 6. Sweetish. 7. Maternal. 8. Zymology. 9. Purblind. 10. Falchion. 11. Wiseacre. 12. Symphony. 13. Fairiery. From 1 to 13, Tower of Jewels; 14 to 25, Festival Hall; 26 to 32, The Zone; 33 to 43, Jules Guérin; 44 to 50, Maybeck; 51 to 58, Art Smith; 59 to 65, Germany; 66 to 70, China; 71 to 75, India; 76 to 78, Sea; 79, M.

and leave a color. 8. Triply behead a product of the Southern States, and leave a measure of weight. 9. Triply behead to seem, and leave part of the head.

When the nine words have been rightly guessed and beheaded, the initials of the remaining little words will spell the name of a famous general.

CAROLINE C. JOHNSON (age 13), *League Member*.

CHARADE

My first, though won and never lost,

Turned round is now before ye;

My second may turn red like blood

Upon the paths to glory.

My whole is clear, but now confess it,

'T will be a wonder if you guess it.

MARION AMES (age 16), *League Member*.

CONNECTING WORDS

EACH of the words described contains four letters. Use the last two letters of the first word for the first two of the second word, and so on.

1. Genuine. 2. A confederate. 3. A musical instrument. 4. To peruse. 5. A tool. 6. Enthusiasm. 7. In addition. 8. Tender. 9. Actual. 10. A part in a vocal quartette. 11. Sound. 12. Penury. 13. Margin. 14. Trappings. 15. Parched. 16. Vacant. 17. To vault. 18. Part of the choir in a church. 19. An aquatic animal. 20. Besides. 21. A portion. 22. A certain kind of food. 23. A tiny particle. 24. To leave out. 25. A paragraph.

MARGUERITE JENNINGS (age 15), *League Member*.

The Cheer Bringer



"Home with the holly and Campbell's good cheer—
Fit for the merriest day in the year!"

Yes, and helps to make it merry. Gives an extra relish to your Christmas dinner; makes it digest better and do you more good. In truth you make the whole year merrier by using

Campbell's Tomato Soup

So easy to prepare, so delicious, so wholesome and satisfying, this favorite Campbell "kind" adds a note of warmth and good cheer to any meal and any occasion.

Have it handy so you can enjoy it often. Order it by the dozen from your grocer. That's the way.

Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds

10c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

ANSCO

CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

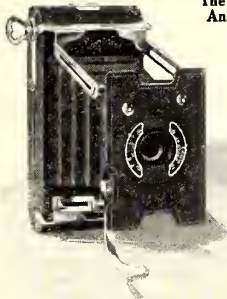
CHRISTMAS is the time to get that camera you have been wishing for. The Ansco Vest-Pocket Camera is so small that you can slip it into your pocket and take it anywhere, and yet so fine that your pictures will make your parents sit up and take notice. Ask them to get you one. You boys and girls can have a wonderful time "snapping" pictures of your sports, and they will be photographs that you will not take anything for when you are grown up.

The Ansco Vest-Pocket Camera comes in several different styles, from \$7.50 up. Write for our Christmas booklet and the name of the Ansco dealer in your town. You can then take your parents to look over the many Ansco models, from \$2 to \$55. With an Ansco Camera use Ansco Speedex Film and print on Cyko Paper to get the picture wonderfully clear every time.

Ansco Vest-Pocket No. 1.
Takes a picture $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$
inches. Equipped with
Single Achromatic Lens,
\$7.50; with Rapid Rec-
tilinear Lens, \$9.00.



The Sign of the
Ansco Dealer



ANSCO COMPANY
BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK



A famous Boston jewelry store of over half a century ago.

"That's the make of silver plate that we received when we were married and we still have some that was mother's"

Continental Pattern

At the best stores holiday shoppers will be offered as the leading brand of silver plate, **1847 ROGERS BROS.** *"Silver Plate that Wears"*

It is the same make that merchants of fifty years and more ago recommended to their customers. Sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years.

At leading dealers. Send for illustrated Catalogue "M-5."

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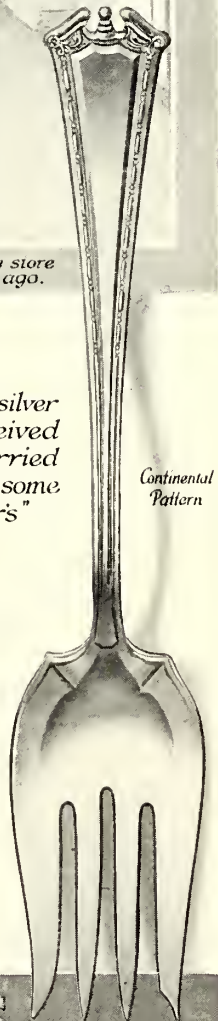
NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO HAMILTON, CANADA

The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate

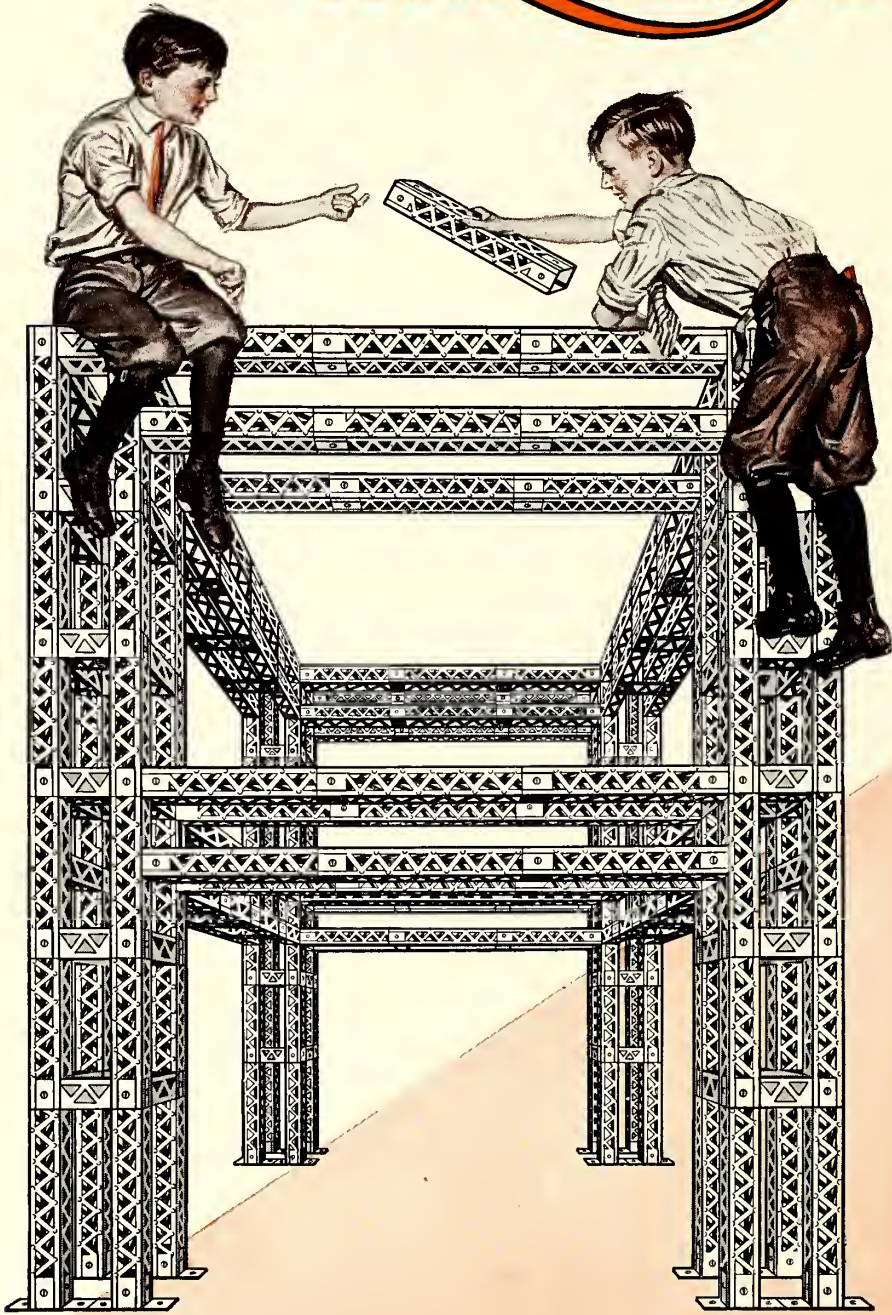
1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Gronwell Pattern



Hello Boys!



Two Boys Building an 8-foot-high Skyscraper with Erector

ERECTOR

THE TOY LIKE STRUCTURAL STEEL



A. C. GILBERT

“Just Look at the Big, Strong Models You Can Build!”

With Erector you can build strong models that are regular “giants”—skyscrapers 8 feet high, bridges 21 feet long.

There’s a lot of fun in building these big Erector models; they’re not flimsy and weak like the models built with flat strips.

Notice the *square* columns of this model—they’re exactly like the columns and beams of actual skyscrapers. Erector is the *only* construction toy with girders like real structural steel.

There’s no end to the models—both large and small—that you can build. Skyscrapers with running elevators, bridges with third-rail cars, machine-shops, sawmills, battle-ships, aeroplanes, derricks, and hundreds of others. The electric motor, free with most sets, runs many of the models. It lifts 100 pounds and certainly makes things hum.

FREE BOYS’ MAGAZINE AND BOOK

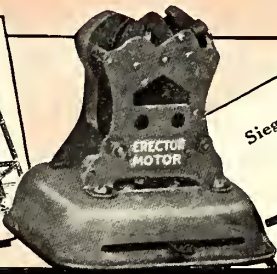
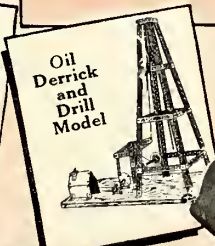
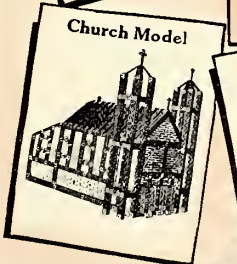
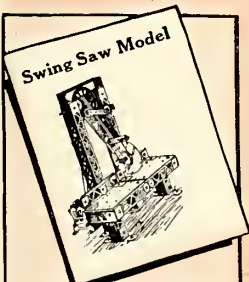
I want to give every ST. NICHOLAS reader, absolutely free, a 3 months’ subscription to my boys’ magazine, *Erector Tips*, including the big holiday issue in colors, brimful of stories and photographs.

Read the absorbing story, “How I Invented Erector,” and the special articles telling all about my experiences as a World’s Champion Athlete. These issues of *Tips* also explain how to do magic tricks; give full details of my \$3000 offer of automobile, motor-cycles, tents, canoes, etc.

Send to-day for the 3 months’ subscription—also a free copy of my new 24-page illustrated book which shows hundreds of splendid Erector models. Don’t send any money or stamps. I want to present all this to you *absolutely free!*

Be sure you get Erector for Christmas. Dealers everywhere sell it, \$1 to \$25 per set. Look at Set No. 4 for \$5—the most popular set.

A. C. GILBERT, President
The Mysto Mfg. Co., 130 Fox St., New Haven, Conn.



Name.....
Address.....
My dealer is.....
Send this coupon to
The Mysto Mfg. Co.
130 Fox Street
New Haven
Conn.

Due to arrive
Christmas Day
Ives Trains
Ives Struktiron



Boys, if you were asked what is the greatest industry in America, what would you say? Why, the railroad is the king of American industries. It is the greatest force in the growth of American civilization.

So Ives Trains are the king of toys in America. No boy's life is complete until he has owned and operated an Ives Railroad.

Ives Toys

Make Happy-Boys

Everything about an Ives Railway System is exactly like the famous railroads of the country—the steam and electric locomotives; the tenders, passenger and freight cars; the tracks, switches, semaphores, crossing gates, stations and tunnels. You start and stop the train—and do anything else that is done on a real railroad.

And if you also own a set of Ives Struktiron, you can build steel railroad bridges, elevated railways, derricks and cranes for loading and unloading freight cars.

Ask your parents for Ives Trains (\$1 to \$30) and Ives Struktiron (\$2 to \$25). They are sold by toy, hardware and department stores.

Write for beautifully illustrated Catalog and names of Ives dealers in your town.

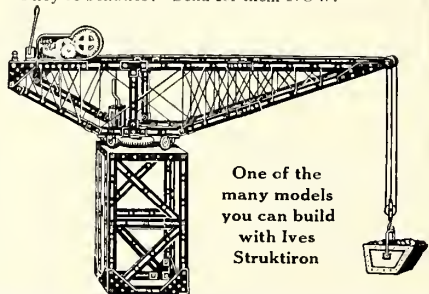


The Ives Manufacturing Corporation
196 Holland Ave. Bridgeport, Conn.

FREE POSTER STAMPS

Twelve of them—illustrated in colors. Six stamps show the development of the locomotive from the famous "De Witt Clinton" of 1831 down to the giants of today. The other six show interesting Struktiron models.

Write (giving toy dealer's name) for the entire set. We'll send them without a cent of charge. They're beauties! Send for them NOW.



One of the many models you can build with Ives Struktiron



O H LOOKEE!!!
A REALLY...
TRULY STOVE!

EVERY LITTLE GIRL WANTS THIS TOY RANGE

A miniature cook stove — practical and safe. Just the thing for playing house.

It actually cooks real food, and it's perfectly safe. No matches, no flame, no smoke. The connecting cord can be attached to any electric light socket, and you can start the heat at the turn of the switch.

Western Electric

JUNIOR RANGE

Play is the medium for teaching many useful lessons, and this play stove should be in every home where a little girl is growing up. Boys have their electrical and mechanical toys. Here is something equally entertaining and instructive for the girls.

The name, Western Electric, guarantees its electrical perfection. The price is \$8.00

complete with tea kettle, skillet, and baking pan. And there is a little cook book, too.

Write today for illustrated booklet No. 464-CB, and let us tell you where in your locality the Junior Range can be purchased.

If it is not to be had in your town, we shall be glad to supply you direct.

Write to our nearest office.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

New York	Atlanta	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Kansas City	Denver	San Francisco
Buffalo	Richmond	Cleveland	Milwaukee	St. Louis	Salt Lake City	Oakland
Newark	Savannah	Cincinnati	Indianapolis	Dallas	Omaha	Los Angeles
Philadelphia	New Orleans	Detroit, St. Paul	Minneapolis	Houston	Oklahoma City	Seattle
Boston						Portland

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

THERMOS

Serves you right—food or drink—hot or cold,
when, where and as you like.



LAST Christmas a "young lady" (age 14) received this Thermos Jar. She used it on picnics and motor trips all summer long to keep ice cream cold. She knew it would stay cold for two days in a Thermos—but she never cared to prove it because she loves ice cream too well!

600. Half-pint size	\$2.00
601. Pint size	2.50
603. Pint size	2.50
602. Quart size	3.50

LAST Christmas a boy of 16 received this Thermos Bottle. He found it fine for keeping cocoa hot, so he carried it in the leather case while skating and took it with him on sleigh rides and winter "tramps," and when tobogganing. All his "crowd" are asking for them this Christmas.

11. Pint size	\$1.25
11Q. Quart size	2.00



LAST Christmas a "little girl" (age 1) received 2 Thermos Bottles as here illustrated. At first she couldn't imagine what they could ever be for. But as soon as she discovered that one kept her midnight dinner of milk cold, sweet, and bacteria proof till used, and the other contained hot water to modify and bring it to a warm feeding temperature, she used to "coo" for them. Her mother is buying them as gifts for several other babies this Christmas.

6½. Half-pint size	\$1.75
6. Pint size	2.00
6Q. Quart size	3.00

LAST Christmas a business man received this Thermos Carafe. All summer long he has had it on his office desk filled with drinking water. He soon found the water stayed cold for two or three days. So this Christmas he is giving one to each of the members of his firm.

No. 55. Quart size, with ground glass silvered stopper and chain \$5.00



American Thermos Bottle Co., Norwich, Conn.

'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

By FAY E. WALKER

CHAPTER I

THE members of the Warren family had all "gone to bed."

At least they *should* have done that. And so every member of it from Barbara (age 9) to Stewart—that's Father—(age 38) felt convinced that they must have gone to bed.

For they were "brought up" to be in bed long before Grandfather's grandfather clock had said:

"Ding, dong; Dong, ding;
Ding, ding; Dong, dong,"

which is its way of saying:

"Hear! All Good Men!
'T is half past ten!"

Strangely enough, nobody was asleep, or even drowsy. For it was Christmas eve.

First Barbara's door opened just a crack; then Stewart, Jr.'s (known to his intimates as "Stew"); then Father's (Father having just remarked to Mother, "I believe I failed to fix the furnace fire").

For the moment all was dark and still.

Then boards in the floor in the different parts of the house began to creak, as if they were talking to one another.

CHAPTER II

FATHER, being heaviest, made the most noise. So two silent figures up-stairs heard the front door open and close softly. Then the silent, motionless figures became suddenly animated, hastened to the top of the stairs from opposite directions and collided in the dark with a bump.

"Oh!" cried Barbara, in a whisper.

"Sh!" whispered Stewart, Jr. "What are you doing here, Bab?"

"Why, I was just taking a little walk," offered Barbara.

"Well, let's go back to bed," suggested her brother.

So they pretended to go to their rooms, but merely opened and closed their doors quite noisily, while they stayed out in the hall. After what seemed ten minutes but was only two, they crept softly toward the stairs—and met again.

"I thought you had gone to bed," said Stewart quite sharply, for he was annoyed.

"I thought *you* had," answered his sister.

Stewart could n't think of any effective retort to that, so after a while he said: "Well, Sis, let's go down together."

So they tiptoed down to the living-room door.

"Now, shut your eyes, so you won't see the tree," ordered Stewart, as they paused in the hall. Then he added:

"What's in your package?"

"A present for Mother. What is in yours?"

"A Thermos Carafe for Father."

"A Thermos Carafe?"

"Certainly!"

"Why, how funny!"

'Twas The Night Before Christmas — Continued

"I don't see anything funny about it. It's the most useful gift a boy could buy for his father."
 "And it keeps things hot for twenty-four hours and cold for three days."
 "How is it you know so much about it, Sis?"
 "'Cause I bought a food jar for Mother!"
 "Where did you get the money?"
 "Father gave it to me."
 "I wonder where Father's gone?"
 "He probably forgot something."
 "Let's just put these down inside the door and go back before Father returns."

* * * * *

MEANTIME Father had gone to the drug store at the corner.

"I want a Thermos School Kit," he said.
 "Sorry, sir," the clerk told him, "but a lady just bought the last Thermos article we had. They've been selling like Ford cars this year."
 "Where can I get one?" Father asked.

"Well, they are sold by drug, hardware, department, house furnishing, sporting goods, jewelers, and auto accessory stores."

Half an hour later, Father reached home with an easily carried package. When he got up-stairs, Mother said, "My! but the furnace was hungry to-night."

Father just smiled.

CHAPTER III

"MERRY CHRISTMAS!"
 "Merry Christmas!"

Of course you know who it was that was crying this out at some time after sunrise on Christmas morning.

To the children it seemed an interminable time before "the old folks" were ready to go down and look at the presents.

But when they did there was not in all that city a happier family. After the packages were all opened and the exclaiming and excitement had subsided, Father said:

"Junior, I want to tell you that my Thermos Carafe is the finest Christmas gift I ever received. It is ornamental as well as useful, and I'll think about your thoughtfulness every time I use it. I don't care how much or little it cost. Nothing could please me more."

Naturally the boy was pleased, but all he said was, "Well, Dad, you have nothing on me. It's going to make all the boys jealous when they see the Thermos School Kit you got for me."

Then Barbara piped up: "I think my Thermos jug for my room is lovely. You can see your reflection in it."

And Mother joined in with, "My Thermos food jar is a wonderful gift. I don't see how you ever thought of it, little Sister."

"Oh, that was easy!" responded Sister. "Stewart and I saw them advertised in all the magazines and newspapers and Aunt Hattie told Stewart of seeing the wonderful exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition and that they were awarded the Grand Prize and we decided that the Grand Prize was just the gift for the Grandest mother in all the world."

* * * * *

THERMOS

Serves you right—food or drink—hot or cold, when, where and as you like.

LAST Christmas a grandmother received this Thermos Jug. Summer and winter she found that she could have always at hand the desired warm or cold drink. Saving steps for grandma is a great boon. So, for this Christmas she has ordered from her dealer one each for four dear friends.



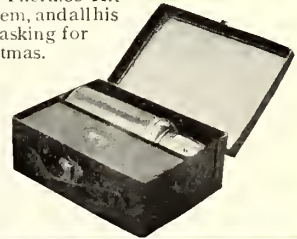
- 57. Jug, pint size . . . \$3.50
- 58. Jug, quart size . . . 4.50



LAST Christmas a girl of 12 received this Thermos Bottle. She spent much of the summer in a girls' camp, and found her Thermos a great convenience on "hikes," canoe trips, etc. At different times it was filled with lemonade, iced cocoa, milk, and water. It kept all equally cold, and the same bottle keeps things hot too.

- 15½. Half-pint size . . . \$1.50
- 15. Pint size . . . 1.75
- 15Q. Quart size . . . 2.75

LAST Christmas a boy of 13 received this Thermos Lunch Kit. He had to eat his luncheon at school. His health was poor until the family physician prescribed a warm drink with his luncheon. His Thermos Kit solved the problem, and all his classmates are asking for them this Christmas.



No. 405. Lunch Kit complete with No. 14½ Thermos Bottle and green enameled lunch box . \$2.25



LAST Christmas a lady received this Thermos Carafe. This Christmas she is buying one for several of her friends, for "one never has too many Thermos articles." There need be no fear of duplicating Thermos.

- Without Handle, Quart Size**
- 51. With combination metal and cork stopper . . . \$5.00
 - 52. With glass stopper . . . 5.50
- With Handle, Quart Size**
- 553. With combination metal and cork stopper . . . \$6.00
 - 552. With glass stopper . . . 6.50

American Thermos Bottle Co., Norwich, Conn.



1st. Stage



2nd. Stage



Finished Swan



How Boys and Girls Model a Thousand Things

Harbutt's Plasticine, a modelling material which has won many awards, was invented by Mr. Wm. Harbutt, an eminent European sculptor and educator. He also devised a series of outfits with which children could model at home.

Boys and girls, with these wonderful outfits you can make miniature models of animals, flowers, furniture, houses, gardens—in fact of practically everything you see around you. You do not have to “take lessons”—you learn in a very simple and delightful way.

Each Home Use outfit contains a supply of the material, also necessary tools and full directions. With these outfits you can do things which will *delight your parents and surprise your friends*. Send for our free booklet and let us tell you more about it.

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE

MOTHERS! Modelling with Harbutt's Plasticine is an ideal home amusement. It keeps the children quiet indefinitely, makes them alert, ambitious, and skillful with their hands, teaches them to observe, brings out latent ingenuity and inventiveness, often solves the vexatious problem of “Mother, what *shall* I do next?”, provides a soothing occupation for restive little invalids during convalescence.

Harbutt's Plasticine is a clean, germ-proof, antiseptic material, always ready to use, requiring no water and not mussy like clay.

The Home Use outfits are sold at popular prices—from 25c up—by toy dealers, department stores and stationers. Be sure to ask for **Harbutt's Plasticine**, and look for **The Embossing Company's** name on the literature. If not at your dealer's write us and we will see that you are supplied.

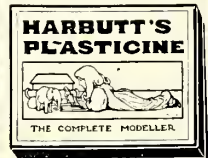
Write us anyway for our free 32-page booklet and learn all about our other famous “**TOYS THAT TEACH**,” also about our **BABY CARIOLE**—a movable combination crib and play yard which provides freedom, comfort and protection for the baby and relieves the busy mother.

MAKERS OF
Toys that Teach

THE EMBOSSING COMPANY

P. O. Box 598 B

ALBANY, N. Y.





*For Christmas
Give the Kiddies
Lenox Chocolates*

SLIP a box among their other gifts and watch their little faces brighten up. Mothers who know the purity, cleanliness and real goodness of these delightful confections, prefer Lenox Chocolates to other forms of sweets. They're just as good

as they are pure, too. In every box there's just the tastiest assortment of delicious centers you could imagine—some fruity, some nutty, some hard and some soft, but all covered with rich sweet chocolate. Buy your supply of Lenox now, before the Christmas rush begins.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO., Boston, Mass.

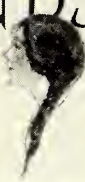
*The Necco Seal
is your assurance
of quality.*



POLLY and PETER PONDS

(A Continued Story)

You will find one part of this story in last month's St. Nicholas and another next month.



IF the manager of the football team had not been called home by illness—

And if the colored trainer had n't wanted Peter's team kept in perfect condition—

Peter if the reins had been able to endure just an ounce more of strain without parting—

And if—

Well, anyway, despite "ifs" and "ands" and "buts," it *did* happen; so we might just as well forget the "ifs" and tell you all about it.

In the first place, Peter had been elected manager of the football team just before the game with Ottawickomy Institute, a school that stands in the same relation to B— Academy as Princeton does to Yale.

Peter immediately offered Charlie Sykes, his popular opponent, the assistant managership, but Charlie spurned "that second fiddle." So Peter appointed Bill Conley. As he said, "Bill may be up to all sorts of tricks, but he has a

good business head on his shoulders." And as if to prove it, about the first suggestion Bill made to Peter was that the team order two cases of

POND'S EXTRACT

if Mr. Gordon, the new coach, should approve. When they asked him, he said, "Why, boys, I ordered it a week ago. I'd no more try to produce a good football team without plenty of Pond's Extract than to run an auto without plenty of gasoline. A rub with Pond's Extract is the best thing on earth for sore muscles and strained tendons." "You bet," said every one, in chorus, more forcefully than elegantly.

The game with Ottawickomy proved harder than anticipated. Until the last quarter the score stood 0-0. Then Peter, who had served a long, hard apprenticeship on the "scrub," got his first chance to run The Team.

But in spite of all Quarter-back Ponds' cleverness, his line was beginning to crumble under the sheer weight of the heavier opponents. Then suddenly there was a flash of pigskin bouncing and rolling out of the mêlée. Like a shot, Peter dove for the ball, gathered it into his arms, and lit out for the goal, forty-five yards away. Dodging man after man of the enemy, slipping and scrambling to his feet again and again, he flew down the field.

At last only one boy was between him and the goal. In desperation this chap made a game flying tackle—a bit too high. Peter came to earth with a crash, but was free of his opponent and over the goal-line in an instant.

"Yassuh!" said George Washington White, the negro rubber, who had been dancing all over the field with an open bottle of Pond's



Extract in his hand—"that chile sure was some chicken the way he dodged them Otter-wickedums. An' let this yere nigger tell you all one thing—he would n't 'a' done it so slick ef I had n't a rubbed him down with this yere good ole Pond's after every practice. No, sirree!"

But the poor darky's joy was soon turned to sorrow, for the referee blew his whistle and penalized Peter's team one half of the distance gained because the team's trainer had come on the field during play.

Some of the boys wanted to argue about it, but finally Peter told them the best argument was another touch-down, so they resumed play fiercely.

But time was up, with the ball on the one-yard line on a first down, and the score remained 0-0.

The delay caused the team to miss the last train out that night, and the only thing they could find in the way of a rig was an ancient omnibus, drawn by two horses that Bill said "must have followed Noah into the ark."

The old contraption started off, creaking and groaning. It held together until within sight of the home school; but just at the top of the last hill something frightened one of the old plugs and they started to run.

The driver, utterly unprepared for anything faster than a walk, lost the reins and the team dashed "lickety-split" over the half-frozen ruts. The driver lost his head completely and leaped out. Some of the younger boys followed suit. As the horses were about to plunge off the road, Bill Conley crawled out on the pole and brought them to a stop. At that same instant two of the wheels came off and landed the whole bunch in a heap in the gutter.

Well, it was a battered crew that limped into the gymnasium that evening. To the scowling coach, who had not been able to attend the game, it looked very much as though the team was through with football for the season. But, as Peter said, "The day of miracles is n't over yet." They rubbed Pond's Extract into their bumps, bruises, strains, sprains, and cuts; and all but one man, who insisted that he did n't need any of "that stuff," were able to help the school beat their old rivals, M— School, by 20 to 0 on Thanksgiving Day.

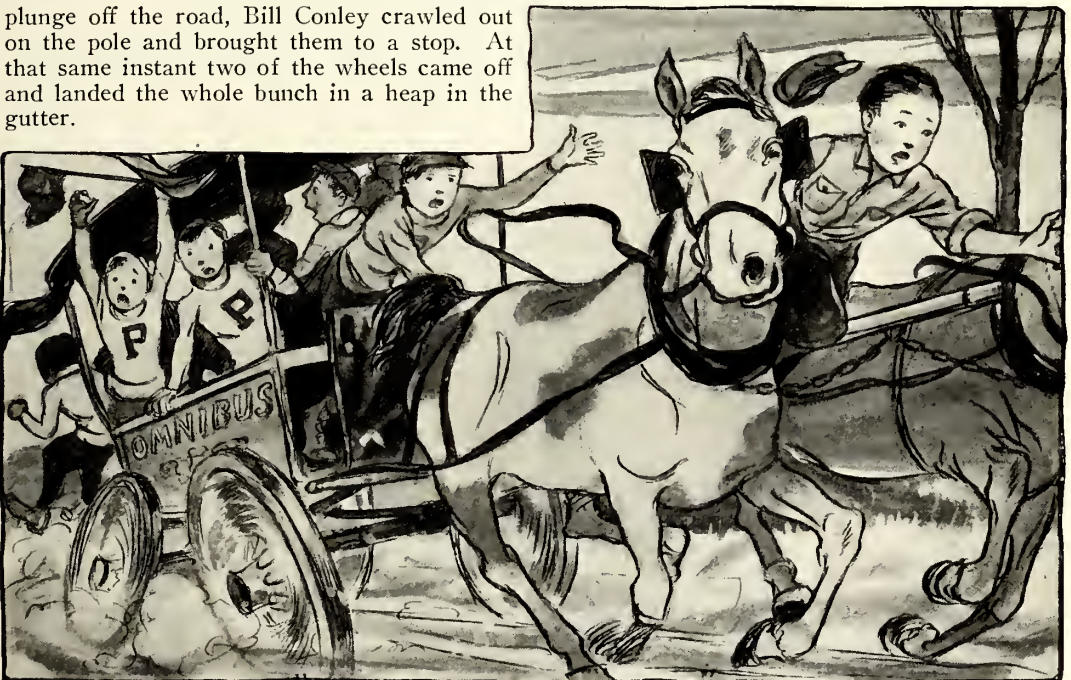
What about Captain Kidd's treasure? It is still a mystery. Perhaps next month—

(Continued in the January St. NICHOLAS)

Here it is Christmas month again. The Pond's Extract Company wishes every St. NICHOLAS reader a Merry, Merry Christmas!

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream—
Cold Cream—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
131 Hudson Street New York



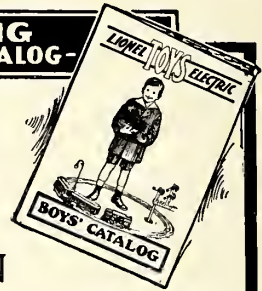
Boys—Here's Fun

FREE BIG CATALOG

**STOP
LOOK
LISTEN**



**ASK
DAD FOR
THIS
TRAIN**



WRITE QUICKLY FOR CATALOG

You'll have barrels of fun with a Lionel electric locomotive; couple to it Pullmans or freight cars; get switches, semaphores, electric lights, track, etc. Make the train scoot around with a touch of your finger. Run 'em on batteries or from electricity in your house with a Lionel transformer which saves batteries. (See illustration.)

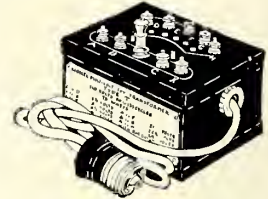
250,000 Boys Own Them. Join us—this quarter million of happy boys.

Lionel Electric Trains are safe—no shocks. They're steel—not cast-iron—and won't break. Are highest grade of material throughout but not high-priced. Unconditionally guaranteed. Finished handsomely in colors and gold. Models are faithful reproductions of originals seen on our prominent railroads.

Write Quickly for New Boys' Catalog. Written specially for YOU, crammed full of pictures. New photos tell you why you'll have such a dandy good time with Lionel Trains.

Section of Lionel Rail Free. Most toy dealers, electrical stores and department stores sell Lionel Toys. If you'll go to your toy dealer, find out if he sells Lionel Trains, and tell me when you write for catalog—I'll include a special section of rail—free.

J. LIONEL COWEN, A Friend of Boys, President



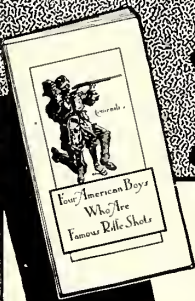
If you have Electricity be sure to get this Transformer

**THE LIONEL
MFG. CO.**

LIONEL TOYS ELECTRIC

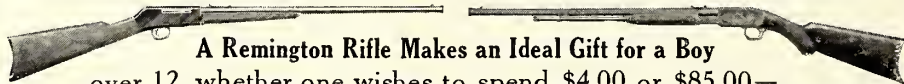
48-A E. 21st St.
NEW YORK CITY

Send For These 2 Books For Boys



These books tell you things every manly American boy ought to know. The one at the left tells of the remarkable exploits of four boys who are expert in using the rifle, and there is also a chapter on how to do fancy shooting.

The other book tells how to become a crackjack Marksman and how to care for a rifle. Both books are Free to *St. Nicholas* readers—use the coupon.



A Remington Rifle Makes an Ideal Gift for a Boy over 12, whether one wishes to spend \$4.00 or \$85.00— or any amount in between. Rifle shooting fosters habits of self-control, concentration, and right living. For this clean, healthful sport, purchase a thoroughbred Remington rifle.

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

Woolworth Bldg.

(Dept. 5 N)

New York City

Mail the Coupon
Remington Arms U.M.C. Co., Dept. 5 N
Woolworth Bldg., New York City
Please send me the two free books advertised
in *St. Nicholas*.

Wouldn't Your Little Girl Like a Real Doll Blanket?

This is so cunning and attractive that it delights even grown-ups. To a little girl it brings unbounded joy. We'll send it on receipt of 15 cents. A jolly gift for the Christmas tree. It will show you the soft, rich quality of



Nashua Woolnap Blankets
Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

For Any Size Bed

PURE COTTON

\$1.75 to \$3.50 per pair

They have a deep, soft nap that makes them practically as warm as wool (scientific tests prove this)—at 1/3 the price. They are also strong and durable.

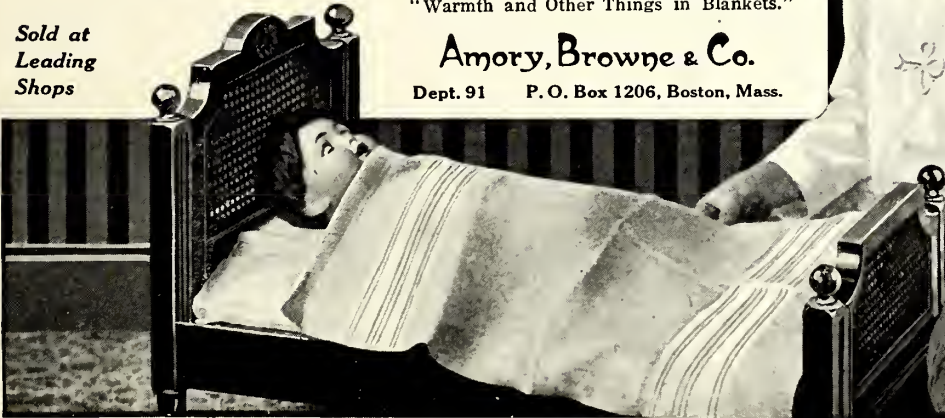
Handsome as any blanket, they keep their good looks through washing. All sizes, weights and colors, plaids or plain with borders. Fancy styles a little higher in price. Only blankets having the name "Nashua Woolnap" on the ticket are genuine and dependable.

Look for it. Write for interesting Booklet, "Warmth and Other Things in Blankets."

Sold at Leading Shops

Amory, Browne & Co.

Dept. 91 P. O. Box 1206, Boston, Mass.



"JUST WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS"

Peg Lock Construction Blocks build houses with roofs, walls and floors; bridges that you can run your trains over; mechanical toys that really work; hoists, ladders, trucks, garages.

PEG LOCK CONSTRUCTION BLOCKS

Endorsed by leading educational institutions

Made entirely of wood — do not rust, or bend out of shape. No sharp edges to cut. Any block can be attached to any other block, by means of a simple wooden peg, and there are no complicated parts to lose.

Thousands of boys and girls think Peg Lock Construction

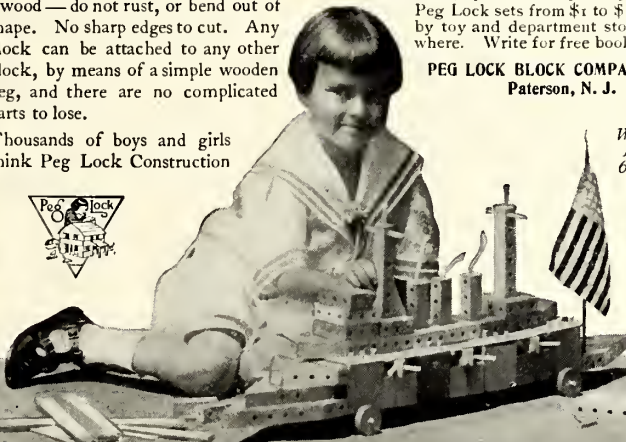
Blocks the best toy they ever owned. With it they build thousands of models, every one a real toy.

The picture shows Harry Sheffer of Liberty, Pa., and the Peg Lock battleship he has just finished; also Peg Lock models of the Woolworth Building, standing 6 feet 4 inches high, and a Traveling Crane that any boy can make and that works to perfection.

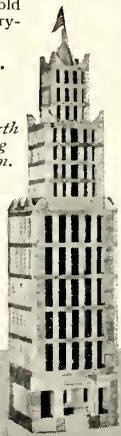
Don't forget to mention a set of Peg Lock Blocks when you make up your "What I Want for Christmas" list. Draw a big black line under Peg Lock to show Santa Claus that it is something you want especially.

Peg Lock sets from \$1 to \$10 are sold by toy and department stores everywhere. Write for free booklet.

PEG LOCK BLOCK COMPANY, Inc.
Paterson, N. J.



Woolworth Building
6 ft. 4 in.
High





Too happy for words!

How a Keen Kutter Tool Set will please your boy, too! Nothing can please him more—nothing combines so big a measure of practical use and enjoyment.

KEEN KUTTER TOOLS

are a real help for the boy—make him handy with tools—encourage him to employ his spare hours to good advantage—inspire in him an appreciation of conscientious quality.

Every Keen Kutter Tool bears that mark of the master maker—the Keen Kutter Trade Mark—every Keen Kutter Tool is guaranteed perfect.

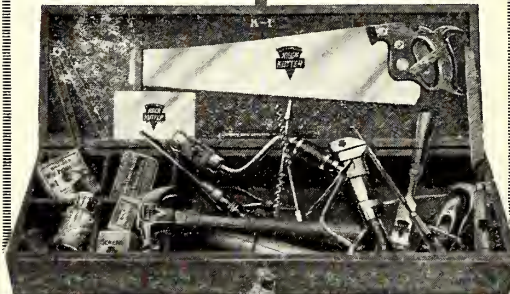
You will find that you can get Keen Kutter Tool Sets at surprisingly moderate prices. The set pictured below costs \$8.50. There's a more complete one at \$15—and still others at \$25 and up to \$125. Most dealers carry Keen Kutter Tools. Any dealer will gladly get them for you. Every tool and every set is guaranteed to satisfy or your money refunded.

Booklet No. 597 of Tool Cabinets
gladly mailed on request

Simmons Hardware Co.

St. Louis New York Philadelphia Toledo
Minneapolis Sioux City Wichita

No. K1 Tool Set—complete with 17 tools—\$8.50



KEEN KUTTER

CUTLERY AND TOOLS

"The Recollection of QUALITY Remains
Long After the PRICE is Forgotten."
(Trade Mark Registered) —E. C. SIMMONS.



THE BOOK MAN

I WONDER if you have heard of the great effort that is being made this year to raise the standard of boys' and girls' reading and to drive objectionable juvenile literature out of the book market—particularly the silly, impossible, exaggerated, nerve-racking, imagination-distorting "thrillers"? Mr. Franklin K. Mathiews, Chief Scout Librarian of the Boy Scouts of America, is behind the movement, and he has succeeded in making it an important question for all boys and girls, all parents, and all publishers, book-sellers, and librarians.

How important this matter of children's reading is may be seen from certain facts gathered by Mr. Mathiews himself. For instance, the school children of Rochester, N. Y.,—a typical city—upon investigation were found to spend much the largest percentage of their time from Saturday to Monday in reading. Another investigation made of the hobbies of 923 boys showed that boys spend more time in reading than in any other recreation. During "the reading age," which occurs between ten and sixteen, the average boy, according to Mr. Mathiews, will read anywhere from one to four books a week, if he can get hold of them.

Any one can see, then, that the question of better books for children is one of great importance. And is n't it true, boys and girls who read this column, that the world your books carry you into is just as real as the world in which you get up in the morning and go to school? Is n't it just as important, then, that you should know and see and hear the right things and have the best friends in that world as in this? Yet, as you probably know, many fathers and mothers do not read the books they give their children and the men and women who review books in the newspapers pay small attention to children's books. So that boys and girls have almost no protection from the worthless, foolish, discreditable books that are constantly being issued.

Bearing all these things in mind, the best book-sellers and publishers in the country are

THE BOOKMAN—Continued

going to unite in having a "Juvenile Book Week," just when the buying of Christmas books for children is beginning. Its aim is to encourage better-book buying and discourage bad-book buying. "Juvenile Book Week" is to be the week November 28–December 4; and there is going to be a tremendous effort made all over the country to get parents to buy their book-gifts at this time when everything possible will be done to help them select books really good for boys and girls to read.

Now of course a great deal of the success of this effort will depend on the boys and girls themselves. If you want good books, really life-like, well-written, imaginative, stirring books, instead of trashy, silly, improbable, ill-written books—you can have them just as well as not. *Will you help to get them?*

You can help in this way. You can ask your father and mother to buy your Christmas books during "Juvenile Book Week." And you can either select in advance the titles of first-rate books you would like to have or ask your father and mother to take an hour some evening to plan in advance what books they are going to buy for you, instead of waiting till shopping-time when they will be confused and hurried and will find themselves face to face with the whole ill-assorted contents of the book-counter and with *no plan to guide them*.

Now one of the best ways to plan in advance is to get hold of some first-rate classified list of books for boys and girls, and to go through it yourselves, reading the brief descriptions of the books it contains, marking the books you would like best, and then turning it over to your father and mother to choose from.

Just such a classified list, made up of first-rate new and standard books for children, arranged according to tastes and ages, is issued by THE CENTURY Co., the publishers of ST. NICHOLAS; and this classified list is waiting to be sent, free of charge to any address, whenever it is asked for. You who read ST. NICHOLAS, and you whose fathers and mothers read ST. NICHOLAS when they were children, know that it has always set the standard in reading for boys and girls and that it has accumulated a great fund of special knowledge, judgment, and taste in this field. Do you think you could ask for better guidance now, when just this guidance is the one thing you need to insure your getting really first-rate books at Christmas-time and to help your father and mother to get them for you?

The Bookman

Will you have a **KING**
Christmas morning?



How would you like to see an air rifle waiting for you when you wake up on Christmas morning? You want one of course, and your wish is almost sure to come true if you write *King Air Rifle* on your Christmas list.



If you have never owned an air rifle you have missed one of the greatest pleasures a boy can have.

Target shooting is not only great sport, but is fine training for body and mind. Like baseball, it builds steady nerves and develops a quick eye and hand—gives you the straight manly look of a West Point Cadet.

You may get tired of some gifts, but you and your air rifle will always be good chums.

The King Air Rifle has for 30 years been known as the best air gun made. It is strong, handsome, accurate, and is perfectly safe in the hands of a boy.

Write for illustrated folder G and show it to father when it comes. He probably used a King when he was a boy.

The Markham Air Rifle Co.
Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

Southern Representatives
Sand & Hulsh
11 Hansa Haus
Baltimore, Md.

Pacific Coast Office
Phil B. Bekeart Co., Mgrs.
717 Market St.
San Francisco, Cal.



The "Sterling Toys"



will last longer, look better, and give you more fun than any others, because they are so carefully planned and made. If you want to know all about them, write for Catalog "S."

"Sterling" MINIATURE LUMBER

The Store and Warehouse shown here are built from our Miniature Lumber. You can build this and lots of other things from the plans we supply. Set of Lumber loaded on Wagon, \$5.00; other sets of Lumber only, \$2.00 and \$3.00. Write for Catalog "M."



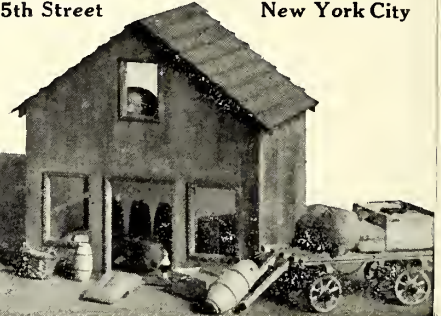
THE TRADING GAME

is now ready for you complete, including Stores, Warehouses, Cars, Auto Trucks, and Miniature Boxes and Barrels, Bales and Bags of goods to trade with. Sold in sets, or in separate parts. Described in a special catalog.

W. S. Sterling, Director
The Children's Gift Shop

7 W. 45th Street

New York City



Use Electric Candles

They give the effect of the old-fashioned Christmas candles and prevent all chances of fire.

A big improvement over all other Electrical Christmas Tree Outfits. Connect with house current — easy to attach and candles stay upright. Packed in boxes of 8 candles and 16 candles to a set.

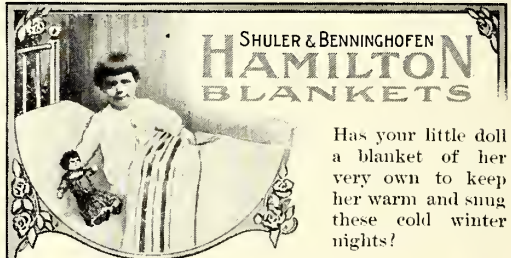
New This Season

- 8 Candle Set . . . \$ 5.00
 - 16 Candle Set . . . 10.00
- All delivery charges prepaid

Send us your orders

Import Sales Company
21 East 21st Street, New York
Descriptive folder *FREE* on request

DIAMOND



Has your little doll a blanket of her very own to keep her warm and snug these cold winter nights?

Send 20c. To-day for a Lovely Doll Blanket

for that dolly of yours, or if she has one, send for one to give to some other little girl's dolly for Christmas.

These little blankets (size 12x24 inches) are made just for your dolls. Our real business is making big blankets to keep grown people and children warm. Tell your mother that if she will write us and say, "Please send me your catalog as advertised in *ST. NICHOLAS*," we will send her a beautiful little book showing our best designs in the exact colors in which the real blankets are made. Your mother knows that we have been making good bed blankets for several generations, and it is our desire to see that Hamilton blankets are in every *ST. NICHOLAS* home. Our Indian blankets make wonderful Christmas gifts because they are so useful for so many things and so beautiful too.

When you write for the doll blanket or the catalog, or both, address your letter to:

SHULER & BENNINGHOFEN
Department 30
HAMILTON, OHIO



IVER JOHNSON

"Boy Scout"

Don't lose a minute—Christmas is almost here. This "Boy Scout" is the bicycle you want. It's the snappiest, easiest-riding, fastest boy's bicycle we know how to make. High-grade tires, best grade of Iver Johnson bearings. A bicycle that will last you for many years. Price \$25. Boy's size. Buy of the local Iver Johnson agent, or send the price to us. We prepay express.

This Model in Juvenile sizes, \$20. and \$22.50.



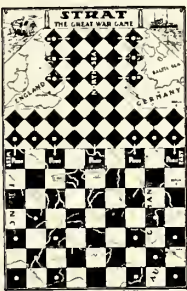
"Camp Fire Girl"

This is the mate for our "Boy Scout" Bicycle. A high-grade, elegantly finished machine, the equal in all essential respects of the best Iver Johnson for grown-ups. Made in three sizes which sell for \$20.00, \$22.50 and \$25.00. Buy of our local agent or send price to us. We prepay express.

Send for our big 82-page book on Bicycles and Motorcycles.

**IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 358 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
99 Chambers Street, New York**

THIS tiny picture gives you some idea of this fascinating new war game. See—it is something like checkers, but *far* more interesting. You *never* get tired of it. It is different every time you play and the rules are easy.



STRAT THE GREAT WAR GAME

Booth Tarkington, the author, says he can't get enough of it. So your father will like it as well as you do. Maybe you can beat him playing it. It will sharpen anybody's wits.

WRITE FOR A LITTLE BOOK TELLING ABOUT IT \$1.00

**STRAT GAME CO., INC.
446 Fourth Ave.
New York City**



YOU can't help laughing when you first see the gleeful smile of this new dolly. He's as "hugable" a rag doll as any little boy or girl ever loved. All dressed up in a sock and a sunny smile, he's called Smiling



SAMMY SOCK

He stands 12 inches high in his "socking feet," is stuffed with really truly cotton and printed in the very fastest colors, tan or blue.

EVERY LITTLE BOY AND GIRL NEEDS ONE FOR CHRISTMAS

**STRAT GAME CO., INC.
446 Fourth Ave., New York City**

75c.

Wool Inside

—and leather out! The ideal gift for that favorite child. Comfortable, durable—won't stiffen after wear.

HANSEN

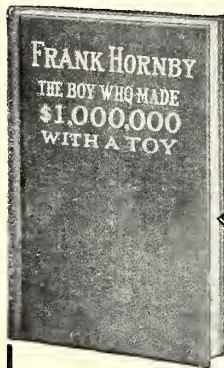
"Staysoft Gauntmitts"

are "Built Like a Hand" with the skill and care that made Hansen famous.

For Older Boys—Hansen Gauntmitts protect the hands; make "odd jobs" easy. Write for book and dealer's name.

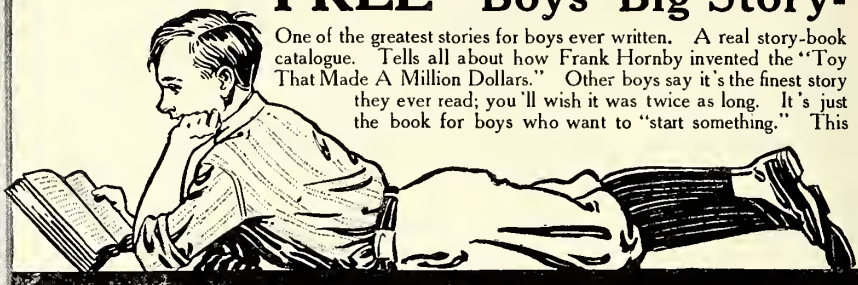
**O. C. Hansen Mfg. Co.
103-L Detroit St., Milwaukee, Wis.**

HANSEN GLOVES



FREE—Boys' Big Story—

One of the greatest stories for boys ever written. A real story-book catalogue. Tells all about how Frank Hornby invented the "Toy That Made A Million Dollars." Other boys say it's the finest story they ever read; you'll wish it was twice as long. It's just the book for boys who want to "start something." This



MECCANO

Builds All Kinds of Models Easier, Quicker and Better

Boys—you can build any kind of a model you want to with MECCANO. Small or large, simple or complicated ones; big, sturdy toys that it's *real* fun to play with. You can have more sport; you can build mechanically correct models easier, quicker and better, because MECCANO girders are ready to use; strong and rigid. Every part is inter-change-able; the equi-distant holes ($\frac{1}{2}$ " apart) in MECCANO parts allow unlimited inter-change-ability; you can use each part in any way you want to. MECCANO has more and better parts, too; flanged and sector plates, bent strips, flat strips, brass gears, wheels and pulleys, couplings and cranks. Lots of fine parts you won't find elsewhere. MECCANO is the original and leader of them all.

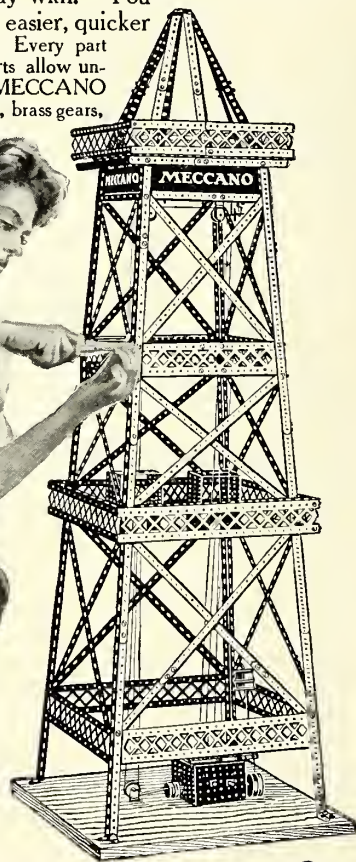
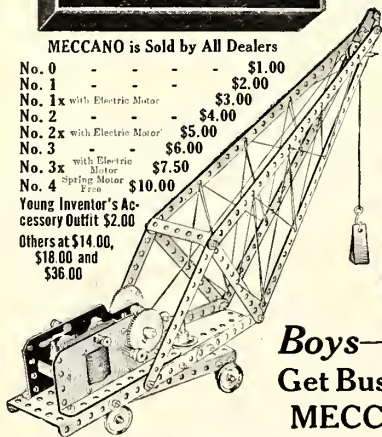
10,000 Models

were entered in the last prize contest; just think of all the different things MECCANO makes. Get an Entry Blank at any store that sells MECCANO and enter a model in our **\$1,000 Prize Contest Now On!**



MECCANO is Sold by All Dealers

- No. 0 - - - - \$1.00
- No. 1 - - - - \$2.00
- No. 1x with Electric Motor - - \$3.00
- No. 2 - - - - \$4.00
- No. 2x with Electric Motor - \$5.00
- No. 3 - - - - \$6.00
- No. 3x with Electric Motor - \$7.50
- No. 4 with Spining Motor - \$10.00
- Young Inventor's Accessory Outfit \$2.00
- Others at \$14.00, \$18.00 and \$36.00



**Boys—
Get Busy with
MECCANO**

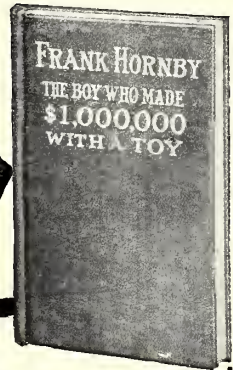
Get

Book Catalogue—FREE

fine story, with full information about MECCANO (in a separate catalogue sheet), sent Free to you. Send no stamps or money. Just write five boys' names and addresses on a postal card and mail it now to

Frank Hornby
President

MECCANO CO.
Room 30, 71 West 23d Street
New York City



MECCANO

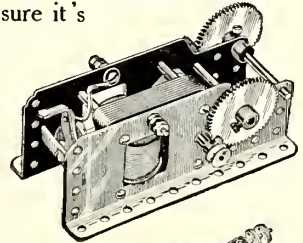
Makes Fine Working Models— Girders ready to use—Strong and rigid

Boys—You can build real working models with MECCANO; high towers with electric elevators, derricks that hoist heavy loads, cranes that swing them around, bridges that open and close, steam shovels that you can dig with. You can work them all with the MECCANO Electric Motor.

See MECCANO at your dealer's. Look at the fine outfits. See all the new improvements and the dandy parts you get. Look at MECCANO now—but be sure it's MECCANO because there isn't anything just the same.

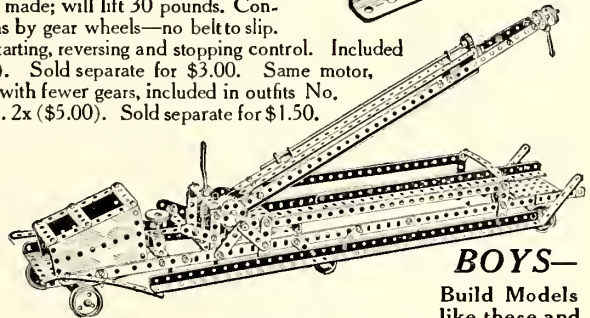
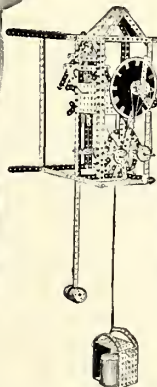
And say, Boys, if you want to read a *real* story, see above and get Frank Hornby's book! It's Free to Boys!

BOYS—This is the MECCANO Gear-and-Shaft Drive Electric Motor

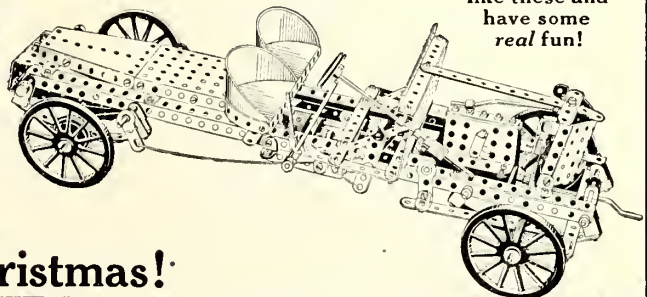


The most powerful toy electric motor made; will lift 30 pounds. Connects direct to models, runs by gear wheels—no belt to slip.

Motor shown here has starting, reversing and stopping control. Included in outfit No. 3x (\$7.50). Sold separate for \$3.00. Same motor, without control and with fewer gears, included in outfits No. 1x (\$3.00) and No. 2x (\$5.00). Sold separate for \$1.50.



BOYS—
Build Models
like these and
have some
real fun!



BOYS— MECCANO for Christmas!

“WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS”



To fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, grandfathers, grandmothers, distant relatives, neighbors, Santa Claus, and *all* other good friends. I have written down below a list of the Christmas gifts that would make me happiest. Of course I won't be disappointed if I don't get them *all*. I just thought it would be easier for you if I told you what I should *like* to have.



Signed

First of All I Want ST. NICHOLAS
After that I Would Like

(Advertised on page of the ST. NICHOLAS)

(Advertised on page of the ST. NICHOLAS)

(Advertised on page of the ST. NICHOLAS)

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(Advertised on page of the ST. NICHOLAS)

(Advertised on page of the ST. NICHOLAS)

What to do with this page.

To ST. NICHOLAS Boys and Girls—First look through your copies of ST. NICHOLAS and decide what things you would *most* like to find in your stocking on Christmas morning. Then write your name and copy your “wishes” in the spaces reserved above, putting in the exact page and issue of ST. NICHOLAS on which the gift is advertised so that “Santa Claus” will make no mistake. Then leave your ST. NICHOLAS in a conspicuous place with this page turned down at the corner or something to attract attention to it.



Give your boy or girl
a steering sled -
but - be sure it's a
Flexible Flyer The only sled with
non-skid runners.

They want to get *all* the fun out of coasting—and to get it they must have the swiftest, strongest, safest sled made—the Flexible Flyer. Easiest to steer and control. The new construction makes it easier and stronger than ever. All-steel front gives added safety, durability and ease in steering. Runners of chrome-nickel steel are tougher and stronger than usual—danger of snapping in cold is greatly reduced.

JUNIOR RACER. A new Flexible Flyer this year. Carries two children. Its low racy lines suggest the "go" there is in it. 4 feet long. Weighs but 10½ lbs. **\$3.50**
Express prepaid east of the Missouri River

The Flexible Flyer is the only sled that completely satisfies every live boy or girl.

Outlasts 3 Ordinary Sleds

Nine sizes—3 to 8½ feet long. Sold by leading Hardware- and Department-Stores

FREE Cardboard model showing how the Flexible Flyer steers. Also attractive booklet. Write for them today!

Insist on the genuine. It isn't a Flexible Flyer unless it bears this trade mark

S. L. ALLEN & CO. Box 1101V PHILADELPHIA





WHAT FATHER AND MOTHER WANT FOR CHRISTMAS



In a good many homes Father and Mother are sort of forgotten at Christmas. But everybody knows it ought not to be so. This page has been set aside especially for them. They should write down what they think "some one" would get for them if "some one" only knew what would please them.

Name

Name

(Advertised on page of the ST. NICHOLAS)

(Advertised on page of the ST. NICHOLAS)

(Advertised on page of the ST. NICHOLAS)

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(Advertised on page of the ST. NICHOLAS)

Of course if Father and Mother want to share their page with any one older or younger, they may do so by drawing a heavy horizontal line in place of one of the dotted lines half-way down the column. Then all above that line will be Father's or Mother's "wishes," and all below it Grandfather's or Grandmother's, or whoever else lives at your house.



For a Joyous Christmas

The Ideal Gift—Handsome, Handy and Useful for Every Member of the Family

The bright-eyed youngster who patters down the stairs in the dark to peek in at the things that Santa left will jump for joy when he finds an EVEREADY, all his own, nestling in his stocking; his daddy, too, or any of your folks or friends will find real Christmas pleasure in an

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT

a friendly light complete in itself that can be carried in the pocket or kept in a handy spot, always ready with its fine, bright rays to save you from groping in the dark or from the danger and delay of matches and old fashioned oil lamps. One of the handiest applications of electricity you ever saw.

You're sure to find just the one to suit each member of the family among the 75 different styles—Vest Pocket Lights, Tubular Pocket Lights, Houselamps, Hand Search-Lights, Fountain Pen Lights, Guest Candles, and Flashlight Clocks. Prices range from 75 cents to \$7.50.

Write EVEREADY on your Christmas lists to-day; ask your dealer to show them to you and drop us a line for handsome, illustrated catalogue No. 53.

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Co.

Long Island City

New York



Advertising Competition No. 168

DEAR SANDY:

Do you realize that it is only about seven more weeks till Christmas, and that you shall have to begin making up your mind how soon you're coming to Flanders? It is your fight—for Humanity's sake, do your share if only for six months' service. From the palm trees of far-off Arabia to the Arctic Circle each colony has established an individual standard of quality in patriotism. Over in France and Belgium a terrible war is going on. Think this over, then ask yourself if there is something here that you could do.

I've long been tired of dirt and filth, as any break in the skin lets in the microbes and then you're a goner unless you clap on the first aid kit, which is ready for instant use and is absolutely clean and antiseptic. Still, as a soldier, it's all a part of his day's work, and each of us has had the actual test of service that makes good troopers. Business done and a good meal stowed away (even though you cannot chew your food as you should), all hands are eager for sleep. Our new type machine gun has the most interchangeable parts and is mechanically correct—they're steel—not cast-iron—and won't break, simple to work, too, it jumps into action. All you have to do is to connect the cord to the firing pin, which fits the hand, and it is easily adjusted and released. Pilots, observers, commanders of aerial navy yards all say our army gains steadily every week in spite of acetylene and natural or artificial gas attacks.

We need long coats, blankets, auto robes, caps, and have those leggings made of leather treated so it can't shrink or harden after wetting.

Hope this gives you some idea of this fascinating new war game.

As ever, JOCK.

This letter reached the censor the other day,—he was about to let it pass when he happened to notice that the opening phrase of Jock's letter bore a strange resemblance to the words of F. A. O. Schwarz's advertisement on page 38 of his November St. NICHOLAS.

"It's a code spy message!" he roared, and so indeed it proved. When he had worked it all out, he discovered that Jock had composed his letter largely from phrases in advertisements in the November St. NICHOLAS. Let's see if you're as clever as the censor was.

Read carefully all the advertisements in *your* November St. NICHOLAS. See if you can find the phrases that appear in Jock's letter. Of course there are quite a few connecting words in the letter which don't occur in any advertisement—this helps to mix you up! Then write down in *consecutive order* the names of the 27 advertised products in the advertisements in which these phrases appear. Put them down in the exact order as they occur in the letter, and number your answers accordingly.

By the way, only Sandy knew what the code stood for and he would n't tell!

RULES AND REGULATIONS

Be sure to comply with all these conditions if you want to win a prize.

1. Make out your list of answers as told above.
2. Write a letter of not over 100 words telling about your dog. State his breed, tell whether or not the ST. NICHOLAS Pet Department helped you get him, and any other interesting facts about him. If you have n't any dog, describe the kind you would like to own. The prizes will go to those whose answers are correct and whose letters contain the most complete and interesting information.
3. In upper left-hand corner of your paper give name, age, address and the number of this competition (168).
4. Submit answer by December 20, 1915.

5. Do not use a lead pencil.

6. Address answers:

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 168,
ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE,
353 Fourth Avenue,
New York City.

7. There will be 16 prizes awarded: One First Prize of \$5.00; Two Second Prizes of \$3.00 each; Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 each; and Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1.00 each.

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 to St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

"HERE I AM the ST. NICHOLAS CHRISTMAS TREE"



"Dear You:

"I mean all Boys and Girls and Fathers and Mothers and Uncles and Aunts and grown-up Cousins and Grandmothers and Grandfathers and other readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

"Do you wonder why ST. NICHOLAS asked you to 'Look for me'? I shall tell you why—but first I'll tell you a secret. Don't tell *anybody!*—*Christmas is coming!* (And also Christmas gifts to give and to receive.)

"And the reason why you should 'Look for me, the ST. NICHOLAS Christmas tree'—is just this: every maker of good things to eat, or wear, or read, or play with (or upon), or use,—every maker of *anything especially good for Christmas gifts* will advertise it in ST. NICHOLAS this month.

"And wherever you find me, the ST. NICHOLAS Christmas tree, there you will find out about something which ST. NICHOLAS has carefully investigated and found to be especially good.

"'Grown-ups' know how tiring and tedious Christmas shopping usually is for them. That is only because they don't know what on earth to buy. If they will look for me, your whole family can 'shop' comfortably at home, decide what to get and spend only a little while at the store in *buying*.

"See how many of us trees you can find in this number of ST. NICHOLAS.

'Yours affectionately,



"The ST. NICHOLAS Christmas Tree."



Here, GIRLS and BOYS Make Your Own Xmas Candy

Try this KNOX NUT FUDGE

- 1 envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine.
- 2 1-2 cups sugar. 1 2-3 cups milk.
- 1 1-2 squares unsweetened chocolate.
- 1 cup chopped nut meats.
- 1 teaspoonful vanilla.

Soak gelatine in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cold milk 10 minutes. Bring sugar and remaining milk to boiling-point, add melted chocolate and soaked gelatine and let boil 15 minutes. Remove from stove, beat until it thickens, add nut meats and vanilla. Turn into pan, first dipped in cold water, let it stand until cool, cut in squares, and roll in powdered sugar.

It is just as easy to make Marshmallows, Turkish Delight, French Dainties, and other wholesome candies with sugar, flavor, and

KNOX

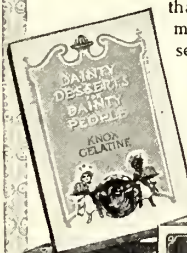
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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

NEW ISSUES

THE popularity of the various war issues in stamps shows no signs of waning. Not only is there a steady demand for the new issues from all countries engaged in the war, but the Red Cross issues are much sought for. There is a good demand also for what are called "war tax" stamps. These are not really postage-stamps, but are more like revenues. Canada has issued several of these.



We illustrate the two-cent value. The first issue of this Canadian war tax was in the form of a surcharge upon the regular postage-stamps. Now the words "war tax" are incorporated in the design, which otherwise is like the postage-stamp.



Reunion sends us another Red Cross stamp, similar in surcharge to others of the French Colonies. We illustrate the war tax surcharge "Timbru de Ajutor," as surcharged upon the postage-stamps of Roumania. So far we have seen only two values of this set. Ecuador gives us a brilliant and attractive stamp in her new four-centavo denomination. The central portrait (Valdez) is in black, while the outer frame is a bright red-orange.



Honduras sends several values of a very crude lithographed set. The workmanship is poor, and the stamps not attractive.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

OUR attention has several times been called to the pale pink shade in which the current two-cent United States stamp has been appearing. If one may believe the newspapers, this is the result of a scarcity of dyes or pigments. It seems that the Bureau of Engraving and Printing has been securing from abroad the dyes used in printing money and

stamps. Owing to the war, the sources of supply of these dyes are greatly curtailed, and the Government is economizing in every possible way in order to eke out the supply as long as possible. The result is a weakening in the colors, especially the reds and blues. ¶ We agree with one of our readers in his love for the stamps of Newfoundland. While many of these stamps are very scarce, on the other hand many of the prettiest ones are well within the limits of even a modest allowance of pocket-money. We do not know whether Newfoundland will still continue to issue her fascinating stamps. There is a rumor that she will join the federation controlled by the Dominion of Canada. If this rumor materializes, doubtless she will cease to issue her own stamps. British Columbia, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, all discontinued their own issues of stamps when they joined the federation. ¶ "A Parent" asks us to make some suggestions for Christmas presents to a boy interested in stamp collecting. It is difficult to do this unless one knows something about the boy, his age, his knowledge of stamps, and, above all else, what stamps he has, and what of the various stamp paraphernalia he owns already. If the lad is a beginner, nothing can be so useful to him as a copy of the "Standard Catalogue." It is really a prime requisite. The next item of importance is a home for his stamps—an album in which to place his treasures. For one who has not many stamps as yet, the "Junior" album is the best. For those who limit their collecting to United States and its colonies, there is the "National" album. One can then go on further to the "International" and to the "loose-leaf" album fitted for the highest specialist. But perhaps the laddie already has an album; he then has, of course, an insatiable desire for stamps to put into it. Why not buy such a collector a "packet" of stamps for his Christmas? Buy as expensive a packet as possible. In this way one gets better value for one's money. We have known parents, and aunts too, who bought at Christmas a high-priced packet and divided it—reserving a portion for a later birthday present. Again, one could learn the boy's favorite dealer and establish with him a "credit" of whatever amount is desired. Indeed, some dealers make a specialty of this, having a prettily engraved credit-slip which can be put into a Christmas stocking with very satisfactory results. Or perhaps the young collector is given to asking questions about his stamps—has evinced an active desire to know to what the various pictures refer—what they mean—what they represent. In such an instance he would dearly love a book telling about stamps. There are quite a number of these in the market. There is an interesting book called "Wonderland of Stamps," which is very popular with the young folk. And recently one of our advertisers has issued a profusely illustrated book telling all that there is to be known about what are called "Commemorative Stamps." This book answers very many questions as to the pictures which appear, not only upon our own stamps but those of foreign countries as well. This book is very moderate in price, which is not the least of its many recommendations.

¶ All dealers with whom we have recently talked,

(Continued on page 70).

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(Continued from page 68)

report a big demand for "war" issues. Surcharged stamps for the German Colonies are very popular, but are too high-priced for most of us. The greatest demand is perhaps for the Red Cross, or charity, stamps. Many of these may still be had for a few cents and nearly all of them are moderate in price. Quite a few of our readers report having complete collections of them. ¶ We believe that there are two series of Canal Zone "Postage Due" stamps. It is very doubtful if any of the postmasters in the Zone would sell an unused set. Of the new Exposition series the quantity issued to any one person was limited. We understand that it is no longer possible to get complete sets at any of the Zone post-offices. Some of the offices still have the higher values, but none of the lower values. ¶ The most noticeable difference between the two French stamps, Scott's No. 59 and No. 60, is found in the figures of value in the lower label. In the second type, the figures 10 are very much larger than in the first type. Compare the figures with the letters of the word "Postes." If the figures are of the same size and general character as the letters—from the same "font"—your stamp is No. 59; but if the figures seem out of proportion to the letters, too large, then the stamp is of the second type. ¶ The two-centavos Paraguay of 1900 and the same value 1902 (Scott's No. 51 and No. 62) are very similar. The earlier issue is engraved, and presents a much more finished appearance than the cruder lithograph of the later issue. The catalogue mentions the fact that in the 1902 issue the numerals of value are larger. This does not help the collector who has only one copy. If one is not sufficiently familiar with engraved and lithographed stamps to tell by that method (and usually the young collector is not), he can still identify the stamps by noting the relative position of the letter "P" of Paraguay and the left numeral of value. In the earlier issue, the numeral is to the left of the letter "P," while in the second series it is partially under the down stroke of the letter. That is, if the down stroke of the "P" were continued to the bottom of the stamp in one case it would not touch the numeral, in the other it would cut through it. This guide can be applied also to the eight- and ten-centavos values, which are similar in color in both issues. ¶ Many find the three forty-centime Swiss stamps to be rather puzzling. However, they are easily distinguished when one knows where to look for the differences. On Scott's No. 82 and No. 104, notice the shape of the "4" in the upper corners. In No. 82 the vertical stroke is very short, and does not meet the diagonal stroke, so that the top of the figure is open. In No. 104, the vertical stroke is longer and meets the diagonal stroke, so that the top is closed. Again, the oval containing the stars is double lined on the left side in No. 82, and the shading of horizontal lines on that side is defined by a line which merges into the oval of the stars. In No. 104, the oval is not double lined; there is a white space around the oval, the shading is lighter than in No. 84, and is not defined by a line. This No. 104, by the way, is quite a scarce stamp unused, although it catalogues only at sixty cents. The difference between No. 104 and No. 108 is in the water-mark, which in the former is a small Greek cross in an oval, but in the latter is a large Greek cross, of which only portions usually appear upon a single stamp.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

(Continued from page 69.)

Mexican War Stamps

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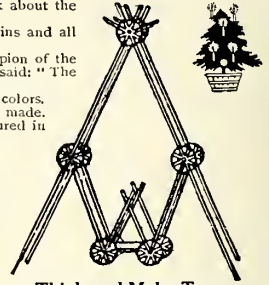
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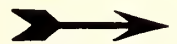
“While you have been reading the advertisements in which you found me, did n't you often think, “That would make a *fine* present for Brother or Sister or Cousin (or me!), but I wish I could find out some more about it’?

“Next time you are in a store where Christmas things are sold ask if they won't please show you what you saw advertised in St. NICHOLAS. This is the way to find out best about it.

“But the next best thing to do is to sit down now and write a letter to these advertisers asking them please to tell you exactly what you want to know or just to send you more information. They like to receive letters from you and enjoy answering them.

“However, if you don't like to write letters, you can get all the information you need without writing even *one* letter. On the other side of this half page it tells just what to do. Be sure to fill out the spaces clearly and correctly and *mail the half page to St. Nicholas* (Catalog Dep't), 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.”

Now turn over the page. 1,2,3—OVER!



Boys—This New Book

Select Wireless Apparatus

Tells What You Want to Find Out About WIRELESS

SEND for it *to-day*. 48 pages of valuable information for every amateur. Tells Theory of Wireless; How to Erect Aerials. Diagrams of Connections. Explains “Matched Tone,” etc. Followed by lists of best standard wireless apparatus on the market—selected especially for the fellow who wants to get results.

If you are thinking now of owning a wireless equipment be sure to get this book. Send 4c. in stamps, asking for CATALOG A. Send *Now*.

C. BRANDES, Inc.
Wireless Specialists
Room 820, 32 Union Square, New York

PUT AN X
BELOW TO
GET THE
CATALOGS
YOU WANT



Read the other side (on page 73) first.

Then decide what things, advertised in ST. NICHOLAS, you would like more information about. Then (with a pen) put an X in the little square in front of the advertised name. After marking all those things which you want to know more about, write down your name, street, town, and state, in the spaces reserved for them. Then cut out the half page and mail it to us in a sealed envelop. After that wait a few days and the catalogs will come to you.

- After Dinner Golf Game
- Abingdon Press Books
- Ansco Camera
- Appleton's Books
- Art Stamp League Membership
- Book of Knowledge (Children's Encyclopedia)
- Brandes' Wireless Book
- Brunswick Baby Grand Billiard Table
- Century Co.'s Books
- Children's Gift Shop (W. S. Sterling's)
- Coward Shoes
- Comstock Publishing Company's Books
- Dodd, Mead & Company's Books
- 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverware
- Erector
- Everyman's Library Books
- Eveready Flashlights
- Flexible Flyer
- "Going to Market" Game
- Gorham Silverware
- Hamilton Blankets
- Holeproof Hosiery
- Houghton Mifflin Books
- Hansen's Staysoft Gauntmitts
- Iver-Johnson Bicycle
- Ideal Aeroplane
- Ives Toys
- Kodak
- King Air Rifle
- Keen Kutter Tools
- Lenox Chocolates
- Lionel Trains
- Maillard Candy
- Mayfair Gifts
- Meccano
- Microscope
- Nashua Doll Blanket
- New Departure Coaster Brake
- Parker Games
- Plastiline
- Parker Pen
- Porcelain Slide
- Peg Lock Blocks
- Remington Rifle
- Scribner Books
- Schwarz Toys and Athletic Goods
- Strat, the War Game; and Sammy Sock
- Tait Specialty Golf Game
- The Tele-Set
- Thermos Bottles and Kit
- Volland's Edition of Mother Goose
- Western Electric Stove
- John C. Winston Company's Books

If you don't want to cut the ST. NICHOLAS, write the names down on a piece of paper, sign your name and address, and mail that to ST. NICHOLAS

Name

Street

Town

State

CUT ALONG THIS DOTTED LINE AND MAIL TO ST. NICHOLAS TO-DAY



Most parents feel very happy when their children romp, run and slide. The *banisters* have always held first place for expert sliding when the young folks can't get outdoors to play. But there is danger in "sliding down the banisters"—to say nothing of the trouble Mother has in fixing up the scratches and digs that result from active heels. Here is a good suggestion for every Mother and Father of St. Nicholas readers.



SLIPPERY SLIDE

Made of Porcelain and Steel

The framework is of wood and the "slide" is of smooth porcelain that will not wear out clothes. The slide pictured here is six feet long with a ladder three feet high. Room for it anywhere. Can be folded and put in closet. Adapted to many kinds of games, and interesting to boys and girls from 1 to 6 years of age.

**IF YOUR DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY ONE
WRITE US**

The price of the slide described above is \$5.00. We prepay all freight charges east of the Mississippi.

**THE PORCELAIN SLIDE CO. 1133 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY**

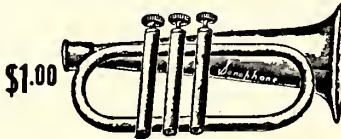
BOYS AND GIRLS! GET BUSY AND SEND FOR A SET OF THESE BEAUTIFUL PENCILS

WITH YOUR NAME STAMPED HERE

NAME STAMPED IN GOLD LETTERS ON HIGH GRADE GREEN, BLUE, RED, OR WHITE ENAMELED RUBBER TIPPED LEAD PENCILS. 3 Pencils in Christmas box, 25c., 6 Pencils, 50c. Stamps or Coin. Write plainly name to be stamped and colors of enamel wanted.

Rochelle Pencil Co. Dept. H New Rochelle, N. Y.

**Anybody can Play a Sonophone
Horn**



Sonophone musical instruments are the delight of old and young. They are very beneficial to the

healthy development of lungs in growing children. At the same time they provide an endless source of amusement and pleasure. There are several grades of Sonophone instruments ranging from 25c. up. Go to your toy dealer, or if he does not carry them, send direct to us.

THE SONOPHONE CO.

338 B, Broadway New York, N. Y.



FOUR
DESIGNS
IN
COLORS

**HOLIDAY
BOXES**



**Boston
Garter**

Velvet Grip

Sensible Gifts

that husband, father, son and brother will appreciate. They will enjoy year-round comfort by wearing the "Boston"—the only garter for men that has the

Velvet Grip **QUALITY RUBBER BUTTON CLASP**

At your dealer's or by mail.

Lisle, 25c. Silk, 50c.

George Frost Co., Boston.

**WORN
BY MEN
THE
WORLD
OVER**

"I simply press the button and drink and fill myself like this."

**I am the Gift
of Gifts**

Boys, girls—I am the happy gift idea for Christmas. Want a real genuine Lucky Curve Fountain Pen? Then drop the hint or check me on the St. NICHOLAS list. Or maybe you plan on making some one else happy. Think, could there be anything more acceptable than a Parker Self-Filling Fountain Pen?

Put me at the top of your gift list. I'll be dressed in holiday attire
—\$2.50—\$3.50
—\$4.00—\$5.00
—\$6.00—\$10.00
—\$12.50—according to size and ornamentation.

Parker Fountain Pen Ink flows smooth and even—its patented bottles, 25c.



PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
**SAFETY SELF-FILLING
FOUNTAIN PEN**

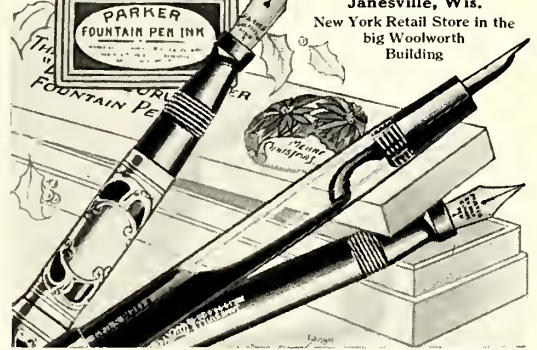
I am a Self-Filler and a Safety Pen combined. You can carry me upside down—in any position—without danger of leaking ink. I am to be found at any one of the 15,000 Parker dealers.

Write for handsomely illustrated catalog free.

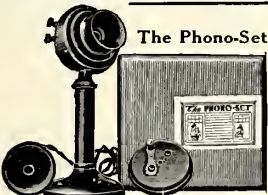
Parker Pen Company

164 Mill Street
Janesville, Wis.

New York Retail Store in the
big Woolworth
Building



Prices of Pens illustrated: Transparent, \$3.50; Jack Knife Safety Self-Filler with Ring, \$3.75; Jack Knife Safety-Silver, \$5.00—Gold-plated, \$6.00. Level Lock Clip on Standard Pens, 25 cents extra.



The Phono-Set

Hello Boys!

Get this Real Telephone
It's a Wonder

for **\$1.00**

PERFECT working telephone. Ready for use the minute battery is attached. Shipped in handsome gift box, with full instructions. "Call up" your playmates on your own private phone, between two houses, or from separate parts of one house. One outfit talks one way—two outfits both ways. Simple to use and will last a long time. Not an imitation, but a genuine telephone, 7½ inches high, carbon grain transmitter, watch case receiver with flexible cord, finished in black enamel, polished wood base switch furnished FREE; works on one 15c. dry battery. Send dollar bill or money order today—or write and learn how any boy can be our agent and make money.

THE TELE-SET

A Fascinating Toy A Practical Telegraph

A remarkable little telegraph outfit that telegraphs TWO WAYS for a distance of many hundreds of feet and more if sufficient wire and batteries are used.

The outfit includes instruments for two stations with keys and sounders, Morse Code Chart, Miniature Telegraph Blanks, full instructions and enough wire to start experimenting. Works with any dry cell or door bell battery.

Price complete prepaid.

\$1.00

FREE—big new ILLUSTRATED catalog of more than 200 electrical, wireless and experimental goods. Send 1 cent for postage.

THE ELECTRO-SET CO.

1874 East 6th Street Dept. 130 Cleveland, Ohio

Up hill!—Down hill!
**Auto-Wheel
Coaster Wagon**

The Original
Auto-Wheel Coaster Wagon and miles ahead of others. Boys don't want a substitute—they want the genuine Auto-Wheel Coaster—with roller bearings, steel axles and speedy auto-type wheels—like a real car. Strong and swift.

Boys—write how to get one FREE and give hardware dealer's name.

BUFFALO SLED CO.

141 Schenck St. No. Tonawanda, N. Y.
In Canada, Preston, Ont.

—What To Get For Christmas—

THIS is always a problem, especially when we want something unusual—something that will be a grand surprise, and that will not wear out or get soiled or tarnished, but grow more precious as years go by, bringing true Christmas love and kindness into people's lives—an ever present reminder of the giver.

Now, what is the answer? Maybe you have guessed it—a pet, of course. The above good qualities would all be secured through the ownership of a gentle little puppy or a soft fluffy Persian kitten or a stanch, shaggy little Shetland Pony.

A wee life, be it only that of an animal friend, is a precious thing. What boy can be rough or cruel with a trustful pair of puppy eyes looking up at him and demanding comradeship and protection? No girl can ever let a dolly take the place of a real, living, loving pet that needs to be cared for and petted and loved.

And what bounding health and pleasure a pony brings—how useful they are, too. Surely a pet of some kind is the best Christmas gift. Nothing else will be so welcome when dear old Santa Claus leaves us to gather in our gifts around the fragrant Christmas tree.


The Pet Department man is always happy this time of year because he has so many opportunities to help all our readers and friends in selecting pets. He knows where many reliable dealers can be found—some probably near your home; he will be glad to tell you how much they charge for the various kinds of pets; he will help you decide upon the kind best suited to your needs and answer any questions about training, feeding, and caring for them. On the following pages will be found a number of suggestions for pets. We especially recommend these reliable dealers who believe in you.

ST. NICHOLAS is always glad to be of use to its readers, and the Pet Department hopes that you will freely ask its help and advice this year in selecting "the best Christmas gift of all."

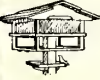
DODSON

BIRD HOUSES

Win Birds to Live In Your Garden



DODSON PURPLE MARTIN HOUSE—29 rooms and attic. Price \$12, all-copper roof. \$15, f. o. b. Kankakee, Ill.




DODSON SHELTERED FEEDING HOUSE—Complete—with 8-foot pole. \$7, all-copper roof. \$10, f. o. b. Kankakee, Ill.

There's nothing in the world that will give more happiness than a Dodson Bird House or Feeding House; birds bring cheer and happiness every year for a lifetime. Be sure you get *genuine Dodson houses*; they win birds; I've given 18 years to loving, studying, working for birds. If you love birds, please set out feeding stations for them right now; you can save the lives of many birds.


Dodson Sparrow Trap—now catching sparrows in every state. Wonderful success. No other trap like this. Automatic drop trap and double funnel trap combined. Strong—electrically welded wire. Price \$6, f. o. b. Chicago.

Nature Neighbors—the best set of books about birds. Beautiful color plates; articles by leading authorities. No bird lover should be without these splendid books.

FREE The illustrated Dodson book telling how to win native birds to your garden; a descriptive folder about Nature Neighbors illustrated by bird in natural colors—a picture worthy of framing. Write to "The man the birds love."



DODSON WREN HOUSE—Solid oak with copper roof. Price \$7, f. o. b. Kankakee, Ill.



DODSON OBSERVATION BIRD HOUSE—Ward bird's home. Price \$7, f. o. b. Kankakee, Ill.

JOSEPH H. DODSON, 707 South Harrison Ave., Kankakee, Ill.
Mr. Dodson is a Director of the Illinois Audubon Society.



WANTED

a little human Princess to purchase a beautiful, white kitten. Address, **LITTLE PRINCE CHARMING, % Black Short Haired Cattery, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J. Tel. 110-M**



BEAUTIFUL, affectionate, healthy Persian Kittens. Best of Prize Stock. All colors. \$5 up.

BLANCHE E. WATSON
Aurora, Ill.

SELECTED

BOSTON TERRIERS

All Ages Low Prices


CARPENTER'S

148 Portland St. Boston, Mass.

CHRISTMAS PONIES

The best present that can be given a child of any age. Get your order in early; the pony will be reserved for you. Colts \$40.00 up, Yearlings \$75.00. Broken ponies reasonable. **WRITE YOUR WANTS TO**

SHADY NOOK PONY FARM, Dept. B,
Addison County, North Ferrisburgh, Vermont.



"His Master's?"

Hat, of course. Think of a wee dear little pet as small as this coming to be your very own on Christmas Day—and a

PEKINGESE

at that.

I won't be hard to find just what you want among the fifty grown dogs and puppies, all ages and colors, which we have on hand. All of them are Champion bred and selected from the first kennels of Europe and America. Some as low as \$25.00, but it is best to write at once for descriptions and pictures.

Mrs. H. A. BAXTER, Great Neck, L. I., Tel. 418, and 489 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C., Tel. 1806 Murray Hill

Use SPRATT'S MIDGET CHARCOAL BISCUITS

for bowel troubles, weak digestion, fetid breath, etc.

Send 2c. stamp for "Dog Culture."

SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., NEWARK, N. J.



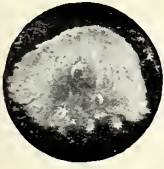
Shetland and Welsh Ponies

Gentle little ponies, thoroughly broken to saddle and harness. Ideal pets for children. Complete outfits. Illustrated catalog.

MIDLOCH PONY FARM
Trevilians, Va.

Pet Department Continued—Christmas Suggestions

AMERICAN KENNELS



Toy white French Silk Poodles, from 3 pound parents, Pedigreed, smallest obtainable, rare Beauties, \$15.00. Toy Maltese Terriers, Toy Black and Tans, Toy Yorkshire Terriers, Toy Boston Terriers, \$15.00 up; Pekinese Spaniels, Toy Pomeranians, \$25.00 up; Toy Foxterriers, \$5.00 up; St. Bernards, Great Danes, Newfoundlands, \$20.00 up; Scotch Collies, \$10.00 up; Irish Terriers, Foxterriers, Airedales, English Bulls, Puppies and grown, Stud Dogs and Bitches in whelp. State wants. We ship anywhere.

Dept. ST. Trevoze, Pa.

Bull Terriers

Not the Fighting Breed but clean-cut Aristocrats of their race.

Choice puppies bred from noted prize-winners for sale. Home of Imported "Roy Lavender."



ANAWAN KENNELS, Attleboro, Mass.

The children and every member of the family will enjoy having an

AIREDALE TERRIER

for Christmas. The Airedale is an ideal companion and guard, courageous though never courting trouble, is true to his master, and has a brain almost human. High-grade pedigreed stock for sale at all times.

TYLER CRUTTENDEN, 82 Wall St., New Haven, Conn.



Raise Pigeons

It's lots of fun and keeps you in pocket money. Our Jumbo Pigeons are the envy of all the boys and girls. Send for large free illustrated, instructive circular.

PROVIDENCE SQUAB CO.
Dept. J, Providence, R. I.

FLYING SQUIRRELS

Handsome of all pets; rare; something *different*; very hardy, prolific breeders; *mated* pair and booklet \$3.00, express paid, safe delivery guaranteed to any express office in U. S. Large, fine BLACK SQUIRRELS \$10.00 per pair. Handsome FOX SQUIRRELS \$5.00 per pair.

WILDWOODS FUR FARMS, Colmesneil, Texas.



Lord Solly

English Bloodhounds

The most perfect family dog. Companionable, intelligent, affectionate. Natural man trailers, easily trained, long registered pedigrees; always winners on the show bench and on the trail. A litter from England's great breeder Belladonna. Sired by England's best dog, Lord Solly. Also a litter sired by Red Panther, the sensational detective and trailer of the far West for the last four years. (bred by me) from the imported Uproar. Illustrated book, two stamps. Photograph 25 cents.

J. L. WINCHELL, Fair Haven, Vermont



CAN you think of a finer Christmas present than this Observation Wren House? Containing a set of books, 4 leather-bound vols., "Pocket Nature Library," elsewhere sells for \$4.50.

The Bird House is a beautiful Wren House on Japanese lines. Door on the side makes it an Observation House. Until Spring it makes a splendid case for the 4 vols. hanging on your study wall. The House alone, without the door or books, sells for \$3.00, as you see by our catalog. We offer the two at \$5.00, Parcel Post prepaid within 3rd Zone.

Our famous 3 Bird Houses for \$3.50. Wire Sparrow Trap, \$4.00.

Send for our new catalog

THE CRESCENT CO., "Birdville," Toms River, N. J.

PETS OF EVERY KIND

Shetland Ponies, Dogs of all breeds, Belgian Hares and all other rabbits, Angora Cats, Fancy Pigeons, Fancy Poultry, wild Ducks, Geese, Swans, Cavies, Squirrels, Kingdoves, Parrots, Canaries, Monkeys, Foxes, Raccoons, Ferrets, thousands of Pets all varieties, low prices. Big catalog beautifully illustrated 25 cents, lists free. Order your pets now.

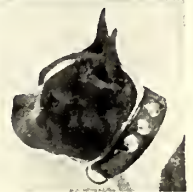
HORNES ZOOLOGICAL ARENA CO., Kansas City, Mo.

The Ideal Xmas Gift

BOSTON TERRIERS

Puppies and grown dogs. Handsomely marked. House reared dogs of excellent breeding. Suitable for companions or show purposes.

Also English Bull dogs and Bull Terriers all ages. Attractive prices.
FRANK DOLE, 11 W. 32d St., New York
Telephone, 8460 Madison Square



Newfoundlands

The best for children. Extra fine puppies for Xmas, \$50 each

Clark Farm Kennels, Boonton, N. J.
Address mail to J. H. Clark,
238 Broadway, Paterson, N. J.

Pet Department Continued—Christmas Suggestions

Bird Homes for Xmas Gifts

Add beauty to your lawn or garden. Provide a home for the birds. A practical, appropriate Xmas gift.

Knock-Down Houses—Ready-Built Houses

We will send any of our artistic bird houses to address you may send us. We enclose your Xmas greeting. Free Illustrated Book of Bird Homes and Lawn Accessories.

E. E. EDMANSON & CO.,
626 S. Norton St., Chicago, Ill.



Here's a Merry Christmas for You

Dear little puppies of the following breeds, refined ladies and gentlemen of the dog world, bred from pedigreed prize winners, are waiting to be your pets.

Cocker Spaniels—black and white, red and white, solid red or black males, \$25.00. Airedale Terriers, \$20.00 St. Bernard—males, \$40.00 and up. Females in above breeds, \$20.00

A \$5.00 deposit will reserve one of these ideal pets and companions for children.

F. E. STUART, 8 St. Nicholas Bldg., Montreal, Canada.

Have You a Home for Snowball?



Snowball is a pure white Esquimo puppy. His ancestors were hardy dogs from the snowy north, where their loyalty, courage, endurance and strength made them man's chief helper. Their beautiful white fur, perfect disposition and remarkable intelligence form an ideal combination for a child's pet. They are natural trick dogs and are steadily growing in popularity. If you want an ideal pet, get a puppy like Snowball. He will make the finest sort of Christmas

gift. Don't merely ask for a pet on your Christmas list. Say an "Esquimo puppy like Snowball," and tell Father and Mother you expect to see that kind of snowball under your tree on Christmas morning. Send 5c. for Pictorial Catalogue with particulars. Get your Xmas orders booked early. *Please!*

BROCKWAY'S KENNELS, Baldwin, Kansas



America's
Pioneer
Dog Remedies

Book on Dog Diseases And How to Feed

Mailed free to any address by the Author

H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S.

118 West 31st Street New York

What is Your Favorite Kind of Dog?

No matter what breed you like best, the chances are we can supply you. French Bulls; Wire-haired Fox Terriers; Doberman Pinchers; Old English Sheep-dogs; Airedales; Lurchers and Scotch Terriers; Schipperkes; Chows; Pugs; and Pekingese Puppies, for sale. KIND COMPANIONS—ALERT WATCHDOGS—THOROUGHBREDS EVERY INCH.

Write us your wants and we will see that you are satisfied.

MRS. WILLIAM BRINCK, Grand Ave., Newburgh, N. Y.



Santa Claus' Favorite Pet

Big, modest, gentle—the Great Dane quickly wins a warm place in people's hearts. Both puppies and grown stock for sale—all pedigreed from champion stock. As a guardian he is without a peer. His general appearance has a wonderful effect. The household is never unprotected and the children never without a friend and companion if you own a Great Dane. Prices, \$50.00 up. Some fine puppies suitable for Christmas gifts, but orders should be booked early.



HAILON KENNELS, Wayland, Massachusetts

Are you giving me a Merry Christmas



by asking for a Cement House with removable lid from **THE BIRD BOX**, West Chester, Pa., price, \$1.50 (6 for \$7.50) and expressage, so I can be free from all my enemies this spring? *Jenny Wren.*

P. S. A pretty Christmas Card goes with each house.

Merry Christmas, J. W.

I have for sale handsomely marked Boston Terriers by BINDO; also several matured Boston Terriers at all ages, suitable for companions or show bench. Most reasonable prices. Address

MRS. R. F. FORBUSH,
45 Vassar Street,
Dorchester, Massachusetts



BINDO

A Well Chosen Christmas Gift

You can get exactly what you want when you choose a

PURE BRED SHETLAND PONY

from my herd. All colors and ages, from 6 months to 7 years. Christmas orders should be sent immediately.

Handsome pedigreed *Collie* puppies, 2 to 6 months old, also, at reasonable prices. MRS. FRED BOWMAN, Springboro, Pa.



No room in these stockings for other gifts. But none will be needed if your family has a

"NEWCASTLE" Scottish Terrier or Dachshund

Puppies now on hand

NEWCASTLE KENNELS
Brookline, Mass. Established 1885.



Playing Golf in the House!

*A Good Way to Learn
A Good Way to Improve Your Game*



"Real Golf indoors. Just as it is played in the open."

Here it is at last! The most fascinating of outdoor sports transposed indoors with none of its fascination lost. Father and Mother will be as keen for this game as the children.

After-Dinner Golf

fascinates all! It is not a toy. It is real golf played indoors. You can use real golf clubs and real balls—your own mashie and putter if preferred. It can be played on any fair-sized rug or carpet. A pleasant way to pass winter evenings or entertain friends.

Be sure it is on your Christmas List

Complete set, including Felt Tee Mat, Bunker, Hazard, Ball, Putter, Mashie, two Markers, Discs 1, 2 and 3, and scientific hole.....\$5.00
Set without clubs or ball.....\$3.50
Set with ball and putter (no bunker, hazard or mat)....\$2.50

Rules for play and diagram with each set. On sale at all good department and sporting stores or sent prepaid on receipt of price.



AFTER-DINNER GOLF CO.

1123 Broadway New York



A bunch of beauties caught with "BRISTOL" Rod No. 25 by A.E. Kichburg, Grand Lake, Mich.

"Bristol" Steel Fishing Rods

The new 1916 "BRISTOL" Calendar is a full color reproduction of an Oil Painting by Philip R. Goodwin, the noted outdoor-sports artist. A very handsome decoration for home, den or camp. Sent prepaid only on receipt of 15 cents.

"BRISTOL" Rods have the quickness, action, strength and reliability, not only to catch fish but to give the fisherman the greatest joy in the sport of fishing.

"BRISTOL" Rods are made in 28 styles, ranging from \$3.50 to \$25.00. They are sold by 19,000 dealers. If yours can't supply you, write us. CATALOGUE—FREE—pictures and describes all the different rods.

THE HORTON MFG. CO.
167 Horton Street Bristol, Conn.

FAMOUS PARKER GAMES

Games bearing the imprint of PARKER BROTHERS are finely made and always splendid games to play.

POLLYANNA

The best new board game in the last quarter century



Absorbingly fascinating, easily learned in a few minutes. Pollyanna is a perfect game for two, three or four players. Partnership games are the greatest of fun. It holds the interest from the start. It's a GLAD game. Price 75 cents, of all Dealers.

By mail 10c. extra.

PIT

Good Old Pit.
The great fun maker.

For laughter, excitement and a rollicking good time, Pit has no equal. Learned in two minutes. Fun for everyone.



50c. at your Dealer's, or by mail from us.

We are the sole makers of the famous Parker Games, Pollyanna, Rook, Pit, Ping-Pong, Halma, etc., the most popular and largest selling games in the world.

PARKER BROTHERS INC SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

RINGS · FRATERNITY PINS · BADGES

C.K. GROUSE CO.
MANUFACTURERS

NORTH ATTLEBORO MASS. BOX B24

SEND FOR BEAUTIFUL BOOK OF DESIGNS

FRATERNITY PINS · BADGES · MEDALS

The Prophylactic Tooth Brush

Most of your friends use it
and profit by it



Betty's Lessons

VII. DEPARTMENT



CHRISTMAS month is a good one in which to discuss "Department," and we want to tell you the secret of Betty's success in this branch of her school work. Betty has learned that "handsome is as handsome does." So the very first thing every morning and very last thing every night, Betty puts a half-inch of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Paste or some Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder on her brush and brushes her teeth *thoroughly*. She says it makes her mouth feel "brand new," and makes her feel "like smiling."

So Betty does smile, and her smile makes other people smile in turn because it reveals an even row of nice clean, white even teeth.

Clean teeth help to keep Betty's health good, and when you feel well it is easy to be good.

And this all explains why Betty's Department each month is almost as perfect as any little girl's can be.

For Betty and all her brothers and sisters the country over—boys and girls with clean minds in healthy bodies—their friends the makers of Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder and Dental Cream wish the merriest sort of Christmas.

Up to the hour when this number of *St. Nicholas* went to press, 24 of the boys and girls who tried to solve Betty's example in arithmetic have found the correct answer. Next month we will tell you exactly how many had it right and we will also print the correct answer.

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream



Send 2c. to-day for a trial package of either DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER or DENTAL CREAM. There's enough to last for nearly two weeks. See what fun it really is to brush your teeth with dentifrice that you like—that tastes as good as it looks.



I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc.
533 W. 27th St. New York

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION, No. 166

Although the answers to competition No. 166 did n't pour in quite so thickly as usual, so that for once the judges were n't in danger of being buried alive, nevertheless, many more reached us than we had dared to hope, and what they lacked in quantity they made up in quality. Of course we realize that just writing a plain letter is pretty irksome work, especially when there is no puzzle to stimulate your curiosity, but you surprised us completely by the interest and thought which your letters clearly showed. In fact, the judges have never had the satisfaction of reading more interesting or valuable papers, and we were glad to learn that Peggy Fay's sentiments are shared by most of you.

Some of you gave beautiful descriptions of the advertisements, but failed to explain *why* they appealed to you. The winners succeeded in combining descriptive power with the reason for their likes to a remarkable degree.

But you're getting impatient, so here they are!

One First Prize of \$5.00.

Katherine Boynton, age 15, Vermont.

Two Second Prizes of \$3.00 each.

Esther J. Lowell, age 15, California.

Ruth Barcher, age 15, New York.

Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 each.

Charles T. Michener, age 12, Pennsylvania.

Elizabeth Craig, age 13, Louisiana.

Walter Hanlon, age 15, New York

Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1.00 each.

Teresa Montgomery, age 16, Maine.

Laura Thompson, age 13, New York.

Catherine Dean, age 15, Michigan.

Esther Jennings, age 13, Rhode Island.

Leonice Hunnewell, age 13, New York.

Edna Duge, age 12, Connecticut.

Margaret Kittinger, age 15, New York.

Adelina Jackson, age 9, New Jersey.

Helen Coleman, age 17, New Jersey.

Whitson Fetter, age 16, New Jersey.

Honorable Mention.

Dorothy Kellam, age 13, Texas.

Natalie Hammond, age 11, New York.

Edna Walls, age 15, Pennsylvania.

Ruth Topping, age 16, New York.

Helen Hollis, age 13, California.

You Can Have Great Sport with "Ideal" Racing Aeroplanes

Thousands of live boys, and grown-ups too, are racing these miniature flying machines. It's the great new American Sport.

They Fly 100 to 500 Feet

Prices of our various models are as follows:



"Ideal" 3-ft. Racer, Assembled	-	-	-	-	\$3.50
Bluebird Racing Aeroplane (22 in.)	-	-	-	-	1.25
"Ideal" Speed-o-Plane (1 ft.)	-	-	-	-	.65
"Ideal" Loop-the-Loop Glider	-	-	-	-	.30
"IDEAL" 3-ft. RACER, in knock-down form with all parts and full instructions	-	-	-	-	2.50

We also make Construction Outfits in knock-down form, from which you can build

Exact 3-ft. Model War Aeroplanes

just like the ones now used in the *European War*. They are guaranteed to rise from the ground by their own power and fly. They afford wonderfully fascinating and instructive sport.

You can easily build these models by following our simple, easily understood building and flying instructions. Scale drawings and instructions *alone* for "Ideal" 3-ft. models are offered at following prices:

Curtiss Military Tractor	25c	Bleriot Monoplane	-	15c
Curtiss Flying Boat	25c	Taube Monoplane	-	25c
Curtiss Hydroaeroplane	35c	Wright Biplane	-	25c
Nieuport Monoplane	25c	Cecil Peoli Racer	-	25c

SPECIAL: Build a fleet! Get complete set of above plans for \$1.60

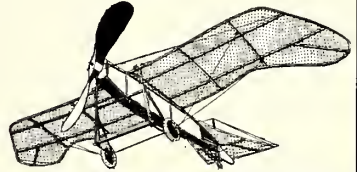
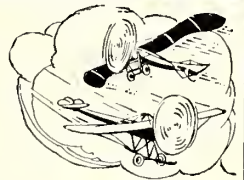
Look at page 34 of November *St. Nicholas* for more aeroplane news.

A Present that Every Boy Wants

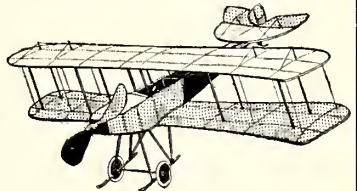
There's a toy, game, or department store near you which sells "Ideal" Model Aeroplanes and flyers. Ask them to show you "those Ideal Aeroplanes." If you can't find the store, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

Write to-day for our *1916 Aeroplane Book*, "Ideal" 3-ft. Bleriot Monoplane, complete outfit containing full information, prices for parts, complete models, etc., 5 cents postpaid.

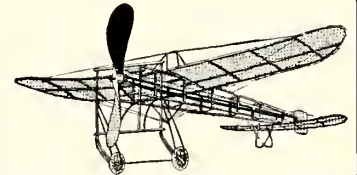
IDEAL AEROPLANE & SUPPLY CO., 84-86 West Broadway, New York City



"Ideal" 3-ft. Taube Monoplane, complete outfit with all parts and plans ready to assemble, \$4.25



"Ideal" Curtiss Military Tractor, complete outfit with all parts and plans ready to assemble, \$5.00



"Ideal" 3-ft. Bleriot Monoplane, complete outfit with all parts and plans ready to assemble, \$4.25



Leedawl COMPASS

FOR CHRISTMAS

A very useful gift that appeals to every boy.

Ask your dealer for the Leedawl — the only guaranteed jeweled compass at \$1.00. If he does not have them, remit direct to us. Send for free folder C 12 or 10c. for book. "The Compass. The Sign Post of the World."

Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y.
Makers of Scientific Instruments of Superiority.



Include this Racing Airship in the Boy's Xmas Box

Postpaid only 35c. 4 for \$1.00

Complete for ascension with directions. The leader of toys — sails like a real one. Amuses young and old. 5 1/2 ft. bag, with car attachment beneath. Send for yours today. Catalog, 10c.

Brazel Novelty Mfg. Co., 1720 Ella St., Cincinnati, O.



Vaseline

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Camphor Ice

For chapped hands and lips

In tubes and tins, drug and department stores everywhere. Booklet free on request.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY

38 State Street

(Consolidated)

New York

SAFETY FIRST IN TOYS



"Please Mister"

Sub K-9 (canine) is the last word in practical toys. Your first thought is the safety of your child. He positively cannot hurt himself with Sub K-9. Can be washed daily — no places for germs — no sharp corners or pieces of tin to cut — child can bite and chew toy to heart's content, without injury. Sub K-9 is indestructible — acts so much like a dog that it assumes a personality in child's mind and becomes his constant companion. Sent prepaid on receipt of 50 cents.

CALIFORNIA CURIO CO.

814 So. Spring Street

Los Angeles, Cal.



Advancing for Battle at Pocket Billiards!

Great Home Fun, Boys! Beats Any Other Christmas Gift

A real man's game on a real man's table, that makes you the king of your neighborhood. A game your parents will eagerly *pay to play*, like thousands of fathers and mothers who take this way of helping the boys buy the table.

Mail the coupon today for our handsome book that shows how Carom or Pocket Billiards starts a riot frolic that never lets up till bedtime.

Superb Brunswick Home

Billiard Tables

Made of rare and beautiful woods in sizes to fit all homes. The "Grand," "Baby Grand" and "Convertibles" have long been conceded the finest and fastest home tables in the world.

Our new "Quick Demountable" is made by the same skilled men and methods. Yet here is the table that you can set up anywhere in a jiffy and put aside when not in use. Not a toy, but a scientific table with life! speed! and accuracy!

\$27 Up—Pay 10c a Day!

Our prices are now the lowest in all our history because we are making these tables for thousands—\$27 upward. You can pay monthly till the table is paid for—as little as *10c a day!*

30-Day Trial—Outfit FREE

Select the table you want. We let you try it 30 days. We also include Complete High Class Playing Outfit FREE—Balls, Cues, Markers, Cue-Clamps, Chalk, Expert Book of 33 games, etc. Our handsome color-catalog shows all tables, prices and full details. Sent free to any boy. Mail the coupon at once, while these books last. (483)

Send This For Billiard Book FREE

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. 21-J, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Send free, postpaid, your color-catalog—

"Billiards—The Home Magnet"
and tell about your free home trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



With all your friends so fond of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwiches, perhaps you can get your mother to order a jar for you. Ask her to be sure it's Beech-Nut—because of the flavor.

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., Canajoharie, N. Y.

Schools

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington (Suburbs). For the higher education of young women. National Park Seminary Extension courses of two years' collegiate work above high school. Thoroughly equipped departments of Home Economics, Floriculture, Arts and Crafts, Music, Painting, Dramatic Art, systematic study of the National Capital. Illustrated book on request to Registrar, Box 178, Forest Glen, Md.

NEW-YORK, Briarcliff Manor.

Mrs. Marshall's School for Little Girls

A home-like boarding and day school for girls under fifteen, affording an abundance of healthful recreation and play in rural surroundings with elevating companionship. Booklet free on request.

FOR XMAS—A FOREIGN LANGUAGE!

Boys! Girls! Ask for a Language Outfit. It includes a standard talking machine upon which you can also play musical records. An Ideal Xmas Gift that combines both pleasure and instruction. You will enjoy learning to speak a foreign language by the



LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD
And Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry

No tiresome rules to study. Just listen to the professor pronounce—French, German, Spanish or Italian—until you know it. Let your talking machine teach you. Write for free booklet.

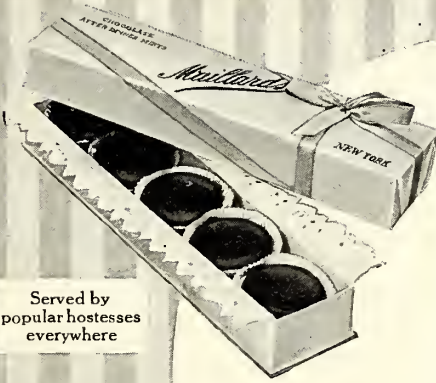
THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD, 979 Putnam Bldg., 2 W. 45th St., New York

YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST ought to include the JUNIOR CRAFTSMAN TOOL-CHEST

consisting of 20 first class tools: saw, hammer, chisel, brace, bits, level, square, rule, etc.

All neatly arranged in an oak finish tool-chest. Complete, freight collect, \$5.00.

PENA BROTHERS, 186 Lafayette Street, New York City



Served by popular hostesses everywhere

Maillard

After the dinner, Maillard's After Dinner Mints — although by no means to be confined to that particular occasion, for the fine flavor of melting mint is a choice favorite always, everywhere — truly a delectable dainty. In a smartly beribboned half pound box, priced at 25c.

At all good stores, or if not available, delivered, carefully packed and postpaid to any address on receipt of price — please send dealer's name.

To the Dealer — most stores where quality counts are obtaining wonderful results with Maillard products — complete trade information, with price list, furnished on request — write us today.

A cleverly designed series of six Poster Art Stamps, exquisitely colored examples of the New Art — valuable as an addition to your collection. —

FREE WITH
Booklet — "Maillard's Confections" — just brimful of "Helps" and "Hints" for the lady of the house — complete, with descriptive matter and illustration — Yours for the asking.
Publicity Department
116 West 25th Street
New York

Mrs. Martina Downing
22 East 65th Street, New York
Corner of Madison Avenue

Suits, Gowns and
Millinery
for

Young Ladies, Misses
and Children



The Problems **In Infant Feeding**

become intensified when the little one is deprived of nature's supply. Nothing can be so good as the normal milk of a healthy mother. But thousands of babies must depend on other than mother's milk. The record of

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED MILK
THE ORIGINAL

shows a growing list of healthy children who have been brought through the critical period into normal childhood. If you could see the care we exercise in preparing "Eagle Brand" you would know why it was awarded the **Grand Prize** (Highest Award) at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO. New York
Est. 1857 "Leaders of Quality"



BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO. St. N. 12-15
108 Hudson St., New York.
Please send me your helpful book, "Baby's Welfare," and "Borden's Recipes."
Name.....
Address.....



THE advertisers in this number of ST. NICHOLAS are telling you many interesting things that will make it easy for you to select Christmas gifts for yourself and all your friends.

When you write to them be sure to tell them that you saw their advertisement in ST. NICHOLAS. For then they will have a better knowledge of who you are and can answer your inquiry in just the way that will tell you most and please you best.



A Letter to Santa Claus

Of course you want a real live pet that can play with you and love you—but it is hard to know just which kind is best and where to get it. Most pedigreed dogs cost \$20.00 and over. Only a few can be had for as little as \$5.00 or \$10.00.

If you have decided to make this Christmas a really-truly one by getting a pet, and want St. NICHOLAS to help you, fill out and send as soon as possible the slip below. It will save you a great deal of trouble.

ST. NICHOLAS PET DEPARTMENT, 351 Fourth Avenue, New York City

The pet I want to know about is

Dog, pony, cat, bird, etc.

Breed preferred..... Full grown or young

I want to buy it about

The price I am willing to pay is

My name is

And I live at

The Coward Shoe

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."



Children's Feet Need Care

The delicate bones of a child's feet are easy to mould.

Whether they are moulded into shapely, well formed feet or whether your child's feet will grow up ill-shaped and trouble-giving depends largely upon the shoes his feet grow up in.

The Coward Shoes for children will make your child's feet natural and shapely when he grows up.

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE

JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 Greenwich Street, New York
(NEAR WARREN ST.)

Mail Orders Filled—Send for Catalog

Fine Fun For Winter Nights



Dull evenings are unknown where there's a *New Mirroscope*. Simply hang a sheet, darken the room and have a picture show of your own. Guessing games, puzzles, illustrated songs—there are hundreds of ways to entertain yourself and friends with

The New Mirroscope

The 1916 Models have improved lenses and lighting system and exclusive adjustable card holder. Prices range from \$2.50 to \$25.00. Six sizes. Made for electricity, acetylene and natural or artificial gas. Every *New Mirroscope* fully guaranteed.

FREE: The *New Mirroscope* Booklet of shows and entertainments. Send for it.

You can buy the *New Mirroscope* at most department and toy stores, at many photo supply and hardware stores. Ask for the *New Mirroscope* and look



for the name. If no dealer is near you, we will ship direct on receipt of price.

The
Mirroscope Co.
16912 Waterloo Road
Cleveland, O.

Ingersoll

You know this trade-mark through National Periodical Advertising

HAVE you ever been to Gibraltar?

If you have, you know how the bazaar keepers from Northern Africa crowd around those who land from a ship and try to sell them all sorts of novelties and nicknacks. When you first land their prices are very high. If you wait a while they will ask less, and as the time comes nearer for the ship to depart, the price goes lower and lower until, as you step into the ship's boat, things are offered at almost nothing. If you don't know about their methods you buy as soon as you land. If you are a good bargainer you get things at a fair price. If you do not care to "haggle" you pay dearly.

That is the barbarian's way of trading.

All buying and selling used to be done that way even in this country many years ago.

Your Great-Grandmother would go into a store to buy your Grandfather a Christmas gift. She would ask the price of something. The proprietor would name a price very much more than he expected to get. They would talk for a half hour perhaps. The store-keeper kept trying to get from her, as from everyone, several times as much as a thing was worth. He soon became quite clever in making people really believe the high price was fair. So probably your Grandmother was often overcharged, because

she did n't have the time or the way to find out what things were really worth.

Perhaps the next day your Great-Grandmother's next door neighbor bought the same article at half the price she had paid, because she was willing to argue harder and longer over the price. Naturally your Great-Grandmother was vexed and said she would never trade at that store again. The store-keeper said he had sold the neighbor a cheaper article, and as neither of the articles was trade-marked, nobody knew whether he told the truth or not.

So that kind of trading created much bad feeling.

When manufacturers began to make good things and to put a trade-mark on them and to advertise them, the values of things began to be better known.

Now the wise manufacturer sets a price on his goods which is fair to him and to you. If he should set the price too high, you would buy some other brand of goods. If he set the price too low, he would fail and that would n't help anybody.

So he is very careful to make the price fair and right in proportion to the quality of his goods.

Do you see again how trade-marks and advertising help you in buying? They help you to find out about the value of things and fix it so that everyone pays the same fair price regardless of their own age or knowledge or experience in buying.

ST. NICHOLAS

MEMBER OF THE QUIN CLUB

THE NATIONAL PERIODICAL ASSOCIATION

California Limited



-along the way
Grand Canyon
 of Arizona and

-picturesque
 Indian Pueblos
 Four Santa Fe
 trains daily to
 California —
 Also Santa Fe de-
 Luxe weekly in winter

Ask for
 "California Limited" book
 "Grand Canyon Outings"
 and "California -
 Outings" folders
 W. J. Black
 Pass. Traffic Mgr. AT&S.F.Ry.
 1072 Railway Exch.
 Chicago

Leid
 2726
 2726



Help Them Grow Up Strong and Healthy

Tuberculosis is particularly dangerous to children. Infected in childhood, their weakened constitutions must be strengthened to combat the disease.

Thousands of children are being protected from Tuberculosis in open air schools, and many already attacked are being cured with the money received from the sale of Red Cross Christmas Seals. The lengthened lives of little children will be your Christmas blessing if you buy

RED CROSS Christmas Seals

If you cannot buy Red Cross Seals in your town, write to the AMERICAN RED CROSS, Washington, D. C., for as many as you wish at 1c each.

Christmas Greetings from Mayfair, Inc.

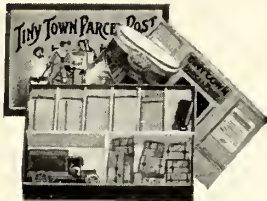
FIFTH AVE., AT 52ND ST., N. Y. CITY



INDIAN WIGWAM—A realistic Indian camp made of cardboard and folds up, 12½" in height, 14" at base. Indians in beautiful colors, showing hunting scenes, war dances, animals, canoes, etc., with complete instructions. Price 50c.



ROLL PINS—An entirely new and funny game like "ten pins." Played with six comic figures and roll wheel. Hand-painted in bright colors on heavy wood. Price \$3.50 set.



PARCEL POST GAME—A unique game with which you can play "Post Office." Includes stamps, cards, scales, cancelling stamps, miniature Post Office building, and a lot of assorted packages and boxes. Mechanical automobile for delivery of mail. Price complete, \$1.75.

Tell Dad or Mother to get you something really *different* this Christmas. Show them this page. It will give them just a faint idea of the unique gift things made by Mayfair.

Write for the Mayfair Gift Book, containing a lot of fine things for Boys and Girls as well as for other members of the family. When it comes you can go through it and select what you want to receive, and what you want to give.

Mail orders promptly filled. Postage and expressage extra. Orders over \$5.00 delivered free within 50 miles of New York City.



MAGIC DRAWING BOOK—A really funny collection of 93 pictures, each picture having an appropriate story. Pictures are made complete by using a soft pencil. Price 75c.



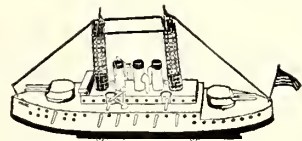
BUNNY AND TURTLE RACE—A very interesting game for children or adults. A question of skill. Made of wood in attractive colors. Price \$1.00.



PUZZLE BOX—An unusually clever set of 28 assorted puzzles, all new. Any child will enjoy this. Price \$1.00.



TRU-LIFE PAPER DOLLS—A fascinating pastime for girls. Set contains 12 dolls, fashion plates and actual patterns, 12 rolls of paper in various colors of materials. Price \$1.00.



TAKE-APART BATTLESHIP—A brand new construction toy. Consists of 55 wooden pieces. Put together like building blocks to form a battleship, 23" long. Very interesting. Price \$3.50.





Beautiful Neck and Arms

It is the skin-texture,—fine, clear, soft and smooth,—that lends such charm to the neck, shoulders and arms. The same care, the same intelligent treatment, that are given the face and hands, will gradually bring and maintain this much-coveted condition. Slight moistening with

Hinds HONEY AND ALMOND *Cream*

morning and evening, as well as before and after exposure to the weather, will keep the skin as you would like it and free from undue redness, roughness or chapping. It is the faithful use of Hinds Cream that gives to the complexion such fresh, fair, girlish beauty.

Let us send you booklet and liberal samples. Enclose 2c stamp for postage

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price.
Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

Do not take a substitute; there are dealers in every town who will gladly sell you Hinds Cream without attempting to substitute.

A. S. HINDS 242 West Street, Portland, Maine

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No soap samples.



Santa Claus Guessed

What the Boys and
Girls Liked Best.

Thousands of boys and girls will dream that Santa Claus brought them a bicycle.

And thousands of dreams will come true—and thousands of faces will light up on Christmas morning with that joy the bike has brought to millions, young and old.

NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE



The Brake that brought the Bike back.

The wonderful device that protects the rider, giving a control that stops the bike in less than its length and a perfect mastery, no matter what the speed.

The New Departure Coaster Brake reduces the pedaling and increases the joys of the hike on the bike.

It can never fail you because it is as strong as the good steel it is made of. It simply can't get out of order or rust. It is heavily nickel plated. Five million riders recommend it.

Free to Live Boys!

—A gold plated "Joy Boy" Stick-pin if you will give us the name of your nearest bicycle dealer.

The
New Departure
Mfg. Co.

105 Main Street,
Bristol, Conn.





Who Knows Better What's Good?

Bobbie and Bettie are very good sometimes—two or three times a week, at least—though you might never guess it from their roguish faces, and then mamma gives them for dessert something which they like very much. More often than anything else it is Jell-O, not merely because it is more economical and easier to prepare than the other good things they like, but because they prefer it to almost anything else and because it is good for them.



JELL-O



is pure and wholesome, and it makes up into an almost infinite variety of dishes, some to appeal to the most fastidious appetites, and others to satisfy any healthy appetite.

There could not be anything better for the Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner dessert than one of these delicious dishes. It can be made as simple or as elaborate as any one could wish, just as the Jell-O dessert for every-day dinner can.

About New Year's Day we shall be prepared to supply our friends with copies of the New Jell-O Book, which is the most interesting and beautiful ever issued. It tells the story of a lovely young bride, who knew nothing about cooking, but who soon learned how to make up delicious desserts and salads. Her experiences are illustrated in reproductions of beautiful paintings made for the book by a Boston artist. If you will write to us now and ask for a copy of this book, it will be sent to you as soon as we receive the first lot from the printers.

10c. a package



In the meantime, if you have not had one of the famous Kewpie Jell-O Books, and will write and tell us so, we shall be glad to send one to you.

Jell-O is made in seven pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate. Each 10 cents at any grocery or general store.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.

Jell-O received the highest award, the GRAND PRIZE, at the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, and the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego.





*To market, to market, a gallop, a trot,
Each wants the card that the other one's got;
"Going to Market's" the name of the game—
Just mail us a dime and we'll send you the same!*

Don't you like to go to the stores and buy things? Well, the new game,

Going to Market

is like that, only more fun, and the whole family can play it at home. The game will be sent to any of St. Nicholas' boys or girls who will tear off the corner of this page, fill it in and send it to any of the firms listed below with a silver dime or 5 two-cent stamps.

BEECHNUT PACKING CO.
Canajoharie, N. Y.

CLEVELAND FOUNDRY CO.
Makers of Perfection Oil Heaters
Cleveland, Ohio

ROBERT H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
Makers of Ingersoll Watches
New York City, N. Y.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO.
New York City, N. Y.

GEORGE E. KEITH COMPANY
Makers of Walk-Over Shoes
Campello, Mass.

THE KNOX GELATINE CO.
Johnstown, N. Y.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY
Chicago, Ill.

POMPEIAN MANUFACTURING CO.
Cleveland, Ohio.

THE POSTUM CEREAL CO.
Battle Creek, Mich.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
Cleveland, Ohio.

THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO.
Westfield, N. Y.

WILLYS-OVERLAND CO.
Toledo, Ohio.

WESTERN ELECTRIC CO.
New York City, N. Y.

Gentlemen:
I enclose 10 cents for the
game, "Going to Market."

Name

Street

City



Try These Stockings for Three Months

No Darning—Guaranteed!

© H. H. Co.

Let *your* children wear famous Holeproof Hose. Give each boy and girl a box of three pairs for Christmas. These fine looking stockings are made from the most expensive cotton yarn, yet you pay *in the stores* no more than for common kinds.

Three pairs are guaranteed to wear without holes for three

months. Or six pairs are guaranteed for six months.

If any of the pairs fail in the specified time you are given new hose to replace the worn pairs free.

Holeproofs are light weight, pliable and soft. Children like to wear them. Why let your little folks go without them when they save money, time and trouble?

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

The genuine Holeproofs are sold in your town. Ask for dealers' names. We ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Men's Holeproofs, 25c per pair and up. Women's and children's, 35c per pair and up.

Write for free book that tells all about Holeproofs. You'll be interested in learning how these famous hose are made.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada
Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley, Liverpool England

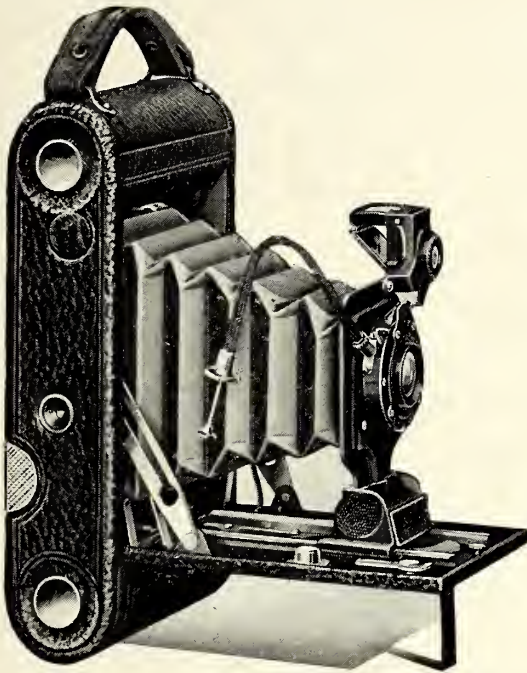


Reg. U. S.
Pat. Office, 1906

The Newlastic Ribbed Top Stocking for Women

One of the newest features in Holeproof for women is a cotton or silk stocking with elastic ribbed lisle top—a top that stretches wide but always returns to shape—ideally comfortable for both stout and slender women. See this new Holeproof before you buy new stockings. Judge its quality and style. If your dealer hasn't it, write us; we'll supply you.

(729)



*If it
isn't an
Eastman,
it isn't
a
Kodak.*



This KODAK for *your* Christmas

TELL father or mother, or perhaps big brother, that with it you can have both indoor and outdoor fun—and right away. The snow men and snow forts, the skating and coasting parties, the snow laden trees—all these make interesting pictures. And indoors you can make pictures of your friends for there is now nothing difficult about time exposures. And you really *should* make some Christmas day pictures—pictures that will help to keep the merry-making fresh in mind.

This Junior Kodak is well made all the way through, has the autographic feature, and a ball bearing shutter and good lenses. It's leather covered and finely finished. In the No. 1 ($2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$) size it sells for \$9.00 and in the No. 1A ($2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$) size for \$11.00. Your dealer surely has it in stock.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

MORE ADVENTURES of IVORY SHIP A CHRISTMAS DINNER.



"HOY," said Gnif, "we're going home! The best part of a year we've spent in IVORY-fying things in this fair hemisphere. We've polished, scrubbed, and scoured well each lair, and hall, and cave, and made a lot of spotless friends—how well they *now* behave! O, Bobbie, would your mother mind or worry in the least, if we should take them home with us to have a Christmas feast?"

"Why, no," said Bobby, "Mother dear would hug them, one by one. We'd have a monstrous Christmas tree, and lots of Christmas fun!" So all the forty children hopped upon old Dragon's back. You'd think with such a burden that old Dragon's back would crack—but no! Said he to Robber Man,

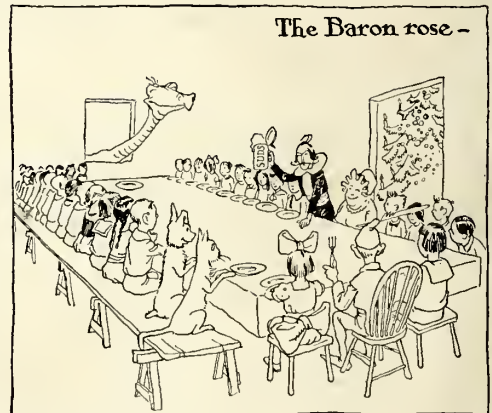
"I still have room for you. A Dragon beast can always stretch his tail a foot or two."

Our heroes, mounting their good 'plane, then hurried to invite the Baron bold to join them with the Lady Tidybright. The Baron bowed and said to her,

"You shall not come to harm." And so she shyly tripped aboard upon the Baron's arm. Then through the crisp December air that 'plane and Dragon sped, but Gnif, urged on by barking Snip, kept well a mile ahead. Just as

he turned his steering wheel to miss a tall church steeple, on gazing down upon the town, they saw a crowd of people. For they had had a wireless that the children were expected, and so, for staring at the sky, their work was all neglected. Our Bob and Betty's mother was as pleased as she could be to have her children home again for such a jubilee. They used a ton of IVORY SOAP to make a dining table, and then sat down in hungry rows as fast as they were able. Old Dragon ate his dinner with his face thrust through the door, the while his tail, in graceful curves, reached 'round the block and more. When they had finished Baron rose from his high IVORY seat and said,

"Fine as this banquet is, it is not quite complete. I rise to drink the health of Gnif, our friends, and IVORY SOAP, through which have come to scores of us, new life and fun and hope. So, now hurrah for IVORY SOAP! Hurrah for work and play! Let troubles be but bubbles light on this good CHRISTMAS DAY!"



*So now, 'mid joy and all good will, this tale of wonder ends,
And we send MERRY CHRISTMAS thoughts to all our little friends.
But, here's a secret I may tell, to make your NEW YEAR merry—
More big adventures will begin for you in JANUARY!*

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JOHN MARTIN'S
BOOK
(a Magazine for
little children)

IVORY SOAP IT FLOATS

J A N A R Y
ST NICHOLAS



1916

NEW YEAR'S NUMBER

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— Floating*

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"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"





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and most of the fun of it, too!”*

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All subscriptions for and all business matters in connection with THE ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE should be addressed to

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ST. NICHOLAS and "SANTA CLAUS"

"WHY," you say, "they are the same thing! We all know that Santa Claus is only short for San Nic'laus."

Well—we admit that they are the best of friends; but as for being the same, are you quite sure of that? Let us talk it over a little. How much do you know about Santa Claus?

Hush! Don't all talk at once about toys and reindeer and the sleigh and coming down the chimney and Christmas. We admit all that. But how about the rest of the year—the long list of days between Christmas and Christmas? Perhaps some of you have heard of an enormous toy-shop that used to be placed somewhere near the North Pole, a toy-shop in which the busy old Saint, with a box of tools, a glue-pot, and bright-colored paints, worked like a polar bear all the year, getting ready for his world-wide trip near the end of December.

But, unfortunately, our Mr. Peary has been there, and gone all around the Pole without finding that busy shop. Possibly old Santa Claus knew he was coming and hid everything behind the ice hummocks—or somewhere. But the fact that he was not found only goes to show what a puzzling, mysterious old fellow Santa Claus is.

Only one thing is sure about him. Whenever he is the rest of the year, he becomes a blessed old Parcel Post on Christmas Eve, and does his duty like a man.

Now, St. Nicholas is of a friendlier disposition. He can't stay away so long from our boys and girls, and he finds it necessary to visit them regularly once a month. He approves of Santa Claus, heartily, but he has charge of another part of the business. Instead of only one big pack once a year, St. Nicholas sends his gifts in twelve little packs, one every month. Santa Claus is—one does n't know how many years old; more 'n a hundred, anyway; but we know just how old St. Nicholas is, since his birthday was just forty-three years ago.

Santa Claus, though a most genial veteran, is

a sort of delightful grandpa; but St. Nicholas, though he ought to be middle-aged, is, you will find, merely a big boy, knowing just what boys and girls love best because he loves just what they do. Let nobody be offended by our saying that Santa Claus seems to prefer to do his own work for himself. Now and then he will give something through a father or mother, uncle or aunt, but what he loves best is to leave things secretly, and then go gliding away without a sound save, perhaps, the tiniest tinkling of little silver sleigh-bells. But St. Nicholas is a perfect busybody in getting people from all over the world and everywhere else to work for his boys and girls. Princes and professors, workers and wise men, golfers and generals, artists and architects—everybody from A was an archer who shot at a frog, and B was a butcher who had a big dog, down to Z who was a Zany, who did—I don't know 'zactly what, is called upon to tell whatever the boys and girls of St. Nicholas would like to hear.

If anybody in the world is doing something especially interesting, new, amazing, or delightful, St. Nicholas is apt to tap him on the shoulder with the command, "Come, you must write me an article to tell my young friends all about this!" And we are proud to say that almost all the clever people are glad to obey.

Sometimes Santa Claus puzzles us, distributing his gifts not quite in the way that seems best to us; but St. Nicholas treats all his girls and boys alike. He gives the same to every one, and to every one his best. As we have said, very little is known about the life of Santa Claus, but we know much about this other Saint. Over forty years ago, St. Nicholas—who seems to have been very bright even at that early age—thought he saw a chance to do much good by giving young people as good a magazine as was made for their elders. "Why," said he, "should grown-ups have the very best pictures and stories, and young people be put off with inferior work?"



So he began to look about him, to talk with the best writers and artists, and with the men who do things. He found them all glad to give their best work for young people, and month by month, ever since, he has collected not only from Americans, but from all the world of English-speaking folk, the choicest gifts to make up his twelve packs every year full of good things.

Those boys and girls who get St. Nicholas every month do not need to be told what it brings to them. They are mainly interested with a pleased curiosity to know just what good things are coming next year; and that they will find told them in these very pages—always with the understanding that St. Nicho-



The back steps of the Clemens home, down which Tom Sawyer (Mark Twain) used to steal away to join Huck Finn (Tom Blankenship)

las does n't pretend to know more than a part of the good things which the year will bring forth. Some of the best he comes upon unexpectedly; and be sure that every special treasure will find a place.

But the other boys and girls who are not yet taking St. Nicholas have a right to know what they are missing, and so the good St. Nicholas has entrusted to us a little letter especially addressed to the boys and girls who do *not* take St. Nicholas regularly.

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE WHO OUGHT TO BE MINE:

I am going to write to you here, hoping that my boys and girls will show you this letter. It is my wish that every boy and girl in the United States should have the benefit of the good things I am distributing every month. As a friend of mine said to me, recently, "They can get along without jam, but they *do* need bread and butter." What he meant by that, I am sure, is this: In the monthly numbers of St. Nicholas comes something which is needed by every boy and girl, a sort of food for the mind as necessary for its growth as every-day good food is for the growth of the body. We all know what a busy world this is, and how full it is of things hard to understand. You need a guide-book to it—not such a dull, dry guide-book as you may find useful when you grow up, but one that makes things clear and plain to you *now*. Year by year, month by month, almost day by day, new things are being made and brought into use that no one can understand except when they are explained and made clear.

You cannot do your work in the world, or enjoy the good things on every side of you, unless you know about them.

But, besides knowing about things, there is something much more important. An Eskimo baby, born and brought up in remote Greenland, seeing only the life of its own people, cannot become much more than a good member of his tribe. He must share their beliefs, their ideas of things, their notion of the world and the universe about them; and in the same way a boy or girl whose little world is no greater than the prairie farm, miles from neighbors, or the small town with its petty round of affairs, cannot become all he should be unless he has something to bring to him the news of the world, the thoughts of its better thinkers, the dreams of its poets, the visions of its artists.

Let us illustrate. Every girl has in mind an idea of what she ought to be, at her best, and she tries, for the most part, to be what this best idea presents as possible. This idea is made up of what she finds admirable in those

about her, not only in real life, but in the life presented to her in what she reads, or in what is pictured to her eyes.

Not only, then, upon her life, but upon her reading and her imaginings will her future depend. If that reading be merely inferior, she will suffer accordingly. Through the pages of St. Nicholas every effort is made to present only what is wholesome, good, inspiring; and thus to its readers it brings something more valuable even than its treasures of knowledge and information. It helps the boy and the girl to be the very highest type of young American.

Through its pages, for instance, you see examples of the best work done by 60,000 young people, members of the St. Nicholas League. With pen, pencil, and camera, this great army of workers presents its best efforts for your approval, your imitation, or your excelling.

Now, a word about myself, a word to explain why I am eager to count you among my big family. Every one who is doing a good piece of work likes to make it as good as possible; and in making up my magazine for you I can make it better and better as more and more of you subscribe to it. It is, as you all know, a business enterprise like any other, conducted, I hope, that it may be good for you all and a benefit to our Nation and to the world. But just as you can do nothing in the world unless you are cared for, fed, and clothed, a magazine can do nothing without its subscribers, and can do more as those subscribers increase in number. The more widely my magazine is circulated, the better it can do its work. The magazine costs hardly more than a single expensive book, and contains as much every year as a little library expressly written for you.

So, the question for you is not so much, Can you afford it? as Can any boy or girl afford to miss it?

Respectfully yours,

ST. NICHOLAS.

To All the Best Boys and Girls,
Wherever-they-Live.

For more than two-score years the good St. Nicholas has been admitted as a dear friend to thousands upon thousands of homes in this land, and we have yet to hear of one where his presence has been unwelcome. He has told many, many delightful stories, giving wholesome, cheering, or pathetic pictures of life, outdoors, indoors, at home, or in the school.

In the practical world, St. Nicholas readers are present from the beginning of the greatest enterprises, hearing the first faint whisper of the telephone, the baby whines of the earliest phonograph, knowing the first tottering outing of the wireless that will, later on, encircle the globe. They first hear when the young submarine successfully navigates the ocean depths; they are aware of the brief flight that promises to give mankind wings. And as the arts of peace and of war develop, the readers of this magazine are prepared to go along with them, step by step.

In its pages also the child finds letters of introduction to Dame Nature. Under her teaching it learns first to see what wonders are at one's very doorstep, and, later, to explore far afield, finding that Mother Nature is the greatest fairy queen of them all, whose wand is never idle, and whose wonder-working delights the child as greatly as it puzzles the wisest graybeard.

And the fireside travels that have been taken from the starting-point of the magazine's pages! If they could be marked down upon an enormous globe, they would cover it with a fine network of interlaced tracks reaching into the remotest regions of the earth.

St. Nicholas has published over five hundred monthly numbers. Such a record of past success proves either that St. Nicholas is what it should be, or that the American people think so. It ought not to be necessary to urge any other argument in its favor. With the promise of its new volume, backed by the proof given by the older ones, the magazine knocks at the door of those households where it is not a regular visitor, and craves admission. Will you not welcome it in?—or, if not so fortunate as to have in your home those for whom it is meant, will you not give it admission to the friendship of the boy or girl in whom you are most interested?—knowing that your reward will be gratitude, and that the magazine will undertake to prove its own best justification.

R. S. V. P. (See Page 9).



"Here comes the President!"

To Come in February

NOT only young America but American grown-ups as well will be interested in an article in the February St. Nicholas by H. W. Ogden, the well-known illustrator of Revolutionary and Colonial times, entitled "How Washington Went Traveling." Our great first President traveled in state, as will be fully set forth in text and picture, and even his briefest journeyings were national events. This article forms a fine sequel to the sketch by the same author, compiling "Washington's Ten Narrow Escapes," which appeared in St. Nicholas four years ago, and attracted wide attention. Like that popular contribution, this intimate and authoritative account of the interesting incidents and details that marked Washington's travels about the country will be welcomed by young folk everywhere, and by their teachers and parents.

The stirring short serial "Saved by a Camera," begun in the present issue, grows more absorbing with every page, and in the second instalment the two young Americans find that viewing war at first hand involves plenty of risks, and the situation into which they thoughtlessly wandered becomes one of real danger to them and of gripping interest to the reader. Moreover, the story of their plight is based upon actual experiences behind the French lines in the present war.

"To Remember Stevenson"—a fine short story unavoidably postponed from this number—will appear in the February St. Nicholas,

and will charm the admirers of this famous author, so beloved in all English-speaking countries. It deals with his life in San Francisco and, incidentally, with the beautiful memorial to Stevenson erected in one of the city parks, which will be pictured in the illustrations.

Albert Bigelow Paine's "Boys' Life of Mark Twain" is proving to be one of the real literary successes of the season, and abounds in characteristic anecdotes, illustrating in delightful style both the humorous and the human sides of a unique and wonderful personality. The February instalment, entitled "Learning the River," deals with the youthful Clemens's first experiences as a Mississippi pilot, to which he and his countless readers were indebted for that world-famous pen-name "Mark Twain," destined to become so well known in his own land and across the seas.

"On the Battle-front of Engineering," by A. Russell Bond, Managing Editor of "The Scientific American" and author of "With Men Who Do Things," is a series that will appeal strongly to all readers who are interested in mechanics or practical science. In the February number, "a flattened pipe-line" will be described and illustrated with very remarkable photographs, and the manner in which the collapse of this vast pipe was overcome will instruct and amuse every reader, while it furnishes at the same time a new and striking proof of the ingenuity and triumphant skill of our indomitable American engineers.

Will Bradley's fame as artist and illustrator is known to all, but he is winning fresh laurels just now by the series of captivating fanciful stories which he is contributing, month by month, to the pages of St. Nicholas, under the general title of "Will Bradley's Wonder-Box." Each of these clever tales is complete in itself, and the first, called "Much from Little," appeared in the Christmas number. With their delightful blending of humor and fancy, they offer a fine stimulus to the imagination of their youthful readers, while

ting new things for its boys and girls every week.

There is to come, for instance, "Jim Wilson's Chum," the story of a Labrador dog, by Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the famous missionary to the icy land where Jim's chum lived. Tudor Jenks, known to all St. Nicholas readers, is soon to give them a delightful fairy tale called "In Gnome-Man's Land."

In this number of St. Nicholas you will see, or have already seen, the remarkable poem called "The Hunting." Well, the author is to



Some Things Made by Children at the "Children's Village" near Dobbs Ferry

the fascinating, decorative setting with which the author-illustrator has enriched them is an art-education in itself.

The February instalment of Mrs. Seaman's mystery-story for girls, by the way, introduces a genuine, tantalizing, but truly "efficient" and up-to-date boy-character, who is a new kind of detective and is evidently to play an important part in solving the mystery that so entralls the young heroines of the serial. "The Sapphire Signet" is quite coming up to the expectations formed of it by readers of "The Boarded-up House."

Some Features Selected for Early Publication

THERE is n't room on this and the next page to tell of even half the good things St. Nicholas has already arranged to publish after the February number; and in addition to the features already secured, St. Nicholas is get-

ting three other poems along similar lines; indeed, the four were planned as a series. And they will all be as richly illustrated as "The Hunting" is. First will come "The Wishing-Well"; then "The Dance in the Garden"; and finally "Souther, Wind, Souther!"

Victor Rosenwater, who is now an eminent editor out in the great West, will tell in a forthcoming number how, when he was a boy and a page in the Senate at Washington, he gained a kind of Mark Twain autograph that has perhaps never been duplicated.

There are also to come a series of articles about wild animals that have been tamed, a series on setting-up exercises for boys and girls, and so on and on and on.

Hildegard Hawthorne has for years served as "guide, philosopher, and friend" to our young lovers of literature. For the new volume she has prepared a series of papers meant to give her readers a close personal acquaintance with present-day authors who have won the friendship of boys and girls all over the

land. You will be glad to know that among those who will be thus made better known to us are Mrs. Burnett, author of so many delightful St. Nicholas serials; Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, who has the faculty of winning the personal affection of her readers, and who is quite as delightful to know as any of her young heroines; and James Whitcomb Riley, the most wonderful player upon the nation's heart-strings of all recent poets.

We do not attempt to name many of the short stories that are coming, as it is impossible to make sure just which will be used in each number; but one that is sure of early publication is "The Coward," by Joseph B. Ames. There is nothing stranger than the question of bravery and cowardice—why a man or boy who trembles before one kind of danger fearlessly confronts another peril quite as great. This story deals with such a problem, and its boy hero wins out.

Our younger readers have shown the utmost interest in the Ellen C. Babbitt stories, and early numbers will tell "How the Rabbit Fooled the Lion," about "Mr. Elephant and Mr. Frog," and "How the Sly Fox Caught the Jaguar."

The Editor wishes to call attention to the new department that began in September,

1915. It is called "The Watch-Tower," and is conducted by Dr. S. E. Forman, with the purpose of keeping young readers informed of current history—and of those great events which they are sure to learn to some extent and which they should rightly understand if they are to know them at all. Dr. Forman announced that in this department young readers will learn only of great events, events of the highest and greatest importance, that make some real change in human affairs. While happenings are new is the best time to learn about them; and by reading this department from month to month it is believed that St. Nicholas boys and girls will be kept properly informed of what they should know of passing history, and thus be better prepared for the future.

It is useless to deny or ignore the fact that we are living in a time of unrest. Our boys and girls as they grow up are to meet and solve pressing and serious questions. Unless they have something better to guide them than irresponsible accounts and garbled reports, or the partial representations to be found on every hand, they will find themselves lacking something of the equipment for life, of the all-round cultivation which this magazine purposes to secure for its readers.



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*Quality Books for Boys and Girls***THE BOARDED-UP HOUSE**

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"THE *CARABINIERE* DEMANDED THE CAMERA, WHICH HALE SILENTLY REMOVED FROM HIS SHOULDERS."

ST. NICHOLAS

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SAVED BY A CAMERA

BY FELICIA BUTTZ CLARK

CHAPTER I

CYRUS IS TEMPTED TO LEAD AN ADVENTUROUS EXISTENCE

It was just like Jack Henderson to run into danger, but it was n't fair for him to lead Cyrus Hale into devious paths.

This is the way he did it. In the memorable September, following an equally memorable August when the cannon of Europe began to boom and a vast general war ensued, the like of which has never been seen since the world swung in space, and which will never be again, we hope, as long as our old globe continues to whirl, Jack wrote Cyrus a letter. It was dated at a town in the south of France, not far from the mountains where glaciers are hidden in the clefts and snow-peaks glisten in eternal whiteness.

Just why Jack Henderson happened to be in this little town when he ought to have been somewhere else, nobody knew but himself. He had plenty of money, had n't a relative on earth to control his actions, and was accustomed to doing exactly as he pleased, without regard to a guardian over in New York, who controlled his fortune until he should come of age and was supposed to be gruff, only he was n't, being just the nicest man imaginable, from Jack's point of view.

It was before the days of strict censorship that the letter was sent. Otherwise, it would probably never have reached Rome, where Cyrus Hale, likewise an independent youth, had fled in a penniless condition, accompanied by thousands of other Americans, when the war cloud burst about them. Hale was luckier than some of his fellow-country people, having a source of financial sup-

ply in a sister married to an Italian marquis and enjoying a home in Rome and a castle in the Apennines. Cyrus went first to the castle, arriving in a destitute condition, having traveled in third-class railway-carriages, and even baggage-cars, to reach his sister, who had never been so dear before. Incidentally, he felt that next to her the most precious object in the world was the porcelain bath-tub, into which he plunged with a shout of joy fifteen minutes after he reached the castle. He had not had money enough to indulge in a bath for two weeks, and after traveling in baggage-cars! Well, I need say no more.

But it is not to be wondered at that Jack's letter tempted him. It was as thoughtless in word and spirit as Jack was wont to be. But it was inspired by the love of stirring action that always has a strong appeal for the youth of every nation. To do them justice, the chums were not unmindful of the horrors of war, nor of its dangers; but here was an opportunity to get a first-hand glimpse of scenes and events that might play a big part in changing the map of Europe and the course of the world's history.

This is what Jack wrote:

Dear Cy: I'm in just the seethingest place you ever heard of. Soldiers all around me. I hear the cannonading! By going up the mountain, I can see them fighting. It's thrilling! Some day, I'm going to creep down to the fortifications between here and Switzerland and get some snap-shots. Why don't you come on up here? You can't imagine it, my dear Cy. Such an experience will never be again in our lifetime. I don't see why our fellow-Americans all started for home like a flock of frightened sheep. They might have stayed and been in the thick of the whole thing. Come right along, Cy. I'll meet you at Culoz—that's the junction

if you come up by Turin, and that 's the best way. We *can't* get home anyhow except by steerage. Every ship full to the limit. Guardy cabled me to come, but I 'm not going *yet!* not much! Too much doing here. There 's nothing to compare with it back home in the United States. I tell you, these fellows are just in to win, even though they 're wearing old uniforms of Napoleon's time. We 're making history up here, and don't you forget it! By the way, it would be a good thing to have a passport. They 're handy nowadays, and keep you from getting shot as a spy, which might happen.

Perhaps, too, it would be just as well not to tell 'em at the embassy just where you 're going with that passport. They might give you some fatherly advice. And be sure to bring *gold* if you can get it. *And* your camera! Come on up, Cy; we 'll have to grub enough to make up for it when we get home. Come on up!!

Yours,

JACK.

Cyrus Hale, lounging in the cool garden-court of the Quirinal Hotel, Rome, whistled when he read this effusion. It sounded enticing. But—he had intended to sail for New York as soon as possible, for he had over there what Jack did not possess—a very wise mother and two younger brothers. His mother had told him by cable to speed for home, having the same opinion as Guardy—that Americans were safer in "little old New York" than in warlike Europe.

Well, Cyrus ought n't to have done it; but he did. He cabled Mama, "Delayed here," salving his conscience with the explanation that it was n't a fib, because the steamers were so crowded that he would have been obliged to lay his aristocratic body down upon a steerage bunk in company with eight other suffering companions in a tiny room with no air, and pay one hundred and fifty dollars besides, for the privilege of seeing home and mother. Cy remembered the baggage-cars, and shuddered. Then he went out and sent the cablegram, together with a letter telling Jack to meet him in Culoz on the eighth of September. It was now the sixth.

It was not easy to get gold. The Italian Government seemed to feel that it could not part with it. So Cyrus loaded up with French bank-notes, which cost him so little in exchange that it looked as if Italy was glad to get rid of them.

"Queer thing!" meditated Cyrus, carefully laying the notes in his leather pocket-book, for he realized that, after all, hard cash was a good thing to possess in these evil days. "Queer thing, that every blessed nation over here wants to get rid of every blessed thing that belongs to any other country. Nice spirit of brotherly love, this!"

He forgot himself and spoke these words aloud, opening the swing-door of the bank to face a man whose countenance broadened into a

grin at sight of this comely, sturdy youth in tweeds bought in London and a hat bearing the mark of a fashionable Berlin house.

"What 's this about brotherly love? Cy Hale, where on earth did you come from?"

An answering grin was on Hale's face as he grasped the hand held out to him and took off his hat to a pretty girl following in Rob Hutchinson's wake.

"Oh, I say, Rob!" stammered Cyrus. "You here! I thought you were in Iceland."

"I intended to be. But here I am. On your way home, Cyrus? You know my sister? Ruth, this is Mr. Hale."

"Rob has mentioned you so often, Mr. Hale, I feel as if I knew you."

That night they all dined together at an open-air restaurant on the Aventine Hill, looking down over the Forum and across to the ruins of the Cæsars' palace, and Cyrus almost regretted his proposed trip to France.

Ruth was enthusiastic over it, but Rob, older and more sedate, saw snags in the way. He advised Cyrus to give it up, to sail with them for home as soon as they could get decent passage. In the meantime, at least they were in Italy, and could have a good time.

Cyrus, backed by Ruth's enthusiasm, stood firm, and having obtained an emergency passport at the embassy and avoided making detailed disclosures of his future plans, he made a triumphal exit from Rome the next day.

At the station Ruth smiled encouragingly, but Rob shook his head and said, very gravely: "It 's a fool's errand you two lads are up to. This is n't any play war, Cy, it 's a terrible conflict, and the further you keep out of it, the better. For Heaven's sake, don't do anything wild and get into danger! Remember your mother."

Cyrus did remember her; he wished that his memory was not so good.

"After all, Rob," he said, when he had piled his suitcase, umbrella, and camera—of the latest and most expensive type—in a compartment where there was no one else—"after all, what danger can there be? I 'm only going a little way across the border to stay a few days with Jack, and I 'll see lots of interesting things."

"Jack Henderson is n't afraid of anything."

"Do you think I am?" Cyrus's face grew red, and Rob saw that he had made a mistake. At nineteen, one resents being called a coward.

At that moment the guard called out: "*Pronti! Pronti! In vettura, signori!*" ("Ready! All aboard, sirs!") and Cyrus sprang into the compartment that contained his belongings.

"Let me know if you need help," were Rob's

last words, heard above the piercing shriek of the whistle. Ruth waved her hand, and Cyrus was left alone.

He did not feel just comfortable, for he valued Rob Hutchinson's opinion. He was a lawyer in Philadelphia, doing splendidly, having acquired a large practice at the age of thirty.

She would have enjoyed such an adventurous trip as this. After all, Rob was getting on; he was thirty years old, at least, and when he, Cyrus, reached that age, he, too, would be cautious.

He went back into the compartment, put on his traveling cap, took from his bag the latest magazines, and established himself comfortably in a cushioned corner. It was nice to be all alone.

Looking up, he saw a tall *carabiniere* standing in the corridor. Now the *carabinieri* are state police. They always go in pairs, two and two. They are found in all Italian cities; they patrol the sea-coast; on horseback, they haunt the remotest districts, the most unfrequented roads in the heart of the mountains. Splendid picked men they are.

Cyrus eyed them with interest. He had seen them many times, in their picturesque blue and scarlet uniforms with their Napoleonic cocked hats, but he had never before seen one on a railroad train.

"Funny!" he muttered, and returned to his reading.

The *carabiniere* was joined by his companion, and they both stood for some time in the corridor, talking in low tones and casting quick, observant glances at Cyrus and at his suitcase. Then they moved away.

Cyrus was much interested in a copy of the illustrated "Tribuna," a weekly paper. It had brilliantly colored pictures. One of them showed the finding of bombs on a train, while an article related how one night on nine different trains bombs were discovered,

and on one train there had been a dangerous explosion.

It grew darker outside, and the lights flashed in the electric bulbs. Cyrus laid down his paper, yawned, and sat looking at the flying landscape. The train had passed Civitavecchia and was rushing northward along the flat, low coast near the sea. The water lay beneath, glistening, shimmering in the white moonlight. It was so restful, so quiet. It was difficult to realize that up



"HE MADE A TRIUMPHIAL EXIT FROM ROME."

Cyrus walked out into the corridor. It seemed strange that he should be almost alone in the long carriage. Whenever he had traveled before in Italy, the trains had been crowded with tourists. There had been laughter and talking. To-day all was silent, and he recalled that there had been very few persons on the station platform and they were all men—except a peasant woman with a basket on her arm and Ruth Hutchinson. What a fine girl she was! And courageous, too.



"A TALL CARABINIERE STANDING IN THE CORRIDOR."



"The gentleman will not be offended," one of them said, "if we venture to request him to explain to us his identity, whence he comes and whither he goes, and what he has in there?"

The officer of the law pointed an accusing finger at the unoffending suitcase.

Cyrus felt his courage returning.

"Not in the least," he replied in his best Italian, learned from his brother-in-law.

In his heart he was glad and proud.

This was his first adventure in his perilous, but highly interesting, journey.

"At your service," he added.

CHAPTER II

FACE TO FACE WITH THE LAW

yonder, beyond the Alps, men were fighting—for what?—and dying—to what end? And women were weeping, and mourning their dead.

It was silent in the car. The only sound was the clatter of the wheels, the occasional shriek of a whistle.

Cyrus began to feel queer. Down deep in his soul he wished that he had taken Rob's advice; that he had not come. To-morrow, when the sun was up, it would be different.

A thought struck him. He could get off at Genoa and go back to Rome.

"The first to laugh would be old Rob," he muttered, and his cheeks grew hot. "He almost called me a coward. No, I'll go on. But—I wish there was some one else here. I'll walk through the train and find some other people."

He carefully closed his suitcase, leaned it against the cushions to keep his place, strapped his camera over his shoulder, not daring to leave it for fear it would be stolen,—it was valuable and besides he would hardly have cared to go at all if he could not take photographs,—and started to leave the compartment.

As he turned at the door, he faced the two tall, grave *carabinieri*. They looked at him keenly. Then, with their native courtesy, they motioned him back into his compartment. Absolutely surprised, he obeyed, and they followed him in.

It is not an agreeable feeling, no matter how innocent one may know one's self to be, to be suspected of doing something against the law. In this case, it was bombs these two fine-looking *carabinieri* were looking for, Cyrus was sure of that, after seeing the article about the succession of such "nice little events" which had occurred only a few days before. No matter how courageous he was, actually he felt the cold chills creeping up his back, and his hands were clammy. Well he knew that there was n't any bomb in that leather suitcase, plastered all over with fascinating labels, such as "The Langham, London"; "Hôtel Elysée, Paris"; "Schweizerhof, Luzern," and various other reminders of a happy past before the war caused Americans to pack their trunks and silently steal away—in some cases minus the trunks and with no change of raiment!

Cyrus, in fact, had a fond remembrance of a big trunk of his own, full of choice clothing, which was reposing somewhere up north, but in what place, or whether he would ever have the pleasure of seeing it again, he knew not.

In the meantime, while he was having cold shivers, one officer searched his suitcase and the

other eyed him in no friendly manner. It seemed as if they were determined to find a bomb somewhere. Cyrus felt that his imagination was playing him a trick. His head whirled. He was all alone, far from dear New York; home and Mother were on the other side of an untraversable ocean. Perhaps there *was* a bomb secreted about him!

The *carabiniere* took everything out of the suitcase, looked in the umbrella, opened it, and demanded the camera, which Hale silently removed from his shoulders. If any one ever looked guilty, it was himself, and he felt most awfully so; a hardened criminal, he must be; they expected him to be, and he wondered if he *was*!

The watching guard became more and more severe as the camera turned out to be harmless and not an infernal machine. The few passengers on the train, all men, mostly traveling agents, scenting something interesting in this world of gloom and sorrow, had gathered in the corridor. They were treating Hale's sufferings as a good joke, and were laughing and saying things. It added to Cyrus's misery that there was a wall-eyed man among them; just why, he could not tell, but he resented the presence of that wall-eyed man.

The laughter got on the nerves of the *carabiniere* who was making the search, and he continued it more viciously. He looked under the long, plush-covered seats; he shook out the curtains; he examined the empty nettings of the racks. He even glanced suspiciously at the electric bulb, as if that might contain a bomb. In short, it was a grand farce. Well might the passengers in the corridor laugh. Cyrus felt the blood returning to his spinal column and the strength to his fists. How he would enjoy knocking down that fellow in the cocked hat,—not the one who was searching, he had no grievance against him, for he was only doing his duty,—but the other one, who never took his eyes off him. There was n't a better athlete than Cy Hale in Princeton University. He could knock down this tall Italian with the big moustaches, if necessary.

To his astonishment, the severe-faced man of the law beamed upon him a broad smile. It was like a ray of sunshine peeping from behind dark clouds. Cyrus forgot that he wished to chastise him and felt like greeting him as a long-lost brother. There was something very winning about that smile.

"Will the gentleman kindly favor me with his passport?" he asked in a gentle voice. Cyrus decided that, on off days, he was certainly a baritone singer in the opera.

Cyrus produced the document, bearing a big red seal with the American eagle stamped on it in great shape. It also gave the information that he was nineteen years old, was five feet ten in height, that he had a high forehead, dark brown hair, brown eyes, a straight nose, regular mouth, and square chin.

Not only the *carabinieri*, but the half-dozen men in the corridor were interested in this passport. They craned their necks to look at it, and then turned observant eyes upon the person described. One of them said out loud that his nose was not straight. Cyrus cast a look of scorn upon him. It was the wall-eyed man. He seemed more subdued after Cy looked at him. The one thing Hale felt specially proud of in that description was the "straight nose." No one had ever before considered it more than a decent-looking, nondescript feature. "Straight" sounded Grecian.

The *carabiniere* softened still more. He handed back the passport with a blander and more cheerful smile.

"Would the gentleman object to telling his destination?"

Cyrus handed out his ticket. He was glad that he had bought it to Turin and not to the French frontier. That might have aroused a still deeper desire for knowledge on the part of these now smiling gentlemen in Napoleonic uniform.

"I came from Rome and am going to Turin," explained Cyrus, in his best Italian, which sounded very American indeed, but was better than none at all.

The audience in the corridor hung upon his words. Now that the danger, wholly imaginary, was passed, Cyrus grew eloquent, even in a foreign tongue. He made the most horrible mistakes in grammar; he put plural subjects with singular verbs; he used prepositions where he ought to have used something else; and his idioms were awful; but he "got there," as the saying goes,—ah! yes, he got there with a vengeance, and his audience was so overcome by the fluency of his amazing Italian that they forgot to laugh.

"Now that you have taken out every rag I have in my bag, and have crumpled my only clean shirt—for I left Rome in such a hurry that I had n't time to get any more; now that you've hurt my feelings, and mussed up my nice cravats, and injured the spring of my umbrella, and almost broken my hundred-dollar camera, and humiliated me before these gentlemen,"—Cyrus remembered the instructions of his professor of public speaking and the days of the dramatic society, and gracefully waved his hand with an oratorical

gesture to the audience in the corridor,—“may I kindly ask what the dickens it ’s all about?”

“You may,” responded the taller of the two *carabinieri*. “There have been a lot of bombs found on trains lately, and we have orders to keep watch and search all suspicious characters—”

“Do I look like a suspicious character?” demanded Cyrus with fire in his eye, coming up so close to the man that the latter instinctively backed towards the door.

“Come out, *we ’ll* take care of you!” called out a voice, in deep satire. “Don’t be afraid of the American gentleman! We ’re all here to guard you!”

“Yes, we ’re all here!” chorused the five, with broad grins. There is nothing an Italian so glories in as catching a policeman at a disadvantage. Cyrus could have hugged the obnoxious wall-eyed man; it was he who had first spoken.

The *carabiniere* glanced at his fellow-countrymen. Then turning to Cyrus, he said very courteously: “We meant no offence, *Signore*. We were merely carrying out orders.”

“Oh, it ’s all right,” replied Cyrus, good-naturedly. “We ’ve got stacks of policemen in my country, and they do lots of good things, too, but they sometimes get hold of the wrong fellow.”

There was an exchange of low bows, and the six men in the corridor ranged themselves on each side to let the two *carabinieri* walk between them, making biting remarks the while which the two pretended not to hear. They disappeared in the distance and were seen no more.

Then a surprising thing happened, surprising to Cyrus at any rate, who, although his sister had been married five years to an Italian marquis, had never been long enough among the Latins to get to know their ways. The six men crowded into the compartment, laughing and shouting with glee over the discomfiture of the two policemen. Before Cyrus knew what was happening, they were shaking his hands, and slapping him on his shoulder, while the wall-eyed man, who was not bad-looking except for that one defect, actually embraced him and kissed him on both cheeks, much to Hale’s dismay! He occasionally kissed his grandfather, but no other man, and it made him feel funny.

If the wall-eyed man’s sentiments had been translated into straight, common-sense English, instead of being in well-rounded, poetical Italian, they would have been something like this: “Good for you, old chap! You did lay those fellows out well. It ’s a blessed shame that they should light on you, an American, coming from the land of the free and the home of the brave, where men

pick up money on the pavements, and where every man ’s a king in his own right. Good for you, old chap!”

Cyrus always laughed when he recalled that ride along the western shore of Italy. In all the train, besides the crew and the two *carabinieri*, there were just these seven passengers—all in one compartment, all talking at once, the air fairly reeking with the smoke of the cigarettes which were constantly lighted. All night long they kept it up. Time to be lonely? There was not one minute when Cyrus felt again that gloom which had threatened to make him “have the willies,” as his classmates at home would have put it. For they laughed; they sang selections from operas,—good ones, too,—and Neapolitan songs, with reflections in them of blue waves, the rocky shores of Capri’s emerald isle, deep shadows of green olive-trees, brilliant colors of peasants’ gowns, smiling dark faces with limpid eyes; they told stories, tales of brigands, of Garibaldi, of the king. And all the time the train thundered northward; past Pisa, where the magnificent group of white marble buildings glistened in the moonlight, the slender Leaning Tower standing high in their midst. Through the smoky tunnels it went, one after the other in quick succession, with tiny glimpses of waves and foam between them.

It was a hot, sultry September morning when Cyrus said good-by to the wall-eyed man, who had turned out to be the most agreeable of them all and who was the only one who went with him beyond Genoa.

“*A rivederci!*—Until we meet again!” called out the traveler, waving his hand from the window as the train moved out of the station at Turin.

“*A rivederci!*” answered Cyrus.

There was a warm feeling in his heart as he entered the restaurant and asked for coffee. After all, it was a good old world, and there were many jolly companions in it even here in Italy. His thoughts flew on to Jack Henderson, waiting for him in Culoz, where he expected to be that afternoon. Dear old Jack! It was a lot better over here than it would be at home, plodding through the dull routine of college work. There was a divinity, surely, that shapes our ends. This war might not last long after all, and his mother would not have wished him to come home in the steerage at one hundred and fifty dollars a head and eight in a room! Her “darling boy!”

Cyrus smiled to himself. He was having a very good time. There had been a few moments of anguish the evening before. But how quickly they had gone! He ’d just take a little run up

into France, see Jack, and look around a bit to see how the French were running the war, and then he 'd come back to Rome and sail with old Rob. That reminded him of Ruth.

"What 's this?" he asked suspiciously, eyeing the waiter sternly.

He was a dapper little waiter with stiff, waxed moustaches looking like a mouse's tail. Into the cup he had poured a small amount of coffee, and

well worth living. Cyrus Hale found it delightful. It was hot, but what could one expect in a land like Italy in September? It was now blazing hot in New York, also, and men were mopping their brows.

Cyrus thought about Ruth Hutchinson again. She was a mighty nice girl.

The waiter was hovering near.

"Oh, I say, *cameriere* [waiter]," Cyrus said,



"CYRUS WISHED THAT THE OFFICER WOULD NOT LOOK AT HIM IN THAT WAY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

now he was following it up with something dark and thicker.

Cyrus sniffed. He did not like the looks of this mixture. "What 's *this*?" he repeated.

"It 's the way we take coffee in Turin, sir," replied the waxy waiter. It occurred to Cyrus that not only was his moustache waxed, but his hair, and even his face. "Half coffee and half chocolate. It 's really very good, sir."

He held the pot suspended above the cup.

"Oh, well, go ahead! I 'll try it and see if I like it. And do those nice little raisin-cakes go with the mixture? They look good."

"*Si, Signore.*"

Cyrus helped himself to the cakes and the coffee-chocolate and found that in Turin they knew a good thing. Life under such circumstances is

"that 's an excellent mixture. Please bring me some more, and a *lot* more of those nice little cakes. And—have you any post-cards?"

The waiter waved his hand to a pile of highly colored cards on the next table.

It took Cyrus a long time to find one that he thought Ruth would like, and he wrote it with much care. Then he scribbled cards—with less care—to his sister in the castle down in the Apennines, and one to his mother, but he did not tell either of them that he was going to join Jack Henderson in France. He thought it better not to; it might worry them, though, of course, there was n't any danger at all. He told them how hot it was, and how nice the national mixture of coffee and chocolate was, and how he had met old Rob Hutchinson and his sister Ruth

in Rome and expected to sail with them about the first of October if there was any decent ship going.

After this, he paid his bill, made the waiter happy by presenting him with a franc, and sauntered off to his train. He also bought a paper, and saw that there had been a big battle in France. But somehow it made little impression—far less than it should. It all seemed very unreal and far away, like reading a dramatic story.

At six o'clock that evening, after many delays, the train entered the little station of Culoz, where Jack ought to be waiting. Cyrus was the one solitary passenger who alighted. His arrival caused considerable excitement. There were many soldiers on guard.

He looked around, but saw no sign of Jack. He was probably waiting outside. The air was heavy with moisture, and from a dark cloud came vivid lightning.

"Bally place, this!" said Cyrus, not feeling exactly comfortable among all these soldiers. The heat, too, was depressing.

An officer stepped up to him and said in French: "Will you please step in here?"

Cyrus obeyed, and found himself in a small room, not very well lighted. Two soldiers—he noted that they were well supplied with muskets, pistols, and short knives—followed closely behind him. There were several men in the room.

One officer was seated behind a desk. He looked keenly at Cyrus Hale, American, and Cyrus began to have funny little shivers up and down his back again. He wished that the officer would not look at him in that way, but did n't know how to make him stop.

Where was Jack?

For the first time since Cyrus had received the letter from his friend, he realized that while he knew considerable Italian, thanks to his brother-in-law, he knew very little French, and that not of an available kind. Undoubtedly, as any fool would know, he must speak French. Such phrases as "Has the shoemaker made your shoes?" or "The book is on the table" would not be exactly appropriate here. He remembered one or two other sentences about the cousin of his aunt, but they were not useful at this awful moment. Once he had learned a whole play by Molière, but these men did not look in a mood to listen to it now.

Where was Jack?

"What is your name?" came in a deep voice from the officer behind the desk, and Cyrus jumped as if a bullet from the musket of one of the soldiers standing too close to him had struck him. He understood that much French, anyway!

"Cyrus Hale," he answered in a voice which did not seem like his own.

CHAPTER III

FATE AND A MOTOR-CYCLE

"HAVE you a passport?" This in French.

In his rattled condition, Cyrus had still wit enough to understand the word "*Passe*."

He produced the document bearing the seal of his country, now become more precious than gold. He felt that, heretofore, he had not sufficiently appreciated the fact that he was born under the Stars and Stripes and that they protected him in their soft, gleaming folds even here, in this dark room full of uniformed men. Outside, the thunder muttered louder and louder. It seemed like a reflection of the thundering cannon not far away on that field where men were falling as did spears of wheat when the tornado passes over them.

For some reason, the passport did not appear to be satisfactory.

The officers scanned it with deep attention. They turned it over and looked at the back. Why, Cyrus could not imagine.

One of them, with the passport in his hand, came close to Cyrus, reading the description and examining his personal appearance with great care. It may be that Cyrus was particularly sensitive about his nose, for he resented the close scrutiny which the officer gave to this important, but unoffending, feature. The man frowned, as if to say that "straight" was not an accurate description. Cyrus feared that he was going to be asked to open his mouth, like a horse, so that his age of nineteen might be verified.

Instead, the officer, still frowning, said a few mysterious words, and one of the soldiers guarding the young American sprang forward quickly. Then he measured Cyrus, actually *measured* him with a tape, and the officers studied over the result for a long minute, while Cyrus wondered what they would do with him if the passport and measurements did not fit. He remembered what Jack had said about the spies who had been shot, and grew colder and colder, and so white that he might easily have been considered a guilty, hardened villain, instead of an innocent American, a student in Princeton University, belonging to one of New York's most honorable families, having possessed an ancestor who was one of the chief-justices of the United States. Cyrus wished with all his heart and soul that he had that letter Mr. Bryan gave him with some paternal advice when he left home, a letter now reposing in some unknown place in his trunk.

Suddenly it occurred to him what the reason was that these officers were shaking their heads so solemnly over the tape-measure and comparing it with the measurement of his height written on the passport.

"It 's in feet!" he exclaimed; "not in meters!"

This was Greek to the Frenchmen, who knew not one word of English, but it had a good effect. It broke the ice. Cyrus began to feel warm. All was not lost. They could n't shoot him with no evidence except that difference, so easily explained.



"IN RUSHED THE SOLDIER, DRAGGING A LITTLE MAN IN WHITE CAP AND JACKET."

But a volley—of French—followed.

Cyrus shook his head.

"I don't understand French," he protested. "I had an opportunity to learn it when I was a kid, and I shall be sorry to my dying day that I missed it, if only that I might know what under the sun you 're talking about. Oh! I say! *Parla Italiano?*"

No, no one knew any Italian. It was a bad fix.

"Is n't there any one in this end-of-the-world place who speaks English?" queried Cyrus, and the words took immediate effect. The officer sent a soldier away. Then the Frenchmen all lit cigarettes and sat around comfortably, gazing at Cyrus, and apparently making remarks on his personal appearance. Cyrus wished fervently that he could understand these remarks, but concluded that, for his peace of mind, it was just as well that he could n't.

In the midst of the now more distant thunder, he heard the *chunk chunk* of a motor-cycle. It came nearer, and he had a feeling that Jack Henderson was doing the chunking, though he had no real reason to think that Jack was sporting a cycle. An automobile was more in his line.

The noise stopped just outside the door, and just at that moment in rushed the soldier, dragging a little man in white cap and jacket. He was a cook, that was plain, and had been snatched away from his preparations for somebody's dinner, for he flourished in his hand a big iron spoon, and on his flushed face was the decoration of a dash of flour and a streak of black smut from charcoal.

The officer waved his cigarette at the cook and said something like "He speak English"—and he did! such English! He poured out a liquid and liberal stream of it, by means of which Cyrus learned that he had been chef in a great New York family and would be most happy to be of service to "ze American gentleman."

"Well, you are; it 's this way," began Cyrus, longing to embrace the little cook in spite of the smirch on his red face. "My friend Mr. Henderson, an American, is touring in France, and wrote to me to meet him here. He has n't come."

The officers paid strict attention while the little man translated.

"He has a friend. He has not found him."

"Oh, he 's here all right!" came a voice from the doorway. "Glad to see you, Cy! Sorry I was delayed by the awful roads."

Turning to the officers, Jack got off a string of such fluent French that Cyrus felt for him an admiration never known before. (Just wait till Jack came down into Italy, *he 'd* show him how a fellow could speak *Italian!* Jack was helpless over the border.) Just now, his fluent French, while not, perhaps, grammatical, was wonderfully effective. It cleared the air in one second, and before Cyrus knew it, he had magic labels on his suitcase, on his umbrella handle, and even inside his camera. The officers had grasped his hand with as much fervor as if he had been an old friend; the soldiers who were ready to shoot

him as a spy a quarter of an hour ago stood at attention and beamed benevolent smiles upon him, as, with Jack in attendance, he made profound bows and a triumphal exit.

"How in the world did you do it, old chap?" Cyrus inquired, having seated himself in the little upholstered chair at the side of Jack's place on the motor-cycle. The suitcase was strapped on behind, and the camera was over his shoulder. Jack pleaded with him not to lose the camera, or he 'd lose all the fun of the excursion. Jack did not know—not being omniscient—how literally true that was.

He began to chunk up the motor-cycle, which gave those heartrending noises, so eloquent to him who is on the machine, so absolutely nerve-racking to him who is not. He grinned under his big brown cap, bearing the emblem of the Alpine Touring Club on it. Jack was also artistically arrayed in a very old cheviot suit, once brown, now gray with use and dust. He wore a Norfolk jacket, short trousers, long, hand-knit woolen stockings of marvelous design—in September and hot, too!—and shoes with spikes. He was the typical mountaineer. Beside him, Cyrus looked as if he had stepped out of the latest fashion-plate of a gentleman's tailor in London. Cyrus resented the contrast. He determined to get his clothes muddy as soon as possible and conveniently lose his Berlin hat.

"How did you do it?" he repeated.

Jack stooped to examine a screw, then lifted a laughing face.

"Oh, I reeled off a regular spiel, about your being first cousin to President Wilson—over here on a special mission from him—better look out how they stopped you or they 'd have a war with the United States, which was a lot worse than any they had on hand now!"

It must be remembered that this happened at the very beginning of the great European War of 1914. The young men would not have been permitted to get away so easily if it had been later, when very severe precautions were taken in regard to travelers who had no special business in one of the countries where war was being waged.

The storm was past. Heavy banks of cloud lay in the west, but behind them was a glimmer of gold where the sun was setting. The same round moon which had accompanied Cyrus on his journey up from Rome was still on duty. It was like an old friend. The evening was glorious, the trees and grass fragrant with the damp odors following a shower. In the gardens of the cottages by which the young men whirled were scarlet geraniums, feathery purple asters, and tall

chrysanthemums. Farther along, where the road led through a forest, there were clumps of goldenrod, and the little blue gentian, wild and bushy, and thick ferns and mosses.

If you have ever traveled on a buzzing, creaking motor-cycle, you will recall that you get over the ground, but you don't talk. Conversation and motor-cycles are not a good combination. Cyrus chiefly hung on to the side of his little chair and gasped when the cycle gave a big jump. Personally, he loathed this mode of travel. A comfortable automobile was "about his size," and he wondered why Jack—

"Halt!" came the order from the borders of the tall beech-trees, and Jack stopped so quickly that Cyrus almost fell over the canvas cover that held him in as if he had been a baby strapped in a perambulator.

Apparently, however, Jack had not brought the cycle to a stop quickly enough to please the sentry, who ran after them with his musket pointed in such a way that Cyrus ducked instinctively.

Jack lost no time. He had met sentries before and knew that they brooked no delay.

He pulled out his passport before the soldier reached him and called sharply to Cyrus: "Get out your papers, quick!"

Cyrus was prompt. It was not a pleasant situation.

"I don't like the looks of that bayonet," he murmured.

"You 'll like it less if he does n't find your passport right," retorted Jack, with experience behind him.

"But I thought we 'd passed the frontier," began Cyrus.

"For goodness' sake, *don't think*. Just have it ready!"

By the light of a lantern the sentry examined the passports, looked at the words written on the back of each one by the officer at Culoz, grunted, and rested his musket carelessly on the ground, while Jack examined his machine and got ready to start on again.

Before mounting, he came up to Cyrus and leaned against the motor-cycle while he said a few things.

"Now look here, Cy. I don't know but I did a fool thing to bring you up here just now. It is n't any picnic or little excursion. These fellows are getting down to work fast, and they mean business. You don't seem to be just the adventurous type, you know. You talk too much."

"Sha'n't get much chance up here, where I can't understand their lingo."

"Well, I 'll do the talking, and you just do what I say, do you hear? And keep your passport handy and fork it out every time we stop. We 'll go through this performance about every five minutes on an average. We 're all right if we stop and show our papers right away. If we

the motor would n't stop? Sometimes it 's contrary and won't."

Jack's bonny face grew grim.

"She 's just *got* to stop. I 'll make her; if not—well, we 're done for, and that 's all there is about it. Yes, she 's *got* to stop!"

It was not a cheerful ride. Cyrus did not know where they were going, but he supposed that Jack did. It was n't fair for Jack to say that he could not enjoy adventures. It must be his London clothes. He 'd ruin them tomorrow, if that was the way to do in war-times.

Jack was right. About every five minutes a sentry called "Halt!" and they halted. The motor obeyed beautifully; their papers were examined and they went on.

There were silent villages, stucco houses bathed in moonlight, deep forest glades, long stretches of plain, and an occasional chateau surrounded by a park. Everywhere were sentinels.

"Another five miles, and we 're there, old fellow," said Jack, cheerfully. "It 'll be late, but we 'll have one good square meal and turn in for a long sleep. All right?"

"*Sure!*" responded Cyrus; "but I 'm dead sleepy."

"Sleep, then."

"In this infernal machine?" began Cyrus, and then paused, for he remembered that Jack owned the cycle.

They climbed the crest of a hill, descended into level fields, sped on, and again sounded the grim "Halt!"

Jack pushed on the brake.

To Cyrus's horror, the machine kept on at full speed. Again Jack forced the brake. No good! On they went! Then something happened—something blood-curdling. There was a sharp sound, and a whistle through the air two inches from Cyrus's dark brown hair. He dodged.

By a supreme effort Jack brought the cycle to a standstill. His forehead was moist with perspiration and his lips trembled.



"TO CYRUS'S HORROR, THE MACHINE KEPT ON AT FULL SPEED."

don't stop, we 'll be shot straight and no parleying, and dear old New York will see us no more, and they 'll put up a tablet at Princeton for the two members of the class of '16 who laid down their lives on a foreign shore."

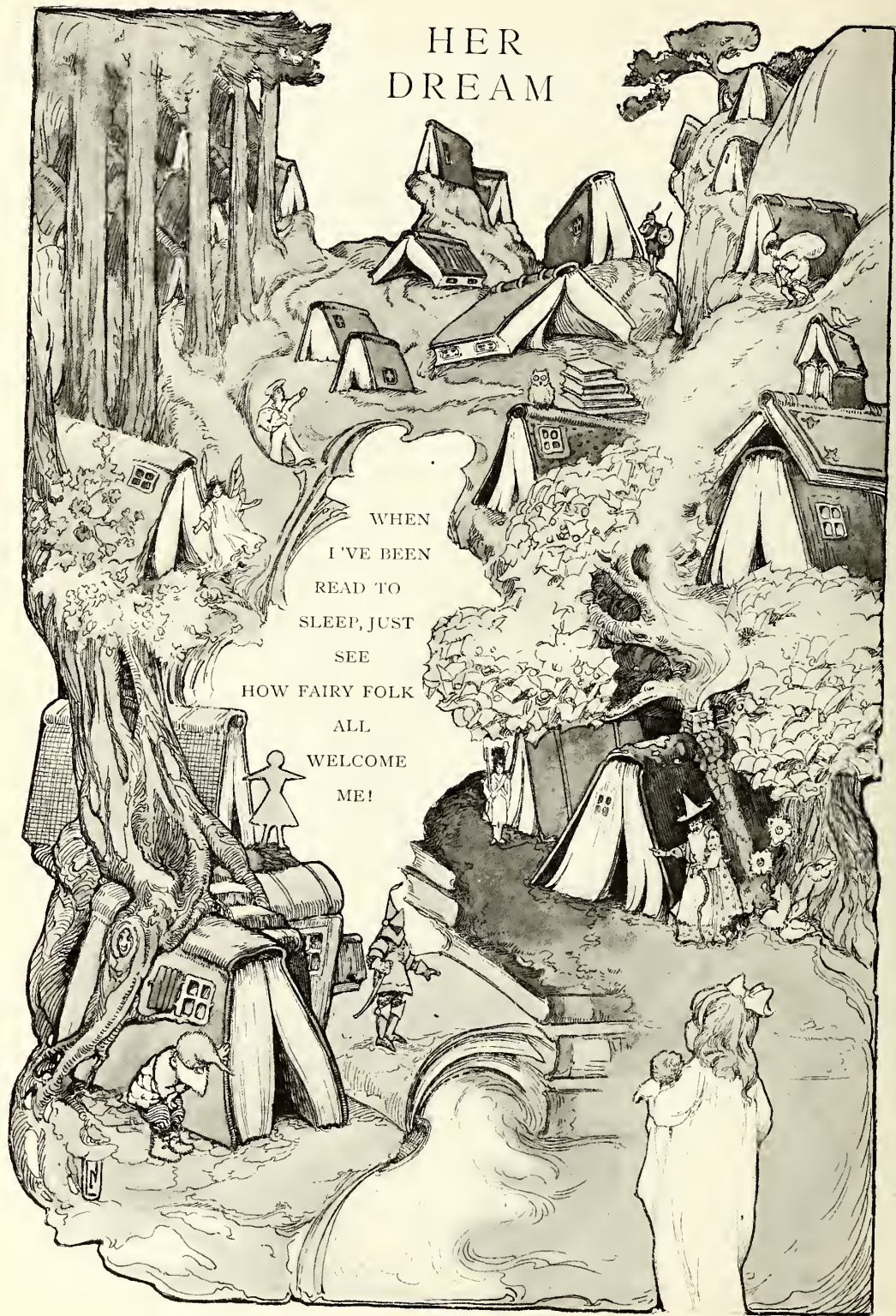
A thought struck Cyrus. He would speak while he could if he had to be dumb afterward.

"Suppose," he suggested very gently, "suppose

(To be continued.)

HER DREAM

WHEN
I'VE BEEN
READ TO
SLEEP, JUST
SEE
HOW FAIRY FOLK
ALL
WELCOME
ME!





A HAPPY SOLUTION

BY MARGARET JOHNSON

Old Father Time shut up his book:
"There now, you all are chosen!
Come, run along and get you drest;
You 're Holidays—put on your best,
Gay frocks and gayer hosen!

Make haste, for I 've a thousand things and more to see to here,
Besides just choosing Holidays to clutter up the year!"

Away they flew with hop and skip,
Those Holidays ecstatic;
And Time, with chuckle and with groan,
Had clambered slowly from his throne
(He was a bit rheumatic),

When, coming down the sunny road and crying all the way
(Oh, how it must have rained on earth!), he spied a little Day.



Old Time 's a tender-hearted rogue.
 "Why, why! what 's this?" he sputtered.
 "Alas!" she wept, and to her eyes
 Her little apron fluttered.
 "Alas!"—and once again her grief gushed like a waterspout—
 "You 've chosen all the Holidays," she sobbed, "and left *us* out!"

"Oho!" laughed Time. "And what of that?
 It never should distress you!
 We need some little Every-days
 To keep us steady, bless you!
 Put down your apron, dear, nor spoil your pretty eyes!" said he.
 "What matter how I look," she wept, "when no one cares to see?"

"There 's Christmas, Easter, and the rest,—
 They 're always praised and flattered;
 But nobody will look at us,
 As if we really mattered!
 If we should never come at all, no one would care!" she said.
 "We 're little common Every-days, and might as well be dead!"

Behind her down the valley green
 He saw her comrades trailing,
 A perfect host of little Days,
 And all of them just wailing!
 Their tears ran down and stood in pools till all the road was mud.
 "If things go on like this," said Time, "we 'll have another flood!"

"It 's perfectly absurd, you know,"
 He argued with them wildly ;
 "You surely can't expect to be
All Holidays! My goodness me!
 In all the earth and sky and sea
 Are not, to put it mildly,
 Half things enough to celebrate for every one of you!
 You 'll have to stay just *Every-days*—there 's nothing else to do!"

Then all those doleful little Days
 They cried like all creation!
 And on the earth fell rain and hail—
 I had not lived to tell the tale,
 Had not St. Nick come up the vale,
 And saved the situation!
 He saw, he heard, one little wink he winked of happy cheer,
 And whispered just one single word in Time's distracted ear.

"Oho!" said Time. "Aha!" He caught
 His book up in a hurry.
 "Ahem!" His smile grew broad and bright.
 "Yes, yes, St. Nick is surely right!
 I really had forgotten quite—
 I was in *such* a flurry!
 But here we are—a part, my dears, for every one of you!"
 "Hurrah!" cried all the little Days, and all the sky turned blue.

"Come, make you ready! get you gone!
 To look your best it boots you!"
 "And may we wear our party frocks?"
 "You may," said Time, "and wreathe your locks
 With daisies or with four-o'clocks,
 Or anything that suits you.
 Get out your brightest smiles!" he cried. "Away with frowns and tears!
 For every single one of you is *some one's* BIRTHDAY, dears!"





MARK TWAIN ARRIVING IN NEW YORK CITY IN 1853.

THE BOYS' LIFE OF MARK TWAIN

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Author of "Mark Twain, a Biography," etc.

CHAPTER IX

THE OPEN ROAD

SAMUEL CLEMENS went to visit his sister Pamela in St. Louis and was presently at work, setting type on the "Evening News." He had no intention, however, of staying there. His purpose was to earn money enough to take him to New York City. The railroad had by this time reached St. Louis, and he meant to have the grand experience of a long journey "on the cars." Also, there was a Crystal Palace in New York, where a world's exposition was going on.

Trains were slow in 1853, and it required several days and nights to go from St. Louis to New York City, but to Sam Clemens it was a wonderful journey. All day he sat looking out of the window, eating when he chose from the food he carried, curling up in his seat at night to sleep. He arrived at last with a few dollars in his pocket and a ten-dollar bill sewed into the lining of his coat.

New York was rather larger than he expected. All of the lower end of Manhattan Island was covered by it. The Crystal Palace—some distance out—stood at Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue—the present site of Bryant Park. All the world's newest wonders were to be seen there—a dazzling exhibition. A fragment of the letter which Sam Clemens wrote to his sister Pamela—the earliest piece of Mark Twain's writing that has been preserved—expresses his appreciation of the big fair:

From the gallery (second floor) you have a glorious sight—the flags of the different countries represented, the lofty dome, glittering jewelry, gaudy tapestry, etc., with the busy crowd passing to and fro—'t is a perfect fairy palace—beautiful beyond description.

The machinery department is on the main floor, but I cannot enumerate any of it on account of the lateness of the hour (past one o'clock). It would take more than a week to examine everything on exhibition, and I was only in a little over two hours to-night. I only glanced at about one-third of the articles; and having a poor memory, I have enumerated scarcely any of even the principal objects. The visitors to the Palace average 6000 daily—double the population of Hannibal. The price of admission being fifty cents, they take in about \$3000.

The Latting Observatory (height about 280 feet) is near the Palace. From it you can obtain a grand view of the city and the country around. The Croton Aqueduct, to supply the city with water, is the greatest wonder yet. Immense pipes are laid across the bed of the Harlem River, and pass through the country to Westchester County, where a whole river is turned from its course and brought to New York. From the reservoir in the city to Westchester County reservoir the distance is thirty-eight miles, and, if necessary, they could easily supply every family in New York with one hundred barrels of water a day!

I am very sorry to learn that Henry has been sick. He ought to go to the country and take exercise, for he is not half so healthy as Ma thinks he is. If he had my walking to do, he would be another boy entirely. Four times every day I walk a little over a mile; and working hard all day and walking four miles is exercise. I am used to it now, though, and it is no trouble. Where is it Orion's going to? Tell Ma my promises are faithfully kept; and if I have my health, I will take her to Ky. in the spring. I shall save money for this.

(It has just struck 2 A.M., and I always get up at six and am at work at 7.) You ask where I spend my evenings. Where would you suppose, with a free print-

ers' library containing more than 4000 volumes within a quarter of a mile of me, and nobody at home to talk to? Write soon.

Truly your brother,

SAM.

P.S. I have written this by a light so dim that you nor Ma could not read by it. Write, and let me know how Henry is.

We get a fair idea of Samuel Clemens at seventeen from this letter. For one thing, he could write good clear English, full of interesting facts. He is enthusiastic, but not lavish of words. He impresses us with his statements that the visitors to the Palace each day are in number double the population of Hannibal; a whole river is turned from its course to supply New York City with water; the water comes thirty-eight miles, and each family could use a hundred barrels a day! The letter reveals his personal side—his kindly interest in those left behind, his anxiety for Henry, his assurance that the promise to his mother was being kept, his memory of her longing to visit her old home. And the boy who hated school has become a reader—he is reveling in a printers' library of four thousand volumes. We feel, somehow, that Samuel Clemens has suddenly become quite a serious-minded person, that he has left *Tom Sawyer* and *Joe Harper* and *Huck Finn* somewhere in a beautiful country a long way behind.

He found work with the firm of John A. Gray and Green, general printers, in Cliff Street. His pay was four dollars a week, in wildcat money—that is, money issued by private banks—rather poor money, being generally at a discount and sometimes worthless. But if wages were low, living was cheap in those days, and Sam Clemens, lodging in a mechanics' boarding-house in Duane Street, sometimes had fifty cents left on Saturday night when his board and washing were paid.

Luckily, he had not set out to seek his fortune, but only to see something of the world. He lingered in New York through the summer of 1853, never expecting to remain long. His letters of that period were few. In October he said in a letter to Pamela that he did not write to the family, because he did not know their whereabouts, Orion having sold the paper and left Hannibal.

"I have been fooling myself with the idea that I was going to leave New York every day for the last two weeks," he adds, which sounds like the Mark Twain of fifty years later. Farther along, he tells of going to see Edwin Forrest, then playing at the Broadway Theater:

The play was the "Gladiator." I did not like parts of it much, but other portions were really splendid. In

the latter part of the last act . . . the man's whole soul seems absorbed in the part he is playing; and it is really startling to see him. I am sorry I did not see him play *Damon* and *Pythias*—the former character being the greatest. He appears in Philadelphia on Monday night.

A little farther along he says:

If my letters do not come often, you need not bother yourself about me; for if you have a brother nearly eighteen years old who is not able to take care of himself a few miles from home, such a brother is not worth one's thoughts.

Sam Clemens may have followed Forrest to Philadelphia. At any rate, he was there presently, "subbing" in the composing-rooms of the "Inquirer," setting ten thousand ems a day, and receiving pay accordingly. When there was no vacancy for him to fill, he put in the time visiting the Philadelphia libraries, art galleries, and historic landmarks. After all, his chief business



"THE BOY WHO HATED SCHOOL HAS
BECOME A READER."

was sight-seeing. Work was only a means to this end. Chilly evenings, when he returned to his boarding-house, his room-mate, an Englishman named Summer, grilled a herring over their small open fire, and this was a great feast. He tried writing—obituary poetry, for the Philadelphia "Ledger"—but it was not accepted.

"My efforts were not received with approval," was his comment long after.

In the "Inquirer" office there was a printer named Frog, and sometimes, when he went out,

the office "devils" would hang over his case a line with a hook on it baited with a piece of red flannel. They never got tired of this joke, and Frog never failed to get fighting mad when he saw that dangling string with the bit of red flannel at the end. No doubt Sam Clemens had his share in this mischief.

Sam found that he liked Philadelphia. He could save a little money and send something to his mother—small amounts, but welcome. Once he enclosed a gold dollar, "to serve as a specimen of the kind of stuff we are paid with in Philadelphia." Better than doubtful "wildcat," certainly. Of his work he writes:

One man has engaged me to work for him every Sunday till the first of next April, when I shall return home to take Ma to Ky. . . . If I want to, I can get subbing every night of the week. I go to work at seven in the evening and work till three the next morning. . . . The type is mostly agate and minion with some bourgeois; and when one gets a good agate "take," he is sure to make money. I made \$2.50 last Sunday.

There is a long description of a trip on the Fairmount stage in this letter, well written and interesting, but too long to have place here. In the same letter he speaks of the graves of Benjamin Franklin and his wife, which he had looked at through the iron railing of the locked inclosure. Probably it did not occur to him that there might be points of similarity between Franklin's career and his own. Yet in time these would be rather striking: each learned the printer's trade; each worked in his brother's office and wrote for the paper; each left quietly and went to New York, and from New York to Philadelphia, as a journeyman printer; each in due season became a world figure, many-sided, human, and of incredible popularity.

Orion Clemens, meantime, had bought a paper in Muscatine, Iowa, and located the family there. Evidently by this time he had realized the value of his brother as a contributor, for Sam in a letter to Orion says: "I will try to write for the paper occasionally, but I fear my letters will be very uninteresting, for this incessant night-work dulls one's ideas amazingly."

Meantime, he had passed his eighteenth birthday, winter was coming on, he had been away from home half a year, and the first attack of homesickness was due. "One only has to leave home to learn how to write interesting letters to an absent friend," he wrote; and again, "I don't like our present prospect for cold weather at all."

He declared he only wanted to get back to avoid night-work, which was injuring his eyes, but we may guess there was a stronger reason, which perhaps he did not entirely realize. The

novelty of wandering had worn off, and he yearned for familiar faces, the comfort of those he loved.

But he did not go. He made a trip to Washington in January—a sight-seeing trip—returning to Philadelphia, where he worked for the "Ledger" and "North American." Eventually he went back to New York, and from there took ticket to St. Louis. This was in the late summer of 1854; he had been fifteen months away from his people when he stepped aboard the train to return.

Sam was worn out when he reached St. Louis; but the Keokuk packet was leaving, and he stopped only long enough to see Pamela, then went aboard and, flinging himself into his berth, did not waken until the boat-reached Muscatine, Iowa, thirty-six hours later.

It was very early when he arrived, too early to rouse the family. He sat down in the office of a little hotel to wait for morning, and picked up a small book that lay on the writing table. It contained pictures of the English rulers with the brief facts of their reigns. Sam Clemens entertained himself learning this data by heart. He had a fine memory for such things, and in an hour or two had those details so perfectly committed that he never forgot one of them as long as he lived. The knowledge acquired in this stray fashion he found invaluable in later life. It was his groundwork for all English history.

CHAPTER X

A WIND OF CHANCE

ORION could not persuade his brother to remain in Muscatine. Sam returned to his old place on the "Evening News" in St. Louis, where he remained until the following year, rooming with a youth named Burroughs, who was a journeyman chair-maker with literary taste, a reader of the English classics, a companionable lad, and for Samuel Clemens a good influence.

By spring, Orion Clemens had married and had sold out in Muscatine. He was now located in Keokuk, Iowa. When presently Brother Sam came visiting to Keokuk, Orion offered him five dollars a week and his board to remain. He accepted. Henry Clemens, now seventeen, was also in Orion's employ, and a lad named Dick Hingham. Henry and Sam slept in the office; Dick and a young fellow named Brownell, who roomed above, came in for social evenings.

They were pretty lively evenings, with concerts and sometimes a military drill. A music-teacher on the floor below did not care for them—they disturbed his class. He was furious, in fact, and assailed the boys roughly at first, with

no result but to make matters worse. Then he tried gentleness and succeeded. The boys stopped their capers and joined his class. Sam, especially, became a distinguished member of that body. He was never a great musician, but with his good nature, his humor, his slow quaint speech and originality he had no rival in popularity. He was twenty, now, and much with young ladies, yet he was always a beau rather than a

lean far over to apply it, just when he was most comfortable. Sam Clemens never liked unnecessary exertion. One night, when the pipe had gone out for the second time, he happened to hear the young book-clerk, Brownell, passing up to his room on the top floor. Sam called to him. "Ed, come here!"

Brownell poked his head in the door. The two were great chums.



BAITING THE HOOK FOR MR. FROG.

suitor, a good comrade to all, full of pranks and pleasantries, ready to stop and be merry with any that came along. If they prophesied concerning his future, it is not likely that they spoke of literary fame. They thought him just easy-going and light-minded. True, they noticed that he often carried a book under his arm—a history, a volume of Dickens, or the tales of Poe.

He read more than any one guessed. At night, propped up in bed—a habit continued until his death—he was likely to read until a late hour. He enjoyed smoking at such times, and had made himself a pipe with a large bowl which stood on the floor and had a long rubber stem, something like the Turkish hubble-bubble. He liked to fill the big bowl and smoke at ease through the entire evening. But sometimes the pipe went out, which meant that he must strike a match and

"What will you have, Sam?" he asked.

"Come in, Ed; Henry's asleep, and I'm in trouble. I want somebody to light my pipe."

"Why don't you light it yourself?" Brownell asked.

"I would, only I knew you'd be along in a few minutes and would do it for me."

Brownell scratched a match, stooped down, and applied it.

"What are you reading, Sam?"

"Oh, nothing much—a so-called funny book. One of these days I'll write a funnier book myself."

Brownell laughed.

"No you won't, Sam," he said. "You're too lazy ever to write a book."

Years later, in the course of a lecture which he delivered in Keokuk, Mark Twain said that

he supposed the most untruthful man in the world lived right there in Keokuk, and that his name was Ed Brownell.

Orion Clemens did not have the gift of prosperity, and his printing-office did not flourish. When he could no longer pay Sam's wages, he took him into partnership, which meant that Sam got no wages at all, though this was of less consequence, since his mother, now living with Pamela, was well provided for. The disorder of the office, however, distressed him. He wrote home that he could not work without system, and, a little later, that he was going to leave Keokuk, that in fact he was planning a great adventure—a trip to the upper Amazon!

His interest in the Amazon had been awakened by a book. Lynch and Herndon had surveyed the upper river, and Lieutenant Herndon's book was widely read. Sam Clemens, propped up in bed, pored over it through long evenings, and nightly made fabulous fortunes collecting cocoa and other rare things—resolving, meantime, to start in person for the upper Amazon with no unnecessary delay. Boy and man, Samuel Clemens was the same. His vision of grand possibilities ahead blinded him to the ways and means of arrival. It was an inheritance from both sides of his parentage. Once in old age he wrote:

I have been punished many and many a time, and bitterly, for doing things and reflecting afterwards. . . . When I am reflecting on these occasions, even deaf persons can hear me think.

He believed, however, that he had reflected carefully concerning the Amazon, and that in a brief time he should be there at the head of an expedition, piling up untold wealth. He even stirred the imaginations of two other adventurers, a Dr. Martin and a young man named Ward. To Henry, then in St. Louis, he wrote, August 5, 1856:

Ward and I held a long consultation Sunday morning, and the result was that we two have determined to start to Brazil, if possible, in *six weeks* from now, in order to look carefully into matters there and report to Dr. Martin in time for him to follow on the first of March.

The matter of finance troubled him. Orion could not be depended on for any specified sum, and the fare to the upper Amazon would probably be considerable. Sam planned different methods of raising it. One of them was to go to New York or Cincinnati and work at his trade until he saved the amount. He would then sail from New York direct, or take the boat for New Orleans and sail from there. Of course there would always be vessels clearing for the upper Amazon.

After Lieutenant Herndon's book the ocean would probably be full of them.

He did not make the start with Ward, as planned, and Ward and Martin seem to have given up the Amazon idea. Not so with Samuel Clemens. He went on reading Herndon, trying meantime to raise money enough to get him out of Keokuk. Was it fate or Providence that suddenly placed it in his hands? Whatever it was, the circumstance is so curious that it must be classed as one of those strange facts that have no place in fiction.

The reader will remember how one day in Hannibal the wind had brought to Sam Clemens, then printer's apprentice, a stray leaf from a book about Joan of Arc, and how that incident marked a turning-point in his mental life. Now, seven years later, it was the wind again that directed his fortune. It was a day in early November—bleak, bitter, and gusty, with whirling snow; most persons were indoors. Samuel Clemens, going down Main Street, Keokuk, saw a flying bit of paper pass him and lodge against a building. Something about it attracted him, and he captured it. It was a fifty-dollar bill! He had never seen one before, but he recognized it. He thought he must be having a pleasant dream.

He was tempted to pocket his good fortune and keep still. But he had always a troublesome conscience. He went to a newspaper office and advertised that he had found a sum of money, a large bill. Once, long after, he said:

"I did n't describe it very particularly, and I waited in daily fear that the owner would turn up and take away my fortune. By and by I could n't stand it any longer. My conscience had gotten all that was coming to it. I felt that I must take that money out of danger."

Another time he said, "I advertised the find and left for the Amazon the same day." All of which we may take with his usual literary discount—the one assigned to him by his mother in childhood. For, as a matter of fact, he remained an ample time, and nobody came for the money. What was its origin? Was it swept out of a bank, or caught up by the wind from some counting-room table? Perhaps it materialized out of the unseen, who knows?

CHAPTER XI

THE LONG WAY TO THE AMAZON

SAM decided on Cincinnati as his base. From there he could go either to New York or New Orleans to catch the Amazon boat. He paid a visit to St. Louis, where his mother made him renew his promise as to drink and cards. Then

he was seized with a literary idea and returned to Keokuk, where he proposed to a thriving weekly paper, the "Saturday Post," to send letters of travel, which might even be made into a book later on. George Reese, owner of the "Post," agreed to pay five dollars each for the letters, which speaks well for his faith in Samuel Clemens's talent, five dollars being good pay for that time and place—more than the letters were worth, judged by present standards. The first was dated Cincinnati, November 14, 1856, and was certainly not promising literature. It was written in the ridiculous dialect which was once thought to be the dress of humor; and while here and there is a comic flash, there is in it little promise of the future Mark Twain. One extract is enough:

When we got to the depo, I went around to git a look at the iron hoss. Thunderation! it was n't no more like a hoss than a meetin house. If I was goin to describe the animule, I 'd say it looked like—well it looked like—blamed if I know *what* it looked like, snortin fire and brimstone out of his nostrils, and puffin out black smoke all round, and pantin, and heavin, and swellin, and chawin up red hot coals like they was good. A feller stood in a little house like, feedin him all the time; but the more he got, the more he wanted, and the more he blowed and snorted. After a spell the feller ketched him by the tail, and great Jericho! he set up a yell that split the ground for more 'n a mile and a half, and the next minit I felt my legs a waggin, and found myself at t' other end of the string o' vehickles. I was n't *skeered*, but I had three chills and a stroke of palsy in less than five minutes, and my face had a curus brownish-yaller-green-bluish color in it, which was perfectly unaccountable. "Well," say I, "comment is super-flu-ous."

How Samuel Clemens could have written that, and worse, at twenty-one, and a little more than ten years later have written "The Innocents Abroad" is one of the mysteries of literature. The letters were signed "Snodgrass," and there

are but two of them. Snodgrass seems to have found them hard work, for it is said he raised on the price, which fortunately brought the series to a close. Their value to-day lies in the fact that they are the earliest of Mark Twain's newspaper contributions that have been



"A MUSIC-MASTER ON THE FLOOR BELOW DID NOT CARE FOR THESE CONCERTS."

preserved—the first for which he received a cash return.

Sam remained in Cincinnati until April of the following year, 1857, working for Wrightson and Company, general printers, lodging in a cheap boarding-house, saving every possible penny for his great adventure.

He had one associate at the boarding-house, a

lank, unsmiling Scotchman named Macfarlane, twice young Clemens's age, and a good deal of a mystery. Sam never could find out what Macfarlane did. His hands were hardened by some sort of heavy labor—he left at six in the morning and returned in the evening at the same hour. He never mentioned his work, and young Clemens had the delicacy not to inquire.

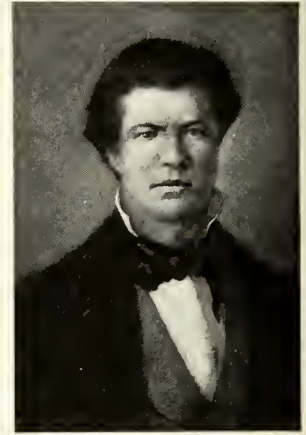
For Macfarlane was no ordinary person. He

had many startling theories of his own. Darwin had not yet published his "Descent of Man," yet Macfarlane was already advancing ideas similar to those in that book.

He went farther than Darwin. He had startling ideas of the moral evolution of man, and these he would pour into the ears of his young listener until ten o'clock, after which, like the English Sumner in Philadelphia, he would grill a herring, and the evening would end. Those were fermenting discourses that young Samuel Clemens listened to that winter in Macfarlane's room, and they did not fail to influence his later thought.

It was the high tide of spring, late in April, when the prospective cocoa-hunter decided that it was time to set out for the upper Amazon. He had saved money enough to carry him at least as far as New Orleans, where he would take ship, it being farther south and therefore nearer his destination. Furthermore, he could begin with a lazy trip down the Mississippi, which next to being a pilot had been one of his most cherished dreams. The Ohio River steamers were less grand than those of the Mississippi, but they had a homelike atmosphere and did not hurry. Samuel Clemens had the spring fever and was willing to take his time.

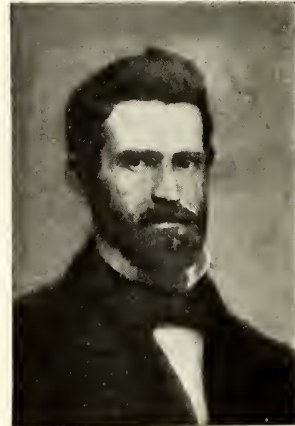
In "Life on the Mississippi" we read that the author ran away, vowing never to return until he could come home a pilot, shedding glory. But this is the fiction touch. It is true he had always loved the river, and his boyhood dream of piloting had time and again returned, but it was not uppermost when he bade good-by to Macfarlane and stepped aboard the *Paul Jones*, bound for New Orleans,



MARK TWAIN AT EIGHTEEN.



BUILDING (IN CENTER) WHERE ORION CLEMENS HAD HIS PRINTING-OFFICE IN 1856-7, AT KEOKUK, IOWA.



ORION CLEMENS.

was a man of deep knowledge, a reader of many books, a thinker; he was versed in history and philosophy, he knew the dictionary by heart. He made but two statements concerning himself: one, that he had acquired his knowledge from reading, and not at school; the other, that he knew every word in the English dictionary. He was willing to give proof of the last, and Sam Clemens tested him more than once, but found no word that Macfarlane could not define.

Macfarlane was not silent—he would discuss readily enough the deeper problems of life and

and thus conferred immortality on that ancient little craft.

Now he had really started on his voyage—a voyage that would continue not for a week or a fortnight, but for four years—four marvelous, sunlit years, the glory of which would color all that followed them.

CHAPTER XII

RENEWING AN OLD AMBITION

A READER of Mark Twain's Mississippi book gets the impression that the author was a boy of about seventeen when he started to learn the river, and that he was painfully ignorant of the great task ahead. But this also is the fiction side of the story. Samuel Clemens was more than twenty-one when he set out on the *Paul Jones*, and in a way was familiar with the trade of piloting. Hannibal had turned out many pilots. When young Sam was rolling boulders down Holliday's Hill, an older brother of the Bowen boys was already on the river. Often he came

home to air his grandeur and hold forth on the wonder of his work. That learning the river was no light task, Sam Clemens would know as well



ST. LOUIS RIVER FRONT IN 1856.

as any one who had not tried it and had not also made the long trip to New Orleans.

Nevertheless, as the drowsy little steamer went puffing down into softer, sunnier lands, the old



CAPTAIN BIXBY IN 1907.

THE ST. LOUIS LEVEE IN 1855.

dream, the "permanent ambition" of boyhood, returned, while the call of the far-off upper Amazon and cocoa grew faint.

Horace Bixby,¹ pilot of the *Paul Jones*, a man of thirty-two, was looking out over the bow at the head of Island No. 35 when he heard a slow, pleasant voice say:

"Good morning."

Bixby was a small, clean-cut man.

"Good morning, sir," he said rather briskly, without looking around.

He did not much care for visitors in the pilot-house. This one entered and stood a little behind him.

"How would you like a young man to learn the river?" came to him in that serene, deliberate speech.

The pilot glanced over his shoulder and saw a rather slender, loose-limbed youth with a fair, girlish complexion, and a great mass of curly auburn hair.

"I would n't like it. Cub pilots are more trouble than they're worth. A great deal more trouble than profit."

"I am a printer by trade," the easy voice went on. "It does n't agree with me. I thought I'd go to South America."

Bixby kept his eye on the river, but there was interest in his voice when he spoke.

"What makes you pull your words that way?" he asked—"pulling" being the river term for drawing.

The young man, now seated comfortably on the visitors' bench, said more slowly than ever:

"You'll have to ask my mother—she pulls hers, too."

Pilot Bixby laughed. The manner of the reply amused him. His guest was encouraged.

"Do you know the Bowen boys?" he asked, "pilots in the St. Louis and New Orleans trade?"

"I know them well—all three of them. William Bowen did his first steering for me; a mighty good boy. I know Sam, too, and Bart."

"Old schoolmates of mine in Hannibal. Sam and Will especially were my chums."

Bixby's tone became friendly.

"Come over and stand by me," he said. "What is your name?"

The applicant told him, and the two stood looking out on the sunlit water.

"Do you drink?"

"No."

"Do you gamble?"

"No, sir."

"Do you swear?"

"N—not for amusement; only under pressure."

"Do you chew?"

"No, sir, never; but I *must smoke*."

"Did you ever do any steering?"

"I have steered everything on the river but a steamboat, I guess."

"Very well, take the wheel and see what you can do with a steamboat. Keep her as she is—toward that lower cottonwood snag."

Bixby had a sore foot and was glad of a little relief. He sat on the bench where he could keep a careful eye on the course. By and by he said:

"There is just one way I would take a young man to learn the river—that is, for money."

"What—do you—charge?"

"Five hundred dollars, and I to be at no expense whatever."

In those days pilots were allowed to carry a learner, or "cub," board free. Mr. Bixby meant that he was to be at no expense in port or for incidentals. His terms seemed discouraging.

"I have n't got five hundred dollars in money," Sam said. "I've got a lot of Tennessee land worth two bits an acre. I'll give you two thousand acres of that."

Bixby shook his head.

"No," he said, "I don't want any unimproved real estate. I have too much already."

Sam reflected. He thought he might be able to borrow one hundred dollars from William Moffett, Pamela's husband, without straining his credit.

"Well, then," he proposed, "I'll give you one hundred dollars cash, and the rest when I earn it."

Something about this young man had won Horace Bixby's heart. His slow pleasant speech, his unhurried, quiet manner at the wheel, his evident simplicity and sincerity—the inner qualities of mind and heart which would make the world love Mark Twain. The terms proposed were accepted. The first payment was to be in cash; the others were to begin when the pupil had learned the river and was earning wages. During the rest of the trip to New Orleans the new pupil was often at the wheel, while Mr. Bixby nursed his sore foot and gave directions. Any literary ambitions that Samuel Clemens still nourished waned rapidly. By the time he had reached New Orleans he had almost forgotten he had ever been a printer. As for the Amazon and cocoa, why, there had been no ship sailing in that direction for years, and it was uncertain when any would sail again, a fact that rather amused the would-be adventurer now, since Providence

¹Horace Bixby lived until 1912 and remained at the wheel until within a short time of his death, in his 87th year. The writer of this memoir visited him in 1910 and took down from his dictation the dialogue that follows.

had regulated his affairs in accordance with his oldest and longest-cherished dream.

At New Orleans Bixby left the *Paul Jones* for a fine St. Louis boat, taking his cub with him. This was a sudden and happy change, and Sam was a good deal impressed with his own importance in belonging to so imposing a structure, especially when, after a few days' stay in New Orleans, he stood by Bixby's side in the big glass turret while they backed out of the line of wedged-in boats and headed up the great river.

This was glory, but there was sorrow ahead. He had not really begun learning the river as yet—he had only steered under directions. He had known that to learn the river would be hard, but he had never realized quite how hard. Serenely he had undertaken the task of mastering twelve hundred miles of the great, changing, shifting river as exactly and as surely by daylight or darkness as one knows the way to his own features. Nobody could realize the full size of that task—not till afterward.

(To be continued.)



POSERS

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I LOVE him more than I can say,
But oh, the questions day by day
He pops at me,
While sitting wide-eyed on my knee,
On things he seeks to know the why of—
Like: "Pa, what did the Dead Sea die of?"

And t' other night
With eyes all bright
He heard it said, "The clock 's run down";
Then turned from out a study brown,
And with a truly puzzled air
Asked, "Down to where?"

Again once while we sat at tea
I felt his eyes fixed full on me,
And from their depths all wondering
I knew a poser fierce would spring—
"Why do they call it T," said he,
"Instead of X or Q or Z?"

But hardest question I recall—
The very worst I think of all,—
Was when he called me from my bed
At four A.M. one morn and said:
"If you were n't you, and Ma were n't Ma,
Who 'd I be, Pa?"

WHERE JOURNEYS END

BY BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST

CHAPTER III

THE boy and girl stared into each other's eyes for one astounded minute.

Bob spoke first in a quick undertone: "Somebody 's coming. Keep your nerve!" Aloud he said: "Come along into the parlor, Mary. I want to show you something."

He hurried her across the hall.

"Look at those flowers," he ordered swiftly. "Keep your back to the door. If anybody should see your face now, they 'd know something was up. We 've got to think this thing out."

"It 's plain enough," Mary said. "I 'm in the wrong house. I 'm in the wrong town. I 've been around the world twice over, and I don't know enough to get out at the right station in the part of the world I was born in."

"Who are you, anyway?"

"My name is Mary Strong. Two days ago I had an invitation from Mrs. White, an old friend of my mother's who lives in Crawford, to come and spend the holidays. She said there would be plenty of young people. She said the car would meet me. I never saw Mrs. White. I could not remember all I had heard my mother say of her. I knew there was a niece engaged to be married. When Sally talked about a wedding, I—I thought—"

"Of course you did," said Bob. "Ginger, but the thing fitted!"

"I did n't know enough to know I was n't where I ought to be, even when you said things I did n't understand. Mrs. White was the only person I knew by name in the whole household, and she did not seem to be here when I came."

"That was tough!"

"I did n't mind. I 'm used to strangers. But you and Sally did not seem like strangers. From the minute I stepped on this porch everything was different from all I had ever known before. That helped throw me off, I suppose. And in Rome I did as the Romans did."

"That was the way to do. But, I say, what a mix-up!"

"I ought to have noticed that your aunt did not ask after Mother," she meditated. "You really were expecting some one?"

"They expected you—Emmeline Rittensanger, I mean—yesterday on the train we missed, and looked for her on the next train when they found the connections did n't connect."

"And—I—came!"

"You came."

She wheeled on him. "Tell me about the other girl!"

"None of us have ever seen her, not even Aunt Barby. But Marcia 's told us about her ever since we were little shavers."

"Marcia?"

"Uncle's sister's stepdaughter. You—I mean Emmeline what 's-her-name—is Marcia's cousin. We thought you were a kind of Miss Tom Thumb. Your father died just before you were born, and your stepfather the winter you were five. Your mother died too—something contagious, I think. Anyway—"

"My father and mother are in Japan this minute!"

"I mean Emmeline's people, Mary. I 've got you so tight in my head as 'Marcia's little cousin'— But wait a minute—you were n't her real cousin! There was an in-law somewhere. Never mind. With your parents gone, you were brought up by an old-maid aunt of your mother's. We thought you—I mean Emmeline—had an awful dull time—no fun, no girls and boys, all study and great-aunt."

"Is Emmeline also traveling alone?"

"I don't know."

"She was due here yesterday. Where is she now?"

They looked fearfully into each other's faces.

"We 're wasting time!" Mary cried.

"Hold on!" He caught her arm. "We 're all in a pickle, I admit—but don't you see we can't blab this out to the whole house? It would simply upset and spoil the wedding."

She stopped short.

"Aunt Barby and Nell would be wild," he told her, "thinking of their missing guest—poor little thing—lost nobody knows where."

"But she must be found—and I—I can't stay here after this a minute! I can't!"

"Not to give Nell a decent wedding?"

Mary hesitated. "I 'm here under false pretenses. And worse still—if anything *could* be worse!—what do you suppose the other Mrs. White is thinking about me this very minute?"

"That 's so, by Jove! *She* must be wondering, too, what has become of *her* guest! Well, we can at least telephone her! But false pretenses—Nonsense! No pretenses about the work you 've done. Look here, Mary! Aunt Barby must not

know—*yet*—that 's flat. Not till the wedding is over and they 're off. Uncle 's the one to tell. How 's your face? Huh! Go out where the Christmas tree is. Let me see if the coast is clear. You look upset."

"I don't," said Mary. "I won't look it. I must n't, for everybody's sake."

"That 's the talk. I 'll go and bring Uncle."

"How red your cheeks are, Mary!" Midget



Helen Mason Crose

"'MARY,' HE SAID, 'YOU'RE ALL RIGHT. UNDERSTAND? ALL RIGHT!'"

remarked as Mary sauntered through the dining-room. "Are you tired?"

"I 'm excited," Mary told her. "This is my first wedding."

"Has that bhy Bob gone for them cakes yet?" Katie demanded in the kitchen.

"I don't think he has started yet."

Mary felt like a conspirator.

In the woodshed, with the tree glimmering from its twilighted corner, she told her story briefly and simply. Bob had already told his.

Mr. White thanked them both. "You have handled this matter very wisely," he said. "I will telephone Mrs. White at Crawford immediately. But I shall certainly ask her to let us keep you until to-morrow, Mary."

"I want to stay—more than I can tell you, Mr. White!" she told him, in a voice that was not very steady. "You don't know how much I wish it had not been a mistake, my coming here."

"You will do us a great favor by remaining over night," he replied, "and letting things go on as they have been going through the day. It is putting a hard task on your shoulders, but I earnestly ask you to do it for all our sakes."

She answered him gravely, her tone a promise.

"Thank you! Thank you! I will do it."

"Bully for you!" said Bob.

"You are right, Bob. We owe Mary a great deal. Now I will go and telephone to Crawford from another house, and put in motion the machinery for locating that unfortunate child. If no definite word comes, after the wedding I shall go myself in search of her."

Bob's eyes followed his uncle's departing figure. "Now it 's up to little Bobby to get those cakes." He swung around to the girl. "Mary," he said, "you 're all right. Understand? *All right!*"

Alone, Mary retraced her steps through the house. Gladness sang again in her heart. She had a right here until to-morrow. Beyond that she would not think. Now she was needed for a service none but she could render. Sally's father had changed the whole aspect of her remaining. She could do something for Sally's mother—for them all. The

success of the wedding—that no exciting interruption should mar its joy and happy memories—depended upon her!

"You have been out to see the tree again," Sally accused her. "Tom 's asleep. I thought I 'd never get him off. Now come upstairs and see which of my dresses you want to wear."

"Which are you going to wear?"

"I? I don't care," said Sally.

She *had* cared until Mary came. Now she cared more for Mary than for wearing her new green dress.

"They are very pretty," said Mary, her quick eye accurately guessing the date when each was made—the white and blue and green.

"Try them on." Sally held up the green gown.

Mary shook her head. "The white first. Have you a red sash, Sally?"

Sally was looking for it when her mother came to the door.

"I wonder, girls, whether you would mind dressing now for the evening. The Teasdales, Sally, have just sent word that they are driving over from Painesville and they wish to dress here. There is no room I can give them except this one."

"There are four of them!" gasped Sally.

"Use my room, too," Mary begged.

She could feel all through her the smile of the dark eyes. "Thank you, Mary. That is very thoughtful. I am sorry your trunk has not come. You are sweet to be so cheerful without it."

"Don't you think Mary ought to wear the green dress, Mother?"

"Mary may wear which she chooses, Sally. Are you looking for something?"

"My red sash. Oh, I had forgotten this dreadful spot!"

Mrs. White took in the situation at a glance. "There is a piece of red silk in the white box on the top shelf of my closet, Sally. Is that the motor? Thank you both, my girls."

The slender figure sped downstairs as swiftly as one of her own daughters, and the girls flew to their dressing.

"Now there will be a rush," said Sally; "just what Mother tried to avoid. Why could n't the Teasdales dress at home? It 's lucky we 'll be out of the way early. Tom and Marian can't be dressed till the last minute. Won't they make a dear ring-bearer and flower-girl? Molly stands up with Nell, and Bob is best man. It was to have been a military wedding with lots of gold lace. Don't you love gold lace?"

Mary acknowledged that she did. "Have n't you something to do?" she asked.

"Nothing but cluster about at the ceremony. Nell does n't want it formal. She says we 're all to cluster. Afterward, you and I will serve the fruit-punch. There won't be many people. East Crawford is n't very big, you know. Why, you poor dear, you *don't* know! We 've kept you too busy to know. Never mind, there are plenty of days coming. We 're going to eat in the pantry to-night. Did you ever eat in a pantry?"

"Never."

"It 's fun. We 'll find two big aprons to cover us up. I 'll bet Nell is hoping Grant's train will be on time. Are n't you clever to put on the silk

like that? The dress is a perfect fit. Did n't your great-aunt ever let you go to a wedding before?"

"I 've never been to a wedding before."

"There 's Grant! No, it 's Father. Supper now, Molly? We 'll be right down."

Half an hour later, into the merry excitement of the big airy pantry, came Grant Franklin, big, straight, handsome, unmistakably the officer in the eyes of one who had seen the officers of many nations.

"Hungry? Of course I 'm hungry!" he declared, but Mary noticed that he did not eat much. He was too busy looking at Nell. Mary thought her well worth looking at. Her cheeks were so pink and her eyes so starry, the waiting look lost in a sweet golden-hearted satisfaction.

The two slipped away soon, and before long Sally's mother sent them all upstairs to dress.

"Nothing doing yet," Bob whispered before he went. "Uncle 's scared about the accident that delayed *us*. Afraid *she* may have been on that train."

Mr. White made an opportunity to tell Mary that Mrs. Alicia White had agreed to expect her on the morrow. "She found the situation a little difficult to understand," he reported. "Naturally she had been much worried."

He, too, looked worried as he turned away. But he said with a cheery smile: "We 'll straighten out everything with her to-morrow!"

Mary and Sally took off their aprons and went upstairs to help in the hooking-up of gowns.

"Is n't everything lovely?" Sally sighed for the fiftieth time. "Not one single hitch. Nothing gone the tiniest bit wrong. I 'm so happy, Mary. I 'm *so* glad you 're here."

"I would n't have missed being here for all the world!"

As they reached the upper hall, a door opened and Mrs. White looked out.

"Will you come into my room a moment, Mary? Sally, I think you will have to answer the door-bell until Lizzie comes."

On the bed lay a mass of red roses. Sally's mother lifted half a dozen glowing buds and blossoms. "I want you to wear some of my roses to-night, Mary," she told the girl. "They match the color of your belt perfectly." She fastened them on Mary's gown. Then she kissed her. "You do not know what a help you have been to-day, dear."

Mary went out of the room in a dream of happiness. She touched the roses with shy tender fingers. *Her* roses. Something within the girl felt in blossom too, warmed and caressed by the light in those great dark eyes. The secret

knowledge that she had, put new meaning into Mrs. White's words. Mary felt them as a commission to keep the evening inviolate.

Downstairs a bell rang. She heard Sally opening a door, heard Sally's voice and another's speaking. Suddenly she caught the words.

"I don't understand. This is Mr. Howard White's house, but she's here. Emmeline Ritensanger is here already."

Mary ran to the staircase. Her slippared feet sped noiselessly down the treads.

In the doorway, facing Sally, stood a girl in traveling coat and hat, a suitcase at her side. She was a little thing, compact and trig, on her face an expression compounded of shyness, obstinacy, and fear.

Behind Mary pounded Bob's pumps.

CHAPTER IV

"SHE is right, Sally," Mary called softly. "Let her in and I'll explain."

"Come in! Come right in, please!" Bob lifted the girl's suitcase into the hall. "Awfully glad to see you, Emmeline. You're Marcia's little cousin. We've been expecting you. It's all right, Sal."

Sally looked as though she thought two people, if not more, had gone quite mad.

"Come somewhere out of the hall and I'll explain," said Mary.

"Uncle's den," Bob suggested. "Nothing there but the punch-bowl. Where have you been all this time, Marcia's cousin?"

"There was an accident." The new-comer glanced around her with the air of a frightened rabbit. "Not to our train, to the train before ours. But it held us up. They told us we would get here sooner if we went back and came another way. I telegraphed. We stayed over night at a hotel."

"You telegraphed?"

"Oh, yes indeed!" The jerky breathless little voice was fervent now.

"We'll get it to-morrow," said Bob.

"Did not you receive it?"

"Not a word. Where did you send it from?"

"From the place where the accident was. I telegraphed I was unhurt."

"Messages piled up," Mary said to Bob. "You know how telegrams do at a time like that."

He nodded.

"I have been all day getting here." Emmeline's lips trembled. "It was not good to go the other way. We had to wait and wait and change and change. And then when I came, she said," looking at Sally, "that I was here already!"

"Bob and Mary," Sally said, "if you are going to explain, I wish you'd do it. My head is splitting."

But Bob wanted to get to the bottom of Emmeline's mystery. "There was n't anybody to meet you at the station. Ginger! Why, you came on Grant's train! I say, what have you been doing since?"



"HER ROSES."

The new-comer sighed. "There was no carriage and I had to walk. I walked far, for I took the wrong turn. It was dark. I tried two houses before I reached this one." She turned dubious eyes on Sally.

"You poor dear!" Sally cried. "And we never knew a thing about it! Is n't it dreadful! But what—"

"It's a shame!" Bob growled.

"It was all my fault," said Mary. "You see, I—" she appealed to Emmeline with the prettiest little gesture of confession—"I came yesterday and they thought I was you, for they never saw me before. In the dark I got off at the wrong station and supposed I was in the right place, for I did n't know the people I was going to see,

either. It was only this afternoon that Bob and I discovered—”

She stopped. Unbelief looked out of the eyes that fronted hers.

“And ever since,” Bob said cheerfully, “Uncle has been trying to locate you. He has telegraphed and telephoned all over New England, I guess.”

But now Sally had recovered her breath. “You don’t mean—you can’t mean— Mary, if you’re not Marcia’s little cousin—”

“There’s Marcia’s little cousin.” Bob indicated the stranger.

“Then what—who—is Mary?”

Bob undertook to tell her that also.

Mary was talking to Emmeline Rittensanger. “You don’t understand, do you? And I can’t blame you. I did n’t understand it myself when I came. For I had never been in this part of the country before. The chauffeur met me at the station and said, ‘This way, Miss,’ and the automobile brought me here—and I had been invited by a ‘Mrs. White,’ too. They just welcomed me as if they had known me always. Mrs. White was away when I arrived, and the whole household was busy with Christmas and the wedding this evening. So until Bob saw my trunk-check with Crawford written on it I never dreamed that—” Swiftly Mary’s explanation flowed on. The round, childlike eyes of the new-comer regarded her with unflinching directness. There was obstinacy in the blue gaze, and obtuseness. “Don’t you begin to understand?” begged Mary.

“No,” said the soft little voice. “I do not understand how any one could get off at the wrong station. Why did n’t you ask the conductor what station it was? And then at the house here— No, I do not understand any of it.”

Sally wheeled from Bob’s story. “Oh, Mary, *Mary!* I can’t begin to tell you how splendid you are! You’ve saved our day for us, that’s what you’ve done. And Emmeline—oh, I’m so glad you’re here at last! Come right upstairs. Forgive the way I met you at the door. We’ll make up for it, never fear. I am so sorry you’ve had such a time getting here, and that you arrive just when every one of us is in such a rush to be ready for the wedding. Mother will give you a welcome that will smooth out everything, but oh, dear! I can’t call her just now, when the wedding is—mercy! right upon us! Have her trunk brought up from the station, Bob—quick. Somebody will be downstairs soon. Midget must have gone in by now to help Nell dress. We’ll put Emmeline in Midget’s room.”

“Let me take her up,” Mary suggested. “I’ll help her dress.”

“Oh, will you? You’re a dear, Mary. I *must* see to so many things, and there is n’t a minute left.” The two girls vanished.

Sally lingered to whisper excitedly to her brother: “We can’t stir them all up now, Bob. Why, I—I feel as though I’d been sitting on a volcano and it had broken out.”

“But Aunt Barby’ll see her, Sal!”

“Of course she’ll see her. But if she does n’t come downstairs until after the guests begin to come, Mother will think she belongs with one of them, and the guests will think she belongs in the house. Everybody will be perfectly sweet to her. Wait and see!”

“She thinks we’re a private lunatic asylum,” whispered Bob, as he hurried off.

“You must be very tired,” Mary said kindly when they reached Midget’s room.

“I am tired.” The blue eyes looked longingly at the bed.

“Lie down for ten minutes. You will have time enough. I’ll be back in a moment with a tray of lunch.”

With food and rest, even the scantiest rest, the small face took on happier curves. The eyes grew less obstinate. Mary made herself as charming as she knew how, and Mary knew very well how to be charming. As soon as Emmeline’s trunk appeared she helped to open it.

“It is scarcely wrinkled at all,” she said, lifting out the visitor’s party-gown. “You packed it beautifully.”

“My great-aunt packed it,” said Emmeline. “She made it, too.”

“She made it out of your eyes,” smiled Mary. “It’s a lovely color.”

Emmeline fingered the dress as though she loved it. As Mary helped her to adjust it, she glanced at the watch on the dressing-table. “We must be quick. I see it is time to go down.”

There was suppressed excitement in her voice. She could not remember when she had felt as interested in anything as she did in this wedding of a girl whom she had never seen before to-day.

“You look very sweet,” she told Emmeline.

A quaint little blue figure slipped down the back stairs beside Mary.

“We will slide in among people as though we had been here all the time. The bride will be coming down in a few minutes. There’s Mrs. White—in black with the red roses—over there beyond all these people. Did you ever in your life see anybody so beautiful?”

“No,” said Emmeline, “I never did.”

She said it honestly, a little breathlessly. Her eyes lingered, fascinated.

At that moment she and Mary began to like each other.

"She is a wonderful woman." A little old lady with snapping black eyes and silver curls smiled at them. "I remember when Howard White brought her here as a bride."

"She must have been exquisite," said Mary, "but somehow I have an idea I like better to look at her now than I would have even then."

"Living," said the little old lady. "It 's living that 's put in her face what you mean, child. But when she was young, with that grace and sweetness, you could n't match her in the five States. Nieces of hers, are you?"

"No," said Mary. "We 're no real relation. But she is as sweet to the girls that are n't as to the girls that are."

"And always was. Well, my dears, you 're not her first lovers."

"Who was that?" Emmeline whispered as the little old lady turned to the people on her other hand. "And what did she mean by the five States?"

"New England, I suppose. I don't know who she was."

"But you talked with her."

"Oh yes!"

Mary ran her arm gently through Emmeline's. "Come and let 's talk to other people."

Sally's father spoke to them warmly. "Tomorrow we shall begin to prove to you how glad we are to see you!" he told Emmeline. "To-night you won't believe us, I 'm afraid."

Sally's mother passed among her guests. Emmeline's gaze followed her in worshipful mystification.

"She does n't know yet that you are you," Mary whispered. "They will tell her after the wedding."

"Come and help us cluster around Nell," said Sally. "She does n't want a stiff, pokey wedding. Of course you 're coming, Mary. I 've nearly burst trying not to tell people about Emmeline—you 're such an adventure, you two! I thought I 'd dreamed it till I saw you together."

"Glad to see you, Emmeline," Jim said. "Uncle told me. Your coming is a wedding present worth having." He turned to Mary. "You 're a brick!"

Music stole out of the nook under the stairs. The minister took his place; Grant Franklin and Bob joined him. Slowly, a bit one-sidedly from the necessity of always putting the same foot foremost, a small white-suited figure descended the stairs. In his right hand he carefully carried a tiny flower-trimmed basket. Behind him trailed the deep rose of Molly's gown, and behind Molly

a white fairy, equipped with Marian's serious, little-girl dignity, scattered glowing petals in the path of the slender white bride.

Mary's heart skipped a beat. Nell, in the filmy cloud of her veil, was beautiful. Mary had seen pictures of brides in newspapers; she had not dreamed they ever looked like this. There was something in her throat. Had she read that people cried at weddings? How foolish to cry when you were happy! She dared not look at Sally. Sally was gripping her hand too tight to make it safe to look at her. She watched Nell and Grant; the young gravity of Bob's countenance; the shining look on the face of Sally's mother as she stood beside her husband. Christmas eve! thought Mary. A new home was being struck off from an old home on Christmas eve.

And then, before she realized it, the thing was done. The two facing the minister turned about; people pressed up to them, smiling. Laughter and joy were around her, but over Mary there began to rise, imperceptibly at first, a tide of loneliness. When the little waves curled about her feet, she hardly noticed them. She had done her part: nothing had marred the wedding; she was glad. When they rose to her knees, she still waded valiantly, her head high. What if she were a Cinderella for whom the clock was set? They closed around her heart, and behold, her heart was no longer the floating India-rubber thing she had known so long. It had developed roots that clung and held.

Nobody dreamed that unhappy thoughts were assailing the girl in the white gown with the red roses at her belt. The heads of the roses drooped a bit by now.

"What pretty manners she has!" the guests said.

"She 's—all right!" said the boys.

"Mary is perfectly charming," Molly told Midget. "I don't see how she ever learned such ease and poise, shut up all her life with only a great-aunt for company. She 's prettier than I thought she was, too."

"She looks waked up," said Midget. "She has been growing to look more waked up all day."

THE bride's cake had been cut and eaten; the ices and the punch had disappeared; the harp had fallen silent; most of the guests had gone. Bob pranced up to his sister where she sat between her aunt and Grant Franklin on the great davenport in the living room. Bob detected interrogation in the look Aunt Barby bent on Emmeline Rittensanger.

"Wonders who she came with and why she does n't go. Diplomacy, thy name is Robert!"

"Doing pretty well to have only one pair of duplicates among your presents," he said to his sister.

"I have n't any duplicates, Bob. Not yet. We 've been lucky about that, Grant."

Bob grinned. "Where are your eyes, I 'd like to know?"

"Now I wonder what you 're driving at," said Nell.

"Bob has something up his sleeve," remarked his new brother-in-law.

Bob appealed to his uncle. "The duplicates are in this very room and they can't see them!"

Sally gave a little cry. "Oh, I know now."

"I 'll bet *you* don't, Aunt Barby!"

"In this room?"

Nell questioned. "Presents to me?"

"Presents to you."

"But all the presents are upstairs, Bob," Molly demurred.

"We would n't have had as fine a wedding here, if it had n't been for those duplicates I 'm talking of, and they 're in this room fast enough. How about it, Trace?"

"I guess the wedding would have been pretty slim without either of 'em on hand."

"You know, Tracy!" Midget accused him.

"Father and Jim know, too," put in Molly. "And Sally."

"Mary?"

"Yes, I think I do; indeed, I am quite sure I do." Mary's cheeks were pink.

"Don't you know, Aunt Barby?" Bob pleaded. "Give a guess. You 're warm."

Mary held out her hand to Emmeline Rittensanger. "*We* are the duplicates Bob means, Mrs. White." She smiled bravely. "They are going to exchange me to-morrow."

"I don't believe in exchanging things," Sally

cried, "no matter how many duplicates you have! Can't we manage to keep her, Mother?"

"That 's the talk!" said Bob.

"Hear! Hear!" echoed Mr. White.

"Ditto," said Tracy and Jim.

Mrs. White drew the two girls down on either side of her. "What are you all talking about? Of course we shall keep Mary, now that we have her at last."

"I wish you could," Mary said. "But perhaps you won't want to when you know that I 'm not really a duplicate at all. I 'm a missent package." It was very hard to go on, but she went on steadily. "I came to the town and the house that I was n't addressed to. You had never heard of me, Mrs. White. It has all been a mistake, a lovely mistake for me. *She* is Emmeline Rittensanger."

It took a long time to make everybody understand, and even then the quaint little figure with the gentian-blue eyes felt still a little bewildered and not at all certain what might happen next in this odd house.

Through it all Aunt Barby kept fast hold of both girls' hands. Once

she released her right hand to pass her arm protectively around Emmeline's shoulders. "How thankful I am that you are safely here!" said the low sweet voice. Once she kissed Mary. "And I have to thank you for my peace of mind to-day. I should have been almost sick with fear."

Before every point had been cleared up quite to the family's satisfaction, Nell and Grant had to go away. "You have been the best wedding present of all!" said Nell, and held Mary close in a warm, furry embrace. "I like duplicates."

When they all came back from the station, Jim and Tracy brought in the Christmas tree.



Helen Mason Crose.

"WE ARE THE DUPLICATES BOB MEANS, MRS. WHITE!"

"We 'll be in no hurry to go over to Crawford to-morrow," said Jim, as they set it up.

"Don't think about to-morrow," Sally begged.

"Let 's sit up as long as we can, to keep it off."

"I know a fellow in Crawford," said Bob.

"You 'll see me over there."

"Will you come some time and visit us, Mary?"

"Will I? Oh, Mrs. White!"

Mary dropped to a foot-stool beside the slender, black-gowned figure, and a hand drew the girl's head to the silken knee. Molly's fingers began to stray over the piano keys. The others gathered about her. Sally slipped Emmeline's arm through hers and moved toward them.

"You don't know what a revelation this house has been to me," Mary was saying. "I was born on ship-board. I have been traveling ever since I was born. I have seen a good many things in different parts of the world. I had begun to think there was n't much that I had not seen. But I had never seen—a home!"

The gentle hand smoothed the girl's hair tenderly. "That is where journeys end at last—at home."

"Mine has n't any home to end in."

"Perhaps your father and mother are tired of traveling, too."

"They can't stop," Mary said. "Father has done it too long. He took a villa just out of Florence last winter. He meant to live there. No, he can't stop, literally. We live in trunks, not houses."

"In a few short hours you have made a home for yourself here, for you have won all our hearts. You must always feel that our home is yours. And some day, dear, you will have a home of your own."

Mary lifted her head. Her eyes glowed with the light of new-born far-away expectation. "Some day I will!" Her tone was a resolution.

"May I come here sometimes—did you mean it?—and learn how to make my home?"

"May you? Why, we shall never let you escape from us now. You *belong* to us, dear."

And Sally's mother kissed her.

Mary dropped her head again upon the silken knees.



Helen Mason Grace

"THAT IS WHERE JOURNEYS END AT LAST—AT HOME."

At the piano they were singing carols.

"God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress, too,
And all the little children
That round the table strew."

"I think," said Mary, softly, "that I got off at the right station, after all."



The
Two Chests
Being the Second of the
Wonder-Box Stories
by Will Bradley



DOWN by the river bank, just outside of the town of Noodleburg, was the great windmill of Rich Peter. How it came about that he was called Rich Peter is more than I can tell, though in truth the matter seems not over-strange, since 't is certain he had great store of riches. Some folk say (and indeed it has been so whispered to me) that Rich Peter got his riches by taking



somewhat more of corn from each farmer's bags than was his due for the milling. Yet of this I cannot say for certain, but only know that he was a sour, crusty old fellow, with never a good word for a body, and nought save envy for any bit of luck that came tumbling to his neighbors.

Now, joining the land of the miller, on a rough

bit of stony ground, was the house and farm of Hans, the brother of Rich Peter; and because but little would grow upon this farm, Hans got the name of Poor Hans.

But if Hans and his good wife were poor, yet they always had enough to eat and a bit left over, and of clothes enough to keep them warm and one suit apiece for Sunday. So you see there was cause for joy in their house, and they never let sorrow get a warm nest in the corner. Indeed, Hans always went about his work with such a twinkle in his eye and such a laughing countenance that most folk got to calling him not Poor Hans, but Happy Hans, which was a name, I think, quite worth the having.

Well, one day when Hans had been to market with some parsnips and turnips and was returning whistling a merry tune as he sat astride his little donkey, between the two empty panniers, it happened that Rich Peter was riding that way also. Down the road he came, dressed in his finest Sunday clothes and astride his big bay horse. Did he speak to Hans? Oh, no, Rich Peter would not speak to Hans. He just rode by with his nose high in the air and never a nod for anybody, and pretty soon was lost to sight in a bend in the roadway.

Now just beyond this bend was another traveler—a little old lady with a basket of eggs tucked under her arm.

"How do you do, Master Miller?" said the little old lady.

But never a word did she get in reply. No, the miller just rode on with his nose high in the air, and the only answer that went to the little old lady was a cloud of dust that was kicked up about the horse's feet.

"*Ker-choo!*" said the little old lady, "*Ker-choo! Ker-choo!*" for the dust had made her sneeze and had gotten into her eyes. So she wiped her eyes, and, by then, along came Hans.

"Oh, ho!" said Hans.

Then, quick as a wink, he was in the roadway, and had picked up the dame, and had her seated between the panniers, without so much as breaking a single egg.

Doffing his cap, Hans bowed in a courtly manner, and the dame bade him good day and laughed full merrily. After that, Hans took the donkey by the bridle and led it along the highway, and he and the little old lady fell to talking together of this and that and the other—as of the weather, and how the crops looked, and such like matters,—and in a little while they came to the gate

before Hans's house. So Hans helped her to alight from the donkey, and she thanked him for his kindness and said:

"Maybe, now, thou art called Happy Hans?"

Hans laughed merrily at this and said, "Aye, good dame, so my neighbors name me."

"Thou hast but a sorry farm to make thee happy and get thee such a name," said the little old lady. "Yet, perchance, an thou wouldst plow yonder hilltop, thy crop would be somewhat bettered." Then she took up her basket and went on her way.

At her words, Hans laughed so loud and heartily that the good dame, his wife, must needs come out to see what it was all about.

"See!" said Hans, in answer to the good wife. "Yonder dame bids me plow our stony hilltop and so get bigger crops. Didst ever hear a bigger joke?" and scarcely could he get these words out amidst his laughter.

Well, the good wife thought it a jolly joke also, and that the crop was like to be no more than big stones. Then Hans unharnessed the donkey, and after that went in and sat down to a good dish of cabbage broth, and no more was said of the plowing that day. The next day Hans must needs go to the hilltop and look about a little, and so again on the day after; and in the end it came about that one morning, when the good wife looked that way, there was Hans with the donkey hooked to the plow turning the first furrow.

"Well," said she, "I will go out and give him a little help."

Up the hill, then, she trudged and came to Hans just as the plow's nose caught in a great flat stone. So they both took hold of the stone and heaved it over, and there, nigh where the stone was, what should they see glittering in the sun but a fine golden casket and, beside it, one of pewter!

"My, but here are treasures worth the finding!" said Hans.

"Yes," said the good wife, "here is a crop that is better than stones!"

"Aye, or turnips either, for that matter," said Hans.

Well, after they had looked on the caskets some





little time in wonder, they took up the gold one; and when they saw how nicely it was wrought, the good wife spoke and said:

"See, Hans, if we take this one, folk will ask how we came by it, and they will say: 'Happy Hans is turned thief; better he had remained Poor Hans.' Then, when it comes to the ear of the provost, mayhap thou wilt be hailed before the king and cast into prison. What say you, Husband, shall we not put it again beneath the rock and take only the pewter one, which will look so fine on the mantel above the fire?"

Yes, the good wife said all this to Hans; and as for Hans—well, he had eyes that could see more than the shell to that nut and that a good bit of truth lay in the kernel.

So in the end it was done as the good wife wished, and they took away with them only the casket of pewter and left the one of gold beneath the rock on the hilltop.

"See, Husband," said the good wife, when they had placed the casket upon the mantel, "does it not look fine?"

"That it does!" said Hans. "What think you it can contain?"

Well, the good wife could n't answer that, but they might look and see. So they had it down off the mantel and found no trouble in opening the lid. Inside was only a bit of parchment on which was written:

**Ask, and it shall be thine till
thou hast enough.**

"Now, Wife, what think you can be the meaning of this?" said Hans.

But though they puzzled long on the matter, neither one could find an answer.

"Humph!" said Hans, at last. "Wife, I am getting hungry. I wish we might have dinner."

Crash! Boom! Bang! There was a flash of red light in the box, and out hopped two funny little men, who straightway went about laying the table with all sorts of good things to eat. So quickly did they do this, that Hans and his good wife had scarcely recovered their senses when they saw more food before them than Neighbor Hincklefitz had on the day of the mayor's visit, and that was a good lot, I can tell you!

"Hold!" said the good wife, who was a careful, thrifty body and did not like waste. "Surely there is enough here for this day and to-morrow!"

At the word "Enough" the little men vanished back into the casket and closed the lid.

Well, that was a fine meal for Hans to sit down to, you may be sure, and such cooking as even the good wife said she had never tasted before! When they had eaten their fill and had put away, on a shelf in the cupboard, what remained, Hans lent a hand in clearing away the dishes.

"Wife," said he, "that was a fine dinner we have just eaten. I wish the donkey out in the barn might have as good."

Crash! Boom! Bang!

Up flew the lid of the casket, then there was the red light, and quick as a wink the two little men were out in the barn feeding oats to the donkey.

Hans and the good wife were not frightened this time, for they had seen the casket act that way before, only they did not know it was in answer to Hans's wish.

In a little while the dishes were all wiped and put away. Then Hans and the good wife got them ready to go to town, and started for the barn to harness the donkey.

My, what a sight there was to meet their gaze! There was the barn bursting full and running over with oats, and the two little men shoveling in more as fast as ever

a body could shovel!

"Hold!" said Hans, for he feared the donkey would be smothered. "There are enough oats here for a year and a day!"

At that word "Enough," the two little men vanished, and the click of the lid told that they were again back in the casket.

As you will guess, when Hans and the good wife put their heads together, they found it not hard to discover the secret of the casket. Then matters went pretty smoothly in that house, you may be sure. There was always enough and to spare on the pantry shelf, and a bolt or two of good linen in the closet.

Said the neighbors: "Happy Hans has a thrifty wife; see how they prosper, and on such a poor bit of land, too." But of course the neighbors knew nothing of the little pewter casket on the mantel above the fire.



Meanwhile, how were matters going with Rich Peter? Well, it did n't take half a look for Rich Peter to see that matters were better than well

"What shall we wish for first?" said the provost.

"Oh, thus and so," said Rich Peter.



"MY, BUT HERE ARE TREASURES WORTH THE FINDING!" SAID HANS."

with Happy Hans. "Humph!" said he, as he rubbed his nose, "we shall see!" So one day, *rap, tap, tap*,—there was Rich Peter at the door of Happy Hans.

"Good day to you, Brother," said Rich Peter.

"Good day to you, Brother," said Happy Hans.

Then a plate was laid at the table for Rich Peter, and he tucked beneath his napkin as fine a meal as ever might be had at the mayor's house.

"Ahem!" began Rich Peter, when the meal was finished. But that was only the beginning, and the end was just this: that from Hans and his good wife he got the whole story of the pewter casket.

Then Rich Peter rode off to town, and *rap, tap, tap*—this time it was at the door of the provost's house.

When Rich Peter and the provost got their heads together, only this could come of it, that Happy Hans must give up the pewter casket. Yes, that was what the provost said when he came to Hans's house the next day. Of course when the provost said this, Hans knew there were no two ways out of it.

So the casket was taken to the house of the rich miller, and there it was to be share and share alike with Rich Peter and the provost.

"No, that would n't do," said the provost; "it must be so and so."

In this way they got to quarreling, the miller wanting one thing and the provost another, and in the end there was no wish made that day, or the next, or the day after.

While matters were going this way at the home of Rich Peter, the larder was ever getting lower at the home of Happy Hans.

"Wife," said Hans one day, "let us go take a look at the gold casket. For see, the provost has taken away the pewter one, and he can do no more with the other."

After that it was n't long before the gold casket was on the mantel where had been the one of pewter, and no great time passed before Hans and the good wife had the lid open and

found another parchment, on which was written:

**Ask, and thou shalt have till
thou art content.**

About this time Rich Peter had begun to wonder how matters were going with Happy Hans. And he thought: "Now he is like to be feeling pretty poor without the casket. I will go and see." And so *rap, tap, tap*—there was Rich



Peter at the door of Happy Hans's house, just as Hans and his good wife were reading the scroll.

Quick as a wink Hans had the parchment in his pocket and the casket back on the mantel. Then it was "Good day to you, Brother Hans," and "Good day to you, Brother Peter"; and there was Rich Peter in the room with his eyes on the casket.

Now this time, Rich Peter was n't going to bother with the provost—no! It might be share and share alike with a *pewter* casket, but a *gold* casket he was going to get all for himself. How much did Hans want for it? That was the question he asked now. "Well, of course Hans did n't want to sell, but then might not the provost take this one away, also? Yes, that was what the provost was like to do. So, in the end, Rich Peter went off with the casket, and Hans had a hundred good gold dollars jingling in his pocket, and, as my neighbor across the way says, many a man has had less.

Now, when Rich Peter came to the mill, there was the provost waiting in the doorway.

"See, Peter," said the provost, "since we cannot decide which of our wishes will be best, let us wish that each get what he most should have."

Yes, Peter saw no reason why they should n't make that wish. But by this time the provost had spied the gold casket.

"Humph! what have you there?" said the provost.

"Oh, this is just another casket I have bought from Hans," said the miller.

Well, that was all right, but since they had now decided upon a wish, why not ask it of the gold casket—that was what the provost suggested.

"There can be no harm in giving him one wish," thought Peter. So they put the casket before them and made ready to wish.

"Give us that which each most should have!" said they both at once.

Crash! Boom! Bang! And now the light from the gold casket was green, and out came two little men, and in the hand of each was a big club!

Then how they did pommel the miller and the provost until there was such screeching, yelling, and dancing as never was heard before in Noodleburg.

"Enough, enough!" cried the provost.

"Enough, enough!" cried Rich Peter.

No good came of all their crying though, for now they should have said "Content" as 't was written on the parchment.

Well, at all this racket, out came the miller's wife, and now nothing would do but she must hurry off and get Hans, else Rich Peter and the provost were like to get such a drubbing as would make their bones ache for many a month and a day over.

"Oh, yes," said Hans, when he reached the mill, "I will stop the little men. But we must make a bit of a bargain first."

That was all right, said the miller and the provost, only he was to be quick about it. Well, just so and so, that was all Hans wanted.

Now the miller and the provost made pretty wry faces over this bargain, only you could n't tell this from the wry faces they made over their drubbing; and since there were no two words to be said on the subject, it was just "Yes." And then Hans said "Content," and back into the casket went the two little men.

After that the miller and the provost were taken into the house and put to bed, and 't was many a long day ere they went about without a limp.

As for Hans, he just put the two caskets into a basket, and, with a hundred gold dollars from the provost a-jingling in his pocket, started off home.

For *that* was the bargain he had made.

Hans had n't gone far along the road when he saw right before him that same little old woman with her basket of eggs.

"Good day to you, Dame!" said Hans.

"Good day to you, Happy Hans," said the dame. Then Hans took her basket, and with that under one arm and the basket of caskets under the other, they went along merrily together until they came to the gate before the house of Hans.

"Thank you!" said the old lady.

"Good day to you," said Hans. Then he gave her the basket and went to look for the good wife. When he had found her, then of course they must peep into the basket at the caskets.

Oh me, oh my, what a sight that was that met



their gaze! No caskets were in the basket, no, not a sign of any!—only just a few dozen nice fresh eggs. Yes, just as sure as my old black cat has six white kittens, Hans had given the old dame the wrong basket!

What she ever did with those caskets is more

than I can tell, but I just wish I could get a peep at them some day—I know what *I* would wish.

“What of Hans?” you ask. Well, a body who has two hundred round gold dollars on the shelf can well be called Happy Hans. Don’t you think so?



From photograph by Ad. Braun & Co.

PORTRAIT OF A CHILD. BY JEAN-BAPTIST GREUZE.

ON THE BATTLE-FRONT OF ENGINEERING

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Managing Editor of "Scientific American," and author of "With Men Who Do Things".

CHAPTER I

HARNESSING THUNDER RIVER

As the harrow reached the corner of the wheat-field at the very brink of Eagle Bluff, Jack drew rein and paused to gaze down the canyon. The view was glorious; but he was not taking in the scenery just then. It was no new sight to him.

Five hundred feet below him, Thunder River wound its way through the gorge. More than half-way across the river stretched the massive foundations of a concrete dam, while about them the waters fretted and fussed, plainly displaying their irritation at this invasion of their domain. Above and below the concrete work were two temporary dams which had been designed to divert the river and compel it to flow around the site of the foundation work, through an enormously large wooden flume. But the last spring flood had torn a big section out of each of these diversion dams, and through them the water now flowed almost without obstruction. Since that flood Jack had been unable to detect any progress in the building of the dam. Apparently the work had stopped. But now for the first time in many weeks he noticed considerable human activity down there.

"Looks as if they meant to start work again" (Jack had a way of thinking aloud), "but, jiminy! they can't get ahead of old Thunder River. She's not going to let any one bottle her up. No siree!"

The young farmer picked up the reins and was about to chirrup to his horses when he noticed a boy of about his own age picking his way along the trail that zigzagged up the face of the bluff. Jack waited for the stranger to come up.

"Quite a stiff climb, is n't it?" he volunteered. "Snake Trail is pretty steep."

"It certainly is," agreed the new-comer, dropping down on a rock and mopping his forehead with a handkerchief. "But, I say! it's worth it. What a wonderful view!"

"Do you come from the camp down there?" ventured Jack.

"Yes, my name is Carpenter—Perry Carpenter. I don't know much about engineering, but my father sent me out here for my health. And your name?"

"Oh, I'm Jack Winans."

"By George!" exclaimed Perry, "that river

looks as calm as a mill-pond. It seems as if you could almost jump across the gap in the dam."

"But it's a mighty hard matter to close that gap," declared Jack. "I don't believe Thunder River ever can be dammed."

"Why not?" demanded Perry.

"Have n't they been trying to do it for years? They thought they had her broken into the harness once; and they had, too, for a while. They built a big steel dam—"

"A steel dam!" interrupted Perry. "Why, I never heard of building a dam of steel!"

"Yes; it was steel. Did n't you folks have to haul out a pile of steel junk?"

"Maybe the other contractors did," said Perry. "We've only just arrived. Came last night."

"What, a new contractor?" exclaimed Jack. "And the others have given up, have they?"

"Well, no; not exactly. They have just called us in to help them with the foundations at the west end of the dam."

"Well, you'll never succeed," declared Jack.

"Won't we?" answered Perry. "Wait and see!"

"Yes; that's it. Just wait," returned Jack. "You may get the foundations down and they may stay for a while; but just wait, and some day the water will creep under and wash it out. That's the way it was with the first dam. It was a wonderful piece of work. I walked through it the day it was finished."

"Through it!"

"Yes. It was a hollow dam, you know. Just big triangles of steel set up on edge, 'bents' they called them, with sheets of steel stretched between them. Then at the up-stream side of the dam, to keep the water from getting under, they drove long, narrow plates of steel endwise into the ground, and each plate had a bead on one edge to fit into a groove in the edge of the next plate."

"Yes," nodded Perry, "I know—interlocking steel sheet-piles."

"Well, they drove those sheet-piles all along the up-stream edge of the dam down to rock, and I thought the river was mastered. Then one day, about a year later, I looked down off this bluff and old Thunder River had broken loose. She was racing through a break in that dam and just crumpling up that steel and pushing it aside like paper. They say the water got under the sheet-piling."

"Of course," said Perry, "how could they make a tight joint with the rock? And besides, how did they know they had reached solid rock? They might have struck boulders. What they should have done was to dig right down to the rock, uncover it, and build a concrete wall right on it. Then the water could never get under."

"Yes, that 's all right," returned Jack; "but it is easier said than done. Here these contractors have been trying to do it for two years. Look

"Air!" exclaimed Jack.

"Yes; with pneumatic caissons."¹

"But how are you going to keep the creek from sweeping away your caissons while you are putting them down?" asked Jack.

"Just you leave that to Mr. Barto; he is a wonderful engineer."

"Well, I hope he does succeed. I 'm tired of this everlasting harrowing."

"What has that to do with it?" queried Perry.



"FIVE HUNDRED FEET BELOW HIM, THUNDER CREEK WOUND ITS WAY THROUGH THE GORGE."

at that big flume there; a quarter of a mile long; the biggest flume I ever saw; fifty feet wide and fifteen feet deep! It took them a long time to build that flume, and then they built those two dams, you see, that have been broken through, and expected the whole river to flow around their works while they pumped out the water between the dams and laid their foundation on dry rock. Well, that looked good, too, except that they could n't pump the works out dry; and then the flume kept breaking, and last April, when the floods came, they swept right through those dams."

"But we have a very different scheme," explained Perry. "We are going to uncover that rock with the help of air."

"Why, when the dam is done and the power-plant is finished," explained Jack, "they are going to use part of the electricity to pump water out of the river and irrigate all these lands around here. Then we 'll have no more bother with dry farming. But say, I must go on with my harrowing or old Billups will be after me."

"Who is that? Some relative?"

"Oh, no, I have n't any folks of my own. They farmed me out to this man Billups from the State Orphan-asylum for my board and keep. And he is n't losing a cent by the deal, I can tell you. By George; there he is now!" cried Jack, jerking the reins and chirruping to his horses.

¹These already have been described in ST. NICHOLAS in the series entitled "With Men Who Do Things."

"Come down and see me some time, Jack!" Perry cried after him. "I'll take you down into a caisson and show you what it is like."

Many weeks passed before Jack availed himself of this invitation—Farmer Billups held his nose too close to the grindstone to let him get away even for an hour, and one could scarcely make the trip down the steep trail to the site of the dam and back again in much less time than that; but he often stole a chance to peer down from Eagle Bluff upon the busy workmen below. He watched them build a jetty from the upstream diversion dam to the finished part of the

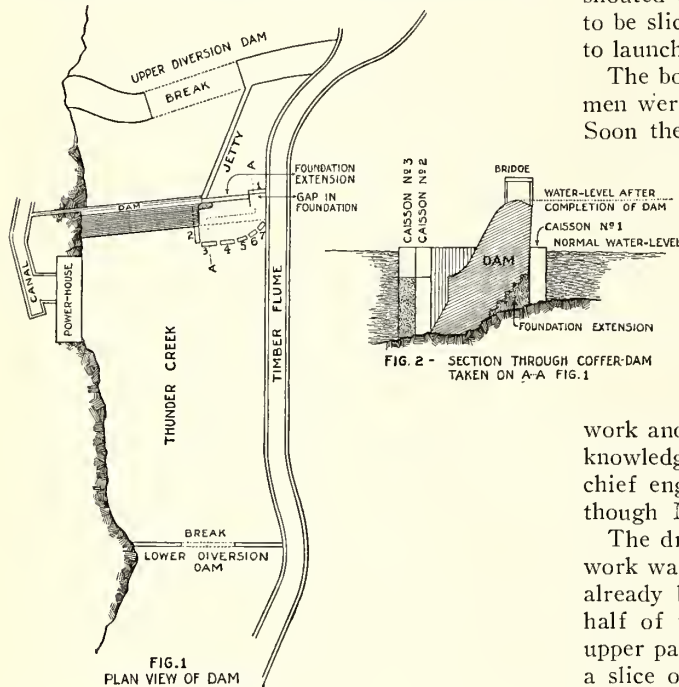


FIG. 1
PLAN VIEW OF DAM

foundations of the main dam, so as to keep the water from flowing against their work. They seemed to be driving two rows of piles and then dumping rock between them. He saw them tow a great box, which he took to be a caisson, and sink it across the gap in the foundations. It was all very interesting.

Then one day came his chance. Farmer Billups went to town, and Aunt Judy, his wife, who had a tender place in her heart for the orphan, let Jack take the morning off to pay a visit to the dam.

There were twelve hundred men in that camp, but out of all that host one of the first to espy him was his friend Perry.

"Oh, hello, Jack!" he cried. "Say, you are just in time. They are going to launch caisson

number four this morning. Come along, and we'll see her take the water."

They hurried down to the shore of the creek, where a huge box of massive timbers rested upon an inclined launching-way. The two boys climbed in under the timbers on which the caisson was supported and stood up in the working chamber. Perry showed Jack the tapered cutting edges of the chamber, also the hole in the ceiling—or "deck," as he called it—of the working chamber, in which the shafting was going to be fitted.

"Hey, you young rascals, get out of there!" shouted the foreman of the job. "Do you want to be sliced in two? Can't you see we're going to launch her?"

The boys scrambled out in haste. Some of the men were lowering the ways by means of jacks. Soon the caisson trembled a bit as if dreading the plunge, then it began to move slowly down the ways, gathering speed as it went, until with a mighty lunge it splashed into the water and floated out upon the river with all the dignity of a stately ship. But a stout hawser brought it up with a jerk and ended its short cruise.

That was a wonderful morning for Jack. Perry took him all over the work and explained everything to the best of his knowledge. Jack was even introduced to the chief engineer, and felt very much flattered, although Mr. Barto had no time to talk to him.

The drawings, Figures 1 and 2, show how the work was to be done. The main contractors had already built the foundations across more than half of the stream and were now building the upper part of the dam. They had even extended a slice of the foundation on the up-stream side nearly all the way across. There was a gap of only thirty feet between the end of this slice and the west bank of the river. This gap had now been stopped by a caisson which was gradually burrowing down to solid rock. The plan was to sink six other caissons on the down-stream side of the work, as shown in Figure 1.

"What I can't make out," declared Jack, "is how you are going to connect one caisson to another so that the water can't get through."

"That's simple," explained Perry; "big twelve by twelve timbers will be fastened at the corners of each caisson. When the caissons are down all the way, a man will put planks across from one caisson to the other, nailing them to those corner timbers. That will make a little square shaft between the caissons. The top of the shaft will be sealed, with an air-lock in it so that

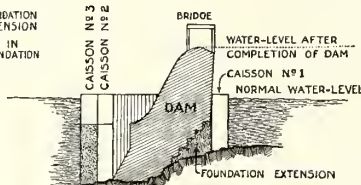


FIG. 2 - SECTION THROUGH COFFER-DAM
TAKEN ON A-A FIG. 1

the man can get inside, and then air pressure will be put on to keep the water down while he digs out between the caissons and keeps nailing on planks as he goes down. When he gets to the bottom, he will fill up the shaft with concrete and seal the caissons together."

"But then you 're going to leave a lot of timber down there between the concrete. Won't it rot out and break up your wall?"

"Do you know," said Perry, "that 's the very question I asked Mr. Barto. He says that wood does not rot under water and the timbers will be just as sound a hundred years from now as they are to-day. Come on over and let 's take a look at caisson number one."

"Are we going inside?" questioned Jack, eagerly.

"Sorry, Jack, but it can't be done!" answered Perry. "Two of our men died of the caisson disease the other day. They were not regular sand-hogs, as the caisson workers are called, but men we picked up around here. They looked perfectly strong, and we could n't see what was the matter.

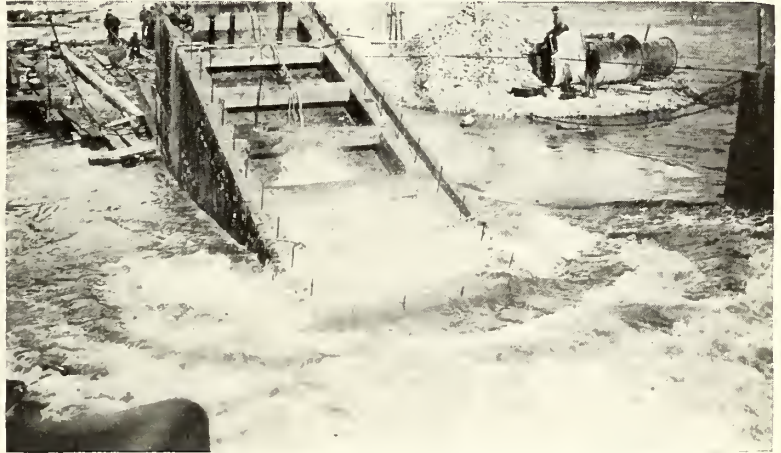
But Dr. Crosby, who came up from town, says that you people who live out here in this high and dry climate have hardening of the arteries or something, and when the air pressure forces the blood in from the surface, it puts the arteries under a bigger strain than they can stand. Anyway he said we must n't let any more people from these mountains go into a caisson. So we had to telegraph east for more sand-hogs."

Jack was bitterly disappointed. He felt sure that he could stand the air pressure; but rules are rules, and he had to content himself with an exterior view. However, he asked so many questions that before he left, he knew almost as much about an air-lock and a caisson as if he had actually been inside.

The morning was so full of interest that Jack could scarcely believe it was noon when the whistle blew and reminded him it was time to go home. It was long before he had another chance to look at the work, although he saw Perry rather frequently. Perry often climbed up Snake Trail to the top of Eagle Bluff to gaze through his field-glasses at the wonderful panorama, and, when he chanced to meet him, have a chat with Jack and tell him all the latest developments.

Work at Thunder Creek dam had progressed

rapidly. The entire site of the foundations had been surrounded. The greatest difficulty had been to make a joint between the foundation already completed and caisson No. 2. By referring to Figure 2, which is a cross-section of the dam, it will be seen that the down-stream face of the dam was formed with what is known as an ogee curve and then slanted forward at a sharp angle which made the toe extend well in advance of the crest of the dam. Piles, made of squared timber, were driven in two rows through the



WITH A MIGHTY LUNGE THE CAISSON SPLASHED INTO THE RIVER.

material that had drifted over the toe. Strips of wood were nailed to the piles to form tongues and grooves which would lock one pile to the other. The piles were cut at the bottom to fit the contour of the dam. The material between the rows was dredged out, and divers closed up any gaps between the dam and the bottom of the piles.

But now all work had stopped, for it was Christmas Day; and when Jack came slipping and sliding down Snake Trail to make his first visit in weeks, he found the camp deserted. Nearly every one, including Perry, had gone to town. The chief engineer, Mr. Barto, however, was on hand inspecting the work. Jack hung around, longing to have a talk with him, but rather shy about addressing him.

Mr. Barto was a man who never forgot a face. "Hello, Jack!" he cried, as he noticed the boy hanging around. "What do you think of it? We are getting along pretty well, are n't we? We ought to be pumping out the coffer-dam pretty soon. All our caissons are down, and most of the joints between them are finished. To-morrow, we 'll start filling with concrete the space between the two walls of piling."

"But it's full of water, is n't it?" asked Jack. "You'll have to pump that out, won't you?"

"No, we'll deposit the concrete right through the water. The only drawback to concrete's setting under water is that the cement may be washed away; but there is no current there, and no reason why it should n't set perfectly, if we lower it carefully to the bottom and deposit it with self-dumping buckets."

"Do you know," ventured Jack, "I've been trying to figure out what you're going to do with your concrete wall after the dam is finished. Are you going to take it up?"

"Why should we?" answered Mr. Barto. "We have carried the concrete up only as far as the natural bed of the river. Above that we depend upon the timber caissons to keep out the water. After our work is done, we'll take away the timber that projects above the river bed, and the pit between the dam and that wall will soon fill up with sand and bury all trace of the coffer-dam."

"I'll have to go into number seven now. We've had some trouble there. The rock is very poor, and we have had to excavate a deep hole below the caisson to get down to firm material."

As the two walked over to the lock, they came upon a man sunning himself in a nook where the icy winds could not reach him.

"Merry Christmas, Jimmy Doyle!" cried Mr. Barto, clapping the fellow on the shoulder. "Fine day, is n't it?"

"Merry Chrishmash," came the thick reply, "day 'zh all righ', so 'sh thish," taking a whiskey-flask out of his hip-pocket.

Mr. Barto seized the bottle and tossed it into the river. "Jim," he said, "you know that no liquor is allowed in camp!"

"But thish izh Chrishmash. Can't we have a merry Chrishmash?"

"Christmas or no Christmas," returned Mr. Barto, sternly, "nothing but water in this camp. Do you hear? Get back to your shack now. You're in no condition to stay out in the cold."

Mr. Barto strode on to the caisson, climbed down into the air-lock and disappeared from view.

Because of the big pit that had been dug under the caisson, Mr. Barto had to take to a rope-ladder after reaching the bottom of the shafting. Very carefully he went over the surface of the rock, tapping it frequently to see if it was solid.

"It's just a pocket," he muttered to himself; "I guess we can start concreting to-morrow."

As Mr. Barto was climbing out of one of the holes in the rock to reach the rope-ladder, he stepped on a rolling stone and fell heavily. His foot doubled up under him. Something snapped, and he felt a sharp stab in his ankle. Was the

bone broken? At best it was a very severe sprain. The pain was excruciating. He was in a pretty fix, indeed. How could he ever climb up to the air-lock, particularly up the rope-ladder? For fully five minutes he lay there, wondering what he should do; then, with the utmost difficulty, he dragged himself up to within reach of the signal-rope and pulled it. Maybe some one would hear the signal. Maybe Doyle was sober enough to come to his assistance. Again he signaled, but there was no response. Then he heard the hiss of air.

"They're coming to help me," he muttered. "Some one is coming through the air-lock."

But the sound of rushing air kept right on and no help appeared. Presently a tiny stream of water trickled out under the cutting edge of the caisson and splashed down upon him. From the opposite side another little stream came running in. Mr. Barto gazed dully at the water for a minute, then he gave an exclamation of horror.

"There's a leak in the air-line somewhere!"

WHEN Mr. Barto disappeared into the air-lock, Jack hung around uncertainly for a time. He did n't like the look of Jim Doyle when the chief engineer had taken away his liquor.

"I believe he means mischief," Jack muttered to himself. But Jim Doyle only stared at the hissing air-lock and clenched his fists, and used language that Mr. Barto would not have tolerated for a moment had he been within hearing. Then the man shambled off toward the big flume.

Some time later, as Jack was climbing up to the finished part of the dam, he heard a whistle. Jack looked up. "I wonder where that came from," he said; "it was just like a caisson signal." Again the whistle sounded. Presently there was a loud hissing noise, and then, from the far side of air-lock No. 7, Jim Doyle staggered into view. At once Jack scented trouble, and he ran to the caisson as fast as he could, scrambling over obstacles and leaping from timber to timber.

"Joke 'sh on Bar'o a'fer all!" shouted Jim, waving a flask, as he saw Jack coming. "Had 'nother bot'le in the shaf'."

"Mr. Barto is whistling for help, is n't he?" commanded Jack. "What are you doing to him?"

"Let him sh'ay there. He threw away my Chrishmash, did n' he?"

"You're not keeping him in there, are you?" persisted Jack. "Something is the matter. What have you done to him?"

"It 'sh jush a li'le joke on him. He shays nothin' but water here in thish camp. Well, I'm givin' him shome water. Shee that gage?"

Jack took in the situation at once and jumped for the air-valve. "You drunken fool!" he cried. "You're letting off the air pressure!"

"Don' you butt in. It 'sh jush a joke. Let him have all the water he wantsh," said Jim, striking out at Jack. The boy dodged the blow, then suddenly leaped at the man and sent him sprawling over the side of the caisson, into the icy river. At once he closed the exhaust-valve that Jim had tampered with, and then he paused to look at the man he had thrown overboard. Sobered by the shock of the cold plunge, Jim was swimming strongly downstream to a good landing-place. Evidently he could take care of himself. But what of Mr. Barto? Again the air-whistle blew plaintively. Jack did not know how to restore the air pressure. There were several valve-wheels, but he had no idea which to choose.

"I've got to go down, myself, and see what's happened."

He knew what to do, for Perry had described the whole process to him minutely, and once had taken him into an air-lock that was out of service, and had shown him which valves were which. He swung a lever to close the bottom door, and then opened a valve to let the compressed air out of the lock. A moment later the upper door of the lock opened and the boy climbed in.

For the barest fraction of a moment Jack hesitated as he thought of the two men who had died of caisson disease. Then he snapped his jaws, walked over to the air-valve, turned it, and, with considerable effort, swung up the heavy iron door. Just as he had it nearly closed, the air caught the door and clapped it shut. Jack stood in the little round chamber of the air-lock, considerably excited. It was just as Perry had described it. He felt the increasing pressure of air on his ear-drums. It was growing painful. Perry had said that he must hold

his nose and mouth shut and then blow for all that he was worth. Jack tried it and got some relief, but still it seemed as if his ears must burst. Maybe he was letting the air in too fast. He reached over and closed the valve slightly.



"JACK SENT THE MAN SPRAWLING OVER THE SIDE OF THE CAISSON INTO THE ICY RIVER."

Then he began to soliloquize: "The trap-door in the floor is held up by the greater pressure of air below. When the pressure above is the same as that below, the door will drop open."

Suddenly he jumped to one side of the chamber. "Why, I've been standing on that door all the time!" he exclaimed.

Less than five seconds later, the door swung

down, striking the side of the shafting with a bang. There was something uncanny about the way it yawned open, revealing the narrow, dimly lighted well that ran down seventy-five feet into the earth.

"Hello!" came a muffled voice from out of the depths. "Anybody there?" The voice sounded strange in that heavy atmosphere.

"It 's Jack. What 's the trouble?"

"I can't get out," came the voice again. "My ankle 's broken, or terribly sprained."

"I 'm coming down as fast as I can."

Jack saw no ladder, but he noticed a set of rungs that projected from the wall of the shafting, and he ran down them like a monkey. As he reached the bottom of the shafting, he peered down into the working chamber. Below him was a pool of black water, and, clinging to the rope-ladder just above the surface, was the chief engineer.

"Mighty glad to see you, Jack!" he exclaimed. "But I don't know what you can do here. I can't climb all the way up to the air-lock, even with your help. You will have to scare up somebody. Run over to the power-house. Williams is there. Get him to send down the bucket."

"But won't you drown in the meantime?"

"I don't believe the water will rise much higher," said Mr. Barto; "and if it does, I can drag myself up another rung or two.—My, how that ankle pains me!"

"All right, Mr. Barto, I 'll have the bucket here in a jiffy."

"Take your time now. Are you sure you know what to do?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Jack.

"Well, don't touch any of the valves outside. I thought you were going to drown me out when you opened that exhaust-valve."

"I did n't do that!" protested Jack. "Some one was trying to play a joke on you. He had too much liquor aboard."

"I can't imagine where they get that liquor," muttered the engineer. And as Jack hastened up the shafting, he was glad that Mr. Barto had n't asked him the name of the guilty party.

Getting out through the air-lock was just the reverse of getting in. Jack knew he must open the exhaust-valve and lift the lower door, and then wait for the air to flow out of the chamber until the upper door opened; but he was unprepared for what happened. Almost immediately a dense, white fog filled the air-lock, so that he could n't even see the electric light across the chamber. Perry had n't told him anything about fog. Could he have opened a steam-valve? But they did n't use any steam on this work. All the

machinery was electrically driven. Really, Jack was quite badly frightened. How did he know what was going to happen? Was he about to feel the grip of the caisson disease? Could he be letting out the air too fast? He groped for the valve and closed it somewhat, to throttle the escape of air; but still the fog persisted. It was a terrifying experience. But he kept his nerve, and had the presence of mind to stand out of the way of the upper door so that, when it swung open, it did not knock him down.

A moment later he had aroused Williams and another man, and within five minutes the electric hoist was lowering a bucket into the caisson. Jack insisted on accompanying Williams and helping him bring out the engineer.

When it was all over, a more delighted boy was not to be found west of the Mississippi. The caisson disease held no horrors for him. Twice he had been "under pressure" and pretty high pressure, too, without feeling any ill effects afterward. There was no reason why he should n't go wherever Perry did and watch the progress of the work. He felt himself a veteran. Besides, he had done a rather plucky and important thing. Of course he did n't boast, and he never said a word about his tussle with Jim Doyle. Yet he had a very pleasant feeling of satisfaction when he thought it over.

But, best of all, Mr. Barto appreciated what Jack had done for him. He was shrewd enough to guess what had happened, when he learned of Jim Doyle's cold swim, and he admired the boy for not tattling. The engineer had noticed that there had been altogether too much drunkenness in the camp of late. He would see that the prohibition of liquor was more strictly enforced. It was puzzling to know how the men kept so well supplied, when there was not a saloon within miles of the site.

After the Christmas-day adventure, Jack was more often to be seen at the camp. Mr. Barto was very much interested in him. He even drove up to Farmer Billups's house and persuaded him to let Jack pay frequent visits to the work, at any rate during the winter months when there was not so much to be done on the farm.

"That young chap was cut out for an engineer!" Mr. Barto declared. "It 's too bad he has n't a chance to study."

Perry rigged up a flag signal, that Jack could readily see from Eagle Bluff, which notified him when any work of special interest was going on. It was in response to such a signal that Jack came down to see them pump out the big cofferdam. Enormous timber-braces reached across from one side to the other to prevent the water

from crushing in the coffer-dam. The bed of the river exposed within the coffer-dam showed huge masses of concrete and pieces of twisted steel, relics of the foundations of the first dam.

"It's going to be a nice job cutting up those lumps and steel girders so that they can be hauled up," Jack volunteered.

"Yes," agreed Perry, "but not half as hard as it was to get them out of the caissons when we



"WE'VE UNCOVERED A NUMBER OF CAVES DOWN THERE, AND THE WATER IS POURING FROM THEM."

were lowering them to rock. We had to cut the steel with the oxyacetylene torch."

Two weeks later Jack hurried down to the camp again in response to an urgent signal. Mr. Barto, on crutches, with Perry at his side, was looking down into the big coffer-dam.

"What do you suppose, Jack?" cried Perry. "We've uncovered a number of caves down there, and water is pouring from them almost as fast as it can be pumped out!"

"Where does it all come from?" asked Jack, of Mr. Barto.

"Well, I don't quite know," replied the engineer. "I hope it is from the river. But if it happens to come from some source high up in the mountains, it may give us a lot of trouble."

"Why, what's the difference?"

"A difference of pressure. There can't be a

head of more than seventy-five feet if the water comes from the river. That means a pressure of about thirty-two pounds per square inch. But if it should come from the top of the mountain with a head of three thousand feet, there will be a pressure of nearly thirteen hundred pounds per square inch."

"But do you have to stop it, Mr. Barto?" asked Perry. "Why not let it go?"

"My dear boy, you ought to know what running water will do! Jack, here, can tell you how it got under the first dam, and how it ate out the foundations. We are not going to let anything like that happen again if we can help it."

"But what *are* you going to do?"

"We'll have to dam the streams," answered Mr. Barto.

And this is how it was done: channels were cut in the face of the rock leading from one cave to the other, while a big steel pipe was set in the mouth of the lowest and largest cave. Then a concrete wall was built over the face of the rock, sealing all the caves, while all the water gathered in the lower cave and poured in a big stream out of the pipe. At the end of the pipe there was a valve, while just behind it there was a stand-pipe leading up to a little above the normal level of the river. When all was ready, the valve was shut, and the water, suddenly checked, surged up the stand-pipe. Cement was then pumped in through this pipe to plug and seal the big main.

THIS was the last serious difficulty encountered in the building of the foundations of Thunder Creek dam. Everything went smoothly after that. But an incident occurred, just before the caves were walled off, that is worth recording. Perry and Jack made a most surprising discovery. Because of his lame ankle, Mr. Barto had to depend upon Perry for many things that ordinarily he attended to himself. He had Perry inspect the rock of the caves, and Jack, who happened around just then, went along. The largest of the cavities was close to caisson No. 1. It was about six feet high and appeared to be not more than ten feet deep. But when Perry began prying around with a big iron bar, he loosened a rock, beyond which there appeared to be a still larger cavity. Excited by this discovery, both boys began crumbling away the rock until they had opened a passage large enough for them to squirm through.

"This looks like a big cave!" cried Jack.

"Let's get a candle and explore it," suggested Perry.

By the light of the candle they were able to see that this was quite a broad corridor, carved

out by nature, and that it rose very steeply, with a rough, broken floor. There were not many branches in the corridor, and it ran fairly straight, so that they had no fear of losing their way. At times it narrowed so that they could barely get through, and once or twice they had to creep along on hands and knees. They had progressed slowly for perhaps a quarter of a mile when the passageway suddenly contracted to a mere fissure that they could n't possibly squeeze through. Jack climbed up the face of the rock to a point where there was a slightly broader opening through which he could look into the mystery beyond.

"Do you see anything?" inquired Perry. "Don't you want the candle?"

"No; I believe I see daylight. We must be near the mouth of the cave. 'Sh-h!' I hear some one coming."

Perry put his ear to the fissure and listened. He heard a voice say: "Hello! Kelly must have been here last night. He 's taken his money and brought us a new stock."

The voice sounded like Jim Doyle's.

"But does he leave the stuff with no one to watch it?" said another voice.

"Sure!" replied the first man. "And why not? He treats us square, and we treat him square. If it was n't for him, we 'd have a pretty dry time in camp—they 're so strict; but Kelly, he comes up here at night with a load of bottles and a box for the silver, and he knows that when he comes

back again there 'll be a half-dollar in the box for every bottle taken."

The boys heard the men drop a couple of pieces of silver into the box and then walk out of the cave.

"Well, we 've discovered something that Mr. Barto will be glad to hear," declared Jack.

"Yes," rejoined Perry. "We 've discovered the back door. But it 's locked. How can we find the front door?"

"I know where it is!" cried Jack. "It must be that cave right outside the camp limits."

"I never knew there was a cave there," said Perry.

"What! Don't you know that big rock just past the bend? The one with a pine-tree each side of it? Well, behind that rock there is a hole that opens up into a good-sized cave. I 've been in there often, but not lately. It must be this same cave. Don't you think so?"

"Let 's go round and see," suggested Perry; and they found that Jack was right.

The next day the lower end of the corridor was closed by a big plug of concrete, so that the water should not back up through it and, finding its way through other fissures, continue its undermining operations. On the same day, the hole in the rock along the highway was also closed by a wall of concrete to prevent the flow of liquor, with its consequent undermining effect upon the workmen. Thereafter, there was a long period of drought in Thunder Creek camp.

(To be continued.)

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY

BY L. J. B.



Your bad manners, Jack Frost, are distressing. How could any young lady suppose, When she guards her hands safe from caressing, you'd immediately pinch her poor nose?"

A Little Boy's Friends

by
Mary Coles Carrington



WHEN we were playing "One old cat" at school not long ago,
A lot of boys were scrouging 'round—it 's loads of fun, you know.
I never knew who did it, I 'm glad I did n't see,
But some one gave my leg a crack and just knocked out my knee.
It does n't hurt an awful lot except that when it 's damp,
The wetness seems to get inside and give me dreadful cramp,
And yet it 's hard to lie quite still, so Father wheels my chair
Out on the porch—I stay all day;—it 's easier to bear.
Our house is on a corner ; I see two streets from here :
It 's very interesting when so many things are near.
And I have made an alphabet of people that I know—
It is n't very funny, but all of it is so.

A

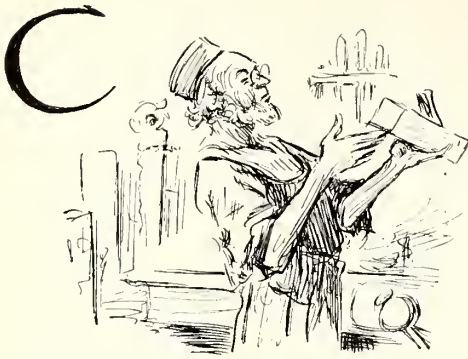


A is for the Ash man who drives the city cart ;
I think he is an Irishman—his name is Patrick
Hart ;
He has a nice old Jinny mule, and always
hollers, "Whay !"
You, Jinny, stop an' ask th' lad, 'An' how 's th'
leg to-day? "

B



B is for the Butcher-boy and for hisbulldog, too ;
The bulldog's name is Bingo—he 's smart, I
just tell you.
He usually trots behind, but when they leave
our meat,
He takes the reins right in his mouth and sits
up on the seat.



C is for the Carpenter; he mended our back fence,
And now he 's working 'cross the street. He 's got a lot
of sense;
He showed me how to plane and saw, and soon as I
get well,
He 'll show me how to make a stand for Mother's
flowers—Don't tell!

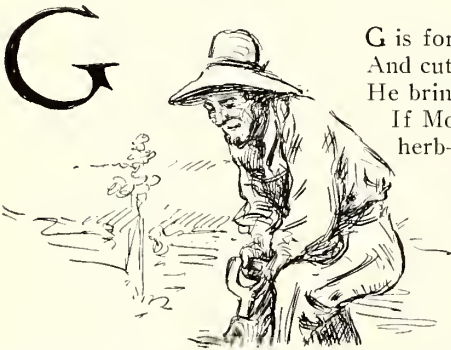
D is for the Doctor; he 's jolly, wise, and fat;
He comes to see me twice a week, or sometimes
more than that;
And always stops his auto as he is going past,
To smile and say, "Well, well, young man, *you 're*
getting well too fast!"



E is for the Egg man, with baskets on his arm,
Who sells us eggs and chickens he raises on his farm;
He sounds so funny when he says, "Young marster, how 's
yer bone?"
But once he brought a yellow chick and
gave me for my own.



F is the Fish man; he yells, "Fresh feesh, all kinds!"
I really can't help laughing, but I don't believe he minds;
He holds his fish so I can see, and tells me each one's name.
He 's rather rough and grimy, but I like him just the same.



G is for the Gardener who spades our flower-beds,
And cuts the grass, and potters 'round our house and Uncle Ned's;
He brings me chickweed for my bird, and often stops to see
If Mother will not let him make
herb-poultice for my knee.

H is for the Hackman, with horses Bob and Jim;
He 's taught them how to raise their feet and play "shake
hands" with him;
I keep some apples for them, as they have learnt to know,
For, every time they pass, they stop without his saying,
"Whoa!"





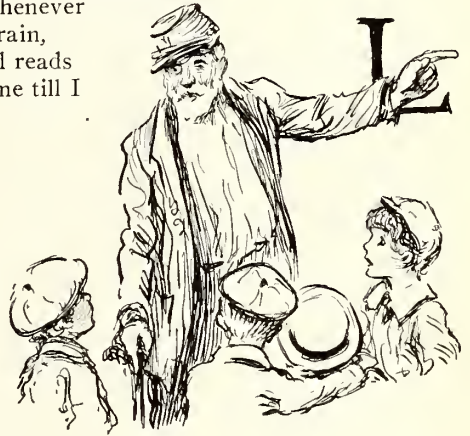
I is for the Iceman; he dashes up in style;
The big wheels roll, the horses clump, you hear
him half a mile;
He calls "Hey, kid, you 're looking fine! I 'll
race you 'round the square,"
And I call back,
"You wait a while!
I tell you I 'll
be there!"



J is for the Janitor I used to know at school;
We used to tease him all the time, and call him, "April Fool!"
I thought that he was always cross, but now, when he goes by,
He waves his hand and grins and brings me pencils on the sly.



K is for Miss Kitty King, a lady in our street
Who 's always had a crooked back, and yet is good
and sweet;
She knows how bones can hurt,
and so, whenever
we have rain,
She comes and reads
aloud to me till I
forget
the pain.



L is for the Laundryman who brings my father's shirts;
He was a soldier in the war, his wounded leg still hurts.
There is a bullet in it he got at San Juan Hill;
He told us all about the fight,—I say, it makes you thrill!



M is for my Mother—I tell you, *she's all right!*
Her hair is brown and curly, her cheeks are pinky-white.
We watch for Father just at dark,
and, when his step
draws near,
Why, she hugs me
and I hug her
and both cry
out, "He 's
here!"



N is for the newsboy, I like to see him come;
You could n't call him stylish, but he 'd make a jolly chum.
I gave him grapes and oranges—what do you think he said?
"Say, bo', you mind if Ma has these? She 's sick at home in bed."



O is for the Organ-grinder, with his funny monkey, Ben;
 My father gave him fifty cents to 'muse me now and then;
 He comes around right often and plays some lovely tunes
 Like "Hot time in the old town" and "Little Lonesome Coons."

P is for the Postman; he's one of my best friends
 And brings me postcards from Japan, that Uncle Johnnie sends;
 I hear his whistle far away, and I'm always glad when he
 Can stop a minute on the steps and have a talk with me.



Q is for old Queery; they say he's lost his mind;
 He does act mighty funny, but still he's good and kind;
 I saw him help a poor, stray dog a motor-car had hurt,—
 Tied up his paw, and fed him meat,
 and brushed off all the dirt.

R is for the Ragman; he rings a jingly bell
 And buys old iron, bottles, rags, all that you have to sell;
 I saved up things for 'most a year and made a whole half-dollar,
 And for my mother's birthday bought a *beautiful* lace collar.



S is the Street-sweepers; they make the dust-clouds start;
 Some sweep the dirt in little piles, some dump it in a cart.
 I've watched them work so long that now I know each one by sight.
 They grin, and say, "Hullo, how's all?" I say, "Hullo, all right!"

T is for the Teacher who taught me 'rithmetic;
 I used to hate her class at school, but now, since I've been sick,
 She comes and says such funny things: "*Subtract*
 your pain a while;
 Then *add* some cake; *divide* with me; now *multiply*
 your smile!"



U



U is the old Umbrella man who mended my umbrella,
 And sharpened Mother's scissors, too—his name is Tony Stella;
 He told me how his wife was sick, and, so
 down at a store,
 My father got a job for him where he can
 make some more.

V



V's for Mr. Vincent, the vegetable man,
 Who raises splendid things to eat—I just eat
 all I can.
 He 's going to drive me to his place as soon as
 I get up,
 And give me for my very own a lovely setter
 pup.

W



W's for Aunt Winnie; she washes now for us,
 But used to be my mammy—you ought to hear
 her fuss;
 "Hi, chile, how cum dey 'buse you? I wonder
 dey ain' 'fraid!
 Dem no-count, wuffless boys at school—I 'd lak
 ter bus' dey haid!"

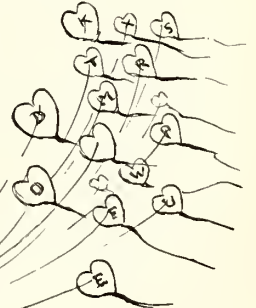
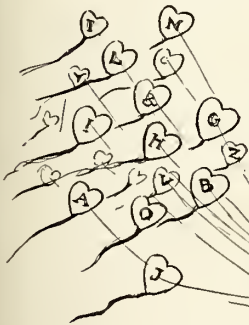
X Y Z



X, Y, Z are people whose names I do not know,—
 Two young men and a Grandpa, his hair is
 white as snow.
 The young men say, "How are you, kid?" the
 old, "Good day, my son!"—
 It's very kind of them to stop and ask how
 I get on!

&

And "and" must stand for just about a hundred
 dozen things,
 For all the boys and girls, our cook, my little
 bird that sings,
 The neighbors, all my cousins, the preacher,
 Mr. Lee—
 I just love everybody for they've been
 so good to me!



THE SAPPHIRE SIGNET

OR, THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-up House"

CHAPTER V

"THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL"

Two afternoons later, the three active members of the Antiquarian Club rushed up the stoop of the Charlton Street house in a breathless scurry. And Margaret awaited them in the parlor in a fever of no less eager excitement.

"Hurry, girls!" she cried when the first greetings were over. "I've just got heaps to read to you! And some of it'll make you 'sit up and take notice,' as Alexander says!"

"Who's Alexander?" queried Corinne, curiously.

"Oh, he's a boy-cousin who lives with us," Bess enlightened her. "He was Mother's sister's child, and his parents are both dead now, so Mother had him come here a year or two ago. He's twelve years old and a perfect nuisance! He hates girls, so he generally keeps out of our way. That's why you've never seen him. But, come on! I'm wild to hear what's coming next! Margaret would n't tell us a single thing she's found out."

"Wait a minute before we begin," spoke up Corinne, "and let's just run over what we've already discovered. It'll keep us from getting mixed up. A young girl of sixteen has run away from her home in Bermuda, and is in some place where she thinks her life is in danger. Before she ran away, she did something to assist in some plot against her country (which must be Bermuda), and probably that's one reason why she is in danger. Maybe something's been discovered about it. She's staying with a Madame M., and it seems to be a house of mystery.

"One thing I have pretty well guessed, and probably so have you all—that this must have happened a long time ago. Her language is n't very—well, modern—sounds to me like stories I've read about old England, and America too in former times. I think it's likely she's in one of those two countries when she writes—probably England, because she speaks of 'Madame M.' and 'Lady Blank,' and those titles don't somehow go with America. Then there's something strange about a sapphire signet. But go on now, Mar-

garet! Maybe you've discovered something new!"

Margaret smiled mysteriously. "Perhaps just a few things!" she admitted. "Here's where we left off. I've copied it all from the beginning. You remember where she tells about explaining the signet later? Now I'll go on:"

There is something strange and evil about this house. I can trust no one. Especially do I mistrust the steward. He hath a sleek smile and ingratiating manners, but he is wicked to the heart of him. He associates much with one Corbie, who keeps the tavern down the road hard by the woods. Corbie has been to this house, and once was closeted long with the steward. When he came forth to go, he gazed hard at me as I stood on the lawn. It made me shudder for an hour afterward.

"That's the first name she has mentioned—'Corbie,'" interrupted Corinne. "Let's remember it. Who knows but it may help us?"

"There's another coming right away," added Margaret, "though I don't know whether it will be of any help or not."

But one thing has happened lately to cheer me. Two nights ago I went to my room, which does not look toward the river, but toward the back of the house. I was minded to retire early, having naught to occupy me through the long evening. Madame M. retires at nine, but I never see her after the evening meal. She is usually in conference with the steward, who has chief charge of the affairs of this great house. She appears to place much confidence in him. But that is not to the point.

I had opened my window and was leaning out a moment when I heard a softly whistled tune, and knew that H. was there. For the tune he ever whistles is "The Lass of Richmond Hill," which he declared, when first he brought me here, was right appropriate to me now.

"I wonder why?" queried Jess.

"I can't imagine," answered Corinne; "lass' she certainly is, but what has 'Richmond Hill' to do with it? What is 'Richmond Hill,' and where?"

"Mother has a friend who lives in Richmond Hill, Long Island," ventured Bess.

"Oh, that can't be it!" declared Corinne, scornfully. "That's only a little new suburb that's hardly been in existence thirty years! It has

nothing whatever to do with this! And I wonder who 'H.' is, too. Well, go on, Margaret."

Margaret obediently continued:

At hearing him, my heart did beat gladly, for he is the one person I have seen who reminds me of home. I leaned far out and called to him softly, and presently he threw into my window a letter weighted with a stone. It said he and his uncle had not been back to Bermuda, nor would they dare to go for many a long day. One of their traitorous sailors had divulged the plot, and the authorities were wild only to lay hands on them. This they had learned in roundabout fashion. They had been cruising along the coast lately, and had had not a few adventures. They were sailing at midnight for parts unknown. He did but come up hastily to see how I fared, before they left.

In a moment I threw down an answering missive, telling of my present plight, and begging that he and his uncle would take me back to Bermuda should they ever be sailing there again. That was all I had time for, since he knew he dared not linger. He went away silently into the night. 'T was brave of him to come, since he knows it would be ill for him to be seen hereabout, now that so much seems to have been discovered.

Margaret paused here and half whispered: "Hold your breath now, girls! We're coming to the *sapphire signet!*" Then she went on with the reading:

I must now explain about the sapphire signet. Night after night I lie awake and ask myself why I ever took it—why I was ever tempted to add this mistake to the rest of my misdoings. At the time it seemed no wrong,—nay, it seemed entirely *right* that I should take with me what Grandfather has so often said was mine, though he deemed it safer not to allow me to have it in my keeping till I should come of age.

'T is such a pretty bauble—this wonderful blue stone larger than my thumb-nail, with our family crest graved on it and set all round the edge with tiny, sparkling diamonds. Grandfather told me that the sapphire was once in a great ring, and from generation to generation had been handed down to the eldest son of the family. He said, moreover, that it ever should have remained a ring; that 't was a crime it should have been changed. But 't was my mother's whim that it should be taken

from the ring, set round with diamonds, and made into an ornament for her neck. He said that once, when they were in London not long after their marriage, she wheedled my father into having it changed, and came home to Bermuda with the jewel hanging from a slender chain about her white throat. And Grandfather



"HE GAZED HARD AT ME AS I STOOD ON THE LAWN."

was filled with wrath at her and never forgave her. Had I been a boy, he says, he would have had the stone reset in a ring. But since the only heir to it is a girl, he has allowed it to remain thus, and once scornfully told me that 't was "as useless now as I was," and might as well so remain.

On rare occasions, Grandfather has let me wear it—once to a grand tea-drinking at St. George's, where 't was much admired. But mainly he has kept it in his great strong box. It seemed no harm that day for me to take it. The box stood invitingly open. The jewel was really mine, and I possessed no other ornament.

Even then I realized that I might never see my home or Grandfather again. So I took it—Heaven forgive me!—thinking it no wrong. But I have come to feel differently since. In these long, lonely months, when I have had so much time to think and to regret, I can see how this act of mine must appear to Grandfather and to all who know me. Even though it was in effect my own, it was still in his keeping, and I should never have taken it without his consent. I dare not even wonder what he must think of me, and I live only for the opportunity to return home and place the signet in his hands.

From the very first I have never dared openly to wear the beautiful thing; and since my conscience began to trouble me, I have never wished to. Long since, I removed it from its velvet riband and concealed it. Nor must I, even here, disclose where it is hidden. To do so would be neither safe nor wise. Suffice it that I will never more wear the bauble till I have restored it to its rightful keeper, my grandfather.

Margaret paused again, and there was a blissful sigh from all her assembled listeners.

"Is n't it the most fascinating thing—this sapphire signet business?" exclaimed Corinne, at last. "I can just imagine how the poor girl felt. She had n't meant any harm in taking it—it had seemed perfectly *right*. And then her conscience got to troubling her till she had n't a peaceful minute! But where in the world could she have hidden it? Does it tell later on, Margaret?"

"Not that I've discovered as yet, but there are a lot of other interesting things—"

"Go on, go on then!" chorused the waiting three, impatient of anything that broke the thread of the story.

"Well, the next seems to be written some time later, but I can't tell how much. This is something like a diary, only she does n't put down any dates. She just seems to leave spaces between the different entries. It's kind of confusing. Now she says:"

A strange thing happened last night. At midnight I awoke. I heard confused sounds on the road without. Carts creaking by, men shouting and calling, women crying, and children screaming as with fright. The sounds continued till near morning. An endless procession of carts and coaches. 'T would seem as though the whole city were in flight. 'T was odd to hear so much racket in this quiet region.

To-day the whole household is in agitation. Fear seems to have seized on all. The servants are in a panic. Only the steward seems undisturbed. Madame M. is calm in manner, but I can see that she is much perturbed inwardly.

"What in the world could have been happening?" demanded Bess. "She speaks of the 'city.' I wonder what city, and what was the matter? Why should every one be leaving it?"

"I've been thinking all along that she was somewhere in England," suggested Corinne, "though I can't imagine what part. Anyway—"

"Wait!" cried Margaret. "Why don't you let me go on?"

"That's so!" agreed Corinne. "It's foolish not to see what's coming before we try to make sense of it. Go on!"

Margaret continued. "Next she says:"

Some of the servants left yesterday. I now know the cause. The rebels are threatening to take possession of the city. Ships filled with soldiers stand in the waters near by. 'T is feared there will be a great battle soon. Madame M. is very ill. She has taken to her bed. I think great fear has made her so—and great anger. She is being cared for by the housekeeper, Mistress Phœbe. I have come to like Mistress Phœbe. She is the one soul who treats me with kindness un-failing. She, too, hates the steward. She told me so. She and the steward and one other servant are all that are left here now. The rest have fled. Would that the steward had fled also! He seems to have some urgent reason for remaining. He has had another interview with Corbie, in this house.

"Wait a minute!" interrupted Corinne, once more. "I have an idea. I'm going to put down on a paper every name she mentions, no matter how insignificant, and see if they will lead us to any sort of a clue. *Names* are about the only clues for finding out things, when you come to think of it!" She hunted in her bag for a pencil and note-book. Then she continued:

"Now, there's 'Bermuda'—that was the first, and the only real definite thing we've discovered yet—and 'London.' Then there's 'Madame M.,' which does n't help much. And 'Lady Blank' is no good at all, nor is 'H.' 'Corbie' may be useful, but I don't think 'Mistress Phœbe' will—and that's all, I guess."

"No, it is n't," contradicted Margaret. "You forgot the 'Lass of Richmond Hill'!"

"True enough! Of course that's only the name of a song, but I'll put it down. Who knows but what it *may* be the most important of all! I have a book of old songs at home, and I have just a faint idea that there's one of that name in it. I'll hunt it up to-night. But as usual, it's late, and I must be hurrying along. Have n't you read about all you've puzzled out, Margaret?"

"I've done another entry," replied Margaret, slowly and mysteriously, "and perhaps you'd better hear it. It may be worth your while!"

"Oh, what is it?" cried Corinne, pausing in the act of adjusting her hat. "Quick!"

"Here it is:"

Madame M. sent for me to-day. 'T is the first time since she took to her bed. She did so to give me this strange warning. These be her very words: "It is rumored that this house may soon be taken possession of by rebels. If so, I wish you to have no communication with any of them, Mistress Alison."

There was an instant's silence. Then Corinne threw her hat on a chair and exclaimed:

"Hurrah! At *last* we have this mysterious lassie's name! It's *Alison!* That's the biggest discovery yet. Is there any more?"

"Yes, one thing," answered Margaret, "the strangest of all. It's a later entry and is only three words long—the first word twice underlined:"

He has come!

CHAPTER VI

A SURPRISE

THE girls got together again on the following afternoon, for they could not possibly have stretched their patience to the limit of another day! Margaret had promised to work like a Trojan till they arrived and to have much to read to them. It was with breathless interest that they drew their chairs around her.

"My! I could n't study a thing, or keep my mind off this a single minute to-day in school!" sighed Jess. "I guess I failed in every blessed recitation."

"Me too!" echoed Bess. "If this suspense does n't come to an end soon, I'll be a failure for the term!"

"Same here!" agreed Corinne. "I do envy Margaret, for she at least can be working at it all day and satisfying her curiosity. Have you discovered much more, honey?" Margaret smiled her slow, mysterious smile. She was certainly enjoying herself in a brand-new fashion these days. And between meetings she guarded her secrets like a veritable sphinx.

"Something's happening right along!" she answered enigmatically. "But I've rather a surprise for you to-day."

"What is it?" they demanded with one voice.

"I sha'n't tell you till we come to it!" was her maddening reply. "Shall I go on now?"

"Just a minute," said Corinne. "I want to say that I looked up that old song last night. In this collection I have, there is given a little history of each song. Now, 'The Lass of Richmond Hill' was written about a young girl, a Miss Janson, who lived in Richmond Hill, which is near the little town of Leybourne, in England. It was written way back about 1770, and the song was said to be a favorite of King George the Third. It was quite popular at that time. That's absolutely all about it. Of course, it's possible that place may be the one where Alison was, but somehow I don't feel very sure of it. I rather think that what she says about 'Richmond Hill'

must have some other connection. Now go on, Margaret!"

"Very well," began Margaret. "We left off with the words, '*He has come!*' *He* seems to be a very mysterious person, and some one of great importance evidently. She goes on to say:"

The house has been put at his disposal. Not, however, by Madame M., for she would gladly slam the door in his face were she able, but she is still in bed, ill. He is very considerate, and does naught to disturb or annoy her. His servants and men are all about, but they do not molest any of the household. Phœbe remains the housekeeper and caters for him. She adores him, as does her father, so she tells me.

I have exchanged no words with him. I have only seen him as he sits in the library or walks about the grounds. He is absent much—away in the city, Phœbe says. He is handsome and grave and stern, but I think he is kind and gentle. I long to speak with him, but I dare not. I am too carefully watched.

The steward is still here, and frequents much Corbie's tavern. He asked me yesterday a few questions about Bermuda. I did not care to have speech with him so I cut him short. He gave me an ugly look as he walked away.

Margaret stopped here to say, "Now comes something exciting!"

The listening three sighed ecstatically.

There have been strange doings in this house. I have now turned spy myself. Last night at a late hour, when all the household was asleep, I heard stealthy footsteps passing my door. The sound was most unusual, for *he* was away in the city, and there was consequently no guard. When the footsteps were past, I rose, opened my door, and peeped out. I saw the steward. He was tiptoeing softly down the hall toward the stairs, a candle in his hand. A sudden resolve seized me. I would follow him in the dark, and see what he did. I felt sure he planned some evil. I seized a dark-colored shawl, drew it round me, and, in the shadow, crept after the light of his candle.

Down the stairs he went, and I felt sure he would pause on the lower floor and perchance enter *his* room to rifle it. I crouched on the stair and held my breath, but he passed on and opened a door which gives on the stone steps leading to the wine-cellar. Once he glanced back suspiciously, then the door closed behind him. As soon as I dared, I followed. Opening the door with the greatest caution, I peered down. His back was toward me, and he was drinking from an upturned bottle. In a moment he put the bottle back on its shelf and stood long in thought.

I was about to conclude that this was all he had come for and that my fears were for naught, when he turned aside, took a knife from his pocket, and went toward the far end of the cellar, leaving the stairway in heavy shadow. Taking advantage of this, I crept down the steps and watched him from the shelter of one of the pillars that supported the floor above. In a moment he stopped, raised his hand, and felt along the great beam above his head. I noted 't was the second beam from the end. At a distance of about ten feet from the wall he pushed his knife-blade into the timber, and, behold! something like a small door fell open!

Into the aperture thus left he thrust his two hands, and drew forth a small iron box. This he placed on the ground near the candle, and pressing a spring,

threw back the lid. It seemed to be filled with papers, and with something else that shone in the candle-light. The latter, I soon learned, was a mass of golden coins, for he plunged in his hand, took out a fistful, and put them in a small leather bag he carried. Then he closed the box, put it back in the hollow space, and shut the door of the secret opening in the beam. I stayed to see no more, but fled hastily to my room. 'T is all most strange. What hides he in this secret place? Whose gold is that? What evil does he plot?

"Is n't that the most exciting thing you ever heard?" demanded Margaret, breaking off.

"Frightfully exciting!" agreed every one.

"It 's like an adventure in a book—only better!" added Corinne. "But, Margaret, is *that* the surprise you had for us?"

"No, it is n't! That 's coming just a little later. The next entry says:"

She has come! *He* seems most glad to have his lady with him once more. I have not yet spoken with her. She has only passed me, bowing with stately courtesy. I think she has forgotten how I once spoke with her. No wonder. Her mind is filled with anxious care. Madame M. is still confined to her bed, and knows not that *she* is here. I think Madame M. is truly right ill.

"*She* must be *his* wife, I suppose," interrupted Bess. "I do wish Alison would call 'em by their names! This is so confusing!"

Margaret only stopped long enough to say: "Now, the surprise is coming. This is the next entry:"

He passed me in the hall to-day and wished me a good morning in his grave, courtly fashion. Then he inquired after the health of Madame M., and offered to send her up some fruit that he had just received for his table. I knew not what to say. I was right embarrassed. For Madame M. will accept naught from him, and—

Margaret stopped short.

"Go on, go on!" they chorused.

"I can't!" she answered.

"Why not?" they inquired in wonder.

"Because that 's *all there is!*" she replied quietly. "We 've come to the end. That 's the surprise I had for you!"

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Bess in disgust, picking up the old account-book and examining it curiously. The back cover was missing, and it was not difficult to conjecture that many pages might also be lacking.

"That 's the *quercst!*" mused Corinne. "Of course, the book *is* rather thin, but I had n't imagined that we 'd finish it so soon. Those characters are large, and take up more room than plain writing, I suppose. But, my gracious!" She got up and began pacing around the room impatiently. "This is perfectly *maddening!* To have it leave off in such a place, without a sign of explanation of it all! Where 's the other part

of that book? Could it possibly be in the old trunk where we found this? Let 's go up and see!"

"No use in doing that," said Jess, "because Sarah 's done exactly what she threatened to—locked the attic door and hid the key. But anyhow, I remember distinctly that there was n't a sign of anything else under that false bottom. It was absolutely empty after this fell out. Wherever the rest is, it is n't there!"

"Well," exclaimed Corinne, coming to an abrupt pause in her impatient tramping, "there 's one thing I 'm firmly determined upon! I sha'n't rest day or night till I 've found some sort of an explanation for all this! Do the rest of you agree with me? It 's the most fascinating mystery I ever came across, outside of a story-book, and I 'm bound I 'm not going to be stumped by any obstacles!"

"We surely do agree with you!" echoed Margaret. "We 're just as crazy as you are to unravel it all. And what 's an antiquarian club good for, I 'd like to know, if not for something just like this! That 's our business from now on!"

"The motion 's carried!" agreed Bess. "But how in the world are we going to go about it? Somehow it seems as if we 'd reached a stone wall a mile high—no getting around it or over it!"

"Then we 'll tunnel *under* it!" laughed Corinne. "But first of all, there 's a question I 'd like to settle. Where did that old hair-trunk come from? How did it get in this house? Who owned it before you did?"

"I can answer that," replied Margaret, "for I asked Mother about it the other night. I did it in a roundabout sort of way, so she would n't suspect why I wanted to know or think it queer that I asked. She said it belonged to Father. He told her once that a friend of his, a sea-captain, had given it to him years ago. The captain said it was an heirloom that had been in the family many years. An ancestor of his had found it in a vessel that had been wrecked, and had been floating around for several months—a 'derelict,' Mother called it. This old captain said it was so handy and substantial that he had carried it with him on all his voyages. But as he was n't going to sail any more, and had n't any children to leave it to, he gave it to Father."

"Well, at least it explains one thing—how this strange book came to be in your house," mused Corinne. "But it does n't help a bit about unraveling the rest of the mystery, after all. Now, the next thing is to go over all this writing carefully, and see if we can find anything we 've

overlooked that might be a clue. Oh, girls, I wish you 'd let me show this to Father! He 'd be so interested, and perhaps he could help us with it, too!"

"Well, as far as I 'm concerned, you 're wel-

She was so earnest and so pathetic in her appeal, that not one of the others had the heart to deny her request, knowing, as they did, what the little club and its absorbingly interesting secret meant to her shut-in, circumscribed life.

"Very well, honey! We will do just as you say!" agreed Corinne, giving her a hug. "Now let 's read this whole thing over, and see if we can unearth a clue."

They started once more at the beginning, reading slowly and thoughtfully through the strange record till they came again to the allusion "The Lass of Richmond Hill." Suddenly Margaret interrupted:

"I 've thought of something! I lay awake a good part of last night, because my back was hurting me, and I had a chance to think of things rather hard. And then, some things we unearthed to-day and what Corinne found out about that old song made this idea pop into my head just now. You remember she said the song was written about 1770 and was a favorite of George the Third? That made me think of the Revolution. And then I suddenly remembered what Alison had said about 'rebels.' Girls, you can take my word for it—all this thing happened right here in America, and during the Revolutionary War! Can't you see it?"

Corinne sat up very straight for a moment. Then she burst out:

"We 're a pack of lunatics—all but Margaret! She 's the only one that 's got a grain of common sense! Of course it was during the Revolution—every other word Alison says points to it! And that being the case, the rest is easy! Good-by! I 'm going straight home to look up Revolutionary history!"

And flinging on her hat and coat, without further ceremony of farewell, she was off, leaving the three staring speechlessly after her!



"THIS IS PERFECTLY MADDENING! TO HAVE IT LEAVE OFF IN SUCH A PLACE!"

come to," answered Bess, and Jess nodded her head vigorously in assent. But Margaret cried out pleadingly:

"Oh, no, no, Corinne! Don't do that yet! It would spoil all our lovely secret society to have grown folks know about it! Let 's wait awhile and see what we can do ourselves. And then if we find we can't make any headway, I 'll consent to telling Corinne's father."

(To be continued.)



The Hunting

THROUGH the gates my lady-mother, mounted on her palfrey white,
Lightly rode with all her maidens; and the long plumes nodded bright
Where my father and his huntsmen held a council on the day.
On a sudden came the signal: "All to saddle! Ho, away!"

Long we watched them from the terrace as they rode—a glittering train.
(Griflet is my father's jester; I am little Prince Beaumain).
Glittering and gay they vanished, and they never looked behind;
But I threw my kisses after, handfuls blowing down the wind.

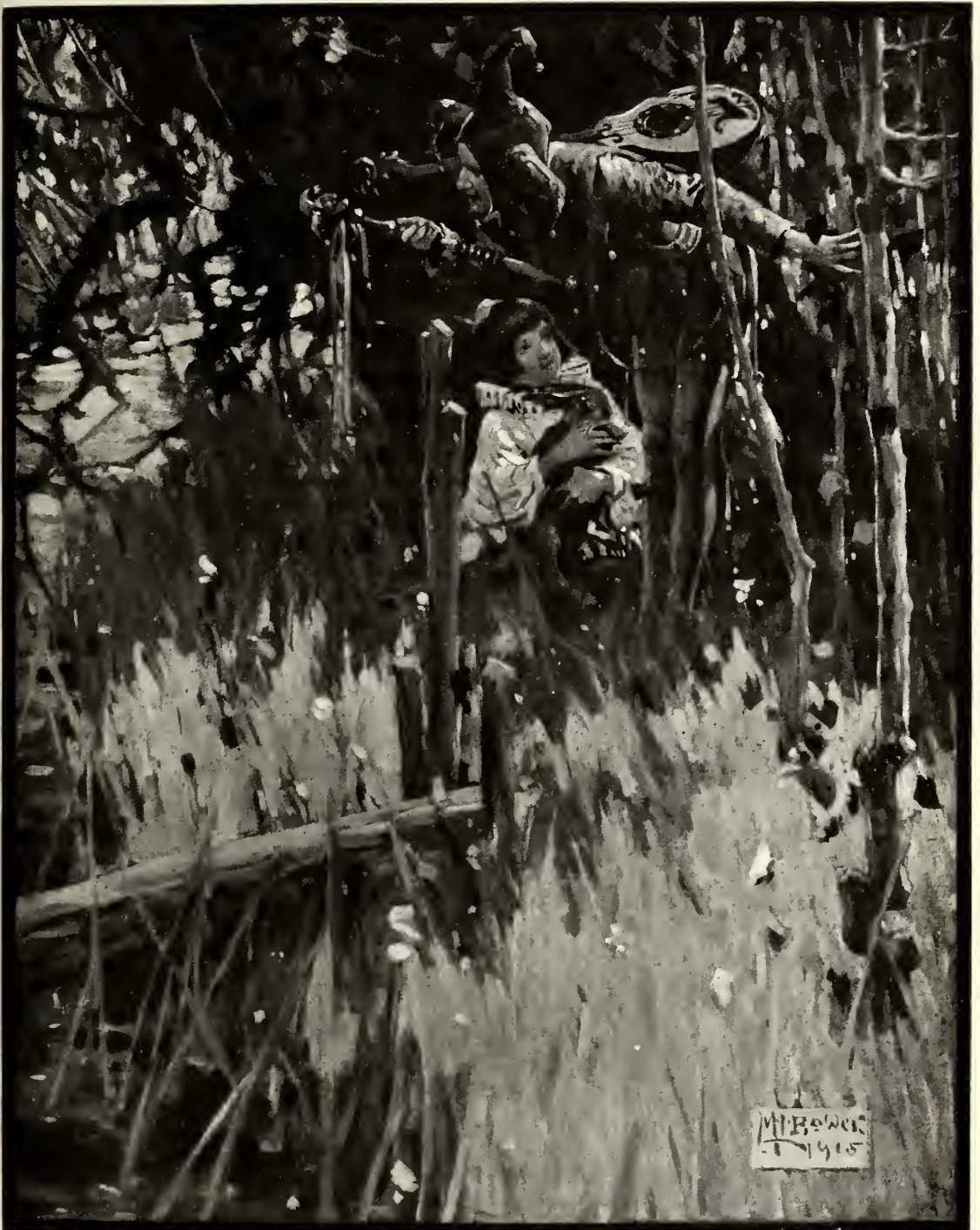
Then it seemed so lonely: "Griflet, what shall we do, you and I?
Even the wind is going hunting;—see the brown leaves flutter by."
Griflet always knows an answer: "I will tell you what we 'll do:
All the world has gone a-hunting, and we 'll go a-hunting, too!"
So we set off for the forest, where the beeches, copper red,
Flung their leaves on pools of sapphire—"dryad mirrors," Griflet said.
Then he whistled, oh, so softly sweet! and birds came fluttering near,
And all little wild things followed. Where *he* hunts there is no fear.

Suddenly across the stillness came a silver trumpet-call:
" 'T is the hunt!" we cried, and lightly ran to see what might befall,
When a brown streak came quick-flashing down along the highroad there,
Blindly to my arms upleaping—'t was a little hunted hare.
Sore amazed, it nestled closely and there lay, afraid to stir.
"Rest you safely, little soft one!" and we gently stroked its fur,
Till we heard the dogs' deep baying. "Quick, we 'll throw them off the scent!"
Griflet took us both upon his back and through the stream we went.

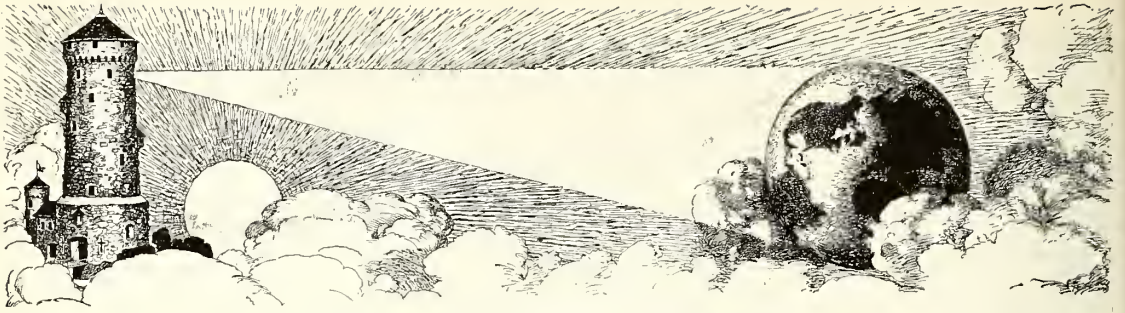
In a leafy covert hidden close, we watched the hunt sweep past,
Weary from the day's hard riding, with the quarry lost at last.
Up and down they looked, and forward, but they never looked behind,
Where at last the little rabbit scurried homeward like the wind.

At the gates we met the huntsmen: "Sooth, it was a sorry day!
By some curious mischance we let the quarry get away."
But they laughed loud as they listened—heard the whole adventure through:
"Certes, you are better hunters! After this, we 'll hunt with you!"

Clara Platt Meadowcroft.



*In a Leafy Covert Hidden Close,
We Watched the Hunt Sweep Past.*



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

BY S. E. FORMAN

Author of "Advanced Civics," "A History of the United States," etc.

THE GREAT WAR

No sooner had the Great War begun than men began to talk about when it would end. At first a great many people were of the opinion that it would last only a few weeks, or a few months at most, for it did not seem possible to prolong a war where the machines of death are so powerful and destructive as they are in these times. But those who held this belief soon found they were mistaken. After the conflict had raged for several months, it was seen plainly enough that a long war under modern conditions *was* possible. Then it was said that the war might last a year. Few believed that the awful strife could last beyond this limit. In Great Britain, however, the outlook, almost from the beginning, was for a war that would continue much longer than a year. British statesmen declared that Germany must be decisively defeated, and military experts said that it would require at least three years to bring that mighty nation to terms. So the people of Great Britain were given to understand that they must prepare for a three-year struggle. Nearly half of the three years has now passed, and, if we are to believe the war critics, the British view of the duration of the war was not far from correct. They say that the war will be decided by "attrition"—that is, it will be brought to an end by a process of wearing out. Which side will be worn out first, the Allies or the Teutons? If two stones of the same consistency, but of unequal size, are rubbed together long enough, in time the larger stone will grind the smaller stone into dust. In much the same way, say the war critics, will the process of attrition work in the case of the Great War. The victory will go to the side that has the greater resources in wealth and in men able to bear arms. Since the

total resources of the Allies in such men is about 27,000,000 and the total of the Teutons about 12,000,000, the conclusion is that the Teutons will be worn out first. And *when* will they be worn out? The critics have an answer to this question also. They say that if the present military plans of the warring nations are carried out and the process of attrition continues as at present, the Teutons will have 3,500,000 men in the field by April 1, 1916, but will have no reserves to draw upon, while the Allies at that time will have more than 5,000,000 men in the field and will have plenty of reserves to draw upon. About April 1, then, the Teutons, according to this view, will begin to weaken because they will have no new men to fill up their ranks. The fighting will go on for several months, but all the time the Allies will be making gains. By September or

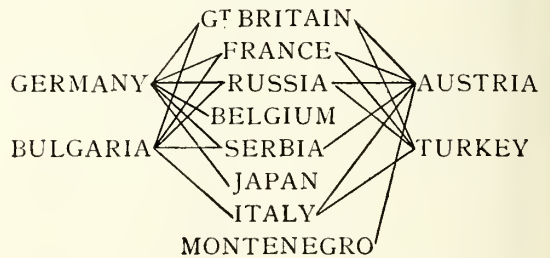


CHART SHOWING "WHO IS AT WAR WITH WHOM."

October the Teutons will begin to retreat from Flanders, and France, and Russia; and after they have once begun to retreat, the war will be brought to an end in double-quick time. So, if we accept this view of the critics, we may expect the Great War to end in the autumn of 1916. But it must be remembered that this is the opinion of war critics who are favorable to the Allies. War critics in Germany, of course, look at

the matter in a very different way. Whatever may be the outcome of the war, it is certain that the process of attrition is going on with terrible results. What it will do for Europe if it continues at its present rate until April 1, 1916, is shown by the following estimate, made by the distinguished war-writer, Mr. Frank H. Simonds, to include all those that will have been killed, those that will have been captured, and those that will have been permanently disabled.

Germany	5,450,000
Austria	3,800,000
France	2,450,000
Russia	6,000,000
Great Britain	1,250,000
Italy	750,000
Total	<u>19,700,000</u>

Thus, according to Mr. Simonds, if the war goes on for a few months longer, nearly half the men of military age in Europe will have disappeared from the ranks. In the meanwhile, the neutral nations look on horrified, but helpless.

PLANS FOR A BIG ARMY

IN THE WATCH TOWER for September it was said that President Wilson would probably ask Congress to give him a much larger army than the one we have now; for while the President is the commander-in-chief of the army, it is Congress that gives him an army to command. Not a single soldier can be enrolled without the authority of Congress. Early in November the President did what it was generally expected he would do: he came out strongly for an army vastly larger than any we have ever had in times of peace. At present, our regular army consists of about 100,000 enlisted men and 5000 officers. In addition to this, there is in almost every State an organized and trained body of soldiers known as the militia or national guard. In some of the States the organized militia consists of a very considerable body of soldiers. For example, the National Guard of New York consists of more than 16,000 men; that of Pennsylvania, of more than 10,000 men; that of Illinois, of about 6000 men. The total number of men and officers enrolled in the National Guard in all the States is about 130,000. Since this organized militia may be called upon by the President to do service in driving back an invader, we may say that at present our organized fighting-force—the regular army and the National Guard combined—consists of nearly 240,000 men. Now it is the plan of the President to add to this force about 400,000 men

to be known as the citizen army or continental army. The citizen army is to be raised in three years at the rate of 133,000 men each year. The citizen-soldier is to enlist for three years with the colors, and then is to be on furlough for three years. While he is with the colors, he is to spend a certain portion of each year in camp and receive military training. While he is on furlough, he is to have no military duty except to return promptly to the colors in time of war or when war is threatened. The continental army is to be recruited territorially, each State contributing a number of soldiers according to its population. Thus the State of New York, which has one-tenth of the population of the United States, will be asked to furnish 40,000 men; Ohio, with one-twentieth of the population, will be asked to furnish 20,000 men. The President does not plan to increase the National Guard, but he wishes the number of men in the regular army to be raised to 140,000. So if the President's plans are carried out, we shall have a National Guard of 130,000 men, a regular army of 140,000 men, and a continental army of 400,000 men. This will give a total fighting-force of 670,000 men. To the mind of the average American citizen this seems like a pretty big army to maintain in times of peace. Yet many people think it is not half big enough. Ask army officers how large our army ought to be, and they will tell you that we need in times of peace a fighting-force of more than 1,000,000 men. For example, the officers of the War College in Washington would like to have a regular, fully trained army of 500,000 men, and in addition a citizen army of 1,000,000 men. That is to say, the War College plans for a fighting-force of 1,500,000 soldiers. But the President does not agree with the plans of the War College. The cost of the President's plan will add about \$80,000,000 to the bill for military expenses. If this additional expense is met by increasing the income tax, all persons who pay an income tax will hereafter have to pay more than twice as much as they have been paying. The most costly thing in the world is war; next to that is preparation for war.

UNCLE SAM'S EXPENSES

EVERY year, several weeks before the opening of Congress in December, the heads of the great departments at Washington are busy preparing estimates for the amount of money which will be needed during the coming year for the support of the National Government. Each of the secretaries prepares a detailed statement of the amount needed by his own department and submits this

statement to the Secretary of the Treasury. The preparation of these estimates is a laborious task, for in the larger departments there are many thousands of items of expenses, which must be looked after and carefully tabulated. No expenditure, however small or insignificant, is left out. The Secretary of the Treasury takes the statements presented to him by the different departments and prepares what is called the "Book of Estimates," an enormous volume containing thousands of pages, showing in detail all the needs of the government for the next fiscal (financial) year. The fiscal year of the National Government begins July 1 and extends to the next July 1. Thus the estimates which are made this autumn are for the expenses which will have to be met between July 1, 1916, and July 1, 1917. At the opening of Congress the Secretary of the Treasury submits to that body his "Book of Estimates." But it is one thing to prepare these figures, and quite another thing to get the money; for what the expenses shall really be are determined by Congress. Not a dollar can be spent without the consent of the lawmaking department. Congress, therefore, takes the "Book of Estimates" and does with it what it pleases. It accepts some of the estimates as they stand, some of them it raises, some it lowers, and some it strikes out altogether.

This year the country opened its eyes with surprise when it saw the amount that Congress will be asked to appropriate for the next fiscal year. The total of the estimates made for the support of all the ten great departments amounts to about \$1,240,000,000. Never before in times of peace has Congress been asked to appropriate so large a sum—about \$150,000,000 greater than the actual expenses of last year. The Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of War ask for \$400,000,000 for the support of the Army and Navy. Last year the Army and Navy together cost about \$250,000,000. Thus the big figure \$1,240,000,000 is easily explained: Congress will be asked to expend an extra \$150,000,000 on the Army and Navy. The people of the country will be deeply interested in what Congress does with this estimate—will it be accepted as it stands, will it be increased, or will it be cut down?

THE MEANING OF THE RECENT ELECTIONS

IN years preceding a presidential campaign the elections are always watched with keen interest, because they often show which way the political wind is blowing. This year, however, the election gives us very little help in forecasting the

results of the presidential battle of next year. It is true, leaders in both of the great parties expressed themselves as being greatly pleased with the outcome of the November election, but it is hard to see why any of the political parties has much reason for rejoicing. The only States in which there was a real contest between the two great parties were Massachusetts, Maryland, and Kentucky, and in each of these States the outcome of the election was determined by local issues and by matters that had but little to do with national politics. In Massachusetts a Republican governor was elected to succeed a Democrat. But this victory for the Republicans in Massachusetts was offset by a similar victory for the Democrats in Maryland, for in that State a Democratic governor was elected to succeed a Republican. In Kentucky the Democrats elected a governor, but the vote was so very close that the victorious party had nothing to boast of. So as far as the actual results in these three States are concerned, the election had no important meaning. Still, in one respect the voting seemed to have a bearing upon the campaign which is just ahead of us: the Progressive vote, which in 1912 was so very large, was this year very small. In Massachusetts, where the Progressive party in 1912 polled nearly 150,000 votes, the Progressive vote in November was only about 7,000—about one in fifty of the total number of votes cast. And so it was in other States,—the Progressive party seemed to have been swallowed up by the other parties. This falling off of the Progressive vote was pleasing to the Republicans, for it gave them reason to hope that the Progressives next year will return to the Republican party, the party from which most Progressives were drawn.

The most interesting feature of the election in November was the vote on the question of woman suffrage. In Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania constitutional amendments granting suffrage to women on an equal footing with men were voted upon. The campaign in favor of the amendments was conducted on a large scale and in a spirited and effective manner. The women who worked for the suffrage cause displayed remarkable political skill. But the amendments were defeated in every case. In Massachusetts the vote was in the proportion of about two to one against; in New York about four to three against; in Pennsylvania about six to five against. Although the champions of equal suffrage were disappointed, they were not discouraged. No sooner had they heard of their defeat than they declared that the fight would go on until the victory was won. In truth, the friends of equal suffrage had no cause to be discouraged by the

results of the election, for the number of votes cast for equal suffrage in the three States made a total of more than 1,000,000. This is a greater number of votes than were cast for the Republican party in these States in the election of 1912.

THE LABORER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE

UNDER our political system the National Government has very little to do with the affairs of laboring men. Congress, it is true, can make laws regulating the employment of the men who work for railroads and telegraph companies doing business in two or more States, for it has power to regulate interstate commerce, but, outside of that, most of the laws relating to labor matters are made by the legislatures of the different States. In recent years State legislatures have been doing a great deal to improve the conditions of wage-earners. Among the many laws passed for the benefit of toilers, the one most far-reaching in importance is the *minimum-wage law*. Within the last three years laws known as minimum-wage laws have been passed in eleven States—Massachusetts, Oregon, Utah, Washington, Nebraska, Minnesota, Colorado, California, Wisconsin, Kansas, and Arkansas. What is a minimum-wage law? It is a law which fixes the least wage that an employer may lawfully give to an employee. Thus the minimum-wage law of Utah makes it unlawful for any regular employer of female workers to give a grown woman, experienced in the work for which she is employed, less than \$1.25 per day. On what basis is the minimum wage fixed? It must be a living wage, large enough to enable the worker to live in a decent and comfortable manner. For example, the minimum-wage law of Oregon requires that every woman worker of average ordinary ability shall be paid a wage sufficient for her to meet the necessary cost of living and maintain herself in health. In most of the States having minimum-wage laws there is a State commission whose duty it is to determine just what the minimum wage shall be. In Oregon last year this commission determined, after a careful investigation had been made, that all experienced grown women employed in retail stores in the city of Portland must receive not less than \$9.25 a week, and that all employed in the State outside of Portland must receive not less than \$8.25 a week. In fixing the rate, the commission paid no attention to the interests of the merchants who employ the women; it simply found out what was the minimum amount upon which a self-supporting woman could subsist in health and comfort and

fixed this amount as the minimum rate to be paid. Minimum-wage laws have been in operation in New Zealand and Australia for a good many years, and in these countries they seem to have resulted in good for the workers. In Great Britain, also, the law provides for a minimum wage in certain occupations. In foreign countries the minimum-wage laws apply to men as well as to women and children, but in this country they apply thus far only to women and minors. Minimum-wage laws in the United States have been on the statute books for such a short time that as yet we can tell very little about them; they are still an experiment. Will they be a successful experiment? In future numbers of *THE WATCH TOWER* we shall doubtless have occasion to answer this question.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

WHEN Booker T. Washington, the President of Tuskegee Institute, passed away on November 14, the negro race lost its greatest leader, the teaching profession one of its ablest representatives, and the nation one of its most useful citizens. The life of Dr. Washington shows in a striking manner that in America the door of opportunity stands wide open to any person who has industry and talent and real worth. Here was a man who rose from the obscure and humble condition of a negro slave to an honorable position among the highest in the land. He was born in Virginia about 1858, the exact date of his birth being unknown even to himself. His mother had given him the name of Booker Taliaferro and to this he himself added "Washington" out of admiration for our first president. His early childhood was spent at hard work; but while at work, he was always trying to improve his mind in every way he could. At the age of thirteen he entered Hampton Institute, where he was graduated in 1875. From Dartmouth College he received, in 1901, the degree of LL.D.

After having taught for several years he was chosen, in 1881, as the principal of the Tuskegee Institute, in Alabama. This was a new institution founded for the purpose of training negroes to become useful citizens. When Dr. Washington took charge at Tuskegee, the only schoolhouse was a shanty, he had only one assistant-teacher, and his school consisted of thirty pupils. But under his direction it grew in a wonderful manner. Gifts to the Institute flowed in, new buildings were erected, and the number of pupils increased rapidly. To-day, Tuskegee has 180 teachers, more than 1500 students, and possesses property worth more than \$2,000,000.

Dr. Washington's work at Tuskegee was indeed great, but his greatest service was rendered outside the Institute among the people of his race. For some years after the negroes were set free they did not know—and no wonder—how to use their freedom to the best advantage to themselves. Their ideas of education were especially at fault. They wanted to learn Latin, and Greek, and the higher mathematics, and other subjects taught in the colleges of white men. Dr. Washington did not believe that that kind of education

to earn a living on the farm and in the shop. His idea was that by labor and thrift the negro would acquire property, and that property would bring respect and position. He therefore went among the negroes in all parts of the South and urged them to abandon such studies as Latin and Greek and give their attention to manual and industrial training. A few of the colored people felt that he was right, but many felt that he was wrong. They regarded *manual* labor as *menial* labor, and they were afraid that an industrial education



BATTALION OF CADETS AND YOUNG WOMEN OF THE TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE AWAITING ORDERS TO MARCH TO CHAPEL. SHOWING MAIN ENTRANCE TO TOMPKINS DINING-HALL AND THE CHIMNEY OF THE NEW POWER-PLANT.

was best for the colored people. He once said that the saddest sight he ever witnessed in his life was a class of negro girls in a Georgia school studying Greek. He believed that the best education for his people was one that would train their hands as well as their minds and fit them

would keep them what they had always been—"hewers of wood and drawers of water." Dr. Washington at first made for himself many enemies by his teachings; but as time goes on, the colored people probably are coming more and more to believe that he was right.

Marie-Laure

BY

KATHARINE McDOWELL RICE



MARIE-LAURE sat in the doorway of the little peasant cottage where she was living with her grandfather and grandmother; that is, the family occupied half of the cottage and their cattle the other half.

Marie-Laure's head was bent low over her embroidery. She smiled now and then as she selected a length of white linen floss from the little pile of gay colors beside her, or as she held off her work to look at it, or when she thought of what the young commissioner had said the day before at the grand celebration where all the Belgian peasants had gone—whole families of them—to send thanks to America for all its kindness to Belgium.

What a beautiful flour-bag had been painted by the boy artist living not far away! It showed the village of Marche, with its little white church and the tops of houses. Marie-Laure would have known it anywhere! Three times in her life she had walked with her grandparents through this village, and she would never forget it, for it was the largest and most beautiful place she ever had seen.

How wonderful of the young artist to paint right on a flour-bag just as if it were a piece of canvas! But still more wonderful to paint half the picture so true,—the little village of Marche bathed in sunshine,—and then to imagine the

rest, and with his brush put an airship up in the blue sky just as if it really were there, with the beautiful American flag flying from it and a man in the monoplane dropping down bags on which were printed the words "Flour," "Rice," "Gold." Then, too, he had painted a barrel and some large boxes falling down on the village below. These were unmarked, and Marie-Laure was wondering what was in them. Biscuits, it might be, and cakes—perhaps even some of the bonbons like those the American children had sent over to the Belgian children at Christmas! This was one of the times that Marie-Laure smiled.

The young commissioner, as he held up the bag, had said it was wonderfully done and that he would take it back with him to America.

Marie-Laure sighed as she threaded another needle with white. She was sorry the young commissioner was going back to America. Still, America had seemed quite near since her American clothes had come and since she had sent a letter to the little girl over there, thanking her for them. This little unknown American friend had sent her photograph, too, in the package, and that was why Marie-Laure had yesterday worn on her hair a very large white bow of American ribbon, tied in the very same way as in the picture. But that was of course only for very great occasions, like the fête for the Commission of Relief for Belgium. She did not know when she would again be allowed to wear the white bow. Perhaps never on her hair, for her grandmother had said the night before, as she carefully untied it and laid it away, that so much ribbon would look much better tied about Marie-Laure's waist as a sash.

But just now Marie-Laure looked what she

really was—a little Belgian peasant child in her own simple frock, her hair tightly braided, and she sitting up very prim with her needle at the door of the cottage at six o'clock in the morning sunshine. She wondered if her little American friend were sewing too at that early hour. Probably she was, Marie-Laure decided, and making clothes for Belgium's children. Here Marie-Laure smiled again. It was nice to feel American children so near and so kind.

She threaded another needle with white and began to embroider faster. A messenger would soon be coming for her work. Who would come for it? she wondered. Perhaps—and for a moment she stopped in her work to think of a wonderful possibility, then shook her little tightly braided head as though such a messenger were quite impossible.

Her thoughts went back again to the afternoon before, to the painted bag of the boy artist and to the various other empty bags that the women and children of Belgium had embroidered in gratitude to the people of the United States, who awhile before had sent these very bags full of meal and flour to starving Belgium. Many, many

bags were shown, and the people would clap their hands and cheer the ones they most liked.

And when Marie-Laure's bag was held up, there were the words on it that she had been embroidering for weeks:

Thanks
Marie-Laure
7 years old

They were in large red letters, and the people could see them quite plainly. There were also embroidered at the top the flag of the United States, in red, white, and blue, and the flag of Belgium, in black, yellow, and red. The two flags were crossed. The crowd cheered loudly as they saw this, and a few—oh, a very, very few—who knew Marie-Laure looked at her and smiled.



"THE PEASANT FAMILY HAD BEEN ROUSED BY THE SOUND OF AN AUTOMOBILE."

Her grandparents were very proud of Marie-Laure, sitting at their side, as the young commissioner said he would take this bag to America and show it to many boys and girls. He added: "On this I find pinned a letter from the little girl who embroidered the bag. I should like to read it to you." He waited a moment until the crowd was more quiet and then read: "If I were a bird, I would come and fly over your village and sing very loudly my gratitude for all the good things you have sent me and my country to eat."

Then the people laughed a great deal and clapped their hands very loudly, and some persons near Marie-Laure motioned to her grandfather to hold her up. So he raised Marie-Laure high in his arms, and some people saw her, and some could see only the big white bow, but everybody cried: "Bravo! Bravo!"

Now, though Marie-Laure was more important this day than she ever had been in her life or was likely ever to be again, her little heart was very sad. The young commissioner had made an address to the assembled peasants before he exhibited the bags, and from something he had said Marie-Laure saw that her bag was not finished. It needed some more stitches, some very important stitches. Could she ever get her bag back again and add these?

So while the people were saying "Bravo! Bravo!" Marie-Laure was not thinking of them at all, but was straining from her grandfather's arms for a sight of the young commissioner, who was packing her bag away with the others.

The young commissioner had said in his address that a band of white around a flag made it a peace-flag. He held up an American flag with a band of white around it, and said: "The United States of America hopes for the peace of the world. All nations must try to bring about world peace. War against the war system. War against war!"

Then the people cheered again, but Marie-Laure almost cried, for she thought how much more beautiful her bag would be if she could put a white border on the American flag. Yes, and on the Belgian flag too!

Some weeks before, the peasant family to which Marie-Laure belonged had been roused in



"THIS LITTLE GIRL HAS COME TO ASK THAT SHE MAY HAVE HER BAG RETURNED." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the dead of night by the sound of an automobile with some persons in it who had lost their way. These were soon found to be some of the officers of the American Commission for Relief in Belgium; and when the household came to know that, they welcomed them very heartily indeed

and pressed them to spend the night, urging that it was quite too dark and rainy for them to continue their journey. And it was all so wonderful to have them under the same roof, and to see them eat breakfast the next morning, for Marie-Laure's grandmother pleaded with them to take a bit of bread and coffee; and then to watch them go off in their car with the American flag flying, the commissioners all waving their hats in good-by; and Marie-Laure's grandfather, and grandmother, and Marie-Laure herself running after them and crying, "Vive l'Amerique! Vive l'Amerique!" Marie-Laure never could think of it without her heart beginning to beat very fast.

And now here, at the fête, was the young commissioner—the very one who had taken special notice of her and called her "Mary Laura" (as he told her that was the way her name would be spoken in America), and who had kissed her good-by that wonderful morning—here he was now with Marie-Laure's bag which his speech had seemed to tell her was unfinished, and Marie-Laure sobbed on her grandfather's shoulder.

"The excitement is too much for her!" said the old peasant women near by.

Her grandfather set her down, while her grandmother tried to quiet her, and soon Marie-Laure stopped sobbing, for she began to plan how to get her bag back. Here were hundreds of people, thousands of people, all crowded together, and there were the commissioners up on the platform far away. There too was her bag, packed away to be sure, but still there!

Marie-Laure had now only one thought. She slipped away from her grandparents and began making her way to the platform. They did not miss her, for she had never before left their side in a crowd. If ever they looked for her, they were sure to find her close at hand. In fact, they thought nothing more about her, nor did anybody else, until there seemed to be a little commotion near the platform. Somebody was lifting up a child from the audience below and setting her on the stand where all the speakers were.

"Marie-Laure!" said the grandmother as she

turned in consternation to Marie-Laure's grandfather. Still, so sure were they both that it could not be Marie-Laure that they turned to look for her and began quietly to call her name. Then a neighbor pointed to the platform, where everybody's attention seemed riveted on a little girl's figure topped by an enormous white bow, and where a child's voice could be heard saying in French, "It is Marie-Laure." She was looking pleadingly toward the young commissioner.

"If you please," she faltered, and motioned to his leather case, "will you give me back my bag?"

"She wants her bag back!" jeered somebody in the crowd. The words were taken up with laughter and ran from one to another. "The kid wants her bag again!" derisively echoed somebody quite near Marie-Laure's grandfather and grandmother, and the group of neighbors laughed. The two old grandparents stood as if petrified: they could not speak for shame.

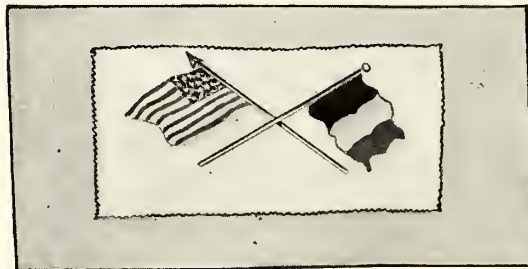
But the young commissioner had understood. A word with the child had convinced him. He held up a hand to get the attention of the crowd. "My friends," said he, "something very beautiful has happened."

During the various speeches of the Commission there had been more or less rustling and moving about in the crowd, but now there was a silence so complete that the young commissioner's voice sounded to the edge of the crowd.

"This little girl," and he raised Marie-Laure in his arms, "has come to ask that she may have her bag returned. It was the bag, you remember, with the two flags—that of your country and that of ours. She wants it back," he said, and his voice trembled, "because she feels it is not finished. Marie-Laure," and he held her higher, "asks that she may be allowed to put a border of white around the two flags!"

For an instant there was no sound. Then as a mighty wave the crowd swayed. Men and women fell on one another's shoulders, or looked silently into each other's faces, weeping. Then high the voice of the boy artist rang out:

"God bless Marie-Laure!"



MARIE-LAURE'S FLAGS.



PRAIRIE GULLS RETURNING IN THE LATE AFTERNOON TO HERON LAKE, MINNESOTA. (SEE PAGE 267.)

BIRDS AS TRAVELERS

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN

Curator of Ornithology, American Museum of Natural History, New York

FIRST FLIGHTS

ONE of the best ways to prepare for a long journey is to make a short one. So we find that many birds, before they embark on their great air voyage which is to take them from their summer to their winter home, first make daily trips between their sleeping-quarters and their feeding-grounds.

This is the habit of our robin. Robins raise two and sometimes three families in one season. When the first family leaves the nest, early in June, it is taken by the father robin to some dense, leafy growth of young trees to pass the night. To this place they return every night. Many other robins, sometimes thousands of them, come to the same woods. Such resorts are known as robin-roosts. In flying to and from them the young birds learn how to find their way.

Meanwhile, mother robin is patiently sitting on her blue eggs, from which in about two weeks' time another little family will appear. In two weeks more they also will be large enough to leave the nest and can join their brothers and sisters in the roost.

Grackles, or crow-blackbirds, have the same habit. But since they have only one family, or brood, both the parent birds go to the roost with their young.

Sometimes the robins are joined by the grackles, and both by the European starlings, which, brought to this country and released in

Central Park in 1890, have since become one of the most abundant birds in our Middle Atlantic States. Such a roost is visited nightly by many thousands of birds.

It is very interesting to watch them at sunset come streaming in from every point of the compass and to hear their good-night chorus before they all go to sleep.

In the morning they begin to leave soon after daybreak, and by sunrise few are left. The place which was thronged by myriads is deserted. Late in the afternoon they begin to return, and ere long the roost is again teeming with feathered forms.

The little journeys of swallows from their sleeping resorts to their hunting-grounds begin in July and do not end until late September or early October. Swallows sleep in the reeds or cattails which grow in vast marshes. They are so hidden that you might pass very near them without seeing a bird. But suddenly, like exploding fireworks which fill the air with sparks, they burst from their roost, and there is a swarm of happy twittering birds above you. A moment later they have gone; each one to hunt its breakfast.

At midday and in the early afternoon one may see them resting in long rows on the electric wires. Late in the afternoon they begin to return to the marshes; darting for mosquitoes and other insects as they go. During the day they have flown far. Thus they gain the practice which makes them ready for the great journey to the South.

How they know when it is time to start, who

can say? But that they all know it, is certain. On that day all the swallows which have been roosting within miles of one another rise up in the air together. From a distance they look like a snow-storm of large black flakes. There seems to be much excitement. The great day has come! Soon they leave the marsh, not to return until the following spring.

Chimney-swifts, in their daily journeys, scatter far and wide over the country. One may see a swift coursing through the air here, and another there. But in the evening they all come racing in toward the chimney in which they are to pass the night. Before this country was settled, the swifts nested and roosted in hollow trees. Now, as we all know, they use chimneys, and the roosting-chimney is usually a large one.

The early arrivals do not enter the chimney at once. In fact, no swifts go to bed until practically all have come, when they fly in a great,

the chimney, and another group of birds darts spirally into it. This performance is repeated until not a swift remains outside. What a sin-



"THE CHIMNEY-SWIFTS FLY IN A GREAT, IRREGULAR SPIRAL OVER THE CHIMNEY."



"SWALLOWS RESTING IN LONG ROWS ON THE ELECTRIC WIRES."

irregular spiral around and around in the air over the chimney. Then, like a whirling column, a part of them pour into the chimney. The others go flying madly onward. Again they approach

gular appearance the walls of the chimney must present at this time, with hundreds, and often thousands, of soot-colored birds clinging to it!

In the morning the swifts leave in small parties, and at once separate widely over the country in search of food.

In southwestern Minnesota there is a small lake, about five miles long and three wide, called Heron Lake. It is the favorite resort in the autumn of the beautiful Franklin's or prairie gull. There are many thousands of them there, and their daily journey from the lake to gather food out on the prairies is one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen in bird-life.

The gulls sleep near the center of the lake, all crowded closely together. They leave before sunrise. All rise at once, and the air is then so filled with birds that one can scarcely see the lake. Many drop back to the water; the others begin their day's wanderings. Again they all rise; a part take leave, while those remaining return to the water. Within half an hour all have gone.

Some mornings they fly in one direction, on others in another direction. I think that they are apt to fly toward the point from which the wind blows. Their favorite feeding-grounds are freshly plowed fields. Often they follow directly behind the plow, when it is a charming sight to see the snowy-plumaged birds hover over the plowman and alight in furrows to pick up grubs lying in the black earth. In this way they destroy many harmful insects.

The return to the lake begins late in the afternoon. At times they fly in even rows—perhaps

half a mile in width—but not more than three or four gulls deep. Or they may come home in V-shaped flocks with as many as sixty-five gulls in each arm of the V. But whether in long, billow lines or low-flying wedges, the flights of the gulls teach us in what an orderly manner birds perform these little journeys.

With the robins, grackles, swallows, swifts, and gulls, these daily trips to and from their sleeping-quarters precede the real migration to their winter homes, where, in some cases, new flocks may be formed and new roosting-places found.

There are other birds which gather nightly in certain roosting-places, but which migrate little if at all. Among these are herons, which every evening gather in some marshy woods or thicket that perhaps have been used many years.

Crows flock together in great roosts in the winter. Some crow-roosts have as many as two or three hundred thousand tenants nightly. When the birds leave in the morning, they fly low and search for food. When they return in the afternoon, they fly high, heading straight for the roost. Hence the expression "as the crow flies."

Like the chimney-swifts, crows do not enter their sleeping-place until practically the last bird has arrived. In the meantime, they alight on the ground in near-by fields. As bird after bird returns and drops down among the others, the ground becomes black with crows. I have seen several acres covered with them. They seem to have very little to say about the day's experience.

It is almost dark before they go to bed. Then

the winter over land and sea. Their chief object in life at this time is the search for food, and they go almost anywhere that it is likely to be found.

So in the winter we may have visits from crossbills or pine-grosbeaks. These birds feed



"THE PINE-GROSBEAKS FEED ON THE SEEDS OF CONE-BEARING TREES."

on the seeds of cone-bearing trees. When there is an abundant supply of this kind of food in the far north, we see very few or none of them. But when the pines and spruces produce a small crop, then the crossbills and grosbeaks come to us in unusual numbers.

It is said that herring-gulls have been known to follow a steamer across the Atlantic. They were not attracted by the steamer, we may be sure, but by the food which was thrown overboard from it.



THE AUTUMN FLIGHT OF THE SHORE-BIRDS ON THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST.

they rise from the ground and in orderly procession silently fly to their roost in the woods.

Besides these daily journeys to and from their sleeping-places, some birds wander about during

The great albatross ranges so far over the southern seas that it is called the wandering albatross. In the museum of Brown University there is a mounted specimen of a wandering

albatross which shows how well this name is deserved. When captured off the coast of Chile, on December 20, 1847, the bird had a small vial hung on a string about its neck. This vial con-



THE WANDERING ALBATROSS.

tained a piece of paper, from which it was learned the bottle had been attached to the bird December 12, 1847, by the captain of a whaling-vessel when it was about eight hundred miles off the coast of New Zealand. The bird therefore had traveled at least thirty-four hundred miles in eight days.

But if a bird be a migrant, its wanderings, or daily trips to and from the roost, will end when the call comes for the great journey. In our next article we shall see when the call will come.

THE CENTURY-PLANT

THE agave, or American aloe (popularly known as the century-plant), is so called from the Greek word meaning "noble," and its name is well deserved. The gracefully tapering leaves grow in a dense cluster. They are from four to six feet in length, pointed and edged with sharp spines, and in color are a whitish, lusterless green.

The plant is hardy in its native South America, in Mexico (where it is called maguey), California, and our most southern States. As an exotic it has been widely introduced into parks, and private and botanical gardens, both here and in Europe, as one of the greatest curiosities in the vegetable kingdom, being credited with the power of growing steadily for a hundred years before it blooms. This, however, is only a tradition. The truth is that it blooms in fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five years, according to climate, environment, or some inherent force, or lack of it, in individual plants.

The bloom-stalk shoots up from the heart of the plant like a slender tree. The flower-stems branch out evenly around the stalk and the tassel-shaped flowers are curiously turned upward in candelabra form. The flowers are light yellow in one variety, and red in another.

In the moist atmosphere of the Mississippi Delta and the Gulf Coast, the century-plant blooms at fifteen years of age. In Mexico and southern California, where heat and drought prevail, they bloom in twenty or twenty-five years. The plant shown in our illustration is twenty years old and has never had any water except during the rainy season. Moisture, drawn by the roots from underground sources, is retained by the plant, as the leaves have no evaporating pores.

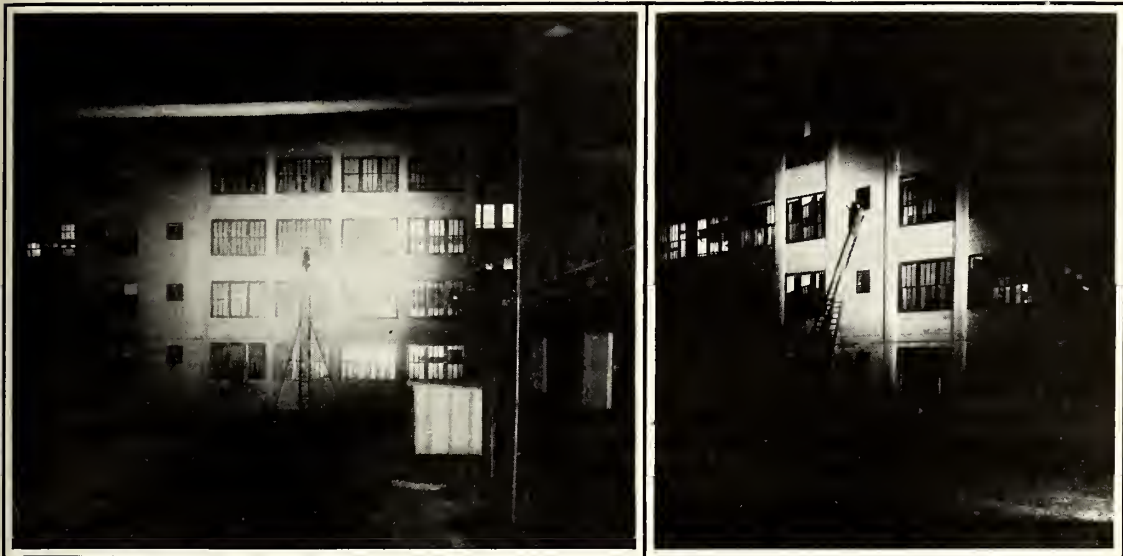
Whether in parks and gardens or on the plains, wide-spread interest in the blooming of the century-plant never wanes, from the time the flower-stalk appears until the bloom is withered and gone. The pinkish stalk, like a wax candle twenty feet high, bears the blooms on upturned



THE CENTURY-PLANT IN BLOOM.

stems, unfolding successively for weeks. A plant blooms but once, for in producing its flowers the old plant slowly but surely dies, but the succession is kept up by off-shoots from the old root.

GEORGIA TORREY DRENNAN.



THE NEW SEARCH-LIGHT USED CLOSE TO A BUILDING, AND AT A DISTANCE FROM IT.

HOW A BIG FIRE GAVE EDISON A VALUABLE IDEA

THE ruins of the fire which partially destroyed, in December, 1914, the extensive laboratory of Thomas A. Edison had hardly stopped smouldering when Mr. Edison had all his workmen occupied in cleaning up and preparing for rebuilding. The work was carried on night and day.

Several evenings after the fire, temporary wiring had been installed and search-lights were being used to allow the work of clearing out the debris to continue during the darkness, when Mr. Edison chanced along on a tour of inspection. Looking at the search-lights, he remarked to his companion: "Those lights are all right, but they take too long to install. Suppose it had been necessary to use these search-lights in rescue work the first night, what should we have done then?" And after a moment's thought he added: "I wonder why it has never been thought necessary to invent a storage-battery search-light, which would always be ready for instant use for

just this kind of work. My! A fire teaches one a lot!"

Thus an idea for a new invention came to Edison as the result of what would have seemed to many a disheartening calamity.



THOMAS EDISON INSPECTING HIS LATEST INVENTION.

As soon as time could be found to do so, he made inquiries of various authorities, and the

ultimate result of each investigation was the same: a reliable portable battery was badly required—one that could be left standing idle indefinitely, and yet be ready for an emergency.

The result is the "Edison Storage-battery Search-light." It is so easily managed that two men can take it to a fire and one man can handle it when there.

It is constructed throughout of steel, and is virtually indestructible. There is practically no limit to its life on intermittent work of this kind. It can be left standing for four or five years, and is always ready for instant use. When lying idle, it requires absolutely no attention, and does not need to be charged and discharged at frequent intervals to keep it in good condition, as is the case with electric vehicles. There are no fumes given off that will blacken the silver mirror of the search-light.

The search-light equipment is exceptionally powerful; indeed, there is a reflected intensity at the axis of the beam of 1,100,000 candle-power. By means of an adjustable focusing attachment the beam may be concentrated to penetrate dense smoke or given a wide angle for flooding the sides of large buildings with light. The current is obtained from Edison cells having a capacity of 150 ampere hours each and contained in the box on which the search-light is mounted.

Mr. Edison believes that many uses will be found for this new search-light battery. He thinks that, besides emergency employment, in case of fire it can be used for ordinary factory service, for excavations, track construction, and mine illumination.

JAMES ANDERSON.

THE BUTTERNUT TREE AS A WEED ERADICATOR

BUTTERNUT trees have solved the problem of exterminating one of the most stubborn of weeds, the shrubby cinquefoil, which at one time took complete possession of pastures in certain parts of Vermont. Ten years ago a single valley between the towns of Manchester and Dorset was estimated to contain 5,000 acres completely covered with this plant.

Investigations made by Mr. A. H. Gilbert have shown that the roots of the butternut exercise a mysterious and deadly effect upon plants of the cinquefoil growing above or near them. Under each butternut tree there is always found a clean grassy circle of a diameter which exceeds the farthest spread of the branches, the latter fact showing that the effect is not merely one of shading. Moreover, vigorous specimens of the weed are occasionally found growing within the otherwise clear circle, and, on digging beneath them,

it is found that the roots of the tree are absent at that spot.

Another curious fact in connection with this strange relationship is that the cinquefoil plants seem to attract the roots of the butternut to them. The causes of these phenomena are interesting questions that must remain, for the present, unanswered. Meanwhile, the planting of butternut trees appears to be the best way yet discovered of combating a serious pest.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

THE FLYING-SQUIRREL

OF all the tenants of the woods, the flying-squirrel is perhaps the most seldom seen, yet this is not due to any scarcity of the little animal, which in fact is among the most numerous



THE BRIGHT-EYED FLYING-SQUIRREL.

of the squirrel family, but to its habit of moving almost entirely at night. Should you doubt this last statement, enter some patch of forest convenient to your home and strike solidly upon the trunks of such trees as appear to be dead and have one or more holes in the trunk; in about one time out of five your efforts will be rewarded by the appearance in the opening, as if by magic, of the bright eyes of a flying-squirrel.

There are two species of flying-squirrel; the larger is much the same in size and color as our common red squirrel, while the other and rarer sort is of a grayish-cream shade and a trifle larger than the chipmunk. The habits of the two are similar; both are nocturnal, both inhabit by preference the hollow of some decayed tree—although they are not infrequently found in the discarded nests of the gray squirrel—and both are exceedingly gentle.

These squirrels do not, of course, fly; but their legs are connected at the "wrists" with a light membrane which serves as a sort of parachute, although it has some of the possibilities of an aëroplane. Before making a flight, the squirrel will run rapidly up the trunk of a tree and, when he has attained a sufficient height, spring boldly off into space. With legs spread wide apart, so as to present the greatest possible surface to the air, and his extraordinarily wide and fluffy tail serving as a rudder, the squirrel sails swiftly through the air, often for one hundred feet or even more, until he reaches the trunk of another tree, up which he runs in order to attain height for a new flight. By this method flying-squirrels are able rapidly to cover long distances with little exertion, for often, when nearing the end of a long sail, they will point themselves upward and by means of their "rudders" and the impetus given will rise almost to the height at which they started—just as a boy riding down hill may be carried over a lesser up-grade at the foot.

Flying-squirrels are lighter for their size than any other animal, their bones probably being hollow, as are those of the birds, in order to give the greatest strength with the least weight; when held in the hand, they appear to be nothing but a bundle of fine, silky fur. Like many other squirrels, their diet is almost exclusively vegetable, and they are never guilty of bird-murder and egg-snatching as are their kinsmen, the "reds."

Because of their gentleness, flying-squirrels

make most interesting pets, and will never bite unless very roughly handled. A. E. SWOYER.

MINIATURE FLOATING GARDENS

A NOVEL way of growing small bulbs, such as crocuses, has been tried with good success. After securing the bulbs the next thing is to get one or two rather large corks. Through these, holes are bored, and the bulbs fitted into the openings in such a way that the under side, from which the roots spring, is near the lower part of the cork. Now obtain a large shallow bowl and fill this with pure water. Float the corks, with the bulbs in place, on the surface, and set the whole thing aside in a rather shady position for two or three weeks. At the end of this time it will be noticed that the roots are growing down into the water; thenceforward a place in a sunny window should be selected. The upper shoots of the bulbs will start to grow rapidly, and at this time it is a good plan to arrange a little moss to hide the upper surface of the corks; if preferred, however, grass or some other seed, such as cress, may be sown to provide a green covering.

There is nothing to do but to keep the bowl well supplied with water, and change this now and again. Finally the flowers emerge, and then the effect is extremely pretty as may be seen from the accompanying pictures. The bulbs may be planted in this way any time up to early January though naturally the sooner they are started the earlier they will bloom. S. LEONARD BASTIN.



THE FLOATING CROCUSES IN BLOOM.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

PATTY AND HER PATCHWORK



BY ABIGAIL WILLIAMS BURTON

“NOBODY is nice to me,” pouted Patty.

She went out on the porch and slammed the screen-door behind her. The screen-door did n’t like to slam. It liked to close quietly, the way Patty’s mama approved. So it sprang back and hit Patty on the heel.

“Everything is cross!” pouted Patty.

She sat on the step and began digging the floor with her finger-nail. The floor did n’t like being scratched. It was proud of its fresh coat of paint. So it ran a sliver into Patty’s naughty finger.

“Everything hurts me!” wailed Patty.

She put her finger into her mouth and went down the walk. By the pansy-bed she began kicking at the ground. Now the pansy-bed had all its pretty plants tucked under their covers. It did n’t like being kicked. So it sent the dirt flying into Patty’s face.

“You’re horrid to me!” cried Patty.

She ran over to the apple-tree and began shaking it. The apple-tree was old and dignified, much too old and too dignified to be shaken by a little girl. So it flung a green apple at Patty’s head.

“And you’re horrid, too!” cried Patty.

She picked up the apple and threw it at the pump. The pump was standing quietly in its place. Of course it did n’t like being hit in the spout! So it bounced the apple back at Patty and hit her in the nose.

My goodness, indeed! It was surprising where all the hurt came from. Don’t tell *me* that it all grew in one little apple!

“Oh! Oh!” wept Patty.

She felt in her pocket for her handkerchief. And she pricked her finger!

But how could any little girl prick her finger on a *pocket*?

I’ll tell you. Instead of finishing her sewing and putting it away, as she should have done, Patty was hiding her patchwork in her pocket! And the needle saw to the pricking. That was the reason the needle had an eye, if you ask *Patty*!

“Ouch!” said Patty. “Ouch!”

She stamped as she said it—right in the pan of water that was waiting for the birds to come and bathe. The pan did n’t like being stamped in—and I’m sure I don’t blame it, do you? So it tipped up on its edge—and upset Patty—and upset the water on Patty—and *upset* itself *upside down over* Patty!



"SHE RAN OVER TO THE APPLE-TREE AND BEGAN SHAKING IT."

ning and as tiny—only you could n't see them yet!

"Ha! Ha!" chuckled Patty.

She found the needle and took the splinter out of her finger. The needle was delighted to help! Even more than it enjoyed taking tiny stitches, did it enjoy taking out splinters for Patty. That was the real reason it had an eye, if you ask *me!*

"Oh, ho!" cried Patty.

She skipped to the pump for a drink.

The pump was delighted to be called upon by Patty. So it poured out for her its coldest and clearest water.



"SHE FELT IN HER POCKET FOR HER HANDKERCHIEF."

And *then*—would you believe it?—why—

Patty began to laugh! She could n't help it.

It seemed so funny to be bathing in the water that was meant for the birds! And though there was plenty for a big-bird-bath, there was n't nearly enough for a little-girl-bath!

"Ho! Ho!" laughed Patty.

She straightened the pan on the ground and sat on it.

You'd be surprised to find what a comfortable seat it made.

"He! He!" giggled Patty.

She wiped her eyes with the patchwork—after she had taken out the needle, of course. And the patchwork was delighted to dry such pretty eyes. For it was pretty, too—all pink and

white, with the cunningest tiny stitches, and more stitches

waiting to be made as cunning



B

Not to be outdone, the apple-tree shook down a ripe red apple at her feet. It was delighted to have its best apple eaten by Patty!

From their bed the pansies waved to her to come and gather them. Had n't they grown for her? And were n't they delighted to be picked by her happy fingers?

"Now," cried Patty gaily, "I'm going to finish my patchwork!"

And if you had watched, you would have seen those other stitches that were waiting come flying into place, all as cunning and as tiny as even Patty could wish. The needle went ahead in fine style and drew after it the dainty white thread. And that, if you ask the *needle*, was the reason it had an eye!

"Everybody is nice to me!" sang Patty.



"'EVERYBODY IS NICE TO ME!' SANG PATTY."

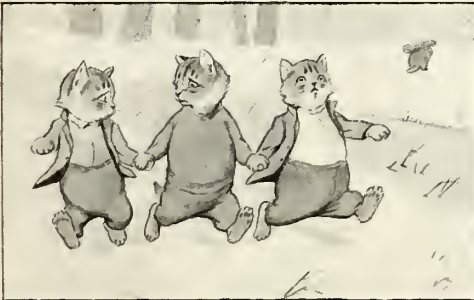
THE KIND BEAVER



THREE PLAYFUL KITTENS FOUND A WEARY BEAVER BY THE WAYSIDE.



TO ESCAPE THEIR TEASING, THE BEAVER STARTED OFF AGAIN THROUGH THE SNOW.



SUDDENLY IT BEGAN TO RAIN.



A FLOOD SOON OVERTOOK THEM.



AS THE WATER ROSE, THEIR CRIES FOR HELP WERE HEARD BY THE BEAVER, WHO, THOUGH FEELING HURT AT THE WAY THEY HAD TREATED HIM, CAME TO THEIR RESCUE.



THE KITTENS WERE FILLED WITH SHAME TO THINK THEY HAD BEEN SO RUDE TO ONE SO KIND AND THOUGHTFUL.

YE SAINT NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY EVELYN RINGEMANN, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE DAYS

As the little days walk through
From Time's portal straight to you,
Some are downcast, sad to see;
Some come tripping merrily;
Here 's a magic charm that 's true;
If you smile, they 'll smile at you!

THIS little verse, sent to St. NICHOLAS by Mary Carolyn Davies, has been peeping over the threshold of every page in this number, as if saying "Don't let them crowd me out! Remember, I *belong* to January! I'm a New Year's recipe, guaranteed never to fail! Please let me in!"

So (happy thought!), as not even a wee niche appeared earlier, we have kidnapped the pretty verselet bodily, and set it at the head of these League pages,—a place of honor, where it will be sure to receive the attention it deserves. (And, by the way, we recommend unreservedly that "magic charm" it tells about, and fully believe it will accomplish all that is claimed for it. Why should not every League member learn these six lines by heart on New Year's day and say them over softly once a week during 1916?)

But there are prose-writers as well as poets on the waiting-list of the League this month; in fact, it is to the young essayists and story-writers that first honors must be accorded in this opening competition of the New Year. Evidently the subject "A Nature Story"

had a special appeal, for the mass of prose contributions received was far in excess of the usual number. There were delightful nature stories of every conceivable sort, and dealing with incidents of the animal and vegetable world in vastly different ways—realistic and fanciful, scientific and whimsical, descriptive and allegorical, humorous and grotesque. Not a few even took a pleasant little thrust at *human* nature—without malice or guile, but in a spirit of fun that was both enlightening and enlivening. It does no harm occasionally for us to see our foibles as others see them; and the glimpse may prove a helpful hint to set about correcting them.

All told, there were scores of prose contributions that we should have been glad to print, and in justice to the prose-battalion of League young folk, therefore, we must remind them and all their fellow-members that the Roll of Honor in their department carries special distinction this month.

But their comrades of the brush, the camera, and the rhyme-tipped pen press close upon the first ranks of the League, and have all done beautiful, heart-cheering work for this January competition. So, dear Leaguers, hasten to the New Year feast, in which you will find a plentiful menu of story, verse, and picture to delight your taste, to whet your appetite, and to quicken your resolve—since this is the time for good resolutions!—that the League record in the next twelvemonth shall even surpass in interest, charm, and variety all the happy and successful years that we have known!

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 191

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, **Narka Nelson** (age 16), Ohio; **Walter Hanlon** (age 15), New York; **Mildred Murray** (age 13), Ohio; **Elizabeth Clark** (age 12), New York; **Chloe S. Thompson** (age 12), Oregon; **Helen Palmer** (age 14), Illinois; **Anna C. Carvey** (age 14), New York; **Martha Bartlett** (age 13), South Carolina.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Elizabeth Kieffer** (age 15), Maryland; **Emma G. Jacobs** (age 15), Michigan; **Ruth M. Cole** (age 16), New York.

Silver badges, **Jessie Marilla Thompson** (age 13), Oregon; **Frances M. Hall** (age 10), New York.

DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **James Dee Richardson** (age 15), District of Columbia; **Edward Lionel Palmer** (age 17), New York.

Silver badges, **May A. Cushman** (age 17), New Jersey; **Herman F. Beckert** (age 17), Illinois; **Frances H. Lenz** (age 16), New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Parker B. Newell** (age 15), New Jersey.

Silver badges, **Helen C. Kirkwood** (age 17), Canada; **Elizabeth W. Holmes** (age 14), New Jersey; **Esther R. Emery** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Helen E. Gregg** (age 10), Virginia; **William H. Gratwick, Jr.** (age 12), New York; **Barbara Barnes** (age 15), Illinois.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badge, **Sterling Dow** (age 11), Maine.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Ellen M. Chisholm** (age 14), Nova Scotia.

FIRESIDE FANCIES

BY ELIZABETH KIEFFER (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1915)

IT is dreary and dark in the world outside,
And the eaves are dripping rain,
And the ghostly fingers of withered leaves
Come tapping against the pane.

But what of the wind and rain? say I;
And what of the dripping eaves,
When the glowing fire in the chimney roars
And deadens the sound of the leaves?

I lay by the unread book in my hand,
And gaze on the embers bright,
And all the wonders of olden days
Unfold to my dazzled sight.

The fire no more in our chimney burns,
It glows within castle doors;
And instead of the simple cherry wood,
The yule-log leaps and roars.

And I am a princess of fair renown,
And this is my castle hall,
And I know I shall see, if I turn my head,
My suitors noble and tall.

And the rain and the wind can grieve no more,
While the flames leap higher and higher,
For enchantment lurks in the crackling logs
When you sit by the Christmas fire.

A NATURE STORY

BY NARKA NELSON (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

MANY, many years ago, in the heart of a deep, dark wood, the wild-flowers held an assembly. It had been raining all day, the first rain for several weeks—hot,



"INDOORS." BY RAYMOND EDDY, AGE 14.

dry weeks when the poor flowers could hardly breathe. Day after day their fervent prayers, whispered through parched leaves, had gone up to the unrelenting clouds, lazily floating about in the bluest of skies. To-day that hot sun, which had ceased to be beautiful to the dying flowers, had been hidden by dark clouds, and a soft refreshing rain had fallen.

Great joy and wild excitement prevailed in Nature's

fairy kingdom, and when the rain was over, the flowers assembled under the old oak-tree. They decided that such a welcome gift should no longer go unrewarded, but that hereafter the beauty which the showers bestowed upon their drooping petals should be reflected in the sky.

The little blue violet was the first to give her color to the cause. Soon the morning-glory contributed her choicest indigo; then came the blue-eyed forget-me-not and the dainty yellow buttercup. The tiger-lily stepped out arrayed in her brightest orange, and the brilliant



"INDOORS." BY WILLET F. CONKLIN, AGE 12.

fire-pink also appeared. Last, but not least, the maiden-hair fern brought Nature's own true color, green.

They decided that the flower that was easiest to find on earth should be hardest to find in their arch; so, far, far at the end, in the form of man's greatest ambition, a pot of gold, they placed our hillside dandelion.

Their work was now complete, and the swift North Wind bore them high in the sky. There, after a pleasant shower, in token of their gratitude, they appear in the form of a rainbow.

A NATURE STORY

BY WALTER HANLON (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

I AM a little maple-tree living in a queer place called the Bowery. I have been a consumptive all my life, because I have no fresh air and very little rain and sunlight. Gigantic creatures surround me, gobbling up the food which would make me well.

I have one friend, Jack Sparrow, who tells me about other people just like me, living a few blocks away in a place called a park. He says it's lots of fun to live in a park—one gets plenty of fresh air and sun and rain, besides meeting many of the best families—the Oaks, the Cedars, the Hemlocks, and my own relatives, the Maples.

For my part, I have never seen any of my race except a little stumpy thing with innumerable little green needles instead of leaves. The boys called it a Christmas tree. They dragged it out in the street and made a big bonfire of it. If I don't get some rain soon, I shall surely die, and perhaps the boys will burn me too. Oh! How I wish I could fly away like Jack Sparrow. I'd go far, far away from this hateful city, away from all the monsters called houses, away from everybody—even past the park to what Jack Sparrow calls a forest. I'd start life all over again by the smiling brook, and grow big, strong, healthy, and happy with a budding family of little maples around me.

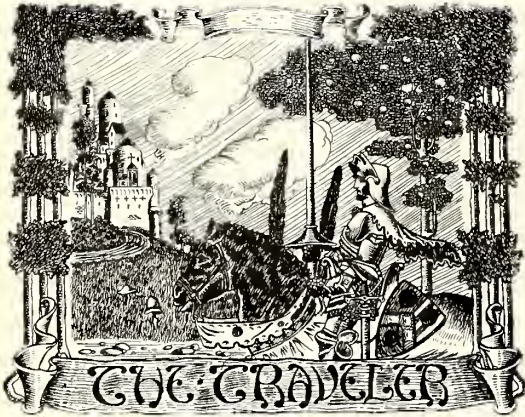
FIRESIDE FANCIES (OF A SMALL BOY)

BY EMMA G. JACOBS (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1915)

Just before Dad says it's bedtime,
When the big black shadows fall,
And the hearth fire burns its brightest,
That's the time that's best of all.

As I sit before the fire,
In the flames I seem to see
Great big, savage Indians, crouching
Just behind a forest tree.



"THE TRAVELER." BY JAMES DEE RICHARDSON, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON DEC., 1915.)

Then they charge upon the cabin
Of a settler and his wife;
And the air is filled with war-whoops,
As the settler fights for life.

Then that picture seems to vanish,
And another takes its place;
And I see a ship, and pirate
With a handsome, wicked face.

Then I see a band of robbers—
And their leader bold am I;
But, though we rob trains and coaches,
What we mostly steal is "pie."

As the fire begins to smoulder,
Turning into ashes red,
Then says Dad, with sternest accents:
"Wake up, son! It's time for bed!"

A LESSON FROM THE BEAVERS

BY ELIZABETH CLARK (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

SONNY BEAR lived in the great forest with Father Bear and Mother Bear. His home was a cave in the rocks. It was Sonny Bear's duty to fill his mother's woodbox every day. He hated this task, and one day, when the ax seemed unusually heavy and the logs uncommonly tough, he decided to run away. So when Mother Bear's back was turned, he made his escape. After walking a long way, he finally stopped to rest by a little pond.

Presently some beavers popped their heads above the water to see if any animal was lurking near. But even their bright eyes failed to discover Sonny Bear. Evidently satisfied, they swam toward a log which lay half in the water. Then they patiently began to gnaw it in half with their sharp teeth.

Somehow, the sight of these patient little creatures working away at the log made Sonny Bear feel ashamed of himself. So he got right up and ran home as fast as he could. In less time than it takes to tell it, he had that wood all chopped. Then he ran out to play, with a feeling that chopping wood was not so hard after all.

A NATURE STORY

BY MILDRED MURRAY (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

I HAVE often wondered at the performances of old Mother Nature, have n't you? As a boat glides into the Bay of Naples, some of the tourists' attention is attracted by a sight very different from smoke-wreathed Mt. Vesuvius, grim and terrible, or the beautiful city of the quaint phrase, "See Naples and die." It is the ruins of the ancient temple of Jupiter Serapis. Years ago, they are told, that temple was not seen there, but was hidden beneath the sea. Gradually the sea bottom began to rise, and the people noticed that something obstructed the course of the vessels. Later, a tiny bit of rock was seen; and then gradually the columns of the temple emerged, and today the temple stands high above the water, a glorious monument to the ancient Romans who constructed it, for it is supposed to be two or three thousand years old. How did all this come about?, the interested tourists inquire.



"THE TRAVELER." BY LORETTA BOGUE, AGE 15.

"Oh," smiles their guide, "Mother Earth put it there years ago. The supposition is that at one time that part of the Bay of Naples was above sea-level, and on this land the Romans reared this marvelous temple. As time went on, Mt. Vesuvius had a terrific eruption, and the land the temple was on sank, and the greedy ocean rushed in and covered everything. As the years rolled by, the coast began to rise again, and this temple, which had withstood the shock of the waters, arose once more to feel the breath of the salt air among its wonderful marble pillars as it did in bygone ages."



"INDOORS." BY PARKER B. NEWELL, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON NOV., 1915.)



BY HELEN C. KIRKWOOD, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELIZABETH W. HOLMES, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ALICE LEE, AGE 12.



BY LILLIAN EDDY, AGE 13.



BY CLARA H. ADDENBROOK, AGE 14.



BY DOROTHY EDWARDS, AGE 15.



BY ESTHER R. EMERY, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY HELEN E. GREGG, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY NORTON INGERSOLL LEEDS, AGE 11.



BY DESSA K. PALMERLEE, AGE 15.

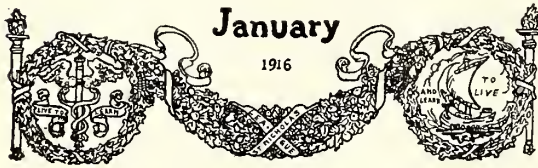
"INDOORS."

FIRESIDE FANCIES

BY RUTH M. COLE (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August, 1914)

OUTDOORS the snow falls thick and white and cold;
 Indoors the fire shines with a cheerful glow.
 On oaken floor and low-beamed ceiling old,
 The weird, dark shadows flutter to and fro.



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY ISADORE L. DUNENFELD, AGE 14.

Safe in the chimney-corner Grandpa dreams,
 Dreams of his boyhood—long, long years ago.
 A swarm of bright sparks up the chimney streams;
 He sees them not, but hears the water flow
 Past the strong sides of an old clipper-ship,
 As, all sail set, she flies across the sea.
 He is a lad once more on his first trip
 From his own country to a foreign quay.
 A merry sailor on the white deck sings;
 A sea-gull circles in the bright blue sky;
 And the brave ship, as o'er the waves she springs,
 Lifts with majestic pride her white sails high.

A half-burned log falls with a crash apart
 And sends a thousand sparks toward the dark sky;
 And Grandpa murmurs, waking with a start,
 "Ay, they were gallant times—those days gone by!"

A HUMAN-NATURE STORY

BY KATHARINE H. SPICER (AGE 14)

THEY were four young people having tea together on the veranda of the Country Club. Dick and Helen were brother and sister, but the others, Jack and Anne, were just friends. As they sat there, devouring tea and cakes, they watched the tennis-courts in front of them, commenting on the plays and players.

After a while their conversation became more personal. Jack gazed admiringly at Helen's scarlet silk



"INDOORS." BY WILLIAM H. GRATWICK, JR., AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

sweater. "That 's a good-looking sweater you 've got on, Helen. I like the color; it suits you." And Anne expressed her liking for Dick's tic, which was of as many colors as Joseph's coat.

The conversation continued in similar strains until Anne had to leave, Jack, of course, accompanying her. The other two remained to meet their parents, who were coming out to the club for supper. Dick and Helen discussed the coming tennis tournament, et cetera, for a while, and then silence reigned. Every one else had left by this time except two strangers, so they were left to the tender mercies of each other.

Finally, being her brother, and therefore not deigning to show that he noticed how becoming her sweater was, Dick said to Helen: "For mercy's sake, Sis, wipe some of that powder off your nose! It 's as white as—as that tablecloth! Just caked on!"

And because she was his sister and so, of course, could not tell him how good-looking he was in his new tennis regalia, Helen retorted: "Before you comment on other people's noses again, you 'd better take a look at your own. It 's redder than this sweater of mine!"

Such is human nature!

A NATURE STORY

BY CHLOE S. THOMPSON (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

RUSTLE, rustle, rustle! That is the story the maple-leaves tell. Brown, yellow, and red, they fall from the tree. Then hither and thither they are blown on the wings of the wind, till heaps of brown ruins are all that is left of them. Through the long winter they lie as if asleep.

When the green, new leaves are growing fast above their heads and the snow has all melted away, those brown heaps are not idle. Oh, no! for they, too, are working hard to nourish the new little maple-leaves. And when a new branch, or leaf, or twig begins to sprout, do you think it is with sadness that the brown ones look up at it? Surely not! For they have been working just for this end all the spring. They have been giving all their best strength to make the new green leaflets grow big and strong, and to send out the new shoots so that their father-tree will grow bigger and bigger and bigger!

Thus they go on, ever changing, the old leaves going down from their gay life in the tree-tops to nourish their brothers who will come next year and to make the soil rich so that our lovely wild-flowers may spring up all around.

I do not think the brown leaves are sad. They have been large and green; they have been red and yellow. Now, as we run through the fields, they rustle under our feet; in the winter they lie quietly beneath the snow, but still they are not sad.

They hear a promise—a beautiful promise of better things,—and they lie quietly happy, waiting for the springtime that always comes.



"TRAVELING." BY MAY A. CUSHMAN, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

FIRESIDE FANCIES

BY JESSIE MARILLA THOMPSON (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

THE distant hills are robed with night; without, the wind is chill;
 About the hearthstone, warm and bright, it whistles loud and shrill,
 Yet cheerily the fire doth glow, and bears a message, dear—
 Time that is past, regain'd may be, and spring, though fields are sere.

See, in the glowing of the coals, each season of the year—
 Spring, summer, autumn, winter wild—yes, ev'ry one is here.
 See, where the ash is wee and gray, a fragile, dainty thing—
 The pussy-willows come again, first messengers of spring!

Here, where the flame burns ruby-red, behold the summer's rose!
 Dear one, 't is summer-time again, where rose of crimson grows;
 Look, in yon bed of glowing coals, the scarlet leaves of fall,
 Vaunt all their glory, whisp'ring soft the autumn's wistful call.

The fire burns low, the ash is white, behold the winter, dear—
 The ashes fall upon the hearth, as snow on fields all sere;
 Dear one, the soul of man is fire; and now the message see:
 The glad years past, tho' long they're past, may still regained be!



"INDOORS." BY BARBARA BARNES, AGE 15.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

A NATURE STORY

BY HELEN PALMER (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

TOOTH-SCAR was a full grown bull moose. He was called Tooth-scar because he carried on his flank a long scar left by a wolf's teeth.

This year he was old enough to join in the fighting for leadership.

On a late afternoon in October, when the herds were gathering for the winter, Tooth-scar arose from his thicket shelter and, climbing a high bluff, sent his call

ringing over the valley. A doe answered with her mournful note, but Tooth-scar was not satisfied.

The next night came; again he climbed the crag and, standing silhouetted against the sunset sky, bellowed forth his challenge for battle. His big, restless ears were pricked forward as he stood motionless, waiting for an answer. Suddenly from a cliff across the valley came a long-drawn cry. Tooth-scar started. His call had been answered. His fighting blood was aroused and, leaping from his crag, he went crashing through the forest to meet his enemy.

The bull that had answered the challenge had been leader in a large herd for many years, and when Tooth-scar saw him, he realized what a hard fight he would have. His opponent was the first to charge. Rearing on his hind legs, he struck fiercely at Tooth-scar with his pointed hoofs. But Tooth-scar dodged to one side, cutting the other's leg with his sharp antlers. Again they met—this time with heads down—and with vicious thrust and parry they battled until their antlers became locked together.

Suddenly Tooth-scar, planting his hoofs firmly, forced his enemy's head back with all his mighty strength. The straining sinews of the old buck yielded slowly until his neck cracked and he crashed to the ground.

Tooth-scar stepped back warily. Then, seeing that the bull was dying, he trotted off to collect his hard-won herd.



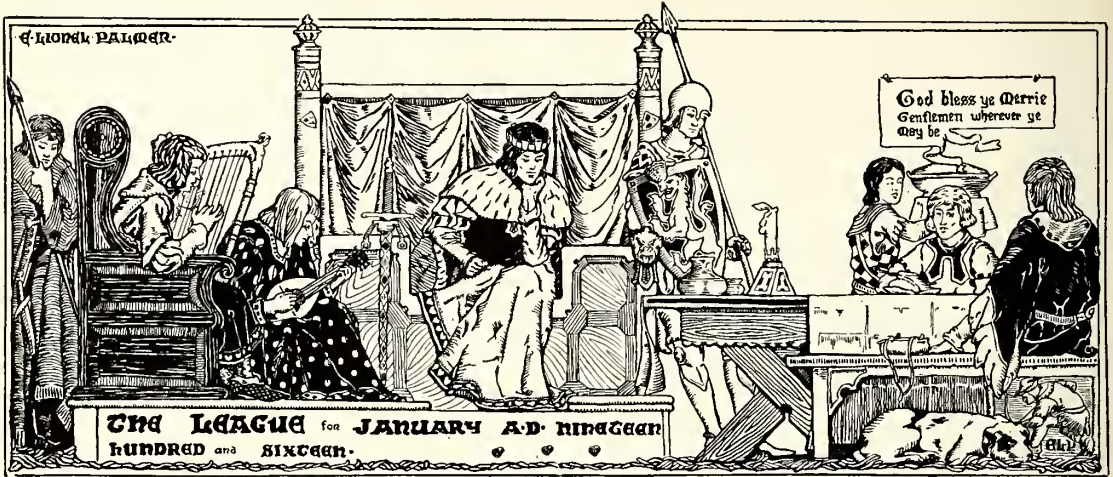
"A TRAVELER." BY ROBERT MARTIN,
 AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

FIRESIDE FANCIES

BY ELIZABETH M. DUKES (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

THE warm dark wraps me round, as still I sit
 Beside the camp-fire bright. The evening wind
 Wafts the smoke-spice; the pine-strewed ground
 Gives forth its fragrance faintly, and I lie
 Watching the bright flames leap to touch the stars.
 Each shadow is alive—a little ghost
 Dancing, alone, with long and streaming hair.
 And where the dark is densest, I can see
 The vague half-outlines of a dryad child,
 With wistful eyes, and tender, trembling mouth,
 Longing to share the warmth and light with me—
 But shy, and frightened at the very thought.
 Far off, a loon, upon some moonlit lake,
 Quavers its long, sad note. A drowsy bird,
 Kept wakeful by my fitful firelight,
 Twitters; and one small rabbit, creeping past,
 Pauses, the fire-shine gleaming on his wild, wide eyes.
 The wind grows stronger, and the bright flames bend
 Far over, curtsying. I'm half asleep.
 Too soon the summer flies. O, dryad child,
 Where will you be when winter snows are deep?



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY EDWARD LIONAL PALMER, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON NOV., 1915.)

FIRESIDE FANCIES

BY FRANCES M. HALL (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

SOMETIMES before the fire I sit
And watch the roaring flames,
And then I see a merry sight—
The fairies playing games.

Some are red and some are white,
While some are vivid blue,
And all have wavy golden locks,
A-shining like the dew.

Some are shooting tiny guns
That go off with a pop!
Others dance around the logs
As though they 'd never stop.

But one thing about these fairies
Always seems so queer—
The fact that when they 've played awhile,
They always disappear!

I don't know how they do it,
But I see them smaller grow;
They dwindle into tiny sparks
And up the chimney go.

I sometimes wish that, just for once,
I was a fairy, too—
Then I could dance around the logs
And play at peek-a-boo.

A NATURE STORY

BY ARVID JANSON (AGE 16)

It was a sultry, hot day in June. Rain had not fallen for many days; vegetation was turning brown, and the roads lay thick with dust. In the forest, leaves hung drooping, and the bees, by their monotonous drone, sounded a warning should they be disturbed.

The stillness was broken by a crashing of branches. A swarm of bees arose, and flew in one mass after the intruder—a snarling fox. Reynard's otherwise sleek

coat was ruffled and dusty. He foamed at the mouth, pawed and leaped at his tantalizing foe as some bee stung him in the neck.

He had shaken off his pursuers, but continued in his bewildering manner. He leaped into space, twisted, and squirmed. Halting of a sudden, he would bite at his back, which proved futile, then lie down and roll, and kick, and squirm. As he crossed a level plain, a boy shield a stone, which cut a gash in his hind leg. This increased his fury, and with a bound and a yell he disappeared again into the forest.

The heat of the day increased. He had covered three miles at this pace. He was breathing hard, and was slouching along with a drooping tail; and at intervals, with a convulsive shudder, he would try to throw off that unseen enemy. He sniffed the air. With a long-drawn cry, as of relief, he increased his pace, and in a moment was scanning the shores of a silvery stream for human beings.

Satisfied that no one was near, he advanced cautiously. Under an overhanging bush, he pulled off a large clump of moss. He held it in his mouth, and walked slowly backwards into the stream. Slowly, slowly, until his head went under. Then suddenly he let the moss go and swam away, climbing up on the opposite bank.

As he shook his pelt free from water, he looked at that floating moss with relief and went his way.

That moss contained his worst enemy—*FLEAS!*

A NATURE STORY

BY ANNA C. CARVEY (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

ONE warm day last summer I was contentedly reading on my front porch. In the midst of a most interesting part of my story the call of a catbird sounded close to my ear. Looking up, I found Blackie Catbird himself perched directly in front of me on the rail. I did not have to be told what had brought him, for I saw him look longingly at the plate of cherries on the arm of my chair. For a long time Blackie watched me and the cherries, no doubt trying to make up his mind whether the prize was worth the risk.

I did not move, and he must have thought me a new

kind of cherry-tree, for his yearning for the cherries finally overcame his fear, and he fluttered into the dish. He stood beside my arm and yet did not seem afraid.

Then he carefully selected a big ripe cherry and, carrying it in his mouth, he flew away. Undoubtedly he was very thankful that he had not been harmed by the peculiar thing in that very large nest, for such he must have considered my front porch.

I knew that catbirds were bold little robbers, but did you ever know they were as daring as this little fellow?

A NATURE STORY

BY MARTHA BARTLETT (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

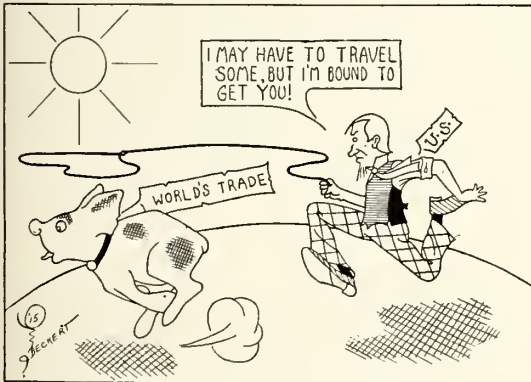
WHILE staying in the mountains one spring, my aunt suggested, in one of our walks, that we go to see the house where some of our friends had stayed the summer before. As we approached the cottage, which was built in the woods, we saw that the place was unoccupied, save for a big brown rabbit that hopped across the path.

Attracted by the twitterings of the birds, we sat on the ground. We waited quietly, and the first one that we saw was a little brown oven-bird. Through the field-glasses we could see its dear little throat move as it called "teacher teacher TEACHER" to its mate, who would answer.

Then a vireo flew across the path and, after resting on a branch for a moment, flew away.

We heard a noise overhead, and, when we looked up into the old pine-tree, we saw, perched on a limb, a scarlet tanager in his splendid coat of scarlet and black. We watched him until he flew away.

Then a chipmunk scampered into view, and when he spied us, he sat up on his haunches and looked at us in absolute wonder; then in his surprise he sank slowly



"TRAVELING." BY HERMAN F. BECKERT, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

upon all fours again. When he could screw up courage, he ran away; but strange to say, he was back again the next moment to make another observation of the queer-looking creatures.

On a branch I spied a bright blue bird which my aunt said was an indigo bunting. We saw many robins and catbirds, and now and then a flicker, but our attention was directed more to the birds that we did not see on our every-day walk.

We always referred to this spot as "Birds' Paradise," and often spent many quiet hours with our feathered friends there.

FIRESIDE FANCIES

BY MAY E. WISHART (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

THEY sat beside the fire, the family group,
Each on the bright flames thoughtfully intent;
Without, a whining, whistling winter wind
Wailed forth its woes in accents violent.

The cat, prosaic beast, looked at the fire,
And dreamed of catnip, and of rats and mice;
Small Bobby, little better, thought the logs
Looked like a layer cake, each log a slice.



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY FRANCES H. LENZ, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)

But Sister Ruth's brown eyes were large and soft,
For she was building castles fair in Spain;
Before her, from the fire, a tall knight rose,
With noble face, and white shield free from stain.

Big Brother Jack thought of a city grand
That he would like to build across the sea;
A city of ideals—dwelling-place
Of great achievements and of liberty.

The half-burnt logs made Dad think of the time
When he had brought in logs long years ago;
And Mother sighed to think of homeless ones
Who had that night, perhaps, no place to go.

The flames curl up in ever-changing shapes,
And paint the fireside faces with their glow,
With now a sigh, a smile, a wistful gaze
As haunting dreams and memories come and go.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

PROSE

Ella R. Watkins
Sally Sage
Gjems Fraser
Florence Brugger
Miriam Martin
Maude O. Ross
Elise Aylen
Florence H. Leopold
Caroline Newson
Nancy Shinkle
Mabel Macferran
Eleanor Stevens
Eileen Hayes
Caroline Owsley
Hannah Ratisher
Lolita Stubblefield
Mary Folsom
Bianca Olcott
Frances La Due
Freda Wolfe
Frances Gillmor

Eleanor S. Hearne
Rachel Higgins
Mary W. Caughtin
Elizabeth Worcester
Carlyn Gichner
Agatha Ryan
Eleanor Schermerhorn
Ruth Gardner
Irene Shlevik
Yvonne MoEn
Marion Richardson
Anastasia Constant
Helen G. Townsend
Ruth Baker
Louis Flexner
Eleanor Ripley
Winifred M. Bronson
Lorayne Boulden
Edward Gleason
Helenka Adamowska
Frances Johnston
Margaret Strickland
Muriel Thomas

Alfred S. Valentine
Elisabeth Allen
Mary Bray
Constance E. Hartt
Frances C. Gairt
Martha S. Long
Margaret Darlington
Mildred L. Stevens
Fleanor Kennerly
Lucy Fiske
Margaret Pond
Evelyn A. Ryan
Hugh L. Willson
Elsbeth M. Goodwin
Florence E. Meier
Katherine H. Wolff
Ada Manning
Carolyn F. Rogers
Kathryn Osborn
Katharine Van R.
Holste
Mary H. Wallace
Polly Klots

Mary L. Canty
Elphalt Wickes
Margaret Klein
E. King Graves
Marian Olcott
Jacob Levenson
Claire Graves
Edith Humphrey
Elizabeth Carnvell
Ethel Boatright
Rachel Feldman
Ida Esner
Cassie A. Dize

Sarah F. Borock
Agnes MacDonald
Georgette Yeomans
Alice Hanna
Mildred E. Fish
Janet Scrimgeour
Ruth V. Hirschman
Valentine
McGillycuddy
Arnold Levenson
Rebek A. Harman
Catherine E. Cook
Eleanor R. Davies

Jack Field
Caroline M. Wood
Harriet Wether
Norman Trefethen
Doris E. Woodruff
Grace Mac Farland
Betty Fietgens
Venette M. Willard
Dorothy Burr
Pamela Berdan
Margaret Goldsmith
Margaret Boker
Edith D. Steinmetz
Vernita C. Haynes
F. B. Fox
Francis Bartlett
Walter Jensen
Margaret Schall
Jean von der Laucken
Phyllis Kett
Grace B. Cuyler
Ethel S. Polhemus
Catharine Mullen
Alice B. Parker
Margaret Thomson
Dorothy G. Hardy
Penelope P. Hubbard
Alfred L. Adams
Verdi Fuller, Jr.
Frances M. Robinson
Dorothy Hood
Winifred Williams
Marguerite Munger
Josephine Hopkins
Louise S. May
Tillie Rosen
Katharine Derby

Elizabeth C. Bates
Nancy A. Ely
Dorothy Morton
Eleanor Ritter

PUZZLES

Ignatius Vado
Constance Caldwell
Sidney Peitte

William Penn
Kathryn L. Drury
Armand Donaldson
Julia Grant Bacon
Bernard Goldbaum
Alice Curtin
Harold Coy
Carl Fichandler
Laura Hunter
Peggy Gantt

Anita Rice
F. E. Youngman
Mary V. Spencer
Parker Webb
Harriet Kernan
Margaret Hill
Phyllis Kett
Walter Hardy
J. Spencer Brock
A. Louise Sumwalt

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 195

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. 195 will close **January 24** (for foreign members **January 30**). 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, "The Open Road."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Winter Adventure."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Moving Things."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Made at Home," 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 zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

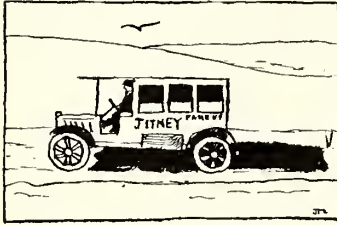
No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

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—and must state in writing—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; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.



"A TRAVELER." BY JESSIE G. MCKENZIE, AGE 13.

Marjorie S. Banks
Elinor Goldmark
Alvin Hattorf
Gertrude Goodman
William Giddon

DRAWINGS

Wynn Holcomb
Ruth J. Browne
Marian Allardt
Victor E. Demers

VERSE

Peggy Hall
Rebecca Emery
Eleanor Johnson
Eleanor Mason
Leonora B. Kennedy
Dorothy H. Leach
Florence M. Treat
Nellie Adams
Anita L. Grannis
Marcella H. Foster
M. Louise Pott
Rachel E. Saxton
Aileen Ross
Sterling North
Katherine Bull
Laura Morris
Catherine La Master
Mary J. Fry
Ruth Barcher
Florence White
Marian Welker
Estella H. Jackson
Esther J. Lowell
Adelaide L. Remsen
Harriet T. Parsons
C. Rosalind Holmes
Hulda Howard
Katherine Gauss
Eva M. Borden
Elizabeth McIlvaine
Lucy M. Hodge
Mary H. Howland
Idella Purnell
Jeanne Russell
Miriam Simons
Celestine Morgan
Grace C. Freeze
Ruth E. Jeffrey
Marie Mirvis
Frances Noble
Enice Thompson
Jane Furlong
Isabelle M. Craig
Dora Sussman
Dorothy Levy
Lucie Watkins
Beatrice C. Traub
Mary S. Benson
Ruth Memory
Rose Cohen
Ruth P. Crawford
Esther W. H. Rowland
Norman Johnson
Mary C. Howard
Amélie de Witt
John D. Cox

Ruth Jemer
Helena M. Chase
Mary I. Farley
Miriam De Camp
Miriam Eisenberg
Elberta L. Esty
Gertrude D. Harms
Dorothy Hughes
Adelaide Winter
Amelia Winter
Edwin M. Gill
Catharine Harlan
Magdalen Mooney
Mildred Bruckheimer
Margaret C. Harms
Esther Rice
Gladys Flegelman
Helen A. Winans
Catharine S. Krupa
Eunice Jackson
Vera Kellogg
Esther R. Owens
Frances B. Brooks
Corinne Ross
Katharine Rogers
Mary R. Evans
Elna Daniels
Margaret Loomis
Mary A. Mack
Carolyn Dean
Ruth Hughes
Virginia Attwell
Barbara Prosser
Elizabeth Sunner
Anne C. Sharp
Louire Perkins
Margaret J. Harper
Katherine Young
Marian Hoyt
Esther Hill
Dorothy Milne
Thomas Waterman
Philip H. Ward
Margaret Fields
June Johnson
Catherine Hamilton
Lucile Kapp
Kathleen Andrews
Charles A. Smith
Willett Clark
Ethel Stewart
Florence Daly
Lionel Cashman
Sally Serson
Anna Lincoln
Katherine D. Stewart
Mary Cunningham
Morgan S. Callahan

PHOTOGRAPHS

Katharine G. White
Serena E. Hand
Lucile Arnold
Barbara Bell
Lucy Pomeroy
Alice Lee Hall
Arthur Brand
Gerald H. Loomis
Ella T. Riske
Philip K. Hoerr
A. B. Trondsen
Katherine A. Adams
Alfred Buss, Jr.
John F. Fitschen, 3rd
Annette N. Wright
Robert W. R. Hartung
Marie C. Mc Voy



"INDOORS." BY FRANCES RIKER, AGE 15.

Dorothy Steffan
Marshall S. Brown, Jr
Helen Whitmore
Katharine J. Dimon
Adele Mowton
Margaret Worcester
Kathryn Rohnert
Helen P. Hoyt
Marshall Tines
Thomas Clair
Dorothy E. Handsaker
Esther S. Ely
Dorothy Thompson
Everett W. Lins
F. Elizabeth Pelz
G. Edwin Spitzmiller

THE LETTER-BOX

HERE is a very interesting and highly creditable letter from a "romantic" boy-reader of this magazine, in far-away Japan. His resolve to master the difficult English language, and his evident friendly feeling for America are heartily to be commended; and we take pleasure in printing his letter almost precisely in the form in which he wrote it. It is a gratifying fact that St. NICHOLAS has many warm friends on the other side of the world; and the novel and appreciative letters which they send us are especially welcome to the home-land readers of our Letter-Box.

TOKYO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For a few months I have been getting you sent by a grown-up friend of mine. I have been your lover since I had you first given by him. Although I repeated every number very often, I never grew tired of you but fond more and more. I was sorry that I had no father, as he, who was an officer, fell in the Russo-Japanese War; but happy now as I have found a good friend in you. So it was till you joined to my family that I had sometimes felt my home, which consists of my mother, an elder sister and I, lonely.

I am teaching English to myself by helps of some books. It seems to me rather hard task to master certain language thoroughly. But I shall fight and conquer all the difficulties and gain your prize. I wish to contribute you proses, in which I tell something about Japan, though my English is as yet too imperfect to write verses. Japan is the romantic realm in the world; her national idea, sceneries, and what belongs to Japan is all romantic. I dare say, I am myself a romantic boy.

I always wish that many American boys could correspond with us the Japanese, as I believe that the correspondence would, no doubt, produce an appreciable friendship among your countrymen and us. That friendship might be called the "Little Jap-American Alliance" because it will have so good effect on both the countries. With best wishes, I am

Your loving reader in Japan,
PENTARROW MOCHIZUKI.

PITTSBURG, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few minutes ago I opened a very important-looking envelop from you containing a certain small round silver pin with blue enamel, which has made me very happy. I could n't begin to thank you for it, but I want to tell you how glad I was to get it, how pretty I think it is, and how proud I am of it.

I can imagine, fifty years from now, an old woman sitting before a cheerful winter fireside, with two eager little faces at her knee. She has been telling them fairy stories, but just now, as their eyes shine brighter and their cheeks grow redder, she is telling them about the time she won a silver badge from the St. Nicholas League. Then the carefully preserved badge will be handed from one to the other by admiring little fingers, and finally restored to its resting place—a soft bed of pink cotton in a small white box. The children now scramble across the room and fill their arms full of St. NICHOLASES, old and new, for in one corner of the room there is a great bookcase full of them. They bring them back to the fireplace, the old woman puts on her spectacles and takes up one of the magazines. The rest of the evening is spent in reading, but long after

the children are put to bed, the old woman still looks dreamily into the fire, smiling happily. In her lap is a torn, time-worn copy of the May St. NICHOLAS of 1915.

Of course you can guess that this old grandmother is your grateful and affectionate league-member,

ETHEL CARVER LITCHFIELD (age 15).

EDMORE, MICHIGAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My auntie sent you to me for Christmas, so you see I have Christmas twelve times a year.

My favorite stories were "Tommy and the Wishing-stone," "Peg o' the Ring," and "The Strange Story of Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear."

I loaned you to a little friend of mine who was sick, for his mother to read to him.

I take you to school and my teacher reads you to the children.

Your interested reader,
VERA WILSON (age 9).

SAKCHI, INDIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in one of the most civilized stations in India, and have been here eight months. There are hills surrounding us, and a river quite near. Sometimes the jungles on the hills catch fire, and it looks like a flaming serpent winding about. The river is not very high now as there has not been much rain this rainy season.

I went to the Himalaya Mountains for the hot weather; they were perfectly beautiful, especially coming down and going up on the train.



The picture I send you is a tiger the natives killed with bows and arrows on one of the hills. It measures ten feet from tip to tip.

Your interested reader,
KATHRYN BRUCE SHOVER.

HOLLISTER, IDAHO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen very few letters from Idaho. I am one of your most interested readers. When St. NICHOLAS came this month, I took it to the table and sat on it so no one could capture it before I had read it, and I put it under my pillow when I went to bed so I could read it as soon as I could see in the

morning—for there are four besides me, all wanting it at once.

I liked your recipes so well that I had them printed and made a cook-book all my own.

Our literary society gave a play from your pages called "Every Child." It was very well played and very well liked. We are looking forward to the plays again this winter.

My favorite story in this year's magazine was "The Lost Prince." I have also enjoyed "Peg o' the Ring." I hope the next serial stories will be as good.

Your Idaho friend,

ESTHER P. DARLINGTON (age 15).

GUATEMALA CITY, GUATEMALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was delighted to read in the ST. NICHOLAS of October, 1915, an article on the banana. Just imagine my surprise to see my uncle standing under a full-grown banana-tree in one of the pictures. I thought I would like to tell you of the visits I made to my uncle while he was in Banana-land on the Guatemala coast. Our days began at 5 A.M., as everybody had work to be done before the fearful heat of the day; there was always plenty for small boys to do in watching the Negroes cut down the bananas. More interesting still was the loading of this fruit, which is cut very green so it will reach American children in good condition to eat. We had mule-back rides into deep jungles of huge trees, with all sorts of queer parasites hanging on their branches. Once we crossed a river and saw a lot of sleeping alligators and iguanas on its banks. At night we could hear the Negroes singing after their work was over, and monkeys screaming, especially when rain threatened. My uncle took me to see the famous Maya ruins of Quirigua. The ruins are huge stones full of engravings, and are in the midst of a jungle that is being cleared ready for growing bananas.

From your reader,

STANLEY OSBORNE.

CRISTOBAL, CANAL ZONE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For more than six years my home has been in Panama, and during part of that time I lived on the edge of the Culebra Cut, or Gaillard Cut, as it is now called. In fact, we lived so near that we could watch the operations going on, and distinguish the individual sounds that made up the perpetual roar coming from the great gash in the hills.

It was fascinating to watch the huge steam-shovel dippers take up dirt—like giant jaws. Swinging on their ponderous arms, they deposited a load in one of the long line of cars and swung back for another. When the car became full, the train slipped a little further on, and another car was waiting to be filled. Back and forth swung the huge steel arm with the dipper, and car after car slid up and was filled. The train shrieked, and groaned, and the steam-shovel puffed and rattled. The chains, reaching along the arm and controlling the dipper, made the rattling; the ponderous efforts of the machinery made the puffing; and the swaying, pulling, and stopping of the cars did the shrieking and groaning.

The shrill, piping blast-drills were another detail of the bustle in the Cut. Their steel pistons, shooting up and down, kept up an incessant click-clack, as if to insist that they must not be overlooked. After a hole was drilled and the fuse inserted, a steam-shovel blew a warning. That was the signal for a blast, and every one scattered for shelter. A few minutes' wait, then the whole cut-bottom shook with an upheaval. Rocks and

dirt flew plentifully. But after this "shower" was over, the men flocked back to their work, and the furious din continued.

We lived for a time in Bas Obispo, at the end of the Cut. Here the dirt-trains came puffing out of the Cut laden with rock, which they carried to the Toro Point Breakwater, at Colon, or to Panama City. On the opposite side of the Cut, we could watch them puffing up-grade. They were so long and heavy that two engines were always necessary to pull them up, and sometimes four (two pushing) or three. The extra engines, near the top of the grade loosened their hold and slid rattling back into the Cut, to reappear later with another train. The work was so great that sometimes from forty to sixty engines a day passed.

I do not know much about the locks, for we never lived near them. But we walked the length of Gatun Locks before their completion, went through the immense culverts, like tunnels, in the walls, and saw the bare steel structure of the gates.

From time to time, stories appear in ST. NICHOLAS about these countries, and I enjoy reading them very much, as they are adventures or events that I can understand.

Thanking ST. NICHOLAS for the many pleasant hours it has given me, I am,

Your sincere friend,

MARY VERNER.

THIS clever little poem is printed just as written by its eight-year-old author, and if, a little later on, he should wish to change the spelling of a few words, he will nevertheless be as loyal as ever, we hope, to the cheery tribute offered by his verses to the delights of winter. Meanwhile, for the present, so youthful a poet is privileged to spell as he pleases—whatever the learned dictionary-makers may say!

NOVEMBER

THE chill November winds are here,

The frosted grass is snowy white.

We 'll start a fire to give us cheer,

And watch its blazing flames so bright.

This morning when I woke from rest,

A wondrous vision met my site:

I saw the landscape newly dressed

In snowy mantle, crystal white.

Now for some winter sport, Hurrah!

We 'll laugh, and shout, and coast, and run.

From cellars hiding place we 'll draw,

Our freindly sled to give us fun.

End.

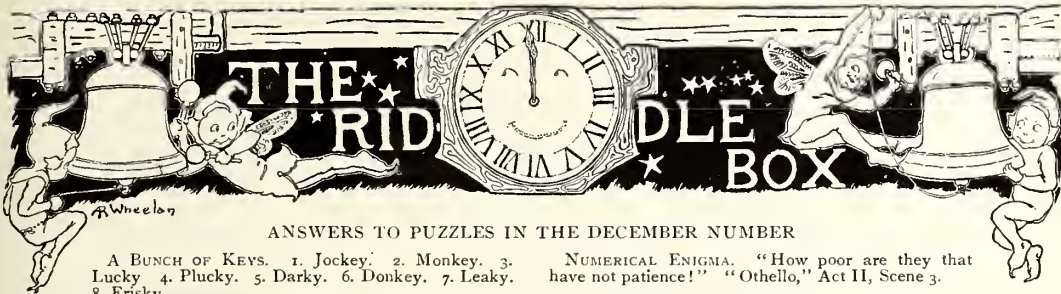
THEODORE HUDSON DIEMER (age 8).

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: Some time since a gold badge was found in Boston in the street, and I have it at present. If the owner will let me know the date and place where it was lost, and where to send it, I shall be glad to do so. I know that they must feel the loss, as I would not like to lose my silver badge just acquired.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM PRENTISS HOWE, JR.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER

A BUNCH OF KEYS. 1. Jockey. 2. Monkey. 3. Lucky. 4. Plucky. 5. Ducky. 6. Donkey. 7. Leaky. 8. Frisky.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "How poor are they that have not patience!" "Othello," Act II, Scene 3.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, Longfellow; 3 to 4, Evangeline. Cross-words: 1. Legate. 2. Motive. 3. Nutria. 4. Iguana. 5. Fading. 6. Fennel. 7. Lawful. 8. Elicit. 9. Obtain. 10. Awaken.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. Bonaparte. 1. Bob-bin. 2. Spr-out. 3. Cornet. 4. Squ-are. 5. Car-pet. 6. Spl-ash. 7. Spa-red. 8. Cot-ton. 9. App-ear.—CHARADE. Wonder.

CONNECTING WORDS. 1. Real. 2. Ally. 3. Lyre. 4. Read. 5. Adze. 6. Zeal. 7. Also. 8. Sore. 9. Real. 10. Alto. 11. Tone. 12. Need. 13. Edge. 14. Gear. 15. Arid. 16. Idle. 17. Leap. 18. Apse. 19. Seal. 20. Also. 21. Some. 22. Meat. 23. Atom. 24. Omit. 25. Item.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Cornwallis. 1. Cactus. 2. Oyster. 3. Retort. 4. Needle. 5. Wimple. 6. Agouti. 7. Linnet. 8. Launch. 9. Insect. 10. Sphinx.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received before October 24 from J. S. Manuel, Jr., and William S. Manuel.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received before October 24 from Ellen M. Chisholm, 10—Claire A. Hepner, 10—Evelyn Hillman, 10—"Allil and Adi," 10—Mary V. Spencer, 9—Helen A. Moulton, 9—Ignatius Vado, 9—E. Custis Bennett, 9—Arthur Poulin, 9—Luther B. Arrington, 7—Helen Adda Vance, 7—Hubert Barentzen, 7—Marion B. Harlow, 5—"St. Anna Girls," 5—Whitney Ashbridge, 4—Barbara Burwell, 3—Alice Noël Farrar, 3—Helen Skinner, 2—Anne Graydon, 1—Elisabeth Morrow, 1—Kathryn M. Hayden, 1—Margaret Hazel, 1—Eleanor L. Hill, 1—Eleanor Herring, 1—Theodore Neher, 1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals name a Japanese city, and my finals an adjective that has been applied to it.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Lubricates. 2. To appear. 3. A car. 4. To strike with the foot. 5. Unsubstantial.

ELINOR S. PEDLEY (age 14), *League Member*.

OVERLAPPING SQUARES

I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A masculine name. 2. A Roman magistrate. 3. Wearies. 4. The French word for "pupil." 5. To set again.

II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Wide. 2. A gun. 3. Frequently. 4. Watchful. 5. Depresses.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Mercenary. 2. A study. 3. A part of ancient Ethiopia.

4. Entrances to mines. 5. To rent.

IV. LOWER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A wanderer. 2. An old French coin. 3. A Mongolian. 4. A passage. 5. Takes out, as a printer.

V. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Emperors of Russia. 2. Part of a flower. 3. Quickly. 4. Ran. 5. Certain vehicles used on snow or ice.

HUBERT BARENTZEN (age 16), *Honor Member*.

ZIGZAG

EACH of the words described contains five letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag may be formed by the first letter of the first

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. Cabin. 2. Agile. 3. Bifid. 4. Iliad. 5. Neddy. 11. 1. Tares. 2. Arena. 3. Repel. 4. Enerd. 5. Salda. III. 1. Pagan. 2. Anile. 3. Gills. 4. Allot. 5. Nests. IV. 1. Waits. 2. Abnet. 3. Inane. 4. Tenet. 5. Stets. V. 1. E. 2. Inn. 3. Enter. 4. Net. 5. R. VI. 1. R. 2. Tan. 3. Ratio. 4. Nip. 5. O. VII. 1. A. 2. Æs. 3. Æsir. 4. Sin. 5. R. VIII. 1. R. 2. Sis. 3. Rigid. 4. Sir. 5. D.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL. Australia. Cross-words: 1. Abyssinia. 2. Bukharest. 3. Wisconsin. 4. Porto Rico. 5. Antarctic. 6. Himalayas. 7. Jerusalem. 8. Mackenzie. 9. Minnesota.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals, The Lost Prince; fourth row, Marco Loristan. Cross-words: 1. Trumpet. 2. Hexagon. 3. Express. 4. Lancers. 5. Octopus. 6. Shallow. 7. Toronto. 8. Patriot. 9. Radiant. 10. Irksome. 11. Neutral. 12. Caravan. 13. Evening.

word, the second letter of the second word, the third letter of the third word, the fourth letter of the fourth word, the third letter of the fifth word, and so on. The last letters form no part of the zigzag, which latter, when rightly guessed, forms a pleasant greeting.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Odor. 2. Pursuit. 3. A violent fancy. 4. Form. 5. A common substance. 6. A long series of years. 7. Observed. 8. Subject to a penalty. 9. A fortress. 10. A beautiful mineral, usually bluish-green. 11. Glitter. 12. Flavor. 13. Kingly.

EDITH MABEL SMITH (age 17), *Honor Member*.

CHARADE

TURN my first and it makes a nod;
Turn my last, if you will;
And then you may try to turn my whole,
But it sometimes stands quite still.

MARION AMES (age 16), *League Member*.

NUMERICAL ACROSTIC

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Providing with weapons. 2. A lasso. 3. Crazy. 4. Shining. 5. To help. 6. A tropical plant with large, jointed stems. 7. The home of Evangeline.

When the above words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous Persian tale. The letters represented by the numbers from 1 to 6 and from 7 to 14 spell two of its principal characters; from 15 to 27 spell the name of a group of stories of which the name spelled by the initials is one. From 28 to 31, to rouse; from 32 to 35, to lavish affection.

DOROTHY WILCOX (age 15), *Honor Member*.



EACH of the ten little pictures may be described by a single word. When these words are rightly guessed and written one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous general who was born in January, 1807.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the name of a republic of Central America.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A Turkish peninsula. 2. The capital of Rumania. 3. A large lake. 4. A city of the Netherlands. 5. A river in British North America. 6. The "Monument City." 7. The South African Republic. 8. The capital of one of the United States. 9. One of the highest peaks of the Andes. STERLING DOW (age 11).

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in Jonson, but not in Whittier;
 My second is in Whittier, but not in Jonson;
 My third is in Harte, but not in Kingsley;
 My fourth is in Kingsley, but not in Harte;
 My fifth is in Addison, but not in Kipling;
 My sixth is in Kipling, but not in Addison;
 My seventh is in Pope, but not in Wordsworth;
 My eighth is in Wordsworth, but not in Pope;
 My ninth is in Pope, but not in Milton.
 My whole is a very famous poet.

MARTHA HAMMOND (age 12), League Member.

DIAMONDS

I. 1. In wasp. 2. A sheep. 3. Precise. 4. A bird. 5. Applause. 6. A little child. 7. In wasp.

II. 1. In rate. 2. A gentle blow. 3. Partook of a hearty meal. 4. A bird. 5. To start. 6. A cave. 7. In rate. DOROTHY RECHT (age 10), League Member.

QUADRUPLE BEHEADINGS

1. BEHEAD four letters from an old name for a peddler, and leave a human being. 2. Similarly behead to give back, and leave crude metal. 3. A thin kind of satin, and leave to snare. 4. Kinsfolk, and leave a color. 5. The windflower, and leave a unit. 6. Refined, and leave a snakelike fish. 7. To expand, and leave a lair. 8.

Agitation, and leave a lubricating liquid. 9. A fruit, and leave a small house. 10. A kind of grass, and leave a pronoun. 11. A young hare, and leave to steep flax. 12. A South American bat, and leave anger. 13. In law, one who nominates, and leave a conjunction. 14. An epidemic disease, and leave an epoch.

When the fourteen words have been rightly beheaded, the initials of the remaining three-letter words will spell a principle instituted by the fifth President of the United States.

KATHARINE K. SPENCER (age 14), Honor Member.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
N	O	C	K	O	L	D	A	N
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
N	B	R	A	B	D	F	F	D
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
A	F	A	G	U	T	Q	E	N
28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36
A	T	L	R	E	U	A	L	S
37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45
R	T	N	E	L	Y	G	A	P
46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54
R	C	N	B	N	N	M	I	L
55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63
O	U	L	I	E	H	L	A	L
64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72
T	A	R	O	G	I	A	A	C
73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81
W	E	O	A	M	B	V	A	L

BEGIN at a certain square and move to an adjoining square (as in the king's move in chess), until each square has been entered once. When the moves are correctly made, the letters will spell the names of ten famous battles. The years in which they were fought were 1815, 1415, 1805, 1314, 1704, 1854, 1815, 1709, 1513, 1870. In sending answers, indicate the moves by the numbers in the squares.

MARJORIE K. GIBBONS (age 16), Honor Member.



"Good-bye, Old Year! Your days
so blest
Will soon be left behind,
But I'll keep on with what is best
Like this good Campbell 'kind.'"

A good start—

Can you beat it? Can you do better for the New Year than "hold fast that which is good"? Think what a wholesome, high-efficiency food product you have in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

With its rich condensed stock—made from selected beef—this nourishing soup also contains such substantial ingredients as carrots, white potatoes, sweet potatoes, small peas, "baby" lima beans, tender corn, green okra, tomatoes, and other choice vegetables, beside celery, "alphabet" macaroni, and parsley. A soup as delicious and satisfying as you ever tasted.

Try it again today and you'll realize this more than ever.

21 kinds 10c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

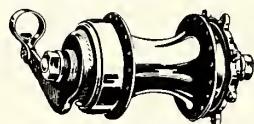
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

No Wonder They're Jealous of Their Pal

The boy with the sled is thinking that winter will soon be over and the sled will be rusting in the cellar. The boy with the rifle has jealous thoughts, too—and the boy with the jack-knife—well, boys know what he's thinking about.

But the boy with the Bike! He's been living for this for a long time—dreaming about it—talking about it, and now he's got one with a

NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE



The Brake that brought the Bike back

That's the real joy—because he can ride with safety. He can stop instantly—and always control the speed in the crowded city or on the country road. His wheel is safe and he knows it.

So when you buy a new Bike, don't forget to have it equipped with a New Departure Coaster Brake.

It is built of the strongest steel, heavily nickel plated. It can't get out of order or rust. It halves the work and doubles the biking joys of nearly five million riders.

Free to Live Boys!—We will give you a gold plated "Joy Boy" Stickpin if you will give us the name of your nearest bicycle dealer.

The New Departure Mfg. Co.
105 Main Street BRISTOL, CONN.



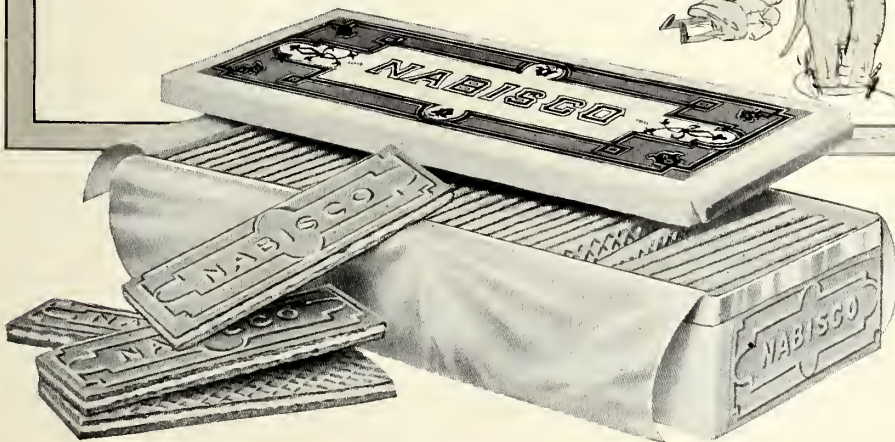
"LET'S have a party—seven courses—and every course Nabisco." Your little ones can have "parties" to their heart's content with "real food" if you keep Nabisco in the house. These dessert confections are enjoyed by young and old. Try them with fruits or ices or creams or puddings.

In ten-cent and twenty-five-cent tins.

**NATIONAL
BISCUIT
COMPANY**

NABISCO

Sugar Wafers





You know this trade-mark and package through National Periodical Advertising

DO you know why manufacturers who make good things to eat, and who trade-mark their goods, put them up in packages?

Things put up in trade-marked packages are better for you than unpackaged things because they are made in a cleanly way and kept clean.

But perhaps the first reason for putting good things in packages is because the package keeps the goods fresh and more tasty. Things to eat that taste good are better for you than things that are tasteless or disagreeable.

Manufacturers who trade-mark and advertise their goods want them always to be of an even quality, and only when protected from dust and dirt and moisture by good packages can they be sure their goods will reach you in the

same good condition as when they left their factory.

Another reason why manufacturers put up their goods in packages is because they can be more easily trade-marked and advertised. You come to know the appearance of the package containing something you like. In order to protect you from imitations of the advertised product, the courts of the United States will not permit another manufacturer to use a similar package. Is n't that a good thing?

It is also against the law to refill a package of advertised goods with some other product and then offer it for sale. In spite of this law, you must study the advertised packages very closely so you will never be deceived.

You see that packages protect you in many ways.

Packages keep things fresh and tasty.

Packages help you to recognize an advertised product which you have tried and found to be good.

Packages keep out germs and dust.

Packages cannot be imitated by imitators of the advertised product which you like.

Remember that nobody takes pains to protect his goods in packages unless he is proud enough of them to trade-mark them. Thus the trade-mark helps you again in a new way.

ST. NICHOLAS

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THE NATIONAL PERIODICAL ASSOCIATION

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Cream

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Applied gently morning and night, also before and after going out in the cold, Hinds Cream *prevents roughness, chapping and windburn*—promotes a fair, fresh, girlish complexion that defies weather conditions.

Let us send you booklet and liberal samples. Enclose 2c for postage.

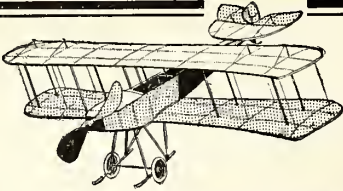
Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price. Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

Do not take a substitute; there are dealers in every town who will gladly sell you Hinds Cream without attempting to substitute.

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Portland, Maine

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 10c. and 25c. Trial Cake, 5c. postpaid.





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THE BOOK MAN

I HAVE received this year from readers of *The Book Man* a number of letters like this one, which has just arrived from Portland, Maine:

"Will you please tell me the names of some plays and where to procure them? I want those that would be suitable for a group of eight or nine girls, between the ages of twelve and fifteen, to give for a missionary entertainment. We do not want a very long play or one that would require very much scenery and change of costume."

Now as you probably know, if you have been faced with this question at all, good plays and plays that are suitable for girls and boys are not easy to find. In no branch of publishing is the copyright system more stringent than where things dramatic are concerned; and besides that, the theatre in this country is almost exclusively an institution for grown-ups, unlike England, where the pantomime flourishes at Christmas time, or Germany, where the children's play is a regular feature of the winter season.

The Book Man remembers when he was of the age of most of his correspondents that he and his friends often had to solve this problem. They would give plays and, being unable to find plays of the right sort, they had to make up their own—not a bad thing, of course, but one which required so much preliminary effort in deciding *what to do* that there was too little time and enthusiasm left for that other question—more essential in matters of this kind—namely, *how to do it*. After all, for most children, the acting is the main thing, and they are right in feeling that what they are to act, the play itself, should come from other and more expert hands.

Now my one, inevitable answer to boys and girls who write asking me about plays is to tell them about a book—and if I have told them already, to tell them again—called "Plays for School Children," which is published by *The Century Co.* at \$1.25. There are twenty plays in this book, without copyright restrictions and perfectly free for any and all children to give when and how they choose, and

THE BOOKMAN—Continued

every one of them has been proved successful by actual performance. They are most varied in type and subject, and they are all short enough to be just what children like. There are, for instance, dramatized versions of "Master Skylark" and "Barnaby Lee," of "Through the Looking-Glass" and "The Lady of the Lake"; there are two or three nature plays; there is a capital adaptation of the famous morality play "Everyman" which is called "Every Boy"; a most entertaining "Grammar Play," in which the characters are "Comma," "Period," "Exclamation Point," "Interjection" and the like; another called "Mrs. Pollywigs and Her Wonderful Waxworks"; another, "Four Queens of England," and so on. But that is enough to show you what a range of choice this book opens up to you.

I don't need to tell you how, in connection with school work, taking part in just such plays as these makes your study of history and of literature and of nature alive and real to you. There is nothing you can't act and by acting understand and enjoy. The dry bones of history—the Spanish Armada, religious controversies, the Signing of the Declaration—is there anything you can't put on the stage? And the introduction to this book tells you how. But particularly for the plays actually given in the book you will find all sorts of directions. You will find how an old dress in some trunk in the attic is all ready to be turned into a robe for Queen Elizabeth, while a crown made of book-linen and studded with bright colored beads is just as effective and far more fun than a crown hired from a costumer or borrowed from the Tower of London.

Yes, decidedly, unless—and I don't deny the possibility—you have in your circle some boy or girl who has a real gift for writing a play, you ought to be able to direct your real attention and enthusiasm to carrying the thing out, acting, I mean, and making a real study of so devising the stage scenery, the costumes, etc., that you can get the most surprising and appropriate effects from the ordinary everyday materials that almost every house affords.

And, I should like to add, give plays often. Make them almost a matter of course, every two or three months. When your fathers and mothers see how much you are learning about history and literature and nature, and particularly when they find that, without giving them any trouble, you are learning how to contrive all manner of surprising things, then they too will feel that plays are a real part of children's education.

The Bookman



WINTER SPORTS

All Models in Ice Skates . . . \$1.50 to \$15.00 per pair.
 Skating Shoes. Size 10, Children's, to size 10, Men's, \$4.00 to \$5.75 per pair.
 Hockey Sticks, Pucks, etc.
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Its uniformity enables the mother to determine with accuracy the proper modification desired. It keeps well, is absolutely pure, and easily prepared. Many mothers cannot nurse their little ones. When this contingency arises the problem is to get the substitute that is best suited to the baby's individual requirements. "Eagle Brand" has been successfully used as an infant food for half a century, and the thousands of recorded cases of children who have been carried through the critical period on "Eagle Brand" have established it as the leading product of its kind.

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 Please send me "Baby's Welfare,"
 Also "Baby's Biography," as well as
 "Borden's Recipes." St. N.-1-16
 Name.....
 Address.....





CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

NEW ISSUES (Illustrated Above)

THE English colony of Malta sends out one of the prettiest new stamps we have seen in many a long day. The general style is very suggestive of the current farthing value. But this new stamp has on the left side the word Postage, and on the right side the word Revenue. Again, in each of the lower corners is the figure of value, 4 d. The central design is the same view of the harbor that appears upon the farthing stamp. This new four-penny is printed in a deep black which brings out the design in a most fascinating way. One feels a just sense of pride when putting such a stamp in his collection.

More new Red Cross stamps appear. We illustrate this time the 5 c. Red Cross issue of the French Protectorate of Morocco. It is very similar to those of other French Colonies. Many varieties of these have already appeared, but we think that this is the first time we have seen a 5 c. value so surcharged. Let us hope that this is not the beginning of a long series of the 5 c. stamps similar to the 10 c. previously issued.

Ecuador sends now the 5 centavos of the new series. It is printed in purple, is pleasing in appearance and neat in design. The portrait in the center is "Urvina."

Egypt seems to be short of low-value stamps. We illustrate the two-millimes, surcharged on three-millimes. The surcharge is in French and in Arabic as well.

We illustrate a new surcharge upon Spanish stamps for use in the Spanish Protectorate of Morocco. The surcharge reads in three lines "Protectorado—Español—en Marruecos." We wonder if all our readers are interested in this little one-quarter centavo stamp of Spain. It has always interested us; and in passing we cannot refrain from calling attention to this tiny stamp. The stamp itself is small, but its face-value is smaller still. The Spanish coin, peseta, has in our currency a value of about 20 cents—really not quite so much. A centavo, or one one-hundredth of a peseta, is then worth two fifths of a cent; and this little stamp is only one quarter of that, less than one tenth of a cent. It hardly seems able to do much toward paying postage, does it? In the United States it would take over twenty of them to carry an ordinary letter.

PRIZE COMPETITION

WE were well pleased with the response to our last competition, and also with the quality and general appearance of the answers. We were espe-

cially gratified with the interest taken by the girl readers of Stamp Page.

We have awarded first prize to Miss Louise Porter, of San Francisco, California. The awarding of the second prize was much more difficult, as a number of replies were equally meritorious, so we finally decided to send the book, "What Philately Teaches," to the several competitors mentioned in the following list:

Miss Miriam Simons, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Miss Mabel MacFerran, Germantown, Pennsylvania.
Miss Alfhild B. Trondsen, Schuylerville, New York.
Master Terence O. Clark, Kansas City, Missouri.
Master Huntington Hill, Huntington, New York.
Miss Harriet Davis, New York City, New York.
Master John Crawford, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Master Herbert Kirkpatrick, Brownsville, Texas.

BACKS OF STAMPS

THE competition on this subject brought in a gratifying number of replies. We really were surprised to find how many of our readers were already interested and well informed about the backs of their stamps. Nearly every point of interest was touched upon by one or another of the many replies received. And it really is interesting to study the things which may be found upon the backs of stamps. One might group these into two classes: accidental and intentional. In the first class would come "double printings" and "offsets." In this instance, by double printings we refer to those stamps which were accidentally printed upon both sides of the paper so that the same impression appears upon the face and the back of the stamp. These are very rare. By offset we mean where too much ink was used, or the sheets laid upon each other while too wet, so that the color from the face of one sheet came off on the back of the one next to it. In such cases the impression is reversed and reads backward. These double impressions and offsets are found in the surcharging of stamps as well as in the original printings. Offsets are comparatively common, and vary very much in intensity of color and completeness of design. In the early stamps of Great Britain the color of the stamp has changed the gum, or perhaps the paper, to a beautiful blue, and, as there was little or no color on the portrait in the design, this head appears in white upon a blue background on the back of the stamp. This is called an "ivory head," and is very interesting.

Before we take up the matter of what is inten-

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

It is so named because here every *St. Nicholas* reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. In writing them be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as the names of references. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with *St. Nicholas* advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.

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FREE 50 varieties foreign stamps to applicants for my 50% discount approval sheets. References, please. E. F. KELLEY, BOX 254, STA. A, AMES, IOWA.

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! War Packet Special! Educational, interesting. Stamps from Servia, Belgium, France, Russia, Germany, Turkey, England, etc., 107 vars. for only 7c. 1000 fine mixed only 20c. New 32-p. List and special offers free. Agts. wtd. 50%. **I Buy Stamps.** L. B. DOVER, ST. LOUIS, MO.


SNAPS 175 different Foreign Stamps for only 10c. 65 different U. S. Stamps, including old issues of 1861 and revenues \$1.00 and \$2.00 values, for only 11c. Our pamphlet which tells "How to Make a Stamp Collection Properly" free with each order. QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., RM. 32, 604 RACE ST., CINTI., O.

100 diff. South, Central, North Amer., and W. Indies, 20c.; 200 diff., 50c., good condition; 40 diff. Rev. (incl. 40c., 80c., \$3, \$5), 20c. M. TAUSIG, 1297 STERLING PL., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

STAMPS ON APPROVAL PRICE LISTS FREE GEO. T. SIMPSON, 433 PEARL ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

8 Cents each, all unused. CRETE 1914, 6 diff. MEXICO 1915, 5 diff. MEXICO 1914, 5 diff. Following used, 12 diff. Canada & Newfoundland, 15 diff. Japan & Mexico. 48 diff. WARRING NATIONS. Fine approvals. KINARD, GREENVILLE, S. C.

5 VAR. PERU FREE with trial approval sheets. F. E. THORP, NORWICH, N. Y.

Stamps 108 all diff., Transval, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Trinidad, Java, etc. and Album, 100c. 1000 **Finely Mixed, 20c.** 65 diff. U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agts. wtd. 50%. **List Free.** I buy stamps. C. STEGMAN, 5940 Cote Brillante Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 

Austria 1908, 1 h. to 2kr., 15 var., 8c.; Hayti 1905, 1 to 50c., 6 var., 15c.; Soudan 1902, 5 m., 1 et 2 p., set 14c. Approvals 1/2, 1, 2c. up. References, please. M. NEEL, 880 CLARKSON AVE., BKLYN., N. Y.

MY New 1916 Approval Sheets now ready for circulation. No trashy premiums offered, but your money's worth every time. Send your application at once and get first pick. Willard E. Gardner, 9 PEMBERTON ST., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

STAMPS 105 China, Egypt, etc. stamp dictionary and list 3000 bargains 2c. Agts., 50%. BULLARD & CO., STA. A, BOSTON.

FREE 5 Newfoundland with requests for our 50% approvals. 20 French Colonies, 20c.; 50 Asia, 20c.; 100 different stamps from 10 different countries, 45c.; 100 British Colonies, 35c.; 1000 finely mixed, 20c. UNIVERSAL STAMP CO., MT. CLEMENS, MICHIGAN.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(Continued from page 20.)

tionally placed on the backs of stamps, we might say that the paper upon which such stamps are printed usually shows best from the back. It may, of course, be either thin or thick, white, or colored partially or completely through. It may have silk threads here and there like U. S. Revenues first issues on silk paper, or silk all through like the later issue (1873) Revenues. Or it may be "granite" paper, like certain stamps of Austria, Switzerland, and Japan. Again, there may be imbedded in the paper silk threads running the whole length of the sheet, and showing one thread on each stamp, as in certain issues of Bavaria, Württemberg, and especially Switzerland, where threads of many colors may be found. All these usually show much better on the back than on the face of the stamp.

In considering what is intentionally placed on the backs of stamps, we notice first the gum. This can easily be found in many shades, white, yellowish brown, dark brown, pink, or rose. Some of the old German states especially have a fondness for the pink gum.

The second thing to look for, intentionally placed on the backs of stamps, is something in the nature of a protection against cleaning or counterfeiting. Under this head would come grills or embossings. Excellent illustrations of these are found on our own stamps, and again in those of Peru. Watermarks, while not placed on the backs of stamps, show much more plainly there, and by a little stretching of the imagination may be included in one's collection of "backs." As a protection against counterfeiting, one may call attention to the numerals upon the backs of the early issues of Greece. Here is an opportunity to add many specimens to our collections, for there are many errors and varieties to be found in these old Grecian stamps. Mexico protects some of her stamps by printing across the backs a line of blue moire—an irregular arrangement of curved lines. Sweden, about 1886, commenced printing on the backs of her postage-stamps a small blue picture of a post-horn. This practice was continued some years, and doubtless every stamp-collector has specimens of Swedish stamps with this pretty little design upon their backs. As a protection against counterfeiting, and also as a means of identifying stolen stamps, Spain employs a set of serial numbers. The post-office department keeps a list of the numbers on the backs of the stamps shipped to every post-office, so that, if one of these is robbed, the authorities know, and can identify, if found, the stolen stamps by the numbers they bear. In the United States such robberies are, alas! too frequent, and our own officials have seriously considered imitating this practice of Spain.

Thirdly, we consider those stamps where the printing on the backs was intentional, but placed there for other reasons than to prevent counterfeiting. In some respects these are the most interesting of all. We wish to call attention to three special instances. Portugal in 1895 issued a series of stamps commemorative of the 700th anniversary of the birth of St. Anthony of Padua. There are four designs in the series. But what interests us in this connection is the curious fact that upon the back of each stamp there is printed in tiny blue letters a Latin prayer. This series was also surcharged for

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

(Continued from page 21.)

BARGAINS EACH SET 5 CENTS.

10 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Hayti. Lists of 7000 low-priced stamps free.

CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Send for Priced-List of stamps for collections. Stamps sent on approval. E. T. PARKER, BETHLEHEM, PA.

FREE PREMIUMS to applicants for my high grade approvals. S. HAAS, 115 PRIMROSE AVE., MT. VERNON, N. Y.

STAMPS ON APPROVAL—Fine selections sent at 50% discount. LAUREN TREMPER, 136 NO. DEWEY ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

STAMPS 75 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE. Postage 2c. Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

War Stamps Red Cross and Charity postage stamps, from Belgium, Roumania, Fr. Colonies; also Mexican Revolutionary. 20 different and 6 months' subscription to our monthly stamp journal, 15c. *We Buy Rare Stamps and Old Collections.* ALBEMARLE STAMP CO., KESWICK, VA.

SURPRISE! A packet of fine stamps FREE. Send 2c. postage and addresses of your chums who collect. PERRY STAMP CO., FERRYSBURG, OHIO.

Set of **Mexican Rebel Stamps Free**

Eight different Mexican rebel stamps ALL UNUSED will be given with every new 10 weeks sub. to *Mekeel's Stamp Weekly*, 808 Kast Bldg., Boston, Mass. Remit 10c.

TEN WEEKS 10c AND ANY ONE OF THESE FREE
8 Mexican Rebels 42 diff. Japan 50 diff. U. S.

SIX MONTHS 25c AND ONE OF THESE SETS FREE
50 diff. Asia 20 diff. New Zealand 20 diff. Persia
50 diff. Sweden 50 diff. Norway-Denmark 60 diff. Japan
25 diff. Canada 200 diff. Foreign 100 diff. U. S.
30 diff. Swiss 50 diff. Spain 65 diff. Brit. Col.

Best stamp paper in the world. Newsy and bargains galore

use in the Azores. Notably, Nicaragua has given us some queer backs. Now all stamp-collectors know that Nicaragua is not very well off financially, and so almost anything can happen there in the way of surcharges. When we study Nicaragua, we are bewildered by the multiplicity of surcharges, especially after about 1900. But in 1911 matters came to a very bad pass. There were no more postage-stamps; so the government took some revenue-stamps, already once surcharged, and upon the backs of these revenue-stamps printed a surcharge which made them good for postage. So here are revenue-stamps with postage-stamps on their backs, or postage-stamps with surcharged revenue-stamps on their backs. Either way they are very interesting. There were three values, 5, 10 and 15 centavos, so made. New Zealand furnishes us another type of interesting backs. Here we find a canny post-office department coining an honest penny by selling the space upon the backs of its stamps for advertising purposes. The stamps of the issue 1882-1891 may be found telling the merits of breakfast-foods, patent medicines, soaps, etc. A complete collection would contain a good many varieties. We do not know how many. Miss Miriam Simons of Milwaukee, in her answer to the competition tells Stamp Page that she has in her collection a New Zealand stamp upon the back of which is the following: "Turbridge, Miller & Reich, Wellington. Contractors for advertising on stamps and telegrams."

We feel gratified by the interest shown in this and previous competitions. Evidently the readers of Stamp Page enjoy them. Soon we will give another opportunity to our young folk to sharpen their wits by studying their stamps.

Are You a Stamp Collector?

IF so, you will be anxious to have the latest member of the ST. NICHOLAS stamp family—the *St. Nicholas Stock Book*. As you know, the principal ways to start a postage stamp collection, or to increase it, for that matter, are:

1st. By having Father save the stamps that come to his office every day, particularly the foreign stamps, which may some day be very valuable.

2nd. Going over bundles of old letters in the garret, which has at times furnished some rare finds.

3rd. Through purchases. ST. NICHOLAS does what it can to help those

who buy stamps, by printing the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp concerns. We want to know about any unsatisfactory dealings with any of these stamp advertisers, and we would also like to have the names of any reliable stamp advertiser not using ST. NICHOLAS at the present time.

4th. By exchange. To aid in trading duplicate stamps, ST. NICHOLAS has decided to issue the stamp book described below. It will be found useful not only for postage stamps, but also for poster stamps, and even as a regular family postage stamp book.

CUT OUT

this coupon. After filling in all the blank space, place the proper amount in postage stamps in this space, folding in corners to hold stamps in place, and mail to:

Here is the St. Nicholas Stock Book

It is especially designed for the boy and girl postage stamp collectors among the ST. NICHOLAS readers.

It is an album containing 4 pages, 3 pockets per page, arranged to hold firmly in place stamps of various sizes. Its capacity is somewhere around 400

stamps. It is a neat little book with a very attractive cover, convenient in size for slipping in the pocket (3¼ x 5½). It will be sent for ten cents in stamps to any reader of ST. NICHOLAS on receipt of the attached coupon.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

353 Fourth Av., New York City

I am interested in stamp collecting and am glad to answer the following questions.

For the enclosed ten cents in stamps please send me one of your ST. NICHOLAS STOCK BOOKS.

1. The adult member of my family who helps me with my collection is my

2. My sister is (not) interested in stamp collecting.

3. The album I have is called

4. The number of different stamps in my collection is about

5. The name and address of my stamp dealer is:

Name.....

Address.....

6. Do you think your teacher realizes how much stamp collecting would help in the study of geography or history?

My name is

Age.....

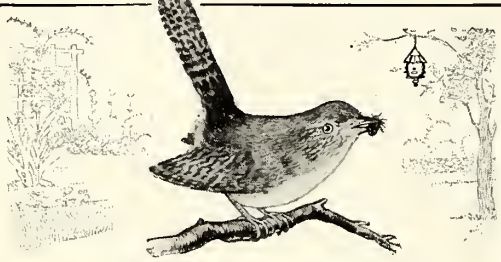
Address.....



Pet Department



BELOW are advertisements of pets especially suitable for children. The dealers listed are reliable. Their stock is pedigreed, and of course these aristocrats of the animal world in many instances command high prices. They are worth it. A few can be purchased for as little as \$5.00. In case you do not see the kind of pet you want, ask the Pet Man to help you. That's what he is here for. Use the coupon on page 26.



I Am A Wren

I am sociable, like to live near good folks — if they will give me a house where cats and English sparrows can't get to my nest—and I earn my keep by eating all the insects and worms about your place. I save the lives of many flowers and fruits.

All nice people—especially children—like to have me—and my little family—living near by. I make them cheerful.

Early this spring I'll fly round your garden, and if you get a **Dodson Wren House**, I'll live with you and be friends. Be sure it's a **Dodson Wren House** because that just suits me—size; door; ventilation; easy to clean. Why, you ought to hear us birds laugh at the pretty but perfectly impractical houses some people put out for us!

Our family has lived in **Dodson Bird Houses** for 15 generations—we know.

I know Bluebirds and Flickers and Swallows and Chickadees who all say they won't live in anything but **Dodson Bird Houses**. That man makes special houses for all kinds of birds; except that bully, the English Sparrow, and for him he makes a wonderful trap that catches as many as a hundred in one day where they are thick.

Get Mr. Dodson's Free Book

That tells how to win us birds for friends, and how to help us. Ask him about **Nature Neighbors**, the book which pictures all birds in their true colors and tells all about them. He'll send you a pretty bird picture in colors.

Mr. Dodson is a Director of the Illinois Audubon Society and has made bird houses *right* for 18 years. You write for his book right away, because we birds want **Dodson Houses** which have been outdoors through a part of the winter; we don't like brand-new houses like some folks do. Address your letter to

JOSEPH H. DODSON

707 South Harrison Ave., Kankakee, Ill.



No room in these stockings for other gifts. But none will be needed if your family has a

"NEWCASTLE" Scottish Terrier or Dachshund

Puppies now on hand

NEWCASTLE KENNELS
Brookline, Mass. Established 1885

What is Your Favorite Kind of Dog?

No matter what breed you like best, the chances are we can supply you. French Bulls; Wire-haired Fox Terriers; Doberman Pinchers; Old English Sheep-dogs; Airedales; Sealyham and Scotch Terriers; Schipperkes; Chows; Fugs; and Pekingese Puppies, for sale. **KIND COMPANIONS—ALERT WATCHDOGS—THOROUGHBREDS EVERY INCH.**

Great Dane Female for sale.

Write us your wants and we will see that you are satisfied.

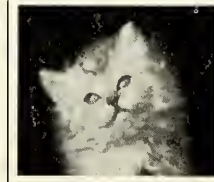
MRS. WILLIAM BRINCK, Grand Ave., Newburgh, N. Y.



PETS OF EVERY KIND

Shetland Ponies, Dogs of all breeds, Belgian Hares and all other rabbits, Angora Cats, Fancy Pigeons, Fancy Poultry, wild Ducks, Geese, Swans, Cavies, Squirrels, Ringdoves, Parrots, Canaries, Monkeys, Foxes, Raccoons, Ferrets, thousands of Pets all varieties, low prices. Big catalog beautifully illustrated 25 cents, lists free. Order your pets now.

HORNES ZOOLOGICAL ARENA CO., Kansas City, Mo.



WANTED

a little human Princess to purchase a beautiful, white kitten. Address,

LITTLE PRINCE CHARMING,
% Black Short Haired Cattery,
Hasbrouck Heights, N. J. Tel. 110-M



America's
Pioneer
Dog Remedies

Book on Dog Diseases And How to Feed

Mailed free to any address by the Author
H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S.
118 West 31st Street New York

This Little Chinese Child

Wants to begin the New Year in some nice cozy home. He is fuzzy, little and cunning, but besides is intelligent, lively and loves to play. He is just old enough to leave his mother and wants to be petted and hugged by someone who loves him. Write

Mrs. SHEPPARD
Sheepshead Bay, L.I., New York



Pet Department—Continued



THIS IS ME
 I may be little and soft and plump,
 But my heart is big and true.
 My mistress says now I'm quite
 big enough
 To leave my dear mother—for you.
 From \$25 up for these wonderful
 little **PEKINGESE**
 Address:
 Mrs. H. A. Baxter, Telephone 418,
 Great Neck, L. I., or 489 Fifth
 Ave., New York City (Tel.)

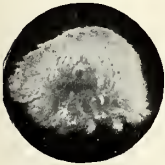
**Spratt's Dog
 Cakes**

Write for prices and send 2c. stamp for
 "Dog Culture."



SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., NEWARK, N. J.

AMERICAN KENNELS



Toy white French Silk Poodles, from 3 pound
 parents, Pedigreed, smallest obtainable, rare
 Beauties, \$15.00. Toy Maltese Terriers, Toy
 Black and Tans, Toy Yorkshire Terriers, Toy
 Boston Terriers, \$15.00 up; Pekinese Spaniels,
 Toy Pomeranians, \$25.00 up; Toy Foxterriers,
 \$5.00 up; St. Bernards, Great Danes, Newfound-
 lands, \$20.00 up; Scotch Collies, \$10.00 up; Irish
 Terriers, Foxterriers, Airedales, English Bulls,
 Puppies and grown, Stud Dogs and Bitches in
 whelp. State wants. We ship anywhere.

Dept. ST. Trevoze, Pa.

**Knock-Down
 Bird Houses**

Most complete, artistic line ever offered.
 46 different styles and sizes, from 35c. up
 to \$25.00. Build NOW!

Write for illustrated folder.

E. E. EDMANSON & CO.
 626 S. Norton St., Chicago, Ill.

The "Little Skipper"



"I watch the door, I watch the gate,
 I am watching early, watching late,
 Your doggie still—I watch and wait."

Inquisitive, agile, lively, lovable, and
 intelligent, this little watch-dog of the
 Flemish canals wants to be a present in
 someone's home where there are children.

Three male puppies available at \$50 each
G. M. ANGIER, Waban, Mass.

Mepal Kennels New Marlboro,
 Berks County, Mass.

COCKER SPANIELS
 FAMOUS CHAMPIONS AT STUD
 Puppies and Grown Stock Usually for Sale

A "Blue Ribbon" Pet means quality and
 good breeding —
 the kind for particular folks. When you buy a pedigreed
FRENCH POODLE
 you can be sure of intelligence, style, devotion and affection.
 That's why they are ideal pets for children. When you buy from
MEADOWMERE KENNELS, Southampton, Long Island
 you can be certain of "Blue Ribbon" quality. That's why
 you should order from them. Write promptly.

Rustic Cedar Bird Houses



No. 11 No. 12 No. 13

Your choice for \$1.25, the three for \$3.50. Wire
 Sparrow Trap, \$4.00. Jennies' Choice Wren House,
 \$1.00. Four roomed Martin House, \$4.00.

Send for Catalog showing "57" illustrations.
 Booklet "Bird Architecture" free with every order.
THE CRESCENT CO., "Birdville," Toms River, N.J.

COCKER SPANIELS

The best pets for children and companions for grown
 people in the world.
 Puppies and grown dogs of all colors usually for sale.

CASSILIS KENNELS
 New Marlboro, Berkshire County, Mass.

Raise Pigeons

It's lots of fun and keeps you
 in pocket money. Our Jumbo
 Pigeons are the envy of all the
 boys and girls. Send for large
 free illustrated, instructive book.

PROVIDENCE SQUAB CO.
 Dept. W, Providence, R. I.

YOUR PET The Pet Man is always glad
 to answer any questions
 about your dog, cat, bird, or pony. ¶ He will tell you
 how to care for them and advise you where to get the
 best breeds. ¶ When ready to buy use the special St.
 Nicholas coupon on the next page, or write to dealers direct.

Rider Agents Wanted

1916 Model

in each town to ride and show a new 1916 model
"RANGER" bicycle. Write for our liberal terms.
DELIVERED FREE on approval and 30 days' trial.
 Send for free big catalog and particulars of most
 marvelous offer ever made on a bicycle. You will be
 astonished at our low prices and remarkable terms.
FACTORY CLEARING SALE—a limited number of
 old models of various makes, \$7 to \$12. A few good
 second-hand wheels \$3 to \$8. Write if you want a bargain.
 Tires, lamps, wheels, sundries, parts, motorcycle supplies
 of all kinds at half usual prices. Write us before buying.
MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. F-15 CHICAGO

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION FOR HOOPING-COUGH OR CROUP

The celebrated effectual remedy without internal medicine. For 120 years this remedy has met with continued and growing popularity. Bronchitis, Lumbago, and Rheumatism are also quickly relieved by a few applications. No increase in price.

W. EDWARDS & SON

157 Queen Victoria Street, London, England

All Druggists, or E. FOUGERA & CO., Inc.

90 Beekman Street, New York



"Bristol" Prize Winning Rods

Have won their overwhelming popularity by their absolute merit. They are the best-hanging, finest acting, most reliable and most serviceable rods in the world. 19,000 dealers sell the 38 different styles of "BRISTOL" Rods ranging from \$3.50 to \$25.00 each. If you cannot get the exact "BRISTOL" you want from your dealer, order it by mail from our catalogue at no additional cost. CATALOGUE FREE.

NEW ART CALENDAR READY
Sent prepaid on receipt of 15 cents

Full color reproduction of a famous oil painting by Philip R. Goodwin, the noted painter of outdoor life. A beautiful decoration for home, den or camp. Supply limited.

Send 15c. at once.
THE HORTON MFG. CO., 167 Horton St., Bristol, Conn.

42 1-2 lb. Salmon caught by A. E. Burgdoff. Won prize of "BRISTOL" Rod



The Original

Auto-Wheel Coaster Wagon and miles ahead of others. Boys don't want a substitute—they want the genuine Auto-Wheel Coaster—with roller bearings, steel axles and speedy auto-type wheels—like a real car. Strong and swift.

Boys—write how to get one FREE
and give hardware dealer's name

BUFFALO SLED CO.

141 Schenck St. No. Tonawanda, N. Y.
In Canada, Preston, Ont.

The Pet You Want to Own

THE DOG—companion of your lonely hours, playmate in your frolics and guardian of your safety. Those qualities of loyalty, bravery, tenacity, affection, and style which you rightly expect your pet to have are only obtained through long and careful breeding. No well-bred dog of this type can be bought for less than \$20.00 or \$25.00. Most of those which you would be proud to call yours cost from \$30.00 to \$100.00, and they are *worth it!* You cannot get a real dog at the price of a mongrel.

Get Father or Mother to sign this coupon under your own signature so that we may be sure they approve of your choice.

Ponies, \$100.00; Cats, \$5.00 and up; Birds, Squirrels, Rabbits, \$3.00 and up.

ST. NICHOLAS PET DEPARTMENT, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City

The Pet I want to know about is..... Dog, Cat, Pony, Bird or other Pets

Breed preferred.....
Scotch Terrier, Pekingese, Great Dane, etc.

The Price I am willing to pay.....
(Not under \$20.00 for Dogs)

My name is.....

I live at.....
Street, Town and State

Parent's signature.....
(approving)



See the World at a Glance from The Watch Tower

Your teacher at school will be delighted to learn of the *new department* in ST. NICHOLAS called "THE WATCH TOWER." It is conducted by S. E. Forman, the noted educational writer, author of "A History of the United States," and it deals with CURRENT EVENTS.

How would you like to have *your* teacher at school read "The Watch Tower" aloud to *your* class?

Just think! By reading "The Watch Tower," or by having your teacher read it to you and your schoolmates, *you will understand perfectly the big events that are going down in history NOW*; and which will be studied by *other* school children *hundreds of years from now!*

Make Your Teacher a Present at OUR Expense

Find "The Watch Tower" in this number of ST. NICHOLAS. Take it to school with you and show it to your teacher.

"The Watch Tower" this month deals with "The Great War," "Plans for a Big Army," "The Meaning of Recent Elections," "Booker T. Washington," "Uncle Sam's Expenses," and "Better Times in the Labor World."

Ask your teacher if she would like to read "The Watch Tower" to your class in the hour devoted to "Current Events."

If she says "yes," or if she is at all interested, MAKE HER A PRESENT OF A COPY OF ST. NICHOLAS AT OUR EXPENSE!

Just fill out the coupon carefully, tear it off and mail it to us today. We will mail a free copy of ST. NICHOLAS promptly to your teacher and tell her it is a gift from YOU!

FILL IN—TEAR OFF—MAIL TODAY

The Century Co.,
My teacher's name is _____
Address _____

FREE COPY COUPON
353 Fourth Avenue, New York City

My name is _____
Age _____

Address _____

Grade _____



Advertising Competition No. 169

The last time you heard of Alexander the Little he was trying to outwit you all with one of his weird and wonderful alphabetical puzzles. We really thought he would not dare come in again for a long time, when suddenly the office door opened and in he came, bringing with him the picture you see above.

"A composite photograph I call it," he said, with a wicked gleam in his eye. "Maybe those boys and girls who think they are so smart will enjoy trying to find out how many different advertisements I've used to make up the picture. You see, I've just taken the head off one advertised figure and pasted it on the body of another—but since they're all so clever, I'm going to let them puzzle it out alone."

Number your answers, and put down in alphabetical order the name of every advertisement in the December ST. NICHOLAS a part of which you can detect in the photograph above.

After he had gone we found that Alexander had pasted one thing on wrong side out.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

Be sure to comply with all these conditions.

1. Make out your list of answers as told above.
2. Write a letter of about 150 words giving the details of some interesting experience in which you had some difficulty in buying something advertised in ST. NICHOLAS. Describe what you did to get it; if you had to go to several stores before you found it; if you persuaded some store-keeper to get it for you; etc. The prizes will go to those whose answers are correct and whose letters give the most facts or details about their experiences.

3. In upper left-hand corner of your paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (169).

4. Submit answer by January 20, 1916.

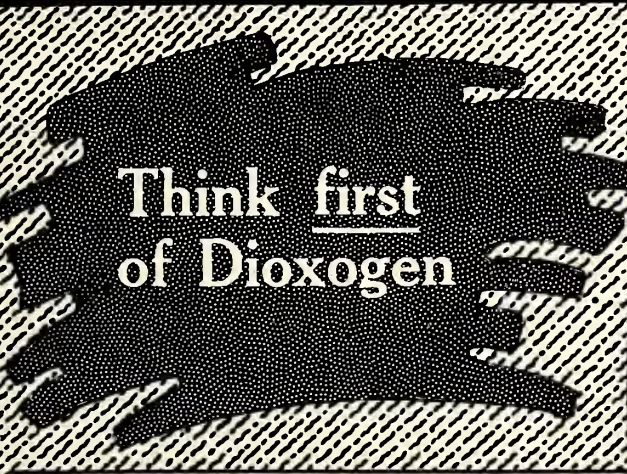
5. Do not use a lead pencil.

6. Address answers:

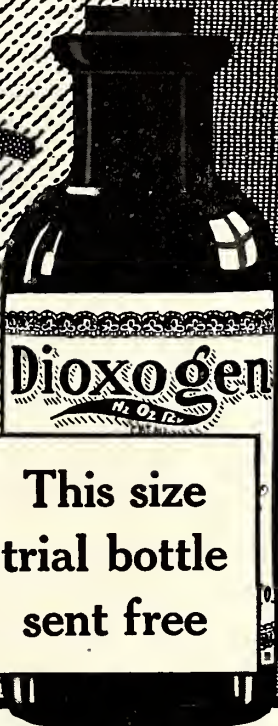
ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 169,
ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE,
353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

7. There will be 16 prizes awarded: One First Prize of \$5.00; Two Second Prizes of \$3.00 each; Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 each; and Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1.00 each.

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 to St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.



**Think first
of Dioxogen**



**This size
trial bottle
sent free**

If you cut or wound yourself badly use Dioxogen first—then send for the doctor. If you scratch yourself use Dioxogen to make sure no blood poisoning or other complications can follow. Dioxogen is the one pure peroxide of hydrogen that needs no questionable acetanilid to preserve it. It is stronger than all others, too. It keeps you and your children away from infection by destroying the germs before they begin their work. Ask for it by name—at any drug store.

The Oakland Chemical Co., 10 Astor Place, New York



The SANTA CLAUS ASSOCIATION

International Executive Headquarters are now permanently established in the Woolworth Building.

Office open all year in charge of an alternating secretary. A visitor is never asked to subscribe.


Call and see how we play Santa Claus to poor children of two nations.

THE SANTA CLAUS ASSOCIATION

JOHN D. GLUCK, *Founder*

RINGS • FRATERNITY PINS • BADGES

C.K. GROUSE CO.
MANUFACTURERS




CROSS PINS

MEALS

NORTH ATTLEBORO MASS. BOX B24

...SEND FOR BEAUTIFUL BOOK OF DESIGNS...

\$100.00 EARNED BY YOUNG ARTIST IN 2 DAYS.



Commercial artists trained by members of our faculty have earned one hundred dollars in two days, often more. Master essentials of this remunerative, uncrowded profession in spare time by home study methods. Send to-day for free folio and illustrated booklet, "Your Future," Federal School of Commercial Designing, Inc. 2701 Warner Bg. Minneapolis, Minn.

PUBLIC-SPIRITED BOYS AND GIRLS

Join the "February 22d Club"

Object: Something for Washington and Our Country. No fee. Give full name, age, town, state. If a Washington button is wanted, send 10c. Write to Secretary,
George Washington Memorial Association, Boston, Mass.

The **Prophy-lactic** Tooth Brush

Earned its reputation by "mouth to mouth" advertising

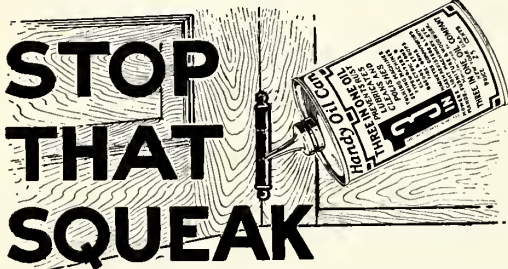




"Oh-h-h! it's
**BEECH-NUT
GRAPE JELLY**"

SEND 10c in stamps for newest, most fascinating game, "Going to Market." Amusing, instructive. Will interest the whole family.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
CANAJOHARIE, NEW YORK



with 3-in-One Oil. It will make door hinges work noiselessly. For longer wear and easier work use 3-in-One on your:

Sewing machine, typewriter, talking machine, ice cream freezer, bicycle, skates, music box, lawn mower, cream separators, clocks, locks, hinges, bolts, catches, pulleys, scales, scissors and everything else *around your home* that ever needs oiling.

3-in-One is a clear, light oil preparation that cuts out all dirt and never gums or cakes. It lubricates perfectly every action part and prevents wear. No grease; no acid.

3-in-One also cleans and polishes all wood and metal surfaces—absolutely prevents rust and tarnish, indoors and out.

FREE Write for generous *free* sample of 3-in-One, today. Give it a good hard test. Sold everywhere in 3 size bottles: 10c (1 oz.), 25c (3 oz.), 50c (8 oz., ½ pint). Also in new patented Handy Oil Can containing 3½ ozs. of oil, 25c.

3-IN-ONE OIL CO.

42 QH. Broadway

New York City



For Fun and Usefulness

It's the handiest, friendliest light you ever saw—one you're bound to "hit-it-off-with" from the minute you are introduced. When you're out on a lark at night or around the house in the dark, and at a thousand other times, there's nothing you'll appreciate so much as an

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT

a real, true *electric* light, with a battery inside to supply the current. You touch the switch and instantly you get a dandy bright light that's safe and weatherproof.

It's economical, too, for there are lots of styles that cost only a dollar or so, and when you need a new battery you can get it for just a few cents wherever EVEREADY Flashlights are sold.

Pick out *your* EVEREADY today at your dealer's, and drop us a line for interesting booklet No. 53 telling all about flashlights.

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Company
Long Island City New York



Schools

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington (Suburbs).
National Park Seminary For the higher education of young women. Extension courses of two years' collegiate work above high school. Thoroughly equipped departments of Home Economics, Floriculture, Arts and Crafts, Music, Painting, Dramatic Art, systematic study of the National Capital. Illustrated book on request to Registrar, Box 178, Forest Glen, Md.

Boys! Girls! Speak a Foreign Language!

Learn on your own talking machine at home, during spare moments—**French, German, Spanish, Italian**—easily and quickly. No tiresome rules. Just listen to the native professor's voice pronounce each word and phrase, until you know it. Study becomes play by use of the

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD

combined with

ROSENTHAL'S PRACTICAL LINGUISTRY

Send for our free "Treatise on Language Study," particulars of free trial and easy payment plan. Write to-day

THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD, 979 Putnam Bldg., 2 W. 45th St., New York



Mrs. Marshall's School for Little Girls

A home-like boarding and day school for girls under fifteen, affording an abundance of healthful recreation and play in rural surroundings with elevating companionship.
Booklet free on request.

Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.



Photographed by Walter P. Yamall, age 14, Wallingford, Pa.

Spend Your Vacation at a Camp

A GREAT many boys and girls who read *ST. NICHOLAS* went to camps last year. About 150 boys and girls wrote us about the camps they attended.

The photograph at the top was taken by a boy who reads *ST. NICHOLAS*, and these letters were written by boy and girl readers of *ST. NICHOLAS*.

After reading these letters perhaps you too would like to go to a camp next summer.

WAYNE, PA.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*:—

I am spending the summer at a camp for girls at Denmark, Maine. Our camp is divided into three sections, Senior 1, Senior 2 and Junior. Senior 1 and 2 are only a five minute walk apart, but Junior is three miles away, and we very seldom see them. The girls in Junior are from seven years to about thirteen or fourteen. Those in Senior 2 are from fourteen to seventeen, and those in Senior 1 are from seventeen to twenty. I am in Senior 2. There are three girls and a counselor in each tent. In the mornings we have rowing and paddling lessons, bathing, and horseback riding. In the afternoons we have horseback riding again, basket-ball, baseball, hockey, and archery. Of course we have tennis, which we can play any time. No one can go out in a canoe until she has passed the swimming test, which is only a distance of one hundred and fifty feet. We have to go in head first though when we take the test, and that keeps a few people from doing it.

Our camp is situated on a lake with a mountain across the lake. We will go home the last day of August and I will be sorry to go, because we have such good times here.

J. H. (age 15 years).

KENDAL GREEN, MASS.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*:—

Perhaps you have heard of the quaint town of Brewster on Cape Cod. I am spending a delightful month here in a girls' camp. I came the first of August and already the time has been spent in a way which I'll never forget.

There are, in all, twenty-one girls. We have three sleeping cabins all overlooking the ocean and the rest of the buildings do, too. They include a cosy little dining-room connected with a kitchen, and an assembly room called Ungungun. In Indian it means meeting place so it is very appropriate.

Every Saturday night some of the girls are appointed to entertain the rest. Well, last Saturday I wish you could have been here. Three girls dressed up as darkies and gave a minstrel show. They were perfect screams!—The bathing here is lovely.—Tennis,

basket-ball, baseball, and "hiking" afford much sport, while handcraft is a little work but instructive and pleasant when all the girls do it together. I am trying to win a camp pennant, although it is quite hard to get.—This is such a lovely place, I know you would like it, and of course if you are down this way I'd like to have you come in and see all the attractions.

P. A. C. (age 14 years).

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*:—

I am spending my summer in a Camp at North Belgrade, Maine. The Camp is situated on the shore of Ellis Pond, sometimes called Salmon Lake. This lake is one of the Belgrade chain. I have great times up here, playing baseball, tennis and going out on walking and canoeing trips. On rainy days the library and chess and checker boards come in handy. There are 80 boys in the Camp, and a master for every seven boys. We live in tents, four boys to each one.

F. S. K. (age 12½ years).

ST. NICHOLAS has a special department maintained for you, its purpose being to tell you where the camps are and what it costs to be a camper.

If you will fill out the coupon and send it to *ST. NICHOLAS* you will soon receive, without charge, some beautiful views of just the kind of camp you would like.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON

Did you attend a camp last year?.....

If so, which and where?
.....

What section would you prefer?.....
.....

What is your age?.....

Name.....

Address.....
.....

Mail to-day to *St. Nicholas Camp Department*
353 Fourth Ave., New York City

Betty's Lessons

VIII. WRITING



BETTY gets good marks in writing. See if you can write, in ink, as *small* a letter as hers. Tell some true thing about "Dr. Lyon's", send it to us with your name and address, and your mother's endorsement that it is your own work and idea. If deserving, we will send you a little reward.

*I. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc.,
New York City.*

Dear Sirs :-

*I like Dr. Lyon's
Tooth Powder and Dental
Cream. I tell all of my
friends how good they
are.*

*Your friend,
Betty.*

72 ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls tried to solve the arithmetic problem in the November ST. NICHOLAS. 43 had the right answer, which is 3,030,000 tubes. Which one do you use—powder or cream?

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream



Send 2c. to-day for a trial package of either DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER or DENTAL CREAM. There's enough to last for nearly two weeks. See what fun it really is to brush your teeth with dentifrice that you like—that tastes as good as it looks.



I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc.
533 W. 27th St. New York

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION, No. 167

All good things, you know, have to come to an end some time or other, and sooner or later it was pretty sure that even such a famous personage as Alexander the Little would get too smart and slip up badly. You may have noticed how chesty he has grown of late, and you probably recall the old proverb, "Pride goeth before a fall."

That is exactly what happened in Advertising Competition No. 167. You may imagine the expression on the faces of the Judges when they had finished correcting all the 400 answers without being able to find a *single* little mistake in any one of them. Just think of it!—four hundred replies all absolutely perfect. In fact, if any of you had made an error the Judges would have been tempted to have declared that one the winner and given him a prize for originality.

At any rate, since you were all equally bright the prize winners had to be determined by the care and thought which their talking-machine essays showed. Extra credit was given to competitors whose treatment of this unimaginative subject gave evidence of originality. Of course it made no difference (as some of you seemed to fear) whether or not you owned a talking-machine.

The joke is on Alexander this time and he is in disgrace to-day—the funny part of it is, nobody feels sorry for him.

COMPETITION No. 167

PRIZE WINNERS

Twenty-seven Prizes of \$1.00 Each.

- | | | | |
|-----|--------------------|--------|--------------|
| 1. | Myrtle Hallworth | age 16 | Connecticut |
| 2. | Margaret Eckbert | " 17 | Pennsylvania |
| 3. | Myrtle Henckel | " 14 | New Jersey |
| 4. | Margaret Rittinger | " 16 | New York |
| 5. | Catherine Cheatham | " 12 | D. C. |
| 6. | Elizabeth Timson | " 13 | New Jersey |
| 7. | Elizabeth Hazen | " 13 | New York |
| 8. | Alice Walther | " 15 | New York |
| 9. | Mildred Presby | " 16 | New Jersey |
| 10. | Marian Hall | " 14 | Pennsylvania |
| 11. | Dorothy Whitridge | " 16 | D. C. |
| 12. | Benjamin Westcott | " 9 | Rhode Island |
| 13. | Lillian Babcock | " 14 | New Jersey |
| 14. | Margaret Brate | " 12 | Ohio |
| 15. | Aline Henry | " 13 | New Jersey |
| 16. | Bessie Rockwood | " 15 | New York |
| 17. | Howard Robinson | " 17 | Vermont |
| 18. | Lucy Thorn | " 15 | Maryland |
| 19. | Sylvia Hirsch | " 13 | California |
| 20. | Helen Ringman | " 13 | New Jersey |
| 21. | Marion Hendrickson | " 13 | Connecticut |
| 22. | Margaret Lovewell | " 13 | Kansas |
| 23. | Jean Black | " 14 | New York |
| 24. | Dorothy Levy | " 15 | California |
| 25. | Olive Frazier | " 11 | New York |
| 26. | Mary Mulhall | " 12 | Iowa |
| 27. | Doris Moos | " 13 | Illinois |

**POND'S EXTRACT CO.'S
TOOTH PASTE**

You know how good Pond's Extract is. But have you tried Pond's Tooth Paste? Send the name of your druggist if he has n't it in stock and we'll send you a little sample.



**POLLY
and
PETER PONDS**



(A Continued Story)

You will find one part of this story in last month's St. Nicholas and another next month



POND'S EXTRACT

We don't have to say much about this. It's the first thing to think of when you get bumps or bruises or cuts or stings.

"SIX paces east of ye blasted pine, threerods north of—"

That was all Peter Ponds could remember the next morning. But everything else about the dream he recalled distinctly.

A giant pirate had appeared at his bedside during the night bearing a shovel laden with pearls and rubies and sapphires, as glowing and brilliant as those Peter saw in the Tower of London, on his trip around the world, which you read about in ST. NICHOLAS several years ago.

But let us see what caused this apparition. There is always a reason for things if you can find it, you know. (By the way, you know the reason for Pond's Extract so well that for a while we're going to tell you reasons for the other wonderful products the Pond's Extract Company makes.)

Peter had been skating on Jones's Pond. The water was only two feet deep, but that was

enough to give Peter a chill drenching clear through to his skin when the ice broke.

He ought to have gone to bed as soon as he reached the school. And he ought to have had inside of him a nice hot drink of something his mother knew how to prepare. But his mother was n't there, of course, and Peter did n't tell any of the Mrs. Professors or Mrs. Principal about it.

Instead he took a hot shower and then put some Pond's Vanishing Cream on his face and hands, which had been badly chapped in the stinging north wind he had to face while running to the school.

Pond's Vanishing Cream can't be seen, you know. That's why Peter liked it. Like all boys, Peter did n't like to put anything on his face that people would notice.

His sister, Polly, uses P. V. C. too, and so do the rest of the girls in her school. They rub a little Vanishing Cream on just before they go out in the wind, and it protects their skin so their complexions are always wonderfully

smooth and clear. When they come in they put some more on. Perhaps you begin to see why the girls of that school are famous for miles around for their fine natural complexions.

But going back to Peter—

His face and hands were all right next morning, but he did n't sleep any too well because he had caught a little cold. That's why he dreamed of Captain Kidd, and skulls and cross-bones and daggers and chests of gold.

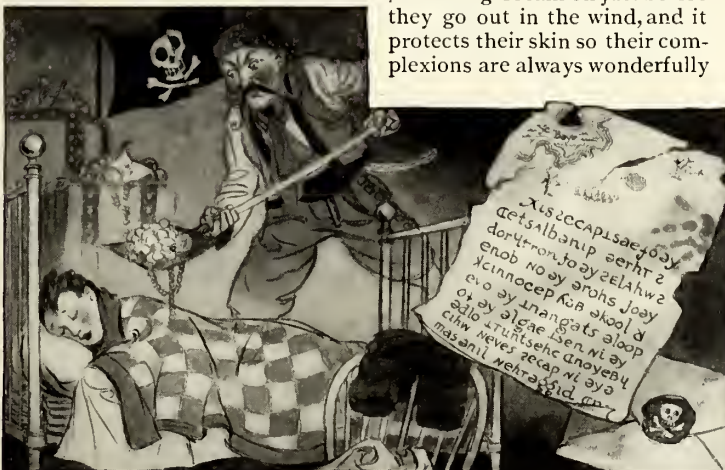
Perhaps you can decipher the rest of the pirate's message. It is shown in the picture as it appeared to Peter in his dream.

By the way, *you* use Pond's Vanishing Cream in this bleak January weather, don't you?

(Continued in the February ST. NICHOLAS)

**POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S
Vanishing Cream—Cold Cream—Toilet
Soap—Pond's Extract**

**POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
131 Hudson Street New York**



Grand Canyon - Of Arizona



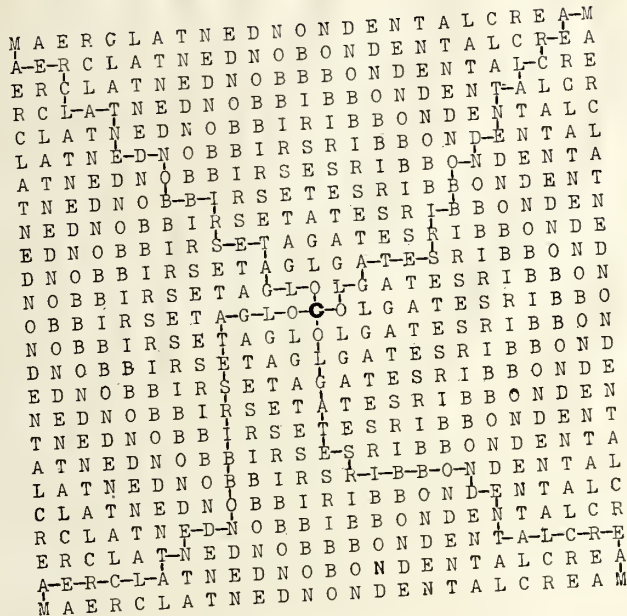
**One of the
Seven Wonders
of the world
- is on your
Santa Fe
way to Sunny
California!**

**Travel on
California
Limited or
Santa Fe de Luxe**



**On request will mail illustrat-
ed booklets of trains and trip--
W.J.Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr. A.T. & S.F.Ry.
1072 Railway Exch. Chicago.**

- four daily California trains -



16,384

Is the number of times the name "Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream" can be read in the above zig-zag puzzle. Start at the center "C" which appears in heavy black ink and take any number of zig-zag courses to the corners as shown and you will find that you can read "Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream" a great number of times. The actual number, 16,384, was worked out by a prominent Professor of Mathematics.

That is a very large number—but do you realize that every week, in properly eating your daily three meals, you make your teeth bite or chew *more than that number of times!*

That is a lot of work your teeth do for you—such good workers should have good care.

Give yours the care they need—and deserve—give them a twice-a-day brushing with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—the dentifrice that tastes good while it does good, that is efficient, safe and sensible. Then see your dentist twice a year and you will have done your duty to your teeth.

Ribbon Dental Cream is sold everywhere—or a trial tube sent for 4c.

COLGATE & COMPANY

Dept. 60

199 Fulton Street

NEW YORK

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined

IVORY ADVENTURES



:: THE MAGIC PIPE ::



OUR Gnif the Gnome set out alone the First of January without his Bob and Betty so that Gnome was lonely—very. To have adventures by himself he hardly dared to hope—not even with the aid of that great magic IVORY SOAP. For Gnif loved children very much and everything about them and didn't see what fun there was in all the world without them.

But while he wandered through the woods, what should that elf man see, all gray and mossy, but a PIPE as monstrous as could be. He said, "That is the *magic pipe* whose bubbles travel far and faster than an aeroplane or chugging motor car."

He scrubbed that pipe with IVORY SOAP with all his elfish might till it was truly IVORY *pure* and clean and IVORY white. Some *dew* was left inside the bowl and soap, so with no trouble Gnif blew a lusty bubble blow and made a *Monstrous* bubble. *Pop* into it went little Gnif and wished that he might go straight off to Bob and Betty's house, and *presto* it was so. When those two children saw their Gnome in this new sky balloon they asked their mother if they might go sailing in it *soon*.

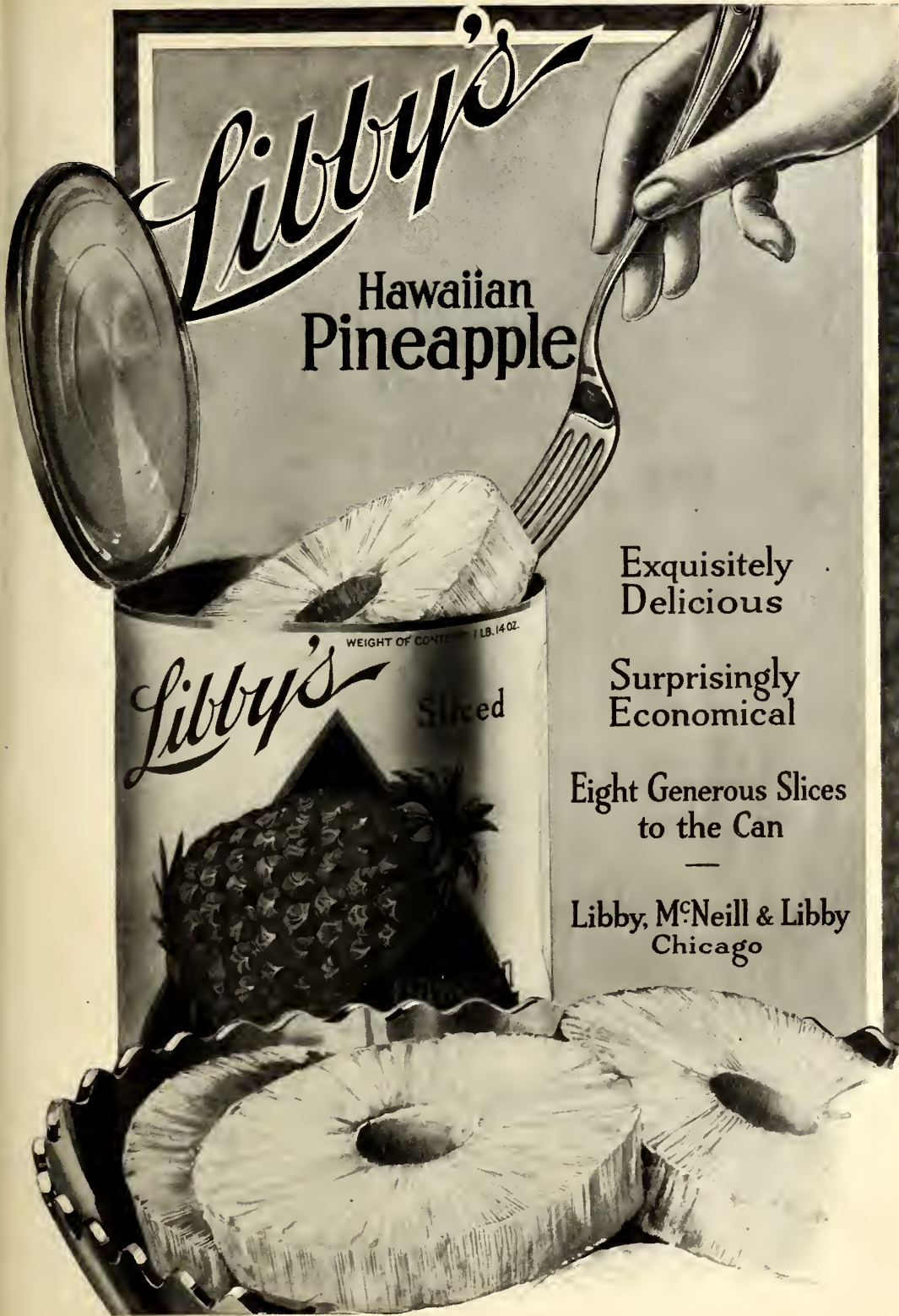
Gnif said,—“This magic bubble here will carry just us three with Yow, the cat, and Snip, the dog, tucked in for company.” So off they sailed as Mother waved an amiable farewell for Mother knew they'd soon be back with wondrous tales to tell. And so away the rovers went off in their tossing bubble to find and help most any one with soilsome cares or trouble.

*The next month's tale has trouble tragic
Cured by your IVORY'S bubble magic.*

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JOHN MARTIN'S
BOOK
(a Magazine for
little children)

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% PURE





Libby's

Hawaiian
Pineapple

WEIGHT OF CONTENTS 1 LB. 14 OZ.

Libby's Sliced

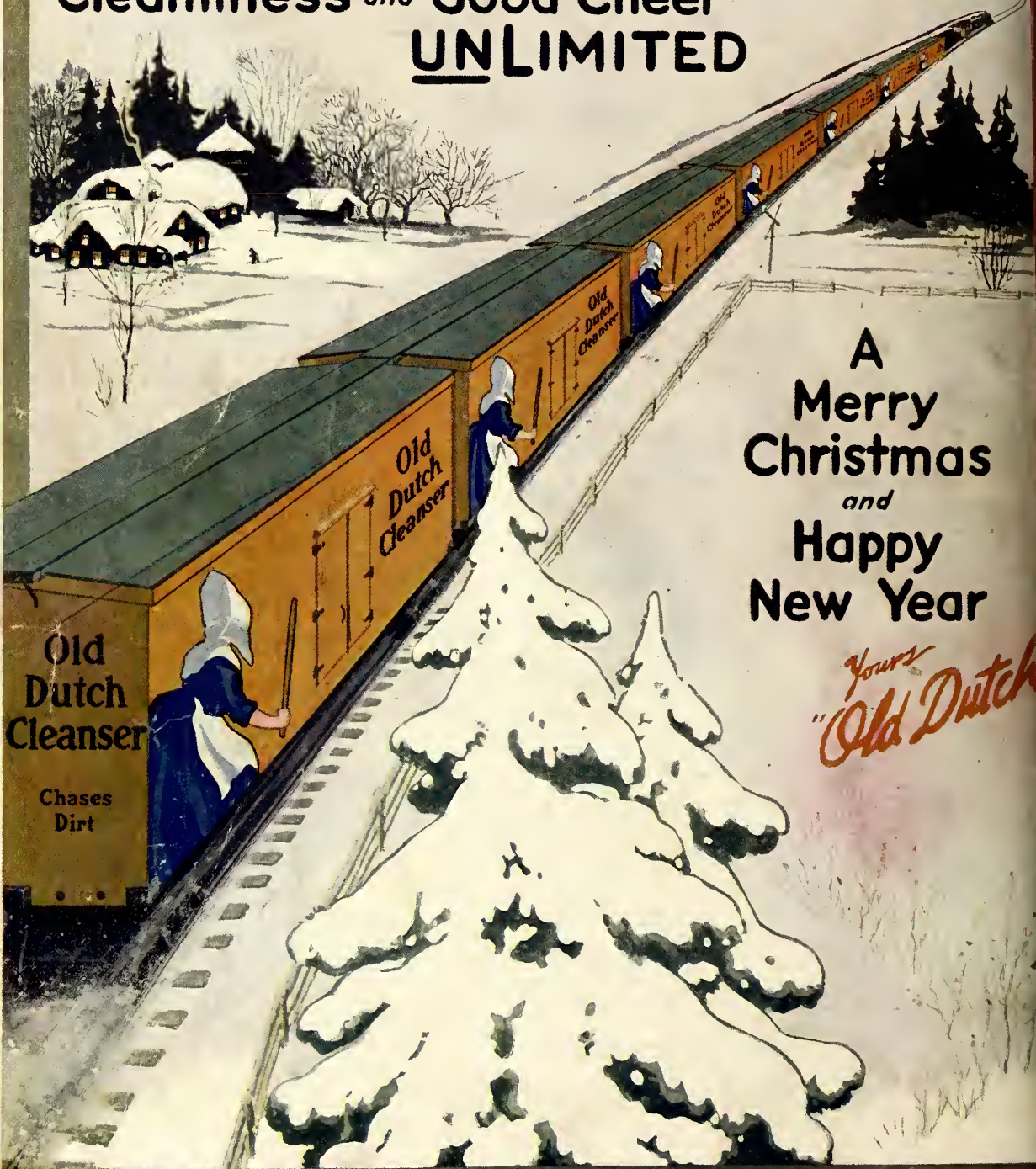
Exquisitely
Delicious

Surprisingly
Economical

Eight Generous Slices
to the Can

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Cleanliness and Good Cheer
UNLIMITED

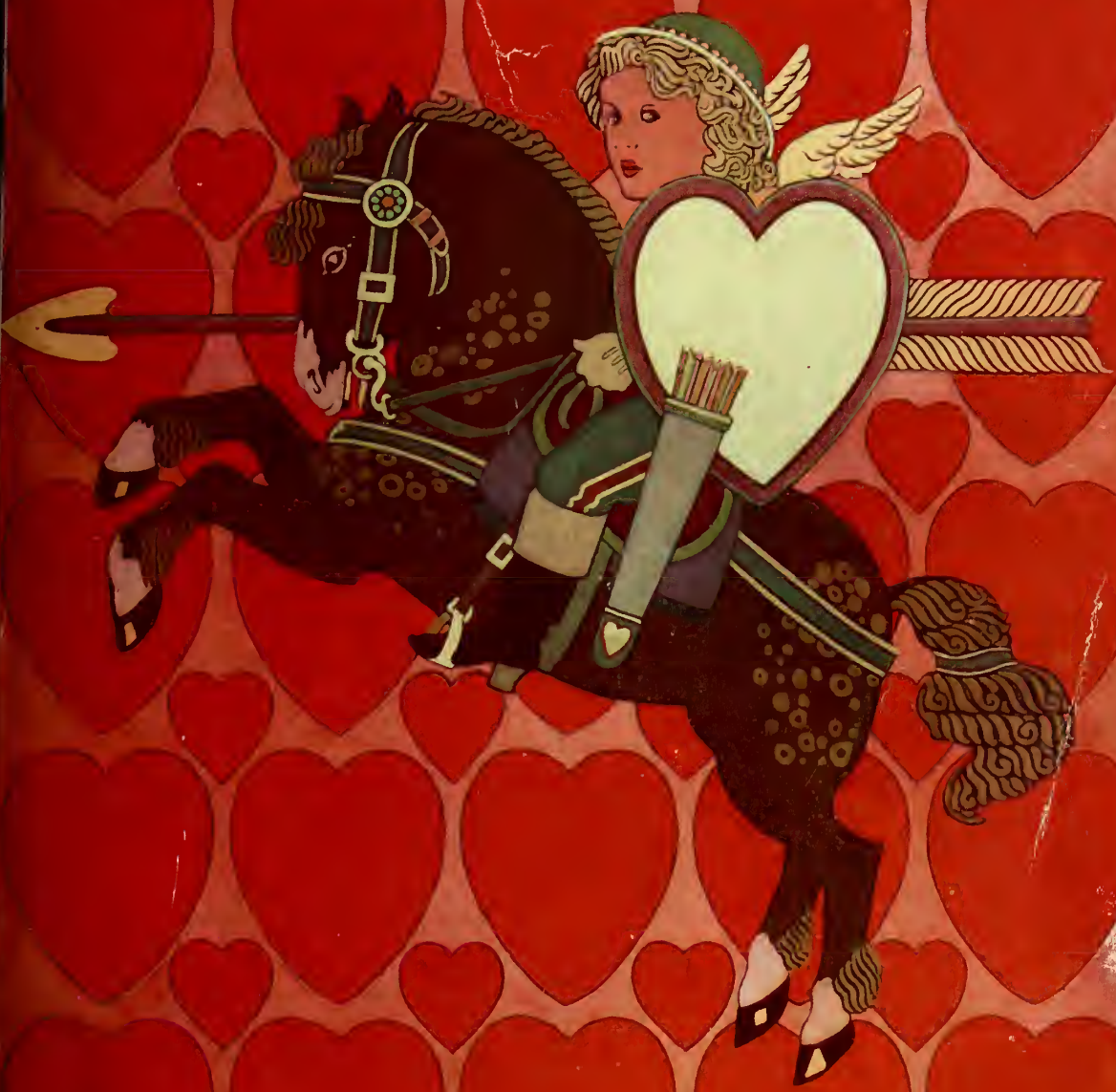


**Old Dutch
Cleanser**
Chases
Dirt

A
Merry
Christmas
and
Happy
New Year

Yours
"Old Dutch"

S^T NICHOLAS



FEBRUARY 1916

Swift's
Little Cook

"Swift's Premium" Ham or Bacon



Now you may
Test Pears
at
Small Expense



(See special offer at the bottom of this advertisement)

Prove it yourself—and know that Pears is the very best soap for your skin in cold weather.

Send to-day for a trial cake and learn to know this delightful soap at our expense. You will be delighted to note the improvement in your skin; and you will find Pears a constant protection against the roughness and chapping so often caused by raw, damp days, and biting, frosty air.

Pears' Soap

has been known for generations as "The Great Complexion Soap" because the skin and complexion reflect so quickly the fine character of the soap itself. It keeps the skin soft and smooth—the complexion fair and fresh because it absolutely frees the delicate pores from impurities of every sort.

Pears thus promotes a natural, healthy condition in which the skin is able to withstand the trying effects of cold, wind and dust.

Do not gloss over skin trouble with cosmetics—use Pears' Soap every day, in any climate, in any weather and enjoy real skin comfort. Sold anywhere in the United States at 15 cents per cake.

A. & F. PEARS, Ltd.

Largest manufacturers of high grade toilet soaps in the world.

SPECIAL OFFER: Send 4c in stamps to cover mailing cost and we will send you postpaid, a generous trial cake of Pears' Unscented Soap. Address Walter Janvier, United States Agent, 523 Canal Street, New York City.

Note
Special
Trial Offer

"All rights secured"

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST



Each 5c cake of Fairy Soap—
in purity, convenience, and real
cleansing satisfaction—repre-
sents a value that is not excelled
by any other soap at any price.

FAIRY SOAP

For toilet and bath

is a pleasure to use, because of
its gentle, refreshing, cleansing
quality, its floating properties,
and the convenient oval cake.

Fairy Soap is white and pure,
made with expert skill from the
most carefully selected materials.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"



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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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ST. NICHOLAS *for March*

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"ATHLETIC EFFICIENCY: THE BUILDING OF A BETTER TYPE OF BOY"

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Explaining in detail, with numerous and striking illustrations, an ingenious scheme for a new system of exercise and athletic training.

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Describing, with beautiful illustrations, the equestrian statue of the great heroine by Anna Vaughn Hyatt, recently unveiled on Riverside Drive, New York.

"THE WONDER-CHILD OF WARSAW"

By Katherine D. Cather

In which this talented and graceful writer pays tribute to the boyhood of Chopin.

"ON THE BATTLE-FRONT OF ENGINEERING"

By A. Russell Bond

The March instalment of this popular series on the marvels of American engineering will describe the actual building of an aerial cable railway.

"THE BOYS' LIFE OF MARK TWAIN"

By Albert Bigelow Paine

Chapters on the great humorist's experiences as a "soldier" and as a gold-seeker in Nevada.

"HOW A BOY SECURED A UNIQUE MARK TWAIN AUTOGRAPH"

By Hon. Victor Rosewater

The author was the boy in question, at that time a page in the United States Senate at Washington.

"THROUGH THE STORM"

By Mary W. Caswell

The story of a girl's bravery in a northwestern blizzard, with spirited pictures by Norman P. Rockwell.

"THE SAPPHIRE SIGNET"

By Augusta Huiell Seaman

In March this fascinating serial, of interest primarily to girls, reaches a critical point in its mystery.

"WILL BRADLEY'S WONDER-BOX"

Continuing a series of delightful stories, with incomparable pictures by this clever artist-writer.

"SAVED BY A CAMERA"

By Felicia Buttz Clark

Concluding this exciting short serial about the adventures of two American boys on the battle-front in France.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Why not join the St. Nicholas family now? Use this coupon to get in, if you are not already a member.

THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Gentlemen: Please find enclosed \$3, for which send ST. NICHOLAS for one year, beginning with the March number, to

Name

Address

(St. N.—16-2)



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Your teacher at school will be delighted to learn of the *new department* in ST. NICHOLAS called "THE WATCH TOWER." It is conducted by S. E. Forman, the noted educational writer, author of "A History of the United States," and it deals with CURRENT EVENTS.

How would you like to have *your* teacher at school read "The Watch Tower" aloud to *your* class?

Just think! By reading "The Watch Tower," or by having your teacher read it to you and your schoolmates, *you will understand perfectly the big events that are going down in history NOW*; and which will be studied by *other* school children *hundreds of years from now!*

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*The girl from
the little country
town who is
travelling alone*



*—and the man
who kindly
offered to be of
service to her*

MARY knew. Of course she could tell the difference between the two kinds of men. When she left the little country town for New York she would be particularly careful. That is the reason she so gladly accepted the kindly faced, fatherly gentleman's offer to be of service to her. She discovered her mistake later. It is interesting to know just how Mary fared—but it is startling—almost incredible—to read that every year fifty thousand girls succumb to the pitfalls that await them in the city. Yet, former Police Commissioner Bingham of New York is authority for the statement—and statistics uphold him. Read this story, you good thoughtful folks. It is called "The Man Across the Aisle," and it will appear in the

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of a queen*



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treacherous, but
bold with regard
to her treachery*

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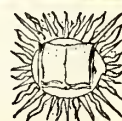
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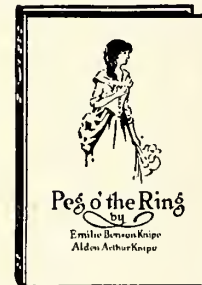
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"THEN THE FLAGS DROPPED AND DACIA BEHELD THE MONUMENT."
(SEE PAGE 294.)

ST. NICHOLAS

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“TO REMEMBER STEVENSON”

BY DENISON CLIFT

ON the platform of the old, abandoned horse-car in the sand-dunes below the end of Vallejo Street, Dacia Gardner peered across the tawny wastes that skirted the beach. She held her hand over her eyes to shield them from the brightness of the October sun.

Throughout the night one of the early rains of the season had thundered on the roof of the old horse-car that Dacia called her home. With morning the skies had cleared, and only above Mt. Tamalpais on the Marin shore did black clouds hover—the aftermath of the storm.

“How is the day, Dacie?” called her father from within the house.

“It ’s clearing, Daddy,” answered Dacia; “but it will never do for you to take out the street-car on such a wet, blowy morning.”

“But, Dacie, I ’ve got to run a car over the Vallejo tracks to hold the street franchise for the railway company.”

“You ’re not going to run *any* car over *any* tracks to-day!” said Dacia. “You ’re sick enough now from having been out in that first heavy rain up at the car-barns.”

Her father smiled wanly and sat up in bed. Dacia brought him a steaming dish of milk toast. She carefully pinned a woolen shawl across his shoulders.

“Now, Dacie dear,” he said, “it would never do to neglect driving the horse-car over the road, for to-day is the last day of the stipulated year, and here I ’ve been putting it off for a week. ‘One day each year, ending October 17th,’ the law reads, and a car must be driven over the tracks to hold the franchise. Then there ’s the affidavit

to be filed. The company has trusted me to do that for nine years. I have never failed them yet, and I must not fail them now.”

“No, Daddy! I ’ll send word to the office that you ’re ill. Mr. Craigie can send Tom Wade out with the car.”

“Stars, no, Dacie! If they think I ’m as sick as that, they might lay me off.”

Dacia was silent as she tidied up the little car-house. It was probably the quaintest house in all San Francisco, and situated in one of the city’s romantic spots, almost under the big guns of Fort Winfield Scott.

It was below the end of Vallejo Street, beyond the worked-out quarries. Vallejo was the street of the ancient horse-car line, but it was many years since the obsolete cars had run regularly. When the quarries had been in full blast, in 1889, hundreds of workmen were employed. The horse-car service had paid the company well then. But when the works suddenly shut down one winter, there was not enough traffic to warrant the operation of the line, and the cars were taken off.

And now, in order to hold the franchise, the company sent a car over the line each year in compliance with the law. Some day the franchise would be valuable.

A long, lonely street that began somewhere near the forest of masts off the waterfront and threaded westward along the north bay shore toward the yellow dunes below the Presidio Reservation—that was Vallejo, not much of a street in those early days, to be sure, but picturesque where it crossed romantic byways.

For all the world dwelt along Vallejo at one point or another: coming up the long hill from the wharves were rambling huts of Portuguese fishermen; above the steep Kearny hill it skirted garish Chinatown and divided the dingy Latin Quarter; west of old Dupont Street it passed crumbling Spanish patios; and where it ended, Japanese clam-diggers lived in an ancient wreck thrown up on the glistening white beach.

Here the little car-house settled cozily in the sand beyond the reach of the insidious waves.

John Gardner had been given the car by the company to transform into living-quarters. It was in sad contrast with the plantation home he had known in Norfolk as a youth, but fortune had rudely buffeted him about. He had come west in the seventies and been a prosperous sheep-man in the San Joaquin until disease laid his stock low. Up in Siskiyou he had mined and uncovered a snug fortune, but had lost it in stocks in Bush Street; and when age began to creep upon him, he took account of himself and found that he had passed the period of reckless adventure. Then he had been glad to find employment with the car company. He had wanted work in the auditing department, but no position was open; he swallowed his southern pride and compromised by becoming a conductor; and when the Vallejo cars had been taken off, he became a checker at the barns. Going steadily down, he came to live in the abandoned car. He painted it brown and enclosed it with a fence. Dacia fitted scrim curtains to the windows, making it snug and livable. At night, together they listened to the ceaseless pounding of the surf and the wild song of the buoy off Hangman's Reef.

On their small table was a silver candlestick—a memory of better days—and a dozen green-covered volumes: "Treasure Island," "New Arabian Nights," and "Travels with a Donkey" among them—for Robert Louis Stevenson was forever bound in spirit to the pathetic little household.

"This is the day," said Dacia, finally, "that the monument to Stevenson is to be unveiled in Portsmouth Square."

"Our Stevenson," said Mr. Gardner, almost reverently. He shook his head a little sadly. "Perhaps, when I turn into Kearny Street past the square, I can see the ceremony."

"But you really must n't go, Daddy!"

The company's doctor had hinted at pneumonia.

"Oh, I must go, if only to be present when San Francisco remembers Stevenson. You know, we were closer to him than the others, Dacie, and we should be there."

Mr. Gardner patted his daughter's head and added gently:

"We should n't be afraid to do our duty. We should have fortitude, as Stevenson had, to 'face the day with its problems.' If it had ever been his duty to take the car out, he would have done it and not complained nor been bitter. That was as I knew him."

John Gardner pointed to the narrow book shelf above his head. "Give me the 'Child's Garden of Verse,' Dacie," he said.

He opened the volume, and a faded, yellow paper fell out. "Listen, Dacie!" He read:

"Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

"The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

"Stevenson read that to you, Dacie," smiled Mr. Gardner, his faded blue eyes kindling with remembrance.

Often he had sat and gazed long upon the bit of paper; and whenever he had started to explain it to Dacia, his eyes had filled with tears, and he had put it back into the precious volume in silence.

"Do you remember Mrs. Carson, Dacie?"

"Faintly; I was only a child," answered Dacia.

"It was at Mrs. Carson's where your mother and I knew Stevenson—at old 608 Bush Street, where you were born.

"He came one frosty morning when you were four years old. I remember that Mrs. Carson, dear soul, gave him the sunny front bedroom with the French windows and the green outside slat-blinds. It was just before Christmas, in seventy-nine, and your poor mother was failing. The world seemed hard to me then, for I could find no work and my gold was all gone.

"I remember how Stevenson brought love and comradeship to the house full of roomers. He was just from Edinburgh, and had come north from Monterey. He wore a little brown rough ulster, buttoned tight at his neck to protect his throat from the fogs, and high-laced Scotch brogues. He was tall and thin and emaciated; but in his deep brown eyes was a glimpse of the stars, and whoever looked into them was the better for it.

"He had n't been with us long when your mother took a turn for the worse. I was by her side night and day. Stevenson came to me one evening and asked if he could help. I told him

'No'; but that did not matter; he insisted on my accepting money to pay for a specialist; and he bought fruit and delicacies and had Mrs. Carson fix them for your mother.

"Each morning he would put on you your black velvet hat and coat, and take you down into Portsmouth Square. While you played on the grass, he sat and watched the world go by. Often



From photograph, by courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

he wrote, sitting on the benches in the midst of the people he loved. You remember it all, Dacie, my dear,—don't you?

"The day came when your mother passed away. Stevenson lent me money for the funeral. After the carriages had gone, he stayed with you in the house, to spare you a bitter memory. It was raining, and when I came home, he was reading this to you, while the rain was rattling on the green slat-blinds and an organ man was playing away across the street.

"Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

"The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

"In after-time I found out from Mrs. Carson that Stevenson had given me his last cent, and that he was suffering greatly at the time and was in deep sorrow. But I did not know it then."

Dacia was crying softly, for she remembered the kind stranger who had taken her into the green park. When she looked up, she said:

"Father, it is my duty to take the car over the tracks, and I am going to do it!"

"Stars, no, Dacie!" exclaimed Mr. Gardner.

"If Stevenson were in my place, he would do it for the sake of another. Now don't growl, Daddy! I'm dreadfully sorry we can't go to the unveiling of his monument! But we must keep our trust."

After much argument Mr. Gardner yielded, and Dacia hurried to the car-barn and told Tom Wade to hitch the roan team from the stable next door to the last of the Vallejo cars. Tom was greatly puzzled until Dacia told him that her father was sick, and that she was going to drive the car for him. Tom wanted to do it for her, but Dacia would not accept his offer. When the team was hitched, Dacia drove the car out of the barn into the warm, Sunday-morning sunshine.

Along the track were few houses, and nobody saw the car trundling into Vallejo Street above the line of tumbling breakers and the vast, blue expanse of bay.

The roans jogged easily, and the car glided over the rails. In some places the rails were covered with caked sand and dirt, and Dacia had to manage carefully not to soil her fresh white madras dress.

The Japanese clam-diggers were on the beach, for the tide was low, but they were too busy digging in the soft mud to notice her as she passed with the car.

Half a mile farther on, a gang of coolies were rigging out a fishing-smack. They were shrimp-fishermen, and they lived in odd little bamboo houses at the shore end of the long jetty. They clambered about on the pier like monkeys, with big round coolie hats and bright green or yellow jackets. Before Dacia passed from view around the base of Russian Hill they had all set sail toward the Heads.

Now the horse-car had reached the Latin Quarter. Rambling houses with casements and balconies lined the streets. Here and there were flagstoned patios with gardens of red hibiscus, through which could be seen glimpses of the jade-green sea.

The white sunlight blazed upon a blue-striped awning, and in its shadow the cocks of Don Covarubias and Joe Chavez flew at each other with deadly gaffs. A crowd of loungers from the Seville stables shouted madly, while a monkey chattered close by from the crest of a date-palm.

No sooner had Dacia passed this bit of old Spain than the sounds and scents of Chinatown came to her: the rattle and bang of tom-toms, the squeaking of a Chinese fiddle, the odor of fish and burning punk.

From Vallejo, the car turned into Broadway until Kearny was reached; then Dacia continued south toward Portsmouth Square. It was the hour of the unveiling of the monument to Stevenson.

As the car approached the green plaza, Dacia could see a throng assembled, and soon she heard the subdued skirling of bagpipes. When the car stopped before the square, she was able to look over the heads of the crowd and see two Highland bagpipers in full costume playing a lilting Scottish air. The monument was covered with folds of the Stars-and-Stripes and the yellow flag of Scotland with the red lion rampant.

Dacia thrilled, and the blood raced through her veins! Here, to this quiet, secluded plaza, Stevenson had brought her on sunny afternoons to romp and play on the greensward while he penned his marvelous tales! Dacia felt that she had been closer to him than any of this vast assemblage, and tears flooded her eyes at memory of him.

Suddenly there was a hush over the throng; men bared their heads; then the flags dropped and Dacia beheld the monument: a great base of granite surmounted by a bronze Spanish galleon plunging under full sail through the seas. Above a quotation was inscribed the words: "To Remember Robert Louis Stevenson."

A number of photographers were taking pictures. As the throng broke up, Dacia switched the car back into Vallejo Street, eager to tell her father of the ceremonies.

When, her journey ended, she returned home, her father still lay in bed, groaning and breathing heavily. "Daddy! Daddy!" she called. He did not seem to hear her. Terrified, Dacia ran out along the beach, then threaded her way among the city's streets to the company's physician. He returned with her and pronounced Mr. Gardner dangerously ill.

That was the beginning of a long siege of sickness, and the dwindling away, for medicines and food, of Mr. Gardner's modest savings. The doctor saw that poverty had come to the little car-house, and he promised to try and get Mr.

Gardner a pension from the company. But before he could do anything, fate, in the guise of disaster, threatened the humble household.

It was six weeks before Mr. Gardner was well enough to leave his bed. One bright December morning Dacia was overjoyed to see him rise and walk slowly up and down the narrow room. He was stooped and emaciated, and his voice was pitifully thin. Dacia wrapped the woolen shawl about his shoulders; as he walked he leaned upon her arm.

After a while, as the sun grew warmer, Dacia opened the door, and her father sat on the car platform, looking off across the sapphire bay at the fishing-smacks and lumber-schooners heading for the Golden Gate.

Presently he saw a man approaching across the dunes. "Dacie!" he called. She came quickly, and, shading her eyes, recognized the company's superintendent.

"It's Mr. Craigie, probably coming to tell you about the pension, Daddy!" cried Dacia, excitedly.

When Mr. Craigie came up, Dacia noticed that his greeting was far from cordial.

"Hello, Gardner!" he called. "Had a tough time of it, eh? I've come to see you about something very important."

Dacia helped her father into the car; Mr. Craigie followed. When he was seated, he said with ominous deliberation:

"Gardner, on what day did you run the car over the Vallejo tracks this year?"

Dacia and her father were both clearly taken aback at the question.

"Why, I was very sick on the day I planned to make the run," explained Mr. Gardner. "That was Sunday, October 17th. I could n't go, so my daughter, Dacia, drove the car."

"Your daughter Dacia!" snorted Mr. Craigie. His face grew blue with sudden anger. "Why did n't you notify me?" he fairly bellowed. "I could have had Wade run the car! A nice mess, I must say! Now what I particularly want to know is, on what date did you file the required affidavit?"

Mr. Gardner turned questioningly to Dacia.

In that moment a sense of horror swept over Dacia. She had forgotten to make out the affidavit! The overshadowing fear for her father's life had made her forget the importance of attending to it. As Mr. Craigie turned his small, gimlet eyes upon her, she turned pale, then flushed violently with embarrassment.

"I—I overlooked filing the affidavit, Mr. Craigie," she said, almost in a whisper.

"What?" Mr. Craigie was on his feet in an



“AND YOU MUST TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES, GARDNER!” (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

instant, consumed with rage. "You did not file an affidavit? Gardner, what does this mean? Can it be true that you have shirked the responsibility the company placed upon you?"

There was a moment's terrible silence, then the superintendent continued explosively:

"Gardner, do you know what you have done? Our franchise is *forfeited*—through your carelessness!"

"Don't say that, Mr. Craigie!" exclaimed Mr. Gardner, attempting to rise, his face betraying his fear of the consequences.

"For ten years we have been holding that franchise, waiting for the Presidio tracts to open up into residence districts," went on Mr. Craigie, his eyes blazing. "The first tracts will go on the market within a year. The rival company has been using every means, fair and foul, to get our franchise, which has suddenly become immensely valuable—worth millions! And now, thanks to your blunder, they've got us in a hole!"

"But Dacie took the car over the line!" exclaimed Mr. Gardner. "I can prove she did! It's a fact that can be proved!"

"Yes, it is," urged Dacia. "Tom Wade—hitched up the roans—for me."

"Tom Wade? He's in the company's employ. They would claim we 'fixed' him. Besides, he only knows that you took the car *out*; he could n't say you had driven it the length of the line. That won't do. What *real* proof have you that this car was driven over this line from the end of Vallejo into Kearny and back on or before October 17th?"

"Why, lots of people must have seen me," said Dacia.

"Tut! Tut! People's memories are unreliable. Besides, no jury would accept what people think they remember. No, you failed to file an affidavit, young lady, and the time simply to do that has expired. We still have ten days to submit it, but now it must be supported by other proof—it must be what the lawyers call 'corroborated'; otherwise our franchise is gone—and you must take the consequences, Gardner!"

With that Mr. Craigie stamped angrily from the car and hurried away across the dunes.

Dacia closed the door and burst into tears, crying passionately. Her heart was breaking. She blamed herself for having forgotten about the affidavit; but her father had lain between life and death.

Her father reached out and took her in his arms. "Never mind, Dacie love; we'll find the proof somehow."

That very afternoon Dacia set out to find evidence that would sustain her affidavit. She began

by visiting the homes of the foreigners along Vallejo Street, asking if any one had seen the car; but no one had. For several days Dacia continued her quest. Finally, she found an Italian woman who said she had seen the car pass her house. Dacia's heart leaped with joy. But the woman could not be sure of the date, and Dacia's hopes were blighted. In a few days Mr. Gardner was able to be about, and he, too, joined in the search for evidence, but in vain, and it seemed likely that the company would forfeit the franchise, and that their rival would secure it—a franchise for ninety-nine years!

Three days before the allotted ten were up, one of the railway officials sought Dacia. "Miss Gardner," he said, "the company has decided to offer you a bonus of five hundred dollars if you succeed in securing positive proof, acceptable to the courts, that you drove the car the length of the line on the date you claim."

Dacia assured the railway agent that she was doing everything in her power to unearth such proof.

On the next to the last day Dacia rose with a heavy heart.

"Well, Daddy, to-day and to-morrow are our last days to search," she said. All day long she spent along Vallejo Street—questioning, questioning! She forgot that she was tired, that the terrible strain of the past week had drained her strength, that a dread disaster seemed to face her. Mr. Gardner went along the route from the Presidio to the waterfront, but without result.

With the night, the sense of disaster deepened in the little household. Neither Dacia nor her father dared tell each other their fears. After supper Mr. Gardner opened a volume of Stevenson, and with the distant roar of the surf for accompaniment, read his favorite passage, that had been carved on the memorial in Portsmouth Square:

"To be honest; to be kind; to earn a little, to spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary, and not be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all on the same grim conditions to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."

"'To be honest; to be kind,'" repeated Dacia; and at that moment a loud knock sounded on the car's sliding door.

Dacia opened it to see Tom Wade standing there, a lantern gleaming in his hand, his huge black shadow bulking on the sands behind.

"Mr. Craigie sent me over," he said. The words seemed reluctantly spoken. "He told me to notify you, Mr. Gardner, not to come back to

work. And he says as this old car is railway property, he wants it by to-morrow night."

With that he was off across the sands, leaving Dacia and her father to face one another with saddened hearts. Her father's work was gone! Their home to be taken from them! In one horrible cloud-burst all their troubles seemed to have come upon them.

In the morning Dacia went downtown and sold the silver candlestick for enough to move with. It took all her will power to refrain from sobbing aloud. It was little short of a tragedy to be compelled to leave the quaint car-house where she and her father had lived so long. She thought she might find two small cheaprooms somewhere in the Latin Quarter, so she went at once to Don Covarubias.

"The day you had that cock-fight."

"Oh, I have cock-fight every day!" laughed the lazy Spaniard.

Then Dacia inquired about rooms. He led her up a long narrow stairway to two rooms that opened on a balcony and faced the Golden Gate.

"How much?" asked Dacia.

"Two dollars a week."

Dacia engaged the rooms, and with the Don's permission and the assistance of his wife, set about cleaning it up. The Don went downstairs, and soon afterward Joe Chavez, from the Seville stables, came up the crooked stairway.

"The Don tell me about that car," he told Dacia. "I see it one day."

"You, Joe Chavez? What day?"

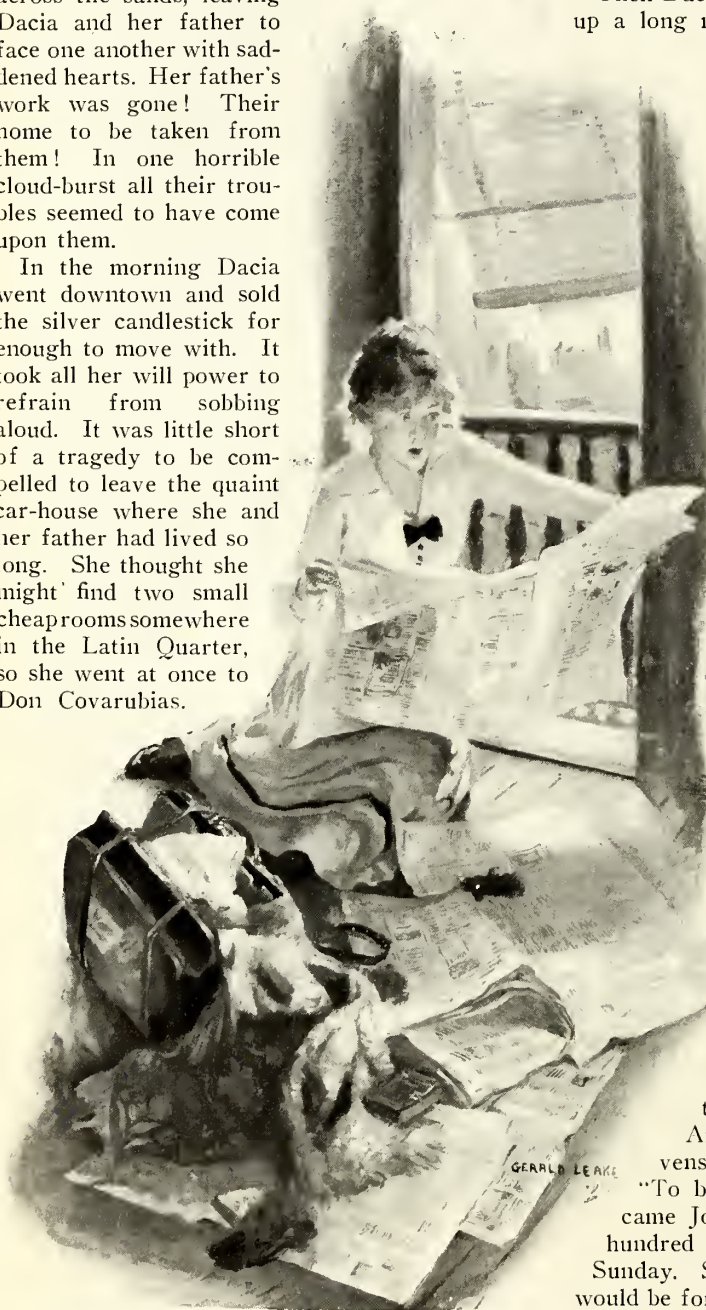
"Any day you say," said Joe, slyly. "You get the reward of five hundred dollar—you give me one hundred, and I say I see you mysel' drive that car down Val-lejo Street any day you say."

"But that would not be true, Joe."

"Yes—yes! I see the car, young lady. The day of the cock-fight with Don Covarubias. Is it not so?"

Had Joe Chavez really seen her? Dacia did not trust him, and yet the possibility of his evidence sorely tempted her. In an irresolute state of mind she hurried home. Her father was packing their few things into a valise and several boxes. Dacia quickly told him of the rooms at Don Covarubias'. She locked the valise and was soon on her way back to their new abode.

And as she went, the words of Stevenson kept ringing through her brain: "To be honest; to be kind—" And then came Joe Chavez' proposal to say—for one hundred dollars—that he had seen her that Sunday. She said to herself that his testimony would be for the sake of the money only, and she resolved to reject his offer. "To be honest; to be kind—if I can always do that," she thought, "I need have no fear." The memory of Stevenson came back to her—the memory of days spent by his side in the green plaza.



"SHE HAD MADE A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY!"

"Did you see me drive a horse-car past your house?" asked Dacia, with a gleam of hope.

"What day?" asked the fat old Don.

So when Joe Chavez met her in the patio of Don Covarubias, she told him she did not need his help, and went up to the twin rooms. In a few moments she had opened the valise and had taken out a blue china clock and a picture of her mother. Tears came into her eyes; all the world seemed very dark and very unkind just then. She opened some old newspapers to spread upon the shelves. Suddenly, in a "Telegram," an illustrated account of the unveiling of the Stevenson monument met her gaze. Her eyes centered on the picture of the throng surrounding the monument. And as she studied the illustration, suddenly her heart seemed to stand still! She had made a wonderful discovery! For there in one corner of the picture, in the background, was a pen-sketch of herself on the platform of the old horse-car, dressed in white, holding the reins of the roans! The artist had faithfully copied a photograph of the scene.

"Oh, we are saved! we are saved!" cried Dacia aloud. "That picture fixes the fact and the date! If only the photograph is a clear picture of me so there can be no mistake!"

Instantly she decided to go direct to the "Telegram" office and ask for the original photograph.

Dacia found the city editor of the newspaper. She breathlessly explained to him why she wanted to see the photograph of the unveiling of the Stevenson memorial. The editor at once sensed a big "story" and went to the library to find the photograph.

"I'm not sure that we still have that photograph," he said.

But a few minutes' search yielded a splendidly clear solio print. The editor hastily ordered two enlargements—one for the paper, and one

An hour later, still expressing her gratitude, Dacia made her way downstairs, and hurried to Mr. Craigie's office.

He was surprised to see her, but doubly surprised to see the enlargement which Dacia spread on the desk before him. It took but a word to explain the meaning of the photograph. Mr. Craigie recognized its value instantly. Jumping up, he summoned two attorneys from another room. It was a joyous group that studied the photograph, showing with wonderful clearness the horse-car and Dacia holding the reins.

A cheer involuntarily broke from the throats of the men, one of the lawyers exclaiming: "Perfect! absolutely perfect, since it shows the car at the Kearny Street end of the route!"

"Miss Gardner," said Mr. Craigie, "I heartily congratulate you. We have had our best detectives at work, but you have beaten them!"

The two attorneys after taking Dacia's affidavit immediately left the office, to file the document and the photograph as evidence in protecting the company's rights to the franchise.

"Miss Gardner," Mr. Craigie said, "tell your father there will be a place for him in the auditing department Monday. And you must find a comfortable living-place uptown. The company's five-hundred-dollar check will enable you to fit up a new home."

In a few days Dacia and her father were uptown looking for a house with a sunny outlook. In the fading twilight they turned into Kearny Street and paused before the memorial to Stevenson. Three little English sparrows were drinking from the fountain and twittering happily. Mr. Gardner took off his faded hat and bowed his whitened head. Tears glistened in Dacia's eyes. Neither spoke, but in their hearts they paid homage to a sweet memory.



"TREASURE ISLAND"

(The story of the romance, and the play)

BY GRACE HUMPHREY

THIRTY-FOUR years ago the village of Braemar, in Scotland, had a rainy summer. Housed much of the time was the family living in the late Miss McGregor's cottage—Robert Louis Stevenson, his parents, wife, and stepson, "a school-boy home for the holidays, and much in want of something craggy to break his mind upon."

This lad of twelve, Lloyd Osbourne, and the inclement weather are responsible for "Treasure Island," the greatest of all sea stories, with the real pirate atmosphere, and of such literary merit that in more than one school it is studied for its wonderful English.

The family were doing a queer thing that summer—writing a story, all of them together, in fifteen-minute stints. The manuscript passed from one to another, and whenever it came to the boy, all the characters were whisked off to a desert island—a fact which they all teased him about, especially Stevenson.

Lloyd had a new box of water-color paints, and, boylike, he was always drawing and painting. One day he had done a shipwrecked boat and an island—just a made-up island of his own. Stevenson leaned over his shoulder and added the deliciously romantic names and the crosses for buried treasure, tremendously to the boy's delight and to his own. Then he said enthusiastically,

"I'll have to write a story all about it!"

"Yes, something really interesting," Lloyd Osbourne answered; "who it was that buried the treasure, and why the little island was

called Skeleton Island—not like your other books." For it was rather a joke in the family that the boy could n't read Stevenson's essays.

"Oh, no, nothing so stupid or tiresome!" the

author agreed; "but full of pirates, and buried treasure, and the things everybody likes." The very next day the first chapter of "Treasure Island" was read aloud to the family, and this became the daily schedule: after lunch Stevenson read them the morning's chapter, his father making suggestions now and then, Lloyd listening, thrilled and excited—at times half afraid—as the wonderful reader conjured up all the characters before him. But being a meek little boy of twelve, he did n't venture suggestions, save to insist that there should be no women in the book—a true boys' book, he wanted it, with real pirates.

And the story has really bloodthirsty, cut-throat pirates, yet there is n't a swear word in it—to please the boy's mother, Stevenson used to say, though he found it difficult. "Bucaneers without oaths—bricks without straw. But I'll do it," he would chuckle. And he did! What boy stops to think of the lack as he breathlessly follows *Jim's* adventures? They are all like Lloyd, who could scarcely wait from day to day.

"I grew very impatient," says Mr. Osbourne, "for them to get started. There were various little delays. I thought we should never get them really off! And like a hungry little boy, I loved the eating—you remember when *Jim* goes down to the cabin and they have raisins and Spanish wine? And the apple-barrel! 'If I could only have an apple now,' I said to myself when that was read."

Begun with no thought of publication, the story's great possibilities as a book for boys were urged by a professor who happened to be at the house during the reading of a chapter. He knew the editor of "Young Folks," and the arrangements were soon made, and the story began serially before Stevenson had finished writing it.

"Young Folks," as Mr. Osbourne remembers it, was a weekly paper. A thrilling adventure, "Don Salvo the Brave," was running then, with many illustrations and the place of honor on the first page. "Treasure Island," by "Captain George North," an inside story with no pictures at all, attracted absolutely no attention; what normal boy would skip "Don Salvo the Brave"?

But the moment it came out in book form, the success of "Treasure Island" began. At once it became the book of the hour and sold well, especially in comparison with the author's previous volumes of essays. So that Lloyd Osbourne's



LONG JOHN SILVER AND HIS PARROT, CAP'N FLINT.



Photograph by White.

THE PIRATES DISCOVER THAT *BILL BONES'* CHEST HAS BEEN RIFLED OF THE MAP OF TREASURE ISLAND.

story proved to be the turning-point in Stevenson's career, bringing him money and popularity.

The author himself always greatly enjoyed "Treasure Island." He liked the translations that came from everywhere, in Greek, and Spanish, and French, and queer, out-of-the-way languages, like Roumanian and Lithuanian. He would rub his hand over the unusual volumes and chuckle, "The title 's all I can make out!"

What pleasure the book gave to young Osbourne, and to the author, and to many thousands of school-boys who are always hunting for a story craggy enough to break their minds on! During all these years no other has been so popular. And now "Treasure Island" has been made into a play, and has proved an immense success with girls and boys and those grown-ups who have still a liking for a true boys' story. For the play has just the right atmosphere, merely transferring the characters to the stage and not changing them.

All the details that you enjoyed in the book you will find—the Admiral Benbow Inn, with *Billy Bones* drinking and singing and scaring every one; the chest with the map showing the location of the treasure; the blind man who comes tapping along the road while *Jim* and the audience wait a-fearing and a-trembling, just as Stevenson made Lloyd shiver as he read it; the black spot deposing the captain; *Silver* wheedling his way into the Squire's confidence and getting himself engaged as cook; the pirates' song:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

the stockade on the island; the cave of the poor marooned sailor, with ten thousand shining gold-pieces; and the crowning glory of the play—the *Hispaniola*, which is a real ship thirty feet long, with real masts and tiller and cargo, and the apple-barrel where *Jim* hears the plans for the mutiny, and the cannon which is fired off during

the play. She rolls and rocks, tosses and pitches all at once, till it is no wonder they feared for *Jim's* safety, high up on the crosstree, with that wounded, drunken sailor aboard—especially as *Jim Hawkins* is played by a girl with a lightness and daring as if she thoroughly enjoyed it all! And she does, for she indignantly refused the manager's suggestion to steady her when she is whirled about in the rigging.

"Did *Jim* have time to think of danger when he was getting away from *Israel Hands*? Neither have I. I'm all right!"

And what a boy *Jim* is, under her skilful



Photograph by White.

DR. LIVESEY COMMANDS BILL BONES TO LOWER HIS CUTLASS.

touches—not a super-boy in the heroic style with grand speeches, but just a plain, normal boy, into all sorts of mischief, but always lucky enough to get out somehow and land on his feet.

Building the *Hispaniola* was a difficult undertaking, for no two illustrators have drawn her alike. Stevenson himself found her a stumbling-block; he wanted to make her a brig, but changed to a schooner, thinking he could sail that without shame. Brig, ferry-boat, bark, high-sterned Spanish galleon, brigantine—what to do? In despair, the theater advertised in a sailors' journal for an ex-pirate. And by return post came an offer of help from a "licensed pirate of the Sulu seas"! The very words set the fancy aflame

—a real pirate, walking New York streets! Think how excited Stevenson would have been!

All the pirates in the play are big men, broad-shouldered and fierce looking, exactly the real bucaners Stevenson pictures. In the scene on the ship, where they mutiny against *Captain Smollett*, they come pouring up from the hold of the *Hispaniola*, the whole group of scamps and rascals, and completely fill the deck. A boy who had been breathlessly watching it all whispered audibly, "Mother, I wonder where they all sleep?"

As real as this are all the characters, whom the children greet by name as well as with rounds of applause at their first appearances. "There comes *Black Dog!*" they call out, as his hand with two fingers gone creeps slowly around the door of the Admiral Benbow Inn.

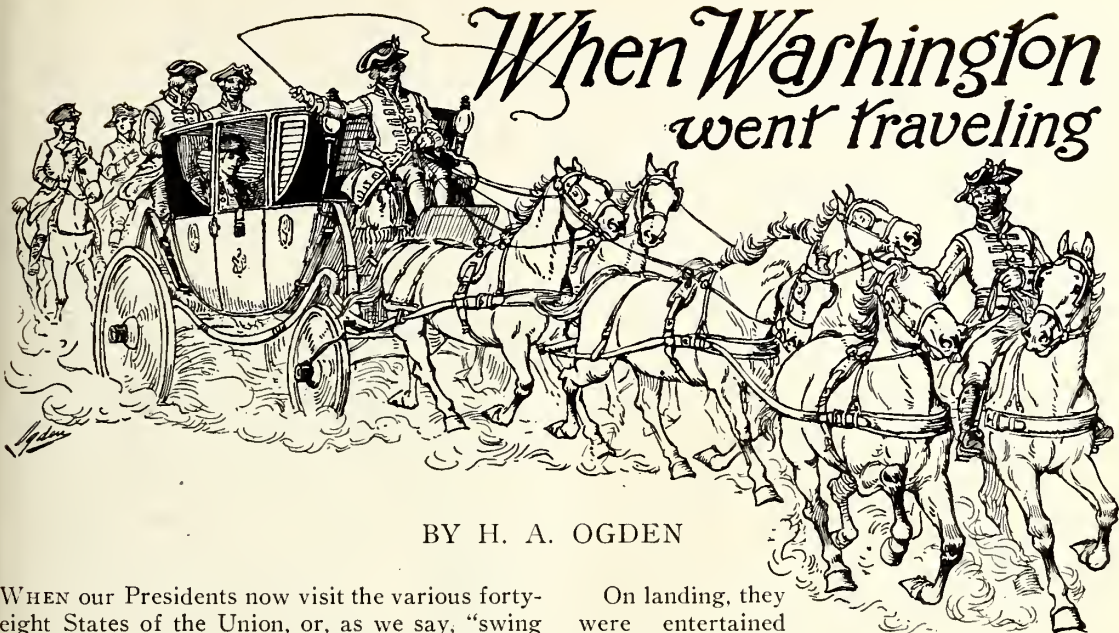
A favorite with the young folks is *Captain Flint*, the parrot. He is a Brazilian macaw of all colors of the rainbow and with a tail a foot long. He took to the sea-cook at once and was willing to be petted by him, but by no one else!

But by far the most popular person in the play is *Long John Silver*, the arch-pirate, subtle, and intellectually superior to the others. A genial hypocrite is *Silver*, forever changing sides because he is ever on the lookout for his own safety. Making the pirates stand in awe of a lame man was a master touch of Stevenson's. He was always Lloyd Osbourne's favorite character, being modeled from one of his heroes, the poet Henley, who was a frequent visitor at the house.

A cripple, with one leg cut off at the hip, Henley never gave the impression of being handicapped, for his "unconquerable soul" shone out always; he was "master of his fate," and gave you the feeling, Mr. Osbourne says, "that he was made on a big scale, though he walked with both a crutch and a cane. And a big man he was, with a big voice and big hands. He used to pull himself up the stairs, talking all the time to whoever was holding the door open at the top. We could always tell if Henley had been at the house, for days afterward the marks of his big hands showed on the railing and the wall.

"Of course, he was n't like *Silver* in anything else; it was his maimed strength and masterfulness, as Stevenson wrote to him, that were borrowed for *Long John*. And how Henley did enjoy 'Treasure Island' and its success! He presented the author with an old flint-lock he'd bought, assuring us that it was *Silver's* pistol!"

A blind man, a lame one with his leg held high in a sling, another with a maimed hand—it is no easy thing to be a pirate. But sacrifices must be made, and who would n't make them cheerfully for such a treasure of a play?



BY H. A. OGDEN

WHEN our Presidents now visit the various forty-eight States of the Union, or, as we say, "swing around the circle," it is in great contrast to Washington's day. He found it a vastly more tedious undertaking to travel over the original thirteen States that then constituted the Nation. How he went traveling, and many of the events that occurred on the way, he recorded in the journal which he kept from the days when, a boy of sixteen, he made surveying trips through the woods and over the mountains of his native State, down to the closing hours of his eventful life—a life of immense activity which, as has been said, "condensed a score of lifetimes into his fifty-seven well-rounded years."

The surveying trips of his young manhood lasted for about three years. The dangers and hardships he was exposed to, the life in the open air, as well as the knowledge of the Indians which he gained, proved of the greatest use in the years which followed. No better model could be found for the Boy Scouts of to-day.

It is told of him that he "endured everything with a brave cheerfulness," and his perseverance, industry, and habit of quick action made the work of surveying profitable, while what he learned of different localities guided him, later on, in investing in large tracts of land.

When nineteen years old, George accompanied his elder brother, Lawrence, on a voyage to the Barbadoes, as Lawrence's health compelled him to seek a milder climate for the winter. Their voyage lasted over a month, George noting in his journal the events of the day, the changes in the weather, the run of the ship, and the novel scenes of a boy's first voyage.

On landing, they were entertained by the British officers of the garrison, and it was here that George went to the play for the first time. Lawrence, being benefited by the change of air, decided to remain, while his brother returned home. After a stormy passage of five weeks George was once again at Mount Vernon, his brother's estate. This sea voyage is notable for the fact that it is the only time that Washington's journeyings took him outside of his own country.

Unfortunately, Lawrence's health was not permanently improved, and, returning to Virginia, he died there the following summer. His Mount Vernon estate was left to his only daughter, but she outlived her father only two years, the property then passing to George. It was in this way that Washington became the owner of the home he so dearly loved, and which is to-day the shrine of all patriotic Americans.

After the stirring events of Braddock's campaign against the French and Indians, and his defeat at Fort Duquesne in 1755, Colonel Washington, now twenty-four years old and the commander of the Virginia militia, was given permission by Governor Dinwiddie to journey to Boston, in order to settle a question of rank with Governor Shirley of Massachusetts. Washington, in gold-laced hat and cloak, with the family crest on his saddle-cloth, set out with Captain Stewart, of the Virginia Light Horse, Captain Hugh Mercer, who some years later fell at the battle of Princeton, and two servants, in the Washington livery of white-and-scarlet. They made a gay cavalcade, galloping along the roads

leading from "the Old Dominion" to New England's thriving capital.

Two days after leaving Alexandria, they reached Philadelphia, where they remained a week, enjoying the official and social attentions that made the "City of Brotherly Love" the most attractive in the colonies. New York, then about half the size of Philadelphia, was next visited. A stage-coach line had been established between the two cities only the year before, and the journey then took as many days as it takes hours in our time. The New York of that day was a quaint little town, with many of the old Dutch houses still standing, but even then it had that population of many races, which has always been one of its chief characteristics. Continuing their ride to Boston the party stopped at the Cromwell's Head Tavern, as hotels in those days were called, making frequent calls upon Governor Shirley. 'A former friendship between Washington and the governor was now renewed, and resulted in the vexed question of rank being speedily settled in Washington's favor.

Their mission accomplished, our travelers set out on their return, reaching the shores of the Potomac after an absence of seven weeks. Many valuable acquaintances and much useful informa-

tion captured, Quebec had fallen, and the war with the French and Indians drew to a close. The young colonel accordingly resigned his commis-



"THEY RECEIVED A WARM WELCOME FROM OLD FRIENDS AND CITIZENS." (SEE PAGE 307.)



"ON THE VOYAGE TO THE BARBADOES."

tion were the result of this first long land journey of our future President.

The next few years were spent by Washington in active war-service. Fort Duquesne was finally

sion and settled down with his young wife at Mount Vernon to enjoy the life of a country gentleman. After a few quiet years, however, he was called from his retirement by stirring events in the colonies.

When the first Continental Congress was called to meet in Philadelphia, in the autumn of 1774, and consider the grievances that led to our Revolutionary War, Washington was one of the seven delegates selected to represent his State.

Early on the morning of the last day of August, three horsemen started out from Mount Vernon. The youngest was Patrick Henry, patriot and orator; the oldest was Edmund Pendleton, an eminent lawyer; the third was Washington, soon to become military chieftain in the war which was to last seven years, and from which we were to emerge a mighty nation under his wise leadership.

It was a notable journey. As the delegates from the various colonies approached their destination, many on horseback, others in coaches, they were everywhere greeted by bands of citizens who escorted them into their towns. Wash-

ington writes that, on arriving at Philadelphia, they "lodged at Doctor Shippen's after supper at the New Tavern."

It was during the session of the second Continental Congress, when, it is said, he wore his colonel's uniform, that Washington was appointed to the chief command of the army assembled at Cambridge, and thither he journeyed with Generals Schuyler and Lee in the early summer of 1775. During the years of his command of the army, Washington's journeys were usually made in the saddle.

At the close of the war, the great commander returned to Mount Vernon for a period of well-earned rest. Trips here and there in the neighborhood were made by coach or horseback; but finally, in 1789, at the call of a united people he set out on one of the most eventful journeys of his career. Before starting, however, he paid a hurried visit to his invalid mother in Fredericksburg; upon greeting her he said that "the people have been pleased with the most flattering unanimity to elect me to the chief magistracy of these United States," but that, before taking the office, he came to bid her farewell. The blessing she gave him proved to be a parting one as she did not long survive his inauguration.

New York had been selected as the first capital of the young nation, and the journey of the first President to be inaugurated was a triumphal progress. Although his wish was to travel as a private gentleman he was escorted by a troop of old friends and neighbors from the threshold of his home to Alexandria, where, as we would say today, a grand "send-off" in the way of a banquet had been arranged. At every town and village, deputations, escorts, and processions waited to give their greeting. The Governor of Pennsylvania was at his state line, triumphal arches were erected for him to pass under, from one of which, it is said, a little girl concealed in the floral decorations lowered a civic crown upon his head "while loud cries of 'Long live George Washington!' 'Long live the father of his people!' greeted him from the thousands of his fellow-countrymen who lined the roads to Philadelphia, where a banquet at the City Tavern and fireworks in the evening were the tribute tendered him." As it rained the next morning, a closed coach was taken; but by noon the skies had cleared and Trenton greeted him with a famous

arch inscribed, "THE DEFENDER OF THE MOTHERS WILL BE THE PROTECTOR OF THE DAUGHTERS." Both mothers and daughters, robed in white, were there to strew his way with wreaths and flowers, singing an ode in his honor as well. Always a gallant gentleman, Washington wrote a letter of thanks for their welcome and alluded to "the astonishing contrast between his former and his present situation at the same spot." A contrast indeed to those dark days of 1776 when with his ragged little army he had attacked the Hessians that Christmas night,



"WHEN THEY REACHED WORCESTER, WASHINGTON RODE ON HORSEBACK THROUGH THE TOWN." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

winning a surprising victory by his dash and boldness. At Elizabethtown a committee from both houses of Congress was in waiting, and there a splendid barge was taken for New York. On the water there were ovations also, gaily decked vessels, barges loaded with passengers, and music making the trip by boat rival that on land. The eventful journey came to an end at Murray's wharf, where Governor Clinton and Washington's well-loved fellow-soldier, Knox, waited to welcome him.

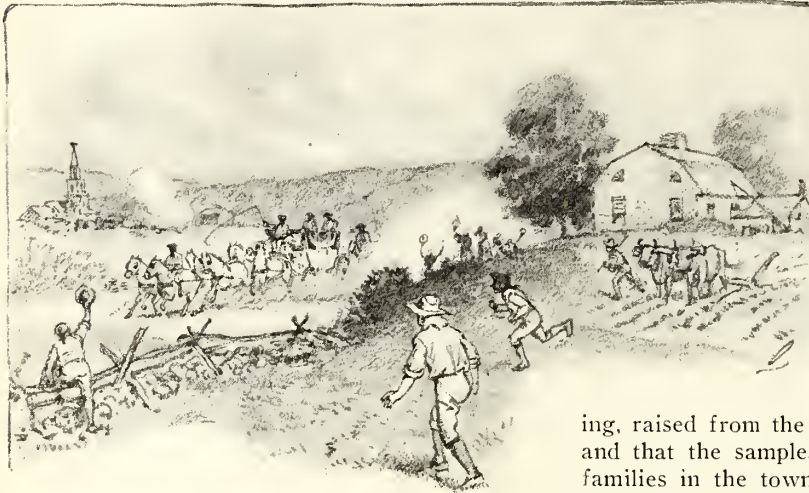
In the early days of his residence in New York the first President imported a handsome coach from England, which he not only often rode in with his family, but used on his long journeys to the New England and Southern States during his

term of office. This coach was quite imposing, for its cream-colored sides were decorated with oval panels of the four seasons, the Washington

were still standing. At Stratford, a militia company turned out, and an escort of mounted citizens escorted them to the ferry. Sunday was spent in New Haven, where he was kept busy receiving addresses, visits from the Governor of the State and the mayor, Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and attending services. Leaving early Monday morning, a stop was made at Wallingford, where the silk-making industry had been started. "At this place," he says, "we see the white mulberry grow-

ing, raised from the seed to feed the silkworm," and that the samples of silk, woven by private families in the town, were "exceedingly good." A woolen factory at Wethersfield, near Hartford, claimed his attention, and he ordered enough broadcloth for a suit to be sent to him at New York, with a whole piece of coarser weave to be used for his servants. He comments upon the similarity of the farm-houses two stories high, with a door in the middle, a central chimney, and a "good show of sash and glass windows."

When they reached Worcester, amid the booming of saluting cannon, he rode on horseback through the town to gratify the inhabitants, leaving his coach and secretaries to follow on behind. At last they entered the outskirts of Boston, and on Saturday morning, October 24, they stopped for an hour at the Craigie house. This had been the first of his many headquarters during the Revolutionary War. The house is the one that the poet Longfellow occupied for many years and, with its hallowed memories, is still standing. Putting on his Continental uniform and mounting a white horse, he was escorted into Boston by military organizations, being met by Samuel Adams, the lieutenant-governor, and the state and city dignitaries. A fine parade, a triumphal arch inscribed "To the man who unites all hearts," a banquet at Faneuil Hall, and addresses from the president of Harvard College and other notables were the tributes paid him at the Massachusetts capital; while on a visit to the French squadron in the harbor, he was received with all the honors paid to royalty. After short trips to Lynn,—where he notes in his diary that "175,000 pairs of shoes (women's chiefly) have been made in a year by about 400 workmen,"—to Marblehead,—to learn about the fishing industry of its people,—



IN OCTOBER, 1789: "THE PRESIDENT IS COMING!"

coat of arms was on the doors, and green Venetian blinds were at the windows. Drawn by four, and frequently six, spirited bay horses, and with driver, postilions, and footmen in their white-and-red livery, it certainly was in keeping with the position of the First Gentleman and Lady in the Land. In Washington's diary for December 12, 1789, is written: "Exercised the coach with Mrs. Washington and the two children [George and Nelly Custis]; between breakfast and dinner went the fourteen miles round"—a ride which took them from the Presidential mansion in Cherry Street, near where the Brooklyn Bridge now crosses Pearl Street, up Broadway nearly to Harlem, and back again.

Having had in mind for some time a visit to the New England States, the President, with his private secretaries, Mr. Lear and Colonel Jackson, started out shortly after Congress adjourned in the autumn. His diary of this journey is most interesting, and shows the vivid interest he took in the ways of life and the occupations of the people who had chosen him to govern the rising nation. Starting on October 15, 1789, he writes that the chief-justice and several members of his cabinet saw him off. He tells of the inns they stopped at, of the state of the roads and crops, of the droves of cattle and flocks of sheep passed on the way, and that they scarcely passed a farmhouse that did not abound in geese. Reaching Fairfield, he notes that many of the chimneys of houses burned by the enemy in the recent war

and to Salem, where he attended an evening "assembly," the journey was resumed, and the Presidential party proceeded to New Hampshire.

Three days were spent at Portsmouth, New Hampshire's capital, during which he went in a barge to view the harbor, landing for a few moments at Kittery, in Maine. On the fourth of November they started on their return, and New York was reached by the thirteenth of the month, thus completing this first Presidential tour.

The national capital having been changed to Philadelphia, Congress adjourned in August to meet in that city in December. Accompanied by Jefferson, his secretary of state, the President made a trip by water to Newport, to benefit his health and to meet the leading citizens of Rhode Island—a State that had not adopted the Constitution when he made the tour of New England in the spring, and so had been avoided, but which now had joined the Union.

Soon after his return he set out with his family for a period of rest at Mount Vernon. Like most travelers in those times, they met with a mishap, for shortly after leaving Elizabethtown Point, in New Jersey, their incompetent driver ran the coach and six into a ditch, which obliged them to leave it at Philadelphia for repairs.

A house having been rented for the executive mansion in Philadelphia, the President, with his wife and the two children, left his Virginia home November 22, 1790.

They were permitted to travel quietly, but, at each stopping-place, they received a warm welcome from old friends and citizens. This was particularly so at Tommy Giles's little tavern, near Elkton, Maryland. During the war, Tommy had frequently served Washington as a confidential messenger, being trusted by his general to carry money from one place to another. After the war, he had settled

down, with his buxom English wife, as an inn-keeper. Whenever he passed, Washington always stopped to shake hands with them, which caused Tommy to be looked upon as the most important man in the neighborhood for days afterward, and his inn to gain in popularity.



"WHENEVER HE PASSED, WASHINGTON ALWAYS STOPPED TO SHAKE HANDS WITH THEM."

Having visited the New England States, the President decided upon making a tour of the Southern States as well. When this was known, he received countless offers of hospitality from many of the leading men of the South, all of which he politely declined, saying that it was his intention to pursue the same plan on this southern journey as on his eastern visit, which was

not to incommode any private family; and by declining all such offers he would give offense to none.

Before leaving, he wrote to his Cabinet officers stating when he expected to be at certain places, that he might be communicated with if necessary. Starting early in April, Washington

Greene. Savannah was the extreme point of the tour.

As in New England, so in the Southern States he was everywhere greeted with demonstrations of respect and homage. The parades, banquets, balls, and other entertainments that were given for the honored guest were but a repetition of the northern tour. The President reached home early in June, after a journey of seventeen hundred miles, made in sixty-six days, under clear skies, without sickness or mishap of any kind, and exactly on schedule time, much to his satisfaction. For he wrote to Colonel Humphreys that he was much pleased with the journey, as he was enabled to see with his own eyes "the encouraging state of the country and its inhabitants."

During the remainder of his presidency Washington's journeyings were principally between Philadelphia, the capital, and his home, his coach and four being used between the two places. On the ninth of March, 1797, he left Philadelphia—a private citizen and a happy man, the ex-president, Mrs. Washington, Nelly and George Custis, and George Washington Lafayette, the son of the French general, with his tutor, making up the party. At Baltimore he was escorted by a throng of citizens on foot and horseback to the inn. To Mr. McHenry he wrote that

"the attentions we met with were very flattering, and would have been highly relished by some; but if I had any previous knowledge of them, and could by earnest entreaty prevail, I would avoid all parade and escort." In this he seldom succeeded, for, on hearing of his approach, citizens and soldiers everywhere hastened to pay homage to the greatest of Americans.

This was the last long journey that Washington undertook. On reaching home, he gladly gave himself up to the luxury of private life, and attending to home duties gave him pleasant occupation for the two remaining years of his full and eventful life.



EX-PRESIDENT WASHINGTON RETURNING TO HIS HOME AT MOUNT VERNON.

thus writes in his diary: "I was accompanied by Major Jackson. My equipage and attendants consisted of a chariot and four horses, drove in hand, a light baggage-wagon and two horses, four saddle-horses, besides a led one for myself; and five servants, to wit, my *valet de chambre*, two footmen, coachman, and postilion." From which we conclude that our first President traveled in state,—more so, indeed, than do the chief magistrates of our own time. Stops were made at Richmond and Petersburg; farther south, Wilmington and Newbern were visited; at Charleston a week was spent. At Augusta he paid a visit to the widow of his dearly-loved fellow-soldier, General

SKATING

BY ODELL SHEPARD

WE are off in a trice on the glittering ice
Where the cold is as keen as a knife,
Where the winds at our back are a galloping pack
Of wolves on the warm scent of life,
And the frost-laden air is a blustering dare,
A wager and challenge to strife.

Then, swifter than arrows, we speed through the
narrows,
We circlé and quarter and reel,
We dodge and we race, play at prisoners' base,
Snap-the-whip, figure-eight, and cart-wheel;
While the river-banks ring to the songs that we
sing
And the hiss of the glistening steel.

But the wind gathers might at the coming of
night,
And we ride on the wings of the gale
Down the river again o'er the glimmering plain
Where the light is beginning to fail,
On the strength of the blast spinning dizzily past
The trees in the twilight pale.

Forgetful of care as the birds of the air,
Or as boats on a breeze-bright sea,
We are wafted along with our laughter and song
While the valleys reëcho our glee;
And our hearts are in tune with the cloud-driven
moon
And the boughs of the wind-blown tree.

Over the level ice, joining our revel,
The snow, a dim flurry of white,
Drives drifting and rollicking by in a frolicking
Dance through the halls of the night.
The stars are a-quiver with glee, and the river
Rings with our shouts of delight
As we race on together before the keen weather,
Borne by the wild wind's might.



"NOT ENOUGH BOYS TO GO 'ROUND!"

SAVED BY A CAMERA

BY FELICIA BUTTZ CLARK

CHAPTER IV

ON TO PARIS!

WHEN Cyrus Hale opened his eyes the next morning, he was bewildered as to where he was. The broad, low, diamond-paned window was wide open, showing a vista of low green hills and blue sky with a few fleecy white clouds lightly poised, as if they were birds resting for a moment before continuing their flight. This did not have any suggestion of war. Yet several times during the night he had wakened with cold sweat all over him and the sound of the whistling bullet in his ears. It had not been at all pleasant, that bullet. It was a reminder of what might happen in this sudden and surprising war.

Two years before, with his mother, Cyrus had come through the very same part of France in an elegant *train de luxe* fitted up with the latest contrivances for comfort. What a peaceful land it had been! Women were knitting at the doorways of the cottages; little children were playing about them. The men were gathering the harvest in the fields. Everywhere were signs of quiet prosperity.

And now? Cyrus thought with a shudder of the women he had seen. Their faces were sallow and drawn. The babies hid behind the mothers' capacious skirts, and peeped out with fear. There were no men except soldiers, and they were plentiful as blackberries in August.

Cyrus had a kind of "wish that he was somewhere else" feeling until he got up. Then he felt better. When he and Jack had eaten an enormous breakfast of white rolls, sweet fresh butter, eggs gathered that morning in the hay of the low-roofed red barn, and golden coffee such as only a Frenchwoman can make, he felt still better, and was once more in mood for adventure. Judging by the experience of yesterday, he knew that the adventures were likely to come. He felt in his pocket for his passport. After this he and the American eagle on the big red seal were inseparable. This passport was more precious than jewels, for it represented his actual bodily safety. Without it, he was very likely to be shot as a spy. They did not wait long before administering what they believed to be justice in these days.

Jack had put up himself and his motor-cycle at the small *Auberge de l'Étoile d'Or*, otherwise, the Inn of the Golden Star, a pretty name, symbolized

by the big gilt star moving slowly back and forth with dismal creak in front of the house. The Inn of the Golden Star was a little off the main street of a tiny village on the line of railroad to Lyons and Paris. Only way-trains stopped at Aubonne, and tourists were few. Hence, Jack and his American-eagle passport attracted the more attention, and the arrival of another youth, much more respectable and gentlemanly in appearance than was Mr. Henderson, excited considerable curiosity.

It did not take the head of the local police long to find out that Cyrus had arrived. He came into the garden just as the boys were leaving the breakfast table.

The policeman was very polite but firm.

"Will you allow me to see your passport?" he asked Cyrus.

Hale took out the long-suffering American eagle.

"I've shown it at least fifty times since six o'clock last evening to everybody who wanted to see it," he said, but the policeman took no notice. He did not speak English and did not want to. A hopeless state of ignorance!

He passed back the passport. Some words written upon it in French had given him light on Cyrus. Then he said something.

Jack lifted his eyes from the Paris paper.

"He wants to know where you came from. Better make a clean breast of everything, only don't tell him you're going to take photographs. They don't appreciate that art here just now. He knows all about *me*. Found out all *my* virtues and faults five minutes after the motor and I arrived!"

"You'll have to translate," grumbled Cyrus. How he wished that he had devoted his attention more to the French language and not so much to football. It would have been a lot more useful now. But how could he know that he was going to get caught in such a fix and have to hang on to old Jack for dear life? He could not say a blessed thing unless Jack said it for him. He appealed with desperate faith to Jack's power of invention.

That young man was fully equal to the situation. His fluent French was delivered with such force and fervor that it seemed to satisfy the officer, and Jack's whole air was so convincing that the policeman actually smiled, and when he did this, one could see that he was really a very good-

natured man in spite of his fierce Napoleonic mustaches—*à la* Napoleon *Third*, I mean, of course.

"He went away very peacefully, did n't he?" said Cyrus, when the policeman, with many bows, had clattered his heels down the street.

Jack had returned to his paper, saying:

"Oh, yes, he 's game all right; but he did n't believe a word I said, and he 'll keep an eye on us all the time we 're here. Consequently, we 'd better not stay long. Now," Jack leaned across the table, "I 've got a plan."

"You 're always making plans," growled Cyrus, who did n't feel exactly comfortable in a land where he was obliged to live and eat and sleep with his passport in one hand, to have it ready for any passing soldier or policeman. "What 's your plan now? You got me up here, and I may as well do the whole thing. But I 'd like to live to get home so I could tell the fellows about it."

"You bet I intend to," said Jack, smiting the deal table with his hand in military style. "And we 'll have lots to tell. My plan is this. Let 's push on—right away, to-day, before it rains again and knocks up the roads so we 'll have to push the cycle,—let 's push on to Paris!"

"To Paris? Why?"

"Because it 's great there! They 're having bombs, German aeroplanes, darkness in the city, people scared stiff! It 's the place for us."

Cyrus laughed, but not with deep mirth.

"I 'm scared enough without going to Paris," he said fervently.

"Let 's start now. I 'll go and clean the motor and you tell Madame Pochet—oh, I forgot; you can't tell her anything. I 'll do both, and you go and pack our suitcases."

"Have her put up a big lunch!" called out Cyrus, his spirits rising.

"I will. Sure thing! And we 'll picnic."

Cyrus felt that it was, indeed, great, as, once more seated in the "baby-carriage" beside energetic Jack, they went bumping along a smooth road, between fields and flying trees, and hedges half hiding lovely gardens full of early autumn blossoms. To be sure, they heard the order "Halt!" at frequent intervals, and were obliged to bring the cycle to a quick stop to avoid a repetition of the unpleasant incident of the evening before; but as they went farther on their way over the highroad toward Paris, the sentinels were at longer intervals. Finally, for long stretches they met no soldiers at all. Evidently the line of war was off to one side.

The hearty lunch provided by good Mme. Pochet, who had been left bewailing the loss of the last guests she was likely to have for a very long

time, was eaten in a miniature forest, with trees in such regular rows that they must certainly have been planted by man, since they were evidently not the product of Nature, who delights in all sorts of queer freaks when she is left to herself.

Jack, grown practical under the shadow of great, drooping oak-branches, and full to satisfaction with chicken, ham, and fruit, said something like this, and added that he preferred Nature's way. Cyrus had already gone to sleep, with his head on a mossy root, so Jack lay down beside him and did likewise, while the motor also reposed, and the sun drew lower and lower.

They rode far in the moonlight that night, and then asked shelter at a farm-house along the roadside. It stood in a big orchard of apple-trees, laden with red and yellow fruit. The whole place was bordered with a hedge which in spring bore white flowers, very fragrant and perfect in their star-like form. There was a dog that barked when Jack tried to open the gate, and the sound called a round-faced woman to the window. In the bright moonlight the boys could see that her eyes were swollen with weeping.

"We must n't frighten her," said Jack, gently. "Probably she 's left all alone—husband gone to the war."

Cyrus got out of his little perambulator and stood beside him. Both the lads removed their hats. They were gentlemen, were Jack and Cyrus, and they addressed respectfully the peasant woman with the tear-stained eyes.

"We are only two American boys," explained Jack. "We 're not spies, or anything like that, and we 'll gladly pay you for a night's lodging if you 'll let us sleep yonder in the hay. Don't be afraid; we 'll do you no harm."

The woman looked keenly at the two honest, upturned faces. Then she came downstairs, opened the door, quieted the black dog, and led Jack and Cyrus across the yard.

"The barn 's almost empty now," she said, "but you 're welcome to sleep on what little hay you can find. The harvest 's more than ready to be reaped in the fields, and there 'd be hay enough to keep our cattle all the winter. But I 'm alone; my husband and the laborers are called to serve our country—God bless her! I 'm left here with the four little children. Unless the hay and grain are gathered soon, they 'll be ruined and all a loss. I 'll have to kill the cows, or let them go free so as not to see them starve. And we 'll starve too, I think."

Jack and Cyrus were dumb before this flood of woman's grief. It seemed to relieve her to talk out her sorrows, and at last she smiled a little.

"I 'm not afraid of you, lads. Get in there and sleep, and may the *bon Dieu* give you peaceful rest and speed you on your journey!"

"Can you give us bread and milk in the morning?"

"All you want. There 's plenty now, but how long it will last, no one knows!"

She shook her head as she walked away to the house, leaving Jack and Cyrus to put the motor-cycle in a safe place and creep up into the loft, where, as the woman had said, the supply of hay was pitifully small.

The two talked for some time as they lay in the fragrant pile; and when they went to sleep, they felt very happy. No one who has once planned to do a good deed, even at the expense of some sacrifice to himself, can fail of this happiness. It is worth a lot more than gold or jewels.

With the first rays of sunshine they were up. Plunging into the brook for a good splash, dressing with the swallows peeping at them from the eaves and with the low, cooing moan of the gray doves in their ears, they were soon ready for the plan they had evolved in the night, whispering with their heads close together on the hay.

All that week Jack Henderson, the banker's son, and Cyrus Hale, the descendant of a chief-justice of the United States, worked in the fields around that thatched farm-house in south-eastern France. Side by side with the grateful woman, they cut the grass and grain with clumsy scythes, they spread the hay out to dry, they gathered it into bundles, and, slinging these merrily on backs which had never before carried a burden, they bore the sweet-smelling hay to the red-roofed barn and piled it in the loft. The sun and wind helped, too, and not a drop of rain fell that week to injure the harvest. An abundance of hay there was for the winter, the cows would have plenty to eat, and the children and their mother could live for months on the milk and butter and eggs produced on their own place.

The woman cooked for them plain, coarse food, tasting better to the lads than any grand dinner they had ever eaten, for the meals were seasoned with fresh air and warm sunshine and hard labor—splendid sauces for the appetite.

Before they went to bed on the night after the harvest had been gathered,—for a room had now been assigned them in the house,—the peasant took their hands and looked into their eyes, but not one word could she speak. They were glad that she did not, for they were just fine, strong, young American lads, and they wanted no thanks.

Early the next morning Jack and Cyrus crept softly down the stone stairs, took a long drink

of milk dipped from a pan in the cellar, laid a hundred-franc bill under the coffee-pot on the shelf, and, getting the motor-cycle,—not mounting it for fear they would make a noise,—they went out into the sweetness of the morning. The doves cooed a farewell, and the swallows flew around their heads as if sorry to see them go.

Jack surveyed the gleaned fields over the hedges. "Good job, that!" he remarked.

"You bet!" was Cyrus's reply. And then they never said another word about that week's work. Not that they were ashamed of it—oh, no! But it was just too good to talk about. They did not forget it, nor the pleasure it gave them.

Then, chunking their way along, Jack on the cycle, Cyrus holding fast in the "baby-carriage," they went on towards Paris in search of more adventures. And they had them—with a vengeance!

CHAPTER V

CYRUS MEETS WITH A LOSS

IF the weather had been in their favor while they were gathering the harvest in the fields by the farm-house, it treated the young men badly after they left it to follow the yellow road leading to Paris. It thundered and hailed, and rain fell in sheets, soaking the dust and turning it into slippery, sticky mud. They had no charts or road-maps, and the country through which they went, supposedly in the right direction, was lonely, sandy, and desolate. Houses were scattered here and there, but they had an empty appearance, as if they were uninhabited. The occupants had left suddenly, judging from the condition of the yards and barns.

"What 's that?" asked Jack, sitting up suddenly to listen.

It was the afternoon of the third day since they had been on their weary way. The first night they had slept at a fairly decent inn, run by a woman,—as everything seemed to be in this part of France,—a sad-eyed woman, with furrows, and wrinkles, and a look about her as if she had wept till she could weep no more.

The second night they rested in an empty barn, one keeping watch while the other slept. There was a queer feeling of danger in the whole atmosphere. That and the rain were getting on their nerves.

This was the third day, and still the heavens poured forth floods, with orchestral accompaniment of thunder, and fireworks of vivid lightning. It looked as if they must camp that night, also, but where? There was n't a sign of house or inn in all the sandy waste. The motor was a good one, and had borne them bravely forward,

but petrol was getting scarce, and there was no place to buy it. When the stock gave out entirely, they must "foot it," Jack told Cyrus, gloomily. Luckily, they had food and a spirit-lamp, so they did not starve. Now, about four o'clock in the afternoon, when there was a merciful lull in the downpour, they stopped in the edge

"What 's that?" he asked again, and both listened, Cyrus holding the kettle of boiling water over the tiny tea-pot.

"By George! I believe it 's cannonading!" shouted Jack, his weariness forgotten in the prospect of some excitement in this dreary, monotonous world. "Drop the kettle, Cy, and let 's run up to the top of the hill and see what 's going on. It can't be thunder. It must be cannon!"

Cyrus, mindful of his domestic duties,—Jack would never have taken the trouble to prepare his own meals; he would have lived on raw fruits and vegetables and sucked eggs first,—carefully made the tea, put some more water on to boil for washing their tin cups, and followed more slowly up the hill. He did not feel the same zeal for fighting and warfare that he had felt a day or two before. There was something in continuous rain that dampened his ardor as thoroughly as it did the ground. If it had not been for his loyalty to Jack, he would have made his way back to Italy and let the French and Germans fight it out without his assistance. But he could n't leave Jack, so there was nothing for it but to stick it out. Luckily he had his passport, his safety and protection here, where no man's word was believed and every man was considered a traitor unless he proved himself not to be.

Cyrus put his hand in his right-hand inside vest-pocket to feel that the precious paper was there all right, and for a moment was frightened

because he did not find it. Then he remembered that, as there were fewer sentinels in this part of the country and it was not likely that he would have to show his passport soon, he had put it in the suitcase, and that was strapped on behind the cycle, protected by a rubber covering.

Cyrus paused one instant on his way up to the top of the little round hill where Jack stood, his



"'WE ARE ONLY TWO AMERICAN BOYS,' EXPLAINED JACK."

of a cluster of trees, and Cyrus, expert camp-cook, proposed tea, putting the lamp on a flat rock where it was sheltered from a wind which had turned suddenly icy cold.

Jack examined the motor, cherished by him—and with reason—as tenderly as if it had been a baby. Then, spreading out his rain-coat on a grassy slope, he flung himself down to rest.

figure outlined boldly against the gray sky, waving his hand frantically for him to come on. The motor-cycle was all right. In all this country there was not a living soul. Everything was safe.

So he went on, bending beneath his feet the damp, fallen branches of trees, broken off by the storm, and did not know that a little malicious elf called Bad Fortune was following him very



"IT TOOK HIM ONE SECOND TO OPEN IT—
TO EXAMINE IT!"

closely. Nor did he or Jack realize as they stood spell-bound, watching with their powerful field-glasses the tiny puffs of smoke of those great cannon, listening to the sharp report of a battle taking place not many miles away, that they were not alone in that sandy waste.

A tall figure crept around the other side of the hill and came to the cycle standing all alone. Very deftly he loosened the rubber covering, by quick glances keeping strict watch on the two young men standing at the line of land and sky.

Very deftly and swiftly he undid the straps and took out the two leather bags. Seizing some stones and fallen branches, he filled up the space, drew down the cover, and crept away. There was a gleam of sardonic laughter in his brown eyes. "What a streak of luck!" he murmured.

Hiding among the trees, he forced open the bags, examined their contents, selected a few pieces of clothing and laid them aside. Then his eyes fell on the long white envelop marked "American Embassy, Rome." It took him one second to open it—to examine it! With a low cry of triumph he put it in his pocket. Under a mass of debris he hid the bags and the rest of the clothing, reserving a safety-razor and some soap.

If Jack and Cyrus had seen this strange being, they would have recognized the German uniform and the epaulets of a lieutenant in the Kaiser's army. Very gaunt he was, and thin. His eyes, in spite of the laughter in them, were hollow, and they had a haunted look, as if they had seen danger and faced terror. On his young face was a straggly beard, the growth of several days. Altogether, he was a pitiful specimen of a soldier who had done his duty for his country, but was suffering for it.

He hesitated a moment. Then, with a glint of real mirth in spite of his half-starved condition, he unearthed the suitcases from their hiding-place, peeped out to make sure that Jack and Cyrus were still absorbed in the contemplation of a scene holding such fascination for them, and crept back to the cycle. Very swiftly he replaced the suitcases and covered them.

"The boys may as well have what I can't use," he muttered. "Heaven knows I 'm no thief, but it 's life or death for me!"

He caught sight of the tea-pot and a big pile of bread-and-butter prepared by Cyrus. For three days no food had passed the lips of this young officer, escaped by a miracle from the hands of his captors. Again came that whimsical smile.

"They can make more tea, and I don't believe they 're as hungry as I am!"

Quickly he poured out a cup of tea. Luckily it had had time to cool or it would have scalded him badly, so rapidly did he swallow it in his fear that the boys on the hill would turn their glasses on him and descend in wrath. If they did,—he knew from the suitcases and Cyrus Hale's passport that they were Americans and neutral and broad-minded,—he would throw himself on their mercy. America had been ever ready to help the desperate and the suffering. But he preferred that they should not find him.

Oh, how the tea refreshed him! He drank a



"THE LADS HID BEHIND SOME
BUSHES, AND CYRUS GOT
A GOOD SNAP-SHOT."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

second and third cup, then carefully filled up the tea-pot with water, seized the pile of bread-and-butter and departed just as the two Americans started down the hill, discussing the war with eager enthusiasm.

"Funny how weak this tea is!" exclaimed Cyrus. "And stone-cold. I'd better make some more. And I thought I cut a whole lot of bread and buttered it. I *know* I did! Here 's the knife, all butter. But the whole business is gone. Queer!"

"Dog took it," suggested Jack, stretching himself out luxuriously. "Make some more, Cy. Don't grumble. It 's bad for your nerves. Let the old dog have it. Do hurry, for I 'm 'most starved!"

Their hunger satisfied with fresh, hot tea and more bread-and-butter, they packed away the spirit-lamp, noting that the suitcases were all right, and started off over the muddy roads very slowly.

The escaped prisoner, feeling himself another being with food to cheer him—actually whistled

while he doffed his uniform; then he sighed, for he had hoped to win glory for himself and the land he loved, but, instead, he had gained nothing but disappointment and suffering. A few minutes later, a "double" of Cyrus Hale appeared,—a tall fellow, clean-shaven, dressed in the latest New York style in handsome gray suit, tan shoes, with silk stockings of the same shade, a soft gray hat, and—spotless castor gloves. Cyrus had brought the extra suit with him in his hasty flight before the dogs of war, so suddenly let loose. He had worn it very little. It fitted the German officer perfectly, as did the description of Cyrus Hale in the passport. Height, five feet, ten inches; forehead, high; nose, straight; hair, dark brown, slightly curly; chin, square; eyes, brown. It could n't have been more correct if it had been made out for him.

"Lucky for me that I had an American mother and speak English like a native," thought the officer. "And now for it! Good luck helping me, I 'll get through, and I pray that the fellow whose name I 've stolen will have no trouble. He will

be all right, I 'm sure, for he 's the real thing, while I 'm only an impostor—but a desperate one."

With long, firm strides he struck out across country to the very place where fighting was going on, on the borders of Alsace. But he took a more direct route, being on foot and without baggage, than Cyrus and Jack could, with the heavy motor. The sky was growing bright in the west, and the sun peeped out. On the grass there were diamond points sparkling, and little insects crept out into the light. Once the officer stopped to pick up a little bird with a broken wing, dashed to the ground by the violence of the storm. Sitting down, he took out a penknife and gently cut off the broken feathers, while the bird fluttered in his hand and gave pitiful little peeps. Then he made a tiny splint, bound it on, and laid the bird in the wide crotch of a branch above him.

"I hope that thou, too, wilt be able to fly soon, poor little prisoner, and find thy home and friends in some green tree."

He went on his way once more, coming ever nearer and nearer to that fighting line where men were being mowed down before the terrible firing. No one could have imagined that this tall fellow, so tender to the wounded bird, had been one of the fiercest fighters in his regiment of Prussian cavalry, which had been almost entirely wiped out only a week before.

That night Jack and Cyrus camped again, this time in a deserted hut. They found wood here, and built a rousing fire in the huge fireplace of blackened stone. There hung a heavy iron crane in the fireplace, and on each side of the chimney were oak settles, richly carved, and darkened by smoke and by the passing of centuries. On a shelf was a clay pipe, half full of tobacco, and beside it a newspaper bearing the date of August 12th. It and the pipe must have been left there together when the peasants left their home. A woman's knitting, half-finished, a tiny pink dress for a child, a gray sock, a broken shoe, some roses from a hat, these had all been left behind in that hasty flight to safety.

There was food, too. A large well-cured ham hung over the fireplace, and there was bread, but very dry and hard. Cyrus fried the ham, and with the jam, butter, and bread which they had brought with them, they had a feast, and then lay down on the floor, well content. They had not the courage to use the bed, piled high with feathers, in a closet opening from the kitchen. It did not look very tempting, they agreed, and there was n't any fresh air.

Having no need to open the suitcases, they left them under the rubber covering. Cyrus could not be accused any more of being a London or New York dandy. His clothes were fully as disreputable as those worn by Jack, if not more so. He had utterly discarded a hat, and went abroad with his brown hair, "slightly curly," utterly unadorned.

As he lay down to sleep, he spoke out a thought which had been in his mind ever since they left the place where they had eaten.

"Mighty funny about that bread-and-butter," he remarked. "And the tea, too! I never made it so weak. Did you notice, Jack, that the cup, *one* cup, had a few drops of tea in it?"

Jack yawned. He was very sleepy.

"Did n't notice a blessed thing. Does n't pay to be too observing. Uses up the gray matter of your brain. Dog ate it," he murmured.

"Dogs don't drink tea out of tin cups and then pour more water into the tea-pot," retorted Cyrus, with spirit.

"Dogs—did—it," sleepily repeated Jack and went sound asleep.

It was as fine a morning as one could wish. The pump at the back of the house had cold, cold water in it. Cyrus made delicious coffee with the extract powder thoughtfully provided by Jack. It was expensive, but it made good coffee and lasted a long time. His desire for adventure not being as keen as Jack's, he proposed that they camp out in the nice little house for two or three days, and watch the war through the field-glass—much safer than being close by. To this Jack agreed. So they stayed, and slept, and ate up the ham, and all the rest they had, and Cyrus took photographs.

Once three aeroplanes, huge-winged birds, flew by over their heads, and Cyrus photographed them. And another time a troop of French cavalry, brilliant uniforms glowing in the sunshine, horses steaming, appeared suddenly and cantered by toward the place where the cannon were firing, day and night, day and night. The lads hid behind some bushes, and Cyrus got a good snap-shot. He wished that he had brought the tank and some materials for developing; but as he had not, he labeled the rolls and went to get his suitcase to pack them away till he got to some place where he could develop them.

It was then that he made the discovery that his clothes were gone—and—the precious passport!

It made him feel strange and sick. Eagerly he took out every article. *The passport was not there!*



PORTRAIT OF A CHILD. BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET.

THE SAPPHIRE SIGNET

OR, THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-up House"

CHAPTER VII

THE DISCOVERIES CORINNE MADE

CORINNE did not reappear for nearly a week. During all that time the twins, who only saw her in school, reported that she would have nothing to say to them outside of this statement:

"Let me alone, girls, just for a while. I'm working hard at it. When I've run to earth something worth while, I'll tell you, and we'll have another meeting!" And that was absolutely all they could get from her.

Meanwhile, Margaret was passing the slow days in a fever of impatience and baffled expectation. Now that she no longer had her mind occupied by puzzling out the curious old journal and could only sit and wait for the results of Corinne's work, she grew terribly restless. So much so, indeed, that the lynx-eyed Sarah, who watched her beloved charge like a cat, made up her mind that Margaret was beginning to have symptoms of a real fever. She prepared, therefore, a huge bowl of boneset tea to be taken in instalments.

Now, if there was any one thing under the sun that Margaret hated more than another, it was boneset tea! And, moreover, in this case she knew that there was absolutely no need of the remedy. But this she dared not confide to Sarah lest she awaken fresh suspicion in that handmaiden's already too suspicious mind. So she swallowed her bitter doses uncomplainingly, and longed for Corinne's coming for more reasons than one!

And then at last, six days later, Corinne came flying home with the twins one afternoon, and all three burst in unexpectedly on the delighted Margaret. Corinne was armed with a load of volumes that were plainly not school-books, and these she planked down on the floor beside the invalid-chair with just one brief remark:

"I've got it!"

Questions and inquiries were hurled at her thick and fast, but not one of them would she answer till all were seated about Margaret's chair in the usual half-circle by the open fire. Then she began quietly, but with much suppressed excitement in her voice:

"Yes, girls, I've got it—at last! I'm going to tell you all about it, and you're going to have

the surprise of your lives! It took me a long while before I struck just the right clue. I've spent about every afternoon reading at the library near us. I even went up to the big one at Forty-second Street yesterday. And every evening at home has found me still digging at it. I've neglected my school work completely, and have failed in everything this week; but I don't care!

"Margaret's a trump! She put us all on the right track in the first place by sensibly suggesting the Revolution. That was fine! But, of course, the subject was a big one and concerned the whole thirteen original colonies. In thinking it over, I decided that since Alison came from Bermuda, the 'city' she keeps speaking of would most likely be the *nearest* one to Bermuda. On looking it up, I found the nearest was Charleston, South Carolina. So I started in and hunted up every bit of Revolutionary history I could find about Charleston, but never a thing did I strike that helped a bit.

"Then I gave that up and tried another city. As there did n't seem to be any very likely places south of Charleston, I turned north and tried Richmond, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. Not a single thing in any one of them that threw a ray of light on our troubles! Finally, I began on New York—and hit it right away!" Her listeners gave a little jump. "Yes, right here in old New York. And come to think of it, that *was* the most likely place, after all, and I might have saved myself all that other bother, if only I'd used a little common sense!"

"But how did you know right away that it was New York?" demanded Margaret.

"Why, the simplest thing in the world! Almost the first thing I came across, in reading up about New York during the Revolution, was about a place called—*Richmond Hill!*"

"What? Where?" they all cried in one breath.

"Yes, Richmond Hill! It was the name of a big mansion and estate outside of the city, and was a very famous place in its time."

"But how did you know it had anything to do with Alison?" they demanded incredulously.

"Well, just about twenty things pointed to it without a doubt. I'll tell you all about it. In the first place, I read that this mansion was built

in 1760 by the paymaster-general of the British army, and his name was—*Abraham Mortier!*”

She stopped significantly, but no one seemed to catch her meaning till Margaret suddenly cried:

“Madame M.!”

“Precisely!” said Corinne. “I wondered if you ’d catch it. ‘Madame M.’ must have been Madame Mortier, his wife, of course!”

“But Alison did n’t say anything about *Abraham Mortier*,” objected Bess.

“That ’s just it,—she did n’t, because Madame Mortier was then a widow. Her husband died quite suddenly, just at the outbreak of the war. So *that ’s* accounted for. And don’t you remember that Alison said Madame M. allowed the steward to transact all the business of the household? She would n’t be doing that if her husband were alive! Well, except for that, I could n’t find out another thing about the Mortiers. History does n’t mention them again. But it tells a lot about other things we ’re interested in. To begin with, after the siege of Boston Washington came to New York, and was there several months. Now then, while he was in the city, he made his headquarters at—Richmond Hill! What does that suggest to you?”

Again they all looked blank for a moment, and once more Margaret was first to catch the idea.

“I ’ve got it! Washington is the ‘he’ that Alison says so much about but never names!”

“Right!” cried Corinne.

“How do you know?” clamored the less astute twins.

“This way,” explained Corinne. “Everything that Alison says about ‘him’ tallies with the descriptions of Washington—‘grave, courteous, stately, kindly, thoughtful.’ There is n’t a shadow of doubt! She speaks of his servants and men and guards. Only a commander-in-chief would be likely to have all that retinue.”

Suddenly Jess, who had been deep in thought, interrupted: “But, see here! If it was Washington, why did Madame M. act so hateful about him? Alison said if she had n’t been sick, she ’d have gladly slammed the door in his face. I don’t understand it!”

“Oh, that ’s *easy!* Madame Mortier was, without doubt, a *Tory!* You know, New York was full of Tories at the time, and they hated Washington and all the rebels like—like poison!”

“But I still don’t understand,” insisted Jess, “how, if Madame Mortier was a Tory and hated Washington so, he should come to be using her house for his headquarters. I don’t wonder she was furious!”

“I thought of that too,” said Corinne, “and it seemed strange to me; but, from what I ’ve read,



“IF THERE WAS ANY ONE THING THAT MARGARET HATED MORE THAN ANOTHER, IT WAS BONESET TEA.”

I think it was this way: he had to have his headquarters somewhere while he was in New York, and just at first he had them way down in the lower part of the city, in the Kennedy house. But later he wanted to get outside of the city for some reason; perhaps it was on account of one of those plagues of smallpox or yellow fever that were always breaking out there. Then, of course, there were so few houses outside that he had to take anything he could find that was suitable. So he chose Richmond Hill, and Lady Washington followed him there later.”

"How do you know?" again demanded the ever-sceptical listeners.

"Well, did n't Alison say, just toward the last, that 'his lady' had come?"

"True enough!" assented Jess. "And that makes me think of something else. Was that the 'Lady Blank' she spoke of first, do you think?"

"Without doubt, for she even says, 'I do not think she remembers me.' But where or how she met her before, I have n't had time to work out. Anyhow, it explains why Madame Mortier began to be suspicious of Alison. Of course she would be if she was such a staunch Tory and found Alison talking to the wife of her worst enemy!"

"But here 's something very important, and it 's the *real* proof of the whole thing. The rest was just rather easy guesswork. Do you know, while Washington was at Richmond Hill, that summer of 1776, the Tories in the city got up a big plot to kill him, blow up his fortifications, massacre all his soldiers, and spoil everything for the Americans? *And*—it very nearly was accomplished, only some one discovered it and gave the whole thing away. *That 's* the plot, evidently, which was brewing when Alison felt that something strange and mysterious was going on. And here 's my positive proof: one of the chief conspirators in the plot was a man who kept a tavern near the edge of the woods close to Washington's headquarters, and his name was—*Corbic!*"

"Did n't we say that name would be of great help?" cried Margaret, excitedly. "Why, all this seems like a fairy story coming true! Is there anything else, Corinne?"

"Yes, there 's one other thing. But before I tell you, I 'm curious to know why you have n't asked one question."

"What?"

"Why, the exact location of Richmond Hill. You have n't exhibited the least curiosity about that!"

"But you said it was outside of the city somewhere," put in Bess, "and I supposed it was up around Fordham or West Farms, or even White Plains. It must have been pretty far out."

Corinne laughed. "Do you realize that the 'city' only extended to about City Hall Park in those days? And all beyond that was out in the country! No, Richmond Hill was *right here in Greenwich Village!*"

They all stared at her in such frank amazement that she broke into a giggle.

"Perhaps you think that 's rather astonishing, but I 've something to say that 's even more so. I told you I 'd give you the surprise of your lives, and here it is: the exact spot where the

Richmond Hill mansion stood was—*just about where this house stands now!*"

CHAPTER VIII

BAFFLED!

IF Corinne thought to create a sensation by her last disclosure, she was gratified beyond her wildest expectations. It was not, however, what they all *said* (for they were rendered literally speechless by surprise), but the way they *looked* that caused her to go almost into hysterics of laughter. If she had informed them that there was a lighted bomb about to go off in the cellar, they could not have assumed more open-mouthed, startled expressions!

"Oh, don't look so stunned!" she panted, at length, weak with laughter. "It won't hurt you!"

"But—b—but—" stammered Margaret, and at last brought out the eternal question, "how—how do you know?"

"The way I know is this, and in order to explain it, I might as well tell you the whole history of the place. It won't take long, and it will make you understand better. We know how Richmond Hill began, so I won't go over that. After the battle of Long Island and Washington's retreat from New York, we don't hear a thing about it till the end of the war. About that time it was the headquarters of the British general, Sir Guy Carleton. After the war, when Washington became President and New York the capital, Richmond Hill was taken by Vice-President John Adams as his residence till the capital was removed to Washington.

"Then Aaron Burr took it, lived there a number of years, improved the place a lot, and made the grounds very beautiful. I must tell you right now that the place really was a *hill* at that time, about a hundred feet high, and had a fine view over the Hudson. The river was nearer too, just a few feet beyond Greenwich Street. That hardly seems possible, for it 's blocks farther off now. But in later years they filled it in and made a lot more space to build on, and that has moved the river banks farther away. Well, Burr lived here with his wife and a lovely little daughter, Theodosia, till after he killed Hamilton in the duel. Then he had to give the place up, and it was sold.

"After that, a number of different people lived there till 1817. Then the city began to reach up this way, and they decided to put regular streets through here and make city blocks. Of course they could n't leave a high hill like that standing, so they leveled it and lowered the house gradually to the street, and it stood somewhere

right about here. I can't make out the *very* spot, for some books say it was on the north side of Charlton Street, and others, on the south side. And one even said it faced on Varick Street. But anyway, right near this spot it stood; and as no one seemed to want such a big place for a

But at last, in 1849, it was so old and rickety that they tore it down and put up these nice little houses over the place where it stood. That 's all there is about it. Now are you convinced that I was n't crazy?"

"It seems too wonderful to be true!" sighed Margaret. "To think we 're living right on the spot where all these strange things happened to Alison! I can scarcely believe I 'm not asleep and dreaming all this. But, oh, there are so many questions I want to ask! For instance, I can't yet understand how it was that if Madame Mortier was a Tory, Washington could have his headquarters at her house. Could n't she have forbidden it?"

"Why, it seems to be this way," answered Corinne. "In war time then, as well as now, the army that was occupying a city could do about as it pleased—used all the houses and food and so forth that it felt inclined to, whether the things belonged to the enemy or not. Sometimes they would pay the people for them, and sometimes they did n't—just *took* them. I suppose Washington had to have headquarters out of town for some reason, and the only available place was Richmond Hill. He was probably sorry enough to cause Madame Mortier any inconvenience, and no doubt he offered her all reasonable compensation. For I read in one book that Washington made it a rule that this should be done whenever it was necessary to use any one's house or goods. If she did

n't like it, he could n't help that. Matters were too serious for him to quibble about such things.

"That 's my only explanation of your question, Margaret. But what puzzles me even more is how did Alison come to be there at all? Who was she? Why did she leave Bermuda, and what did she do before she left it that caused her to be under suspicion?"



"MADAME MORTIER WARNED ALISON THAT SHE WAS N'T TO HAVE ANY COMMUNICATION WITH THE REBELS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

residence any more, it became a sort of hotel or tavern.

"Then, some one else bought it and turned it into a theater, and for several years it was called the Richmond Hill Theater. But it was n't very successful, so after a while it was sold again, and this time became a menagerie and circus. Later it was turned into a tavern again.

As no one could throw any light on these mysteries, they all remained silent a moment. Suddenly Jess, who had been turning the pages of the blank-book in which Margaret had copied the journal, broke out with this demand:

"What I 'd like to know is the explanation of this: 'A strange thing happened last night. At midnight I awoke. I heard confused sounds on the road without—carts creaking by, men shouting, women crying, and babies screaming.' Now what do you suppose it was all about?"

"I think I can explain that," answered Corinne, who seemed literally saturated with historical information since her recent researches. "In February of 1776, while Washington was still besieging the British at Boston, he sent General Lee down to New York to begin fortifying it. Lee and his forces arrived in the city on the very day that Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander, sailed into the harbor with a fleet of vessels. Well, the city just about went into a panic, for every one was certain there would be a big battle right off! And the histories say just what Alison did—that they all began to pack up and move out of the way as quick as they could, and all night the roads were filled with carts, and coaches, and crying women and children. Every one was scared to death! It proved to be a false alarm, for Clinton sailed right off again, and Lee only tended to the business of fortifying.

"But, you notice, Alison says that was when all the servants ran away but two, and Madame Mortier got sick and went to bed. She must have been sick a long time, for Washington did n't get there till April or May, and she was still in bed then. Perhaps she was quite an old lady and had had a severe shock. Maybe she was delicate anyway. And she evidently must have heard that her house was to be made use of, because she sent for Alison and warned her about it, and that she was n't to have any communication with the rebels. Madame Mortier must have been a *Tartar!*"

"But tell us more about the plot!" cried Margaret. "That 's the main thing, after all. How did they intend to kill Washington?"

"Why, I read in one book that some one was to put poison in a dish of peas, but somehow Washington was warned about it ahead of time and did n't eat them, of course. But he learned all about the plot, and he had a lot of the conspirators arrested. One of them was court-martialed and hung, as a proof that such performances did n't pay! I 'm glad *somebody* was punished for trying to do such an abominable thing, anyway!"

"Well, one thing I 'm convinced of!" declared

Bess. "That wicked old steward had a lot to do with the scheme. Don't you think so?"

"He certainly must have," agreed Corinne. "But what do you suppose he was doing down there in the cellar when Alison saw him that night, and why did he hide things in that place in the beam? And what part did Alison take in the plot, anyway? Is n't it simply distracting that her journal is torn off right there! And where *can* the rest of it be, and why was it torn at all? And why was this part saved so carefully? And what became of the sapphire signet? Seems to me as though I 'd go crazy with all these unanswered questions pounding away in my brain!"

Nobody having any solutions to offer, again they all sat quietly for a while, till Margaret's eye happened to light on the pile of books that Corinne had laid on the floor.

"What are those, Corinne?"

"Oh, they are some books on New York City history that I got out of the library to read up. Each one has something about Richmond Hill in it. And this one even has a picture of the house. See! here it is."

They all crowded around her to look. "What a fine-looking place!" was the general comment. And Bess added:

"Does it seem possible that this shabby old neighborhood ever looked like that delightful country-place!"

"It was the most beautiful residence anywhere around New York for a long while," said Corinne. "The grounds were fine too, and the big gateway to the estate was right where the corner of Spring and Macdougall streets is now. I thought you might like to read these books, Margaret, so I brought them for you. But oh, girls!" she ended; "right here and now I take the solemn determination that I will clear up this mystery if it takes me the rest of my life! I 'll never be content till I know the explanation of it all. And, Margaret, I want you, if you will, to make a copy of the journal for me—not the cipher, but the plain English—so that I can refer to it whenever I want. Will you?"

"Indeed I will!" agreed Margaret. "We 'll all help you in every way we can. And here 's something else I 've decided on. I 'm going to change your office in this Antiquarian Club, Corinne, from just plain secretary to Chief Investigator!"

CHAPTER IX

INTRODUCING ALEXANDER

THE Antiquarian Club continued to meet two or three times a week, but for some time the

meetings were not enlivened with any further discoveries. Corinne grew quieter and more uncommunicative, Margaret restless and discontented. And as for the twins, now that the excitement had subsided and nothing further on that order appeared to be forthcoming, they became frankly bored with the proceedings of their society and were claimed once more by their basket-ball and tennis-playing companions.

Several afternoons Corinne went alone to the Charlton Street house and sat long with Margaret, going over and over the old account-book story. For neither of them did interest in the matter ever wane. And even though they appeared to have reached an insurmountable barrier, it did not utterly discourage them. The mystery was always there, and the unsolved riddle proved a constant lure.

Then one day Corinne came in, accompanied by the twins, and all seemed in rather high spirits.

"What 's the news?" demanded Margaret at once. "Have you discovered something, Corinne?"

"Yes, I have. And while it may not be of any *great* help, at least it 's another link in the chain."

The twins, once more condescending to interest themselves in the affair, exclaimed: "Do tell us all about it! We cut a basket-ball match to come home this afternoon!"

"Well, as I said, it is n't much, but it 's something. Yesterday I was up at the Forty-second Street Library, browsing around among the old reference-books on New York City history, when I suddenly came across this. You remember, several times Alison spoke about the housekeeper, 'Mistress Phœbe'? Well, I 've found out who *she* is!"

"You have!" they chorused.

"Yes, and I guess it 's positive, for two books mention it. She was Phœbe Fraunces, the daughter of Sam Fraunces who kept the famous 'Fraunces' Tavern.' The building, by the way, is still in existence down on Pearl and Broad Streets. It has been restored to look just the way it used to, and is the headquarters of the Sons of the Revolution. Sam Fraunces was a fine man and a great admirer of Washington—"

"Yes, Alison said so!" interposed Margaret, half under her breath.

"—and he was afterward the household steward for Washington when he lived in New York as President. One book says Phœbe played quite a part in the plot—preventing it, that is! That 's all I found out, but it 's interesting."

"It certainly is!" assented Bess, after a mo-

ment's thought, "and it 's just one more proof that we 're on the right track. But still I don't see that it helps very much in finding out what became of Alison, or anything about her!"

"No, it does n't!" agreed Corinne ruefully. "And that 's just where it 's so disappointing. But there 's



"BESS DIVED BEHIND THE CURTAINS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

this about it. In a puzzle like this, every little bit helps along. Sometimes, what really does n't seem to amount to anything at all, leads at last to the most important discovery. For instance, that song—"The Lass of Richmond Hill." *That* did n't impress us so much when we came across it, yet it really led to all the discoveries we 've made. I propose that this afternoon we go over the whole thing again, just as carefully as we can, and see if there is n't some little clue that we *may* have constantly overlooked. Of course, I 've done that by myself dozens of times, and so has Margaret. But four heads are better than one! Who knows but *this* time we may light on the very thing?"

She was so hopeful and enthusiastic about it that they all settled down to the work, reading over the old diary very slowly and discussing every point that seemed to offer the least suggestion of a clue. They had reached the entry which announced Washington's arrival, and were hotly debating the question whether or not Madame Mortier could be concerned in the plot against him, when suddenly they were electrified by hearing the loud crow of a rooster, coming apparently from the darkness at the far end of the room. (They had been talking and reading by the light of the open fire only.) Every one jumped, and Margaret caught her hand to her heart. But Bess instantly recovered herself, darted across the room, dived behind the curtains, and returned dragging into the circle a grinning, giggling small boy.

"It 's Alexander, of course!" was her brief remark. Her captive was certainly an extraordinary-looking youngster! Wiry, and undersized for his age (he was thirteen), he possessed a snub-nose, a shock of brilliant red hair, and a quantity of freckles that literally "snowed under" his grinning countenance. His appearance was rendered all the more remarkable by the fact that he had cut a series of holes in an old, round, soft hat, and his brilliant hair stuck straight up through these in astonishing red bunches. Not one whit did he seem to resent the publicity into which his recent exploit had brought him! Rather did he appear to glory in the situation.

"Are n't you ashamed to be eavesdropping behind the curtains?" demanded Bess, shaking him by his collar, of which she still retained her hold.

Alexander straightened himself and made this cryptic reply:

"I don't get yer! But if yer mean piking off this chinning contest,—no, I ain't!"

At the foregoing remarkable explosion of slang, Corinne suddenly went off into a peal of laughter.

"Oh, Alexander, you 're *rich!*" she exclaimed. "I 'm glad to make your acquaintance. Teach me some of that, will you!"

The boy turned to her with an appreciative and understanding twinkle in his eye: "Sure thing! I 'll put you wise, any old time!"

But Jess suddenly broke into this exchange of amenities. "Do you girls realize what has happened? Alexander Corwin has been listening to all the proceedings of our secret society, and now he knows just as much as we do! Oh, I could *scalp* you!" she ended, making a sudden dart at her cousin, who, though still in the grasp of Bess, ducked and evaded her. There had been

unceasing warfare between Alexander and the twins ever since he came to reside with them. He teased them unmercifully, and they sought frantically, and always in vain, to retaliate. There seemed nothing they could devise that affected him in the slightest. This, the most recent outrage, constituted to them, therefore, the last straw! Suddenly Margaret intervened:

"Wait a minute! Maybe Alec was n't *really* trying to overhear what we said. Perhaps he only meant to give us a scare. How about it, Alec?"

"You got the right dope!" affirmed the young rascal. "D' ye think I 'd waste my valuable time listening to the chatter of a lot of Sadies? Nix on that! I just crept in there to give the glad whoop and raise you out of your chairs!"

Alexander never teased Margaret. Her pathetic confinement to her invalid-chair appealed to his rowdy little soul, and between them there had always been an unspoken compact of peace.

"But how much *did* you hear?" reiterated Jess.

"Well, I could n't help getting wise to *some!*" admitted Alexander wickedly, conscious that this same admission was gall and wormwood to the souls of the twins. "Heard a lot of stuff about finding a book in our attic, and George Washington, and a swell guy called Madame something-or-other and some kind of a dinky sapphire thing, and a kid called Alison. Say! she must have been *some* girl! But, gosh!—you need n't think I *wanted* to hear it! I was only waiting for the chance to give you the merry ha-ha!"

Dismay fell once more on the circle. Bess had now released him, and he stood upright, jammed his hands in his pockets, and grinned on them with a curious mixture of triumph, defiance, and pure impishness. It was Corinne who became suddenly inspired with a brilliant idea.

"Look here, girls! I vote that we make Alexander a member of the club! What do you say?"

"Gee! I don't *want* to be!" exclaimed the boy in a panic, making a sudden dive to escape.

"Oh, yes you would, if you knew all about it! Would n't he, Margaret? It 's just the kind of thing a boy would go crazy about. There 's so much *adventure* in it!"

At the word "adventure," Alexander pricked up his ears.

"What 's a lot of *girls* got to do with adventures?" he inquired sceptically.

"Just wait till you hear!" declared Corinne, and Margaret seconded her with:

"Oh yes, Alec, you 'll just go wild over this! And it ought to have a boy in it, too! Ought n't it, girls?" But the twins remained obdurate. To allow their declared enemy to share their most

cherished secret seemed to them the height of madness. But while Margaret was reasoning with Alexander, Corinne whispered to them:

"You 'd better do it, I tell you! He knows too much already, and you don't know but what he might give the whole thing away to Sarah sometime!" And this final argument brought them speedily round to her point of view.

"All right!" they agreed. "Alexander, you can become a member of our secret society if you want to, and Corinne will tell you all about it."

And Alexander, his curiosity now thoroughly aroused, offered no further objection to the honor thus thrust upon him.

Corinne undertook to explain the whole matter to him, showed him their discovery, explained how they had deciphered the code, and then proceeded to read him the translation. His pat, slangy comments on it often moved her to laughter, and when it came to the mention of the song, he immediately wanted to hear it, for—it was Alexander's chief merit—he loved music with the appreciation of a born musician. It happened that among the books Corinne had brought Margaret was the collection of old songs, containing the one in question. She hunted this up now, and, going to the piano, played it over for him, while he stood at her side whistling the air.

"Say, I like that!" he commented when she had finished. "That 's a great old tune! The words are a back-number, of course, but they go with it fine!" He hummed it over again.

"Is n't it queer!" exclaimed Corinne. "Alexander is the only one who has exhibited the least interest in learning or even *hearing* that song!"

(*To be continued.*)

After this intermission, the story proceeded, the boy growing more and more absorbed with every word. But when it came to the disclosure that Richmond Hill had stood just about where they were now sitting, he leaped to his feet with a whoop.

"Say! Would n't that jolt you! Gee! I did n't have any hunch that you girls had a thing like *this* up your sleeve!" Then, with snapping eyes, he settled down to hear the remainder of the tale. When Corinne had finished, he sat cross-legged before the fire for several minutes, chewing meditatively the cap he had riddled with air-holes.

So long was he silent, that Margaret exclaimed, finally: "Well?" Then he got up, stretched his legs, and casually inquired: "When you going to have the next meeting of this joint?"

"The day after to-morrow," answered Margaret, who was disappointed that after all he did not seem to have any interested comments to make. "Why?"

"Because," he answered in his remarkable jargon of slang, "you can ring me in on the fest, and—I *may* have a new piece of dope!"

When the meaning of this remark had dawned on them, they all demanded eagerly: "What? What? Can't you tell us, Alec?"

"Nothing doing—till the day after to-morrow!" he called back as he made a hasty exit down the hall.

And after his departure they all agreed that they had possibly done a rather good day's work in admitting the rowdy Alexander to the Anti-quarian Club!

A TRUE VALENTINE

BY CHARLES IRVIN JUNKIN

HE came on good Saint Valentine's,
A gift I counted royal,
And worthy of the gentle saint,
My Valentine—and loyal!

I found in him a love and life
Old-fashioned and romantic;
A keenness for the better things,
That drove him almost frantic;

Humility and diffidence,
And faithfulness amazing,

Yet coupled with a sense of right
That set his eyes a-blazing;

A something in his honest eyes
That made me think of Heaven;
A love forgiving seven times,
And seventy times the seven!

And so he loved, and loves me still,
My Valentine, my hero;
And never man outmeasured him,
My rare old collie, Nero.

MURILLO AND THE USURER OF SEVILLE

BY ZENOBIA AYMAR CAMPRUBI

ONCE upon a time, when Murillo the painter was young, he was walking home through the streets of Seville—walking with the nonchalant debonaire gait of all Andalusian youths. Presently he turned a corner, and the expression on his face changed, first to one of surprise and then to one of keen interest bordering on anxiety. Far down the street to the right Murillo had seen a large crowd of people assembled before an open doorway. Well he knew that doorway, for every day, as he wandered down the street on his way to his poor lodgings, he loitered by that particular gate to catch a few faint breaths of perfume wafted from the garden within. Rather than a garden, it was a quaint, pillared Sevillian court with rose-vines clinging to its graceful white columns; they reached the second story and covered the balustrade with rose-heavy festoons. There were boxes full of geraniums and carnations on the tessellated floor, and in the central fountain the water gushed out with a spiral motion and fell splashing on the lilies in the basin below.

Now the charm of the enchanted garden had been broken, and the very rabble of the streets had invaded the house. Murillo reached the grilled portal and pushed his way through the gaping crowd. In the court was the same rabble, filling it to overflowing. The painter jostled a man angrily because he saw the fellow snap a red carnation from its tender stem.

Murillo followed the crowd across the court and found himself in a dimly lighted room. There were many people there, and at first he was bewildered by the confusion and gloom, but all too soon his eyes grew used to the darkness and his ears to the din. A man, standing on a rough wooden bench, was auctioning off the household goods. A weary-looking woman sat in a corner, covering her face with a somber widow's-veil. Foremost among the bidders stood a short man with a pointed beard and a hooked nose, who was known throughout all Seville as "the usurer." He had accumulated a great fortune by grinding money out of the poor and by taking advantage of the unfortunate. Now, as he stood disdainfully among the people, it was evident that they both hated and feared him. The best pieces on sale had already fallen to his lot at very low prices, because, whenever he bid, the auctioneer's hammer fell immediately. Such was his wealth that no one ventured to bid against him.

As Murillo entered the room unobserved, the

auctioneer held up a painting representing the Nativity. "Two reales," the usurer muttered with a scornful look. The hammer was just beginning its swift descent when the hand that moved it remained motionless in the air. A young man in a sweeping Spanish cloak and a large, soft *chambergo* (or round, uncocked hat) tilted nonchalantly backward had stepped into the space beside Don Judas, the usurer, and raised the bid.

A murmur of surprise ran through the crowd, followed by a gasp of admiration, for the people had recognized the penniless painter Murillo. Don Judas gave his rival an exterminating look of disdain to which the artist replied with a half-humorous, half-enigmatic smile. The bids went up and up, first into the hundreds, then into the thousands. It must be that Murillo had recognized an art treasure in the dingy canvas, and that one of his rich patrons was buying it for him. Never in the history of Seville had the price of a painting reached so fabulous a sum. At last, as the final bid of the usurer reached the limit of the incredible, Murillo threw up his hands with a gesture of despair, and, jamming his hat down over his eyes, stalked out of the room.

The emotional Sevillian people watched the departure of their defeated idol with tears of sympathy in their eyes. To think that money should give a miserable old usurer a painting he could not appreciate, and take it from Murillo, who would have staked his very life for it! It was too much!

Outside, Murillo was hurrying home to his cheap lodgings. His eyes were full of tears also, but they were of a different kind. "Well, he never will know the difference," the painter chuckled. "I could hardly have allowed that poor woman to be turned out on the street with the pittance the sale was bringing her. But where should I have been if the old scoundrel had stopped bidding first!"

IN the pillared Sevillian court rose-vines still cling to the graceful white columns, the balustrade is still covered with rose-heavy festoons, new boxes full of carnations and geraniums stand on the tessellated floor, and in the central fountain the water gushes out with a spiral motion and falls splashing on the floating lilies in the basin below. Just such a setting of flowers as the dreamer might see surrounding a beautiful Madonna of Murillo's.



"THE BIDS WENT UP AND UP, FIRST INTO THE HUNDREDS,
THEN INTO THE THOUSANDS."



“HE WAS MUCH GIVEN TO SPINNING YARNS.” (SEE PAGE 334.)

THE BOYS' LIFE OF MARK TWAIN

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Author of “Mark Twain, a Biography,” etc.

CHAPTER XIII

LEARNING THE RIVER

In that early day, to be a pilot was to be “greater than a king.” The Mississippi River pilot was a law unto himself—there was none above him. His direction of the boat was absolute; he could start or lay up when he chose; he could pass a landing regardless of business there, consulting nobody, not even the captain; he could take the boat into what seemed certain destruction, if he had that mind, and the captain was obliged to stand by, helpless and silent, for the law was with the pilot in everything.

Furthermore, the pilot was a gentleman. His work was clean and physically light. It ended the instant the boat was tied to the landing, and did not begin again until it was ready to back into the stream. Also, for those days his salary was princely—the vice-president of the United States did not receive more. As for prestige, the Mississippi pilot, perched high in his glass enclosure, fashionably dressed, and commanding all below him, was the most conspicuous and showy, the most observed and envied creature in the world. No wonder Sam Clemens, with his love of the river and his boyish fondness for honors, should aspire to that stately rank. Even at twenty-one he was still just a boy,—as indeed he was till his death,—and we may imagine how elated he was,

starting up the great river as a real apprentice pilot who in a year or two would stand at the wheel, as his chief was now standing, a monarch with a splendid income and all the great river packed away in his head.

In that last item lay the trouble. In the Mississippi book he tells of it in a way that no one may hope to equal, and if the details are not exact, the truth is there—at least in substance.

For a distance above New Orleans Mr. Bixby had volunteered information about the river, naming the points and crossings, in what seemed a casual way, all through his watch of four hours. Their next watch began in the middle of the night, and Mark Twain tells how surprised and disgusted he was to learn that pilots must get up in the night to run their boats, and his amazement to find Mr. Bixby plunging into the blackness ahead as if it had been daylight. Possibly this is fiction; but hardly the following:

Presently he turned to me and said:

“What ’s the name of the first point above New Orleans?”

I was gratified to be able to answer promptly, and I did. I said I did n’t know.

“Don’t know?”

His manner jolted me. I was down at the foot again, in a moment. But I had to say just what I had said before.

“Well, you ’re a smart one!” said Mr. Bixby. “What ’s the name of the next point?”

Once more I did n’t know.

"Well, this beats anything! Tell me the name of any point or place I told you."

I studied awhile and decided that I could n't.

"Look here! What do you start from, above Twelve-Mile Point, to cross over?"

"I—I—don't know."

"You—you don't know," mimicking my drawling manner of speech. "What do you know?"

"I—I—nothing, for certain."

Bixby was a small nervous man, hot and quick-firing. He went off now, and said a number of severe things. Then:

"Look here, what do you suppose I told you the names of those points for?"

I tremblingly considered a moment—then the devil of temptation provoked me to say:

"Well—to—to—be—entertaining, I thought."

This was a red flag to the bull. He raged and stormed. . . . Presently he said to me in the gentlest way:

"My boy, you must get a little memorandum-book, and every time I tell you a thing, put it down right away. There 's only one way to be a pilot, and that is to get this entire river by heart. You have to know it just like A B C."

The little memorandum-book which Sam Clemens bought, probably at the next daylight landing, still exists—the same that he says "fairly bristled with the names of towns, points, bars, islands, bends, reaches, etc."; but it made his heart ache to think he had only half the river set down, for, as the watches were four hours off and four hours on, there were the long gaps wheré he had slept.

It is not easy to make out the penciled notes to-day. The small neat writing is faded, and many of them are in an abbreviation made only for himself. It is hard even to find these examples to quote:

Meriweather's Bend

$\frac{3}{4}$ less 3¹—run shape of upper bar and go into the low place in willows about 200 (ft) lower down than last year.

Outside of Montezuma.

6 or 8 feet more water. Shape bar till high timber on towhead gets nearly even with low willows. Then hold a little open on right of low willows—run 'em close if you want to, but come out 200 yards when you get nearly to head of towhead.

A little pencil sketch goes with this entry, so perhaps it was an important one.

The average mind would not hold a single one of these notes ten seconds, yet by the time he reached St. Louis, he had set down pages that to-day make one's head weary even to contemplate. And those long four-hour gaps where he had been asleep—they are still there; and now, after nearly sixty years the old heartache is still

in them. He must have bought a new book for the next trip and laid this one away.

To the new "cub" it seemed a long way to St. Louis that first trip, but in the end it was rather grand to come steaming up to the big busy city with its thronging waterfront flanked with a solid mile of steamboats, and to nose one's way to a place in that stately line.

At St. Louis, Sam borrowed from his brother-in-law the one hundred dollars he had agreed to pay, and so closed his contract with Bixby. A few days later his chief was engaged to go on a very grand boat indeed—a "sumptuous temple" he tells us, all brass and inlay, with a pilot-house so far above the water that he seemed perched on a mountain. This part of learning the river was worth while; and when he found that the regiment of natty servants respectfully "sir'd" him, his happiness was complete.

BUT he was in the depths again presently, for when they started down the river and he began to take account of his knowledge, he found that he had none. Everything had changed—that is, he was seeing it all from the other direction. What with the four-hour gaps and this transformation, he was lost completely.

How could the easy-going, dreamy, unpractical man whom the world knew as Mark Twain ever have persisted against discouragement like that to acquire the vast, the absolutely limitless store of information necessary to Mississippi piloting? The answer is that he loved the river, the picturesqueness and poetry of a steamboat, the ease and glory of a pilot's life; and then, in spite of his own later claims to the contrary, Samuel Clemens, boy and man, in the work suited to his tastes and gifts was the most industrious of persons. Work of the other sort he avoided, overlooked, refused to recognize, but never any labor for which he was qualified by his talents or training. Piloting suited him exactly, and he proved an apt pupil. Horace Bixby said to the writer of this memoir:

"Sam was always good-natured, and he had a natural taste for the river. He had a fine memory and never forgot what I told him."

Yet there must have been hard places all along, for to learn every crook and turn and stump and snag and bluff and bar and sounding of that twelve hundred miles of mighty, shifting water was a gigantic task. Mark Twain tells us how, when he was getting along pretty well, his chief one day turned on him suddenly with this "set-ler":

"What is the shape of Walnut Bend?"

He might as well have asked me my grandmother's

¹ Depth of water. One-quarter less than three fathoms.

opinion of protoplasm. I replied respectfully and said I did n't know it had any particular shape. My gunpowdery chief went off with a bang, of course, and then went on loading and firing until he was out of adjectives. . . . I waited. By and by he said:

"My boy, you 've got to know the shape of the river perfectly. It is all there is left to steer by on a very dark night. Everything else is blotted out and gone. But mind you, it has n't the same shape in the night that it has in the daytime."

"How on earth am I going to learn it, then?"

"How do you follow a hall at home in the dark? Because you know the shape of it. You can't see it."

"Do you mean to say that I 've got to know all the million trifling variations of shape in the banks of this interminable river as well as I know the shape of the front hall at home?"

"On my honour, you 've got to know them *better* than any man ever did know the shapes of the halls in his own house."

"I wish I was dead!"

But the reader must turn to chapter eight of "Life on the Mississippi" and read or re-read the pages which follow this extract—nothing can better convey the difficulties of piloting. That Samuel Clemens had the courage to continue is the best proof not only of his great love of the river, but of that splendid gift of resolution that one rarely fails to find in men of the foremost rank.

CHAPTER XIV

RIVER DAYS

PILOTING was only a part of Sam Clemens's education on the Mississippi. He learned as much of the reefs and shallows of human nature as of the river-bed. In one place he writes:

In that brief, sharp schooling I got personally and familiarly acquainted with all the different types of human nature that are to be found in fiction, biography, or history.

"All the different types," but most of them in the rough. That Samuel Clemens kept the promise made to his mother as to drink and cards during those apprentice days is well worth remembering.

Horace Bixby, answering a call from the Missouri River for pilots, consigned his pupil, as was customary, to one of the pilots of the *John J. Roe*, a freight-boat, owned and conducted by some retired farmers, and in its hospitality reminding Sam of his Uncle John Quarles's farm. The *Roe* was a very deliberate boat. It was said that she could beat an island to St. Louis, but never quite overtake the current going downstream. Sam loved the *Roe*. She was not licensed to carry passengers, but she always had a family party of the owners' relations aboard, and there was a big deck for dancing and a piano in the cabin. The young pilot could play the

chords, and sing in his own fashion about a grasshopper that sat on a sweet-potato vine, and about

An old, old horse whose name was Methusalem,
Took him down and sold him in Jerusalem,
A long time ago.

The *Roe* was a heavenly place, but Sam's stay there did not last. Bixby came down from the Missouri, and perhaps thought he was doing a fine thing for his pupil by transferring him to a pilot named Brown, then on a large passenger-steamer, the *Pennsylvania*. The *Pennsylvania* was new and one of the finest boats on the river. Sam Clemens by this time was accounted a good steersman, so it seemed fortunate and a good arrangement for all parties.

But Brown was a tyrant. He was illiterate and coarse and from the start took a dislike to Sam, who made an effort to please him; but it was no use. Brown was never satisfied. The young pilot soon learned to detest his chief, and finally gave up trying to please him; he was even willing to stir him up upon occasion. One day when the cub was at the wheel his chief noticed that the course seemed peculiar.

"Here! where you headin' for now?" he yelled. "What in the nation you steerin' at, anyway? *Blamed numskull!*"

"Why," said Sam, in his calm, slow way, "I did n't see much else I could steer for, so I was heading for that white heifer on the bank."

"Get away from that wheel! and get outen this pilot-house!" yelled Brown. "You ain't fitten to become no pilot!" an order that Sam found welcome enough. The other pilot, George Ealer, was a lovable soul who played the flute and chess during his off watch, and read aloud to Sam from Goldsmith and Shakspeare. To be with George Ealer was to forget the persecutions of Brown.

Young Clemens had been on the river nearly a year at this time, and, though he had learned a great deal and was really a fine steersman, he received no wages. He had no board to pay, but there were things he must buy, and his money supply had become limited. Each trip of the *Pennsylvania* she remained about two days and nights in New Orleans, during which time the young man was free. He found he could earn two and a half to three dollars a night watching freight on the levee, and, as this opportunity came around about once a month, the amount was most useful. Nor was this the only return; many years afterward he said:

"It was a desolate experience, watching there in the dark, among those piles of freight; not a sound, not a living creature astir. But it was

not a profitless one. I used to have inspirations as I sat there alone those nights. I used to imagine all sorts of situations and possibilities. These things got into my books by and by and furnished me with many a chapter. I can trace the effects of those nights through most of my books in one way and another."

Piloting, even with Brown, had its pleasant side. In St. Louis young Clemens stopped with

men, and all would go well until the yawl would bring us on a heavy cake of ice, and then the men would drop like so many tenpins, while Brown assumed the horizontal in the bottom of the boat. After an hour's hard work we got back, with ice half an inch thick on the oars. . . . The next day was colder still. I was out in the yawl twice, and then we got through, but the infernal steamboat came near running over us. . . . The *Maria Denning* was aground at the head of the island—they hailed us—we ran along side, and they hoisted us in and thawed us out. We had been out in the yawl



"THE YOUNG PILOT COULD PLAY THE CHORDS, AND SING IN HIS OWN FASHION."

his sister, and often friends were there from Hannibal. At both ends of the line he visited friendly boats, especially the *Roe*, where a grand welcome was always waiting. Once among the guests of that boat a young girl named Laura so attracted him that he forgot time and space until one of the *Roe* pilots came flying aft, shouting:

"The *Pennsylvania* is backing out!"

A hasty good-by, a wild flight across the decks of several boats and a leap across several feet of open water closed the episode. He wrote to Laura, but there was no reply. He never saw her again, never heard from her for nearly fifty years, when both were widowed and old. She had not received his letter.

Occasionally there were stirring adventures aboard the *Pennsylvania*. In a letter written in March, 1858, the young pilot tells of an exciting night search in the running ice for Hat Island soundings:

Brown, the pilot, stood in the bow with an oar to keep her head out, and I took the tiller. We would start the

from four in the morning until half past nine without being near a fire. There was a thick coating of ice over men and yawl, ropes and everything, and we looked like rock-candy statuary.

He was at the right age to enjoy such adventures, and to feel a pride in them. In the same letter he tells how he has found on the *Pennsylvania* a small clerkship for his brother Henry, who was now nearly twenty, a handsome, gentle boy of whom Sam was lavishly fond and proud. The young pilot was eager to have Henry with him—to see him started in life. How little he dreamed what sorrow would come of his well-meant efforts in the lad's behalf! Yet he always believed later that he had a warning, for one night at the end of May in St. Louis he had a vivid dream which time would presently fulfill.

An incident now occurred on the *Pennsylvania* that closed Samuel Clemens's career on that boat. It was the down trip and the boat was in Eagle Bend when Henry Clemens appeared on the hurricane-deck with an announcement from the

captain of a landing a little lower down. Brown, who would never own that he was rather deaf, probably misunderstood the order. They were passing the landing when the captain appeared on the deck.

"Did n't Henry tell you to land here?" he called to Brown.

"No, sir."

Captain Klinefelter turned to Sam.

"Did n't you hear him?"

"Yes, sir!"

Henry appeared, not suspecting any trouble. Brown said fiercely:

"Here, why did n't you tell me we had got to land at that plantation?"

"I did tell you, Mr. Brown," Henry said politely.

"It 's a lie!"

Sam Clemens could stand Brown's abuse of himself, but not of Henry. He said:

"That 's not true! He *did* tell you!"

For a cub pilot to defy his chief was unheard of. Brown was dazed, then he shouted:

"I 'll attend to your case in half a minute!" and to Henry, "Get out of here!"

Henry had started, when Brown seized him by the collar and struck him in the face. An instant later Sam had seized a heavy stool and with it stretched Brown on the floor. Then all the repressed fury of months broke loose; and leaping upon Brown and holding him down with his knees, Samuel Clemens pounded the tyrant with his fists till his strength gave out. He let Brown go then, and the latter, with pilot instinct, sprang to the wheel, for the boat was drifting. Seeing she was safe, he seized a spy-glass as a weapon and ordered his chastiser out of the pilot-house. But Sam lingered. He had become very calm.

"Don't give me none of your airs!" yelled Brown. "I ain't goin' to stand nothin' more from you!"

"You should say, 'Don't give me any of your airs,'" Sam said sweetly, "and the last half of your sentence almost defies correction."

A group of passengers and white-aproned servants, assembled on the deck forward, applauded the victor. Sam went down to find Captain Klinefelter. He expected to be put in irons, for it was thought to be felony to strike a pilot. The captain, however, only took Sam into his private room and made some inquiries.

In a letter which Samuel Clemens wrote to Orion's wife immediately after this incident he gives the details of the encounter with Brown and speaks of Captain Klinefelter's approval.¹

¹In the Mississippi book the author says that Brown was about to strike Henry with a lump of coal, but in the letter above mentioned, written very close to the occurrence, the details are as here given.

Brown declared he would leave the boat at New Orleans if Sam Clemens remained on it, and the Captain told him to go, offering to let Sam himself run the daylight watches back to St. Louis, thus showing his faith in the young steersman. The "cub" however had less confidence, and advised that Brown be kept for the up trip, saying he would follow by the next boat. It was a decision that probably saved his life.

That night, watching on the levee, Henry joined him, when his own duties were finished, and the brothers made the round together. It may have been some memory of his dream that made Samuel Clemens say:

"Henry, in case of accident, whatever you do, don't lose your head—the passengers will do that. Rush for the hurricane-deck and to the life-boat, and obey the mate's orders. When the boat is launched, help the women and children into it. Don't get in yourself. The river is only a mile wide. You can swim ashore easily enough."

It was good, manly advice, but a long grief lay behind it.

THE *A. T. Lacy*, that brought Samuel Clemens up the river, was two days behind the *Pennsylvania*. At Greenville, Mississippi, a voice from the landing shouted:

"The *Pennsylvania* is blown up just below Memphis, at Ship Island. One hundred and fifty lives lost!"

It proved a true report. At six o'clock that warm mid-June morning while loading wood sixty miles below Memphis, four out of eight of the *Pennsylvania's* boilers had suddenly exploded with fearful results. Henry Clemens had been one of the victims. He had started to swim for the shore, only a few hundred yards away, but had turned back to assist in the rescue of others. What followed could not be clearly learned. He was terribly injured and died on the fourth night after the catastrophe. His brother was with him by that time, and believed he recognized the exact fulfilment of his dream.

The young pilot's grief was very great. In a letter home he spoke of the dying boy as "My darling, my pride, my glory, my all." His heavy sorrow and the fact that with unsparing self-blame he held himself in a measure responsible for his brother's tragic death saddened the rest of his early life.

True, his old gaiety came back, but his face had taken on the serious, pathetic look, which from that time it always had in repose. Less than twenty-three, he had suddenly the look of thirty, and while Samuel Clemens in spirit, tempera-

ment, and features never would become really old, yet would he never look really young again.

HE returned to the river as steersman for George

every cut-off and crossing. He could read the surface of the water by day, he could smell danger in the dark. To the writer of these chapters Horace Bixby said of him at this period:

"In a year and a half from the time he came to the river, Sam was not only a pilot, but a good one. Sam was a *fine* pilot, and in a day when piloting on the Mississippi required a great deal more brains and skill and application than it does now. There were no signal lights along the shore in those days, and no search-lights on the vessels; everything was blind; and on a dark misty night in a river full of snags and shifting sand-bars and changing shores a pilot's judgment had to be founded on *absolute certainty*."

Bixby had returned from the Missouri by the time his pupil's license was issued, and promptly took him as full partner on the *Crescent City*, and later on a fine new boat, the *New Falls City*. Still later they appear to have been together on a very large boat, the *City of Memphis*, and again on the *Alonzo Child*.

CHAPTER XV

THE PILOT

FOR Samuel Clemens these were happy days—the happiest, in some respects, he would ever know. He had plenty of money now. He could help his mother with a liberal hand, and could put away fully a hundred dollars a month for himself. He had few cares, and he loved the

ease and romance and independence of his work as he would never quite love anything again.

His popularity on the river was very great. His humorous stories and quaint speech made a crowd collect wherever he appeared. There were pilot-association rooms in St. Louis and New Orleans, where his arrival was a signal for the members to gather. As a friend describes it:



"BROWN, THE PILOT, STOOD IN THE BOW, AND I TOOK THE TILLER."

Ealer, whom he loved, and in September of that year obtained a full license as Mississippi River pilot from St. Louis to New Orleans. In eighteen months he had packed away in his head all those wearisome details, and acquired that confidence that made him one of the elect. He knew every snag, and bank, and dead tree, and depth in all those endless miles of shifting current,

"He was much given to spinning yarns so funny that his hearers were convulsed, and yet all the time his own face was perfectly sober. Occasionally some of his droll yarns got into the papers. He may have written them himself."

Another old river-man remembers how one day at the Association they were talking of presence of mind in an accident, when Pilot Clemens said:

"Boys, I had great presence of mind once. It was at a fire. An old man leaned out of a four-story building, calling for help. Everybody in the crowd below looked up, but nobody did anything. The ladders were n't long enough. Nobody had any presence of mind—nobody but me. I came to the rescue. I yelled for a rope. When it came I threw the old man the end of it. He caught it, and I told him to tie it around his waist. He did so, and I *pulled him down.*"

"Sam was always scribbling when not at the wheel," said Bixby; "but the best thing he ever did was the burlesque of old Isaiah Sellers. He did n't write it for print, but only for his own amusement and to show to a few of the boys. Bart Bowen, who was with him on the *Edward J. Gay* at the time, got hold of it and gave it to one of the New Orleans papers."

The burlesque on Captain Sellers would be of little importance if it were not for its association with the origin, or at least with the originator, of what is probably the best known of literary names—the name Mark Twain.

This strong, happy title—a river term indicating a depth of two fathoms on the sounding line—was first used by the old pilot, Isaiah Sellers, who was a sort of "oldest inhabitant" of the river with a passion for airing his ancient knowledge before the younger men. Sellers used to send paragraphs to the papers, quaint and rather egotistical in tone, usually beginning "My opinion for the citizens of New Orleans" etc. prophesying river conditions and recalling memories as far back as 1811. These he generally signed "Mark Twain."

Naturally, the younger pilots amused themselves by imitating Sellers. Finally Sam Clemens wrote a broad burlesque of the old man's contributions, relating a perfectly impossible trip supposed to have been made in 1763 with a Chinese captain and a Choctaw crew. This was regarded as a masterpiece of wit.

It appeared in the "True Delta" in May, 1859, and broke Captain Sellers's literary heart. He never wrote another paragraph. Clemens always regretted the whole matter deeply, and his own revival of the name afterward was a sort of tribute to the old man he had thoughtlessly and unintentionally wounded.

Old pilots of that day remembered Samuel Clemens as a slender, fine-looking man, well dressed, even dandified, generally wearing blue serge, with fancy shirts, white duck trousers and patent leather shoes. A pilot could do that, for his surroundings were speckless.

The pilots regarded him as a great reader—a student of history, travels, and the sciences. In the Association rooms they often saw him poring over serious books. He began the study of French one day in New Orleans when he discovered a school of languages where French, German, and Italian were taught, one in each of three rooms. The price was twenty-five dollars for one language, or three for fifty. The student was provided with a set of conversation cards for each, and was supposed to walk from one apartment to another, changing his nationality at each threshold. The young pilot with his usual enthusiasm invested in all three languages, but after a few round trips decided that French would do. He did not return to the school, but kept the cards and added text-books. He studied faithfully when off watch and in port, and his old river note-book, still preserved, contains a number of advanced exercises, neatly written out. Still more interesting are the river notes themselves. They are not the timid, hesitating memoranda of the "little book" which by Bixby's advice he bought for his first trip. They are quick, vigorous records that show confidence and knowledge. Under the head of "2nd high-water trip—Jan. 1861—*Alonzo Child*" the notes tell the story of a rising river, with overflowing banks, blind passages, and cut-offs—a new river, in fact, that must be judged by a perfect knowledge of the old—guessed, but guessed right.

To the reader to-day it means little enough, but one may imagine, perhaps, a mile-wide sweep of boiling water, full of drift, shifting currents with newly forming bars, and a lone figure in the dark pilot-house peering into the night for blind and disappearing landmarks.

But such nights were not all there was of piloting. There were glorious nights when the stars were blazing out, and the moon was on the water, and the young pilot could follow a clear channel and dream long dreams. He was very serious at such times—he reviewed the world's history he had read, he speculated on the future, he considered philosophies, he lost himself in a study of the stars. Mark Twain's love of astronomy, which never waned to his last day, began with those lonely river watches. Once a great comet blazed in the sky, a "wonderful sheaf of light," and glorified his long hours at the wheel.

Samuel Clemens was now twenty-five, full of

health, and strong in his courage. In the old note-book there remains a well-worn clipping, the words of some unknown writer, which he may have kept as a sort of creed:

How To Take Life.—Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, and important affair. Take it as though you were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had awaited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be heartbroken, brother. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes, and it only illustrates what others may do if they take hold of life with a purpose. The miracle, or the power that elevates the few, is to be found in their industry, application, and perseverance under the promptings of a brave, determined spirit.

Bixby and Clemens were together that winter on the *Child* and were the closest friends. Once the young pilot invited his mother to make the trip to New Orleans, and the river journey and a long drive about the beautiful southern city filled Jane Clemens with wonder and delight. She no longer had any doubts of Sam. He had long since become the head of the family. She felt called upon to lecture him now and then, but down in her heart she believed that he could really do no wrong. They joked each other unmercifully, and her wit, never at a loss, was quite as keen as his.

WHEN one remembers how much Samuel Clemens loved the river, and how perfectly he seemed suited to the ease and romance of the pilot life, one is almost tempted to regret that it should so soon have come to an end.

Those trips of early '61, which the old note-book records, were the last he would ever make. The golden days of Mississippi steambating were growing few.

Nobody, however, seemed to suspect it. Even a celebrated fortune-teller in New Orleans, whom the young pilot one day consulted as to his future, did not mention the great upheaval then close at hand. She told him quite remarkable things, and gave him some excellent advice, but though this was February, 1861, she failed to make any mention of the Civil War! Yet a month later, Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated, and trouble was in the air. Then in April Ft. Sumter was fired upon, and the war had come.

It was a feverish time among the pilots. Some were for the Union—others would go with the Confederacy. Horace Bixby stood for the North

and in time was chief of the Union river-service. A pilot named Montgomery (Clemens had once steered for him) went with the South, and by and by commanded the Confederate Mississippi fleet. In the beginning a good many were not clear as to their opinions. Living both north



"THE RIVER JOURNEY FILLED JANE CLEMENS WITH WONDER AND DELIGHT."

and south as they did, they divided their sympathies. Samuel Clemens was thoughtful, and far from bloodthirsty. A pilot-house, so fine and showy in times of peace, seemed a poor place to be in when fighting was going on. He would consider the matter.

"I am not anxious to get up into a glass perch and be shot at by either side," he said. "I'll go home and reflect."

He went up the river as a passenger on a steamer named the *Uncle Sam*. Zeb Leaven-

worth, formerly of the *John J. Roe*, was one of the pilots, and Clemens usually stood the watch with him. At Memphis they barely escaped the blockade. At Cairo they saw soldiers drilling—troops later commanded by Grant.

The *Uncle Sam* came steaming up to St. Louis, glad to have slipped through safely. They were not quite through, however. Abreast of Jefferson Barracks they heard the boom of a cannon, and a great ring of smoke drifted in their direction. They did not recognize it as a thunderous "Halt!" and kept on. Less than a minute later a shell exploded directly in front of the pilot-house, breaking a lot of glass and damaging the decoration. Zeb Leavenworth tumbled into a corner.

"Gee-mighty! Sam!" he said. "What do they mean by that?"

Clemens stepped to the wheel and brought the boat around. "I guess—they want us—to wait a minute—Zeb," he said.

They were examined and passed. It was the last steamboat to make the trip through from New Orleans to St. Louis. Mark Twain's pilot days were over. He would have grieved had he known this fact.

"I loved the profession far better than any I have followed since," he long afterward declared, "and I took a measureless pride in it."

At the time, like many others, he expected the war to be brief, and his life to be only temporarily interrupted. Within a year, certainly, he would be back in the pilot-house. Meantime, the war must be settled; he would go up to Hannibal to see about it.

(To be continued.)

A WOUND OF HONOR

I SUPPOSE that you feel very sorry for me
 When you see this alarming big bruise on my knee;
 But you need n't be sorry. Just wait till I tell!
 I 'm glad I was bruised, and I 'm glad that I fell.
 For I have four brothers, all strong as can be,
 Who never would play with just small-sister me.
 It was n't because they were bad or unkind,
 But they just could n't have me all day on their mind;
 For girls cannot stand all the roughness and running,
 They weep at adventures that boys take for funning.
 "Oh, no! You 'll be hurt, and you 'll certainly cry,"
 My brothers would say; "we 'll be back by and by."
 I 'd want to cry *then*, but I just would n't show it;
 For girls *can* be brave, although boys may not know it.
 But Saturday morning it seemed very hard,
 When I saw the toboggan dragged out of the yard,
 Until Mother said to the boys, as they kissed her,
 "If you go for a coast, sirs, you *must* take your sister."
 Oh! Such fun we had in the sparkle and glow
 As we slid like the wind o'er the glistening snow!
 We dashed from the top of the steepest high hill—
 Then we struck a great rock, and we had such a spill!
 Such bruises and cuts as we all were sent flying!
And I was the only one did n't start crying!
 I forgot all about it in fixing the others,
 For a sister, of course, must take care of her brothers.
 My "hanky" for Robert, and two pins for Ned,
 And snow on poor Christopher's nose where it bled,
 And Richard's big bump to be pressed down; you see,
 All kept me too busy to fret about me.
 They play with me now. Though I 'm Sister and small,
 The boys say that I 'm the best fellow of all.
 And who would n't rather be bruised by a stone
 Than sit home in safety, forlorn and alone?

Stella George Stern Perry.



Hans & the Hoop of Gold

This being the Third of the
Wonder-Box Stories
By Will Bradley

ONCE upon a time, many, many years ago, when Noodleburg was not the great and flourishing city that it is to-day, there lived in the Blue Castle a Young King who was so good and rich and powerful that of all the princesses in the world there was not a one that would not have been glad to become his bride.

Upon a day when the Young King was gazing into his magic crystal globe, he saw mirrored on its polished surface such a marvelously beautiful Damsel as never had he dreamed of in all the days of his life.

"She it is whom I will choose for my bride," said he, and out into the world he rode to find her.

Now it happened that in the Blue Mountains just beyond Noodleburg there lived a Witch who was such a mistress of the Black Arts as might not be found in many a day's journey.

Of course this Witch knew all that was happening in the whole world. But most especially

she kept an eye and an ear open to those comings and goings which most concerned the Young King of Blue Castle.

So it was not strange that on the day when the Young King gazed into his magic crystal the Witch saw all that he saw; and moreover she knew, also, that this was the work of a Good Fairy who wanted the Young King to marry the sweetest and dearest maiden in all the realm beyond the Blue Mountains.

Yes, the Witch knew all this and more too, and it did n't take her long to brew a pot of trouble. From delving and searching in her great books she had learned this, that, and the other in the Black Arts of weaving magic spells, so that, when the Young King had traveled a bit of his journey and had come to the first of the Blue Mountains, he was met by a Damsel for all the world like that one he had seen in his magic crystal.

Now the Young King felt a great joy, and he thought, "Here at last I have found my bride!"

But just then a Butterfly brushed against his eyes, and, as the touch of its wings made him wink and blink, he saw that really it was not the Damsel



THE WITCH.

at all who stood before him, but only the wicked Witch.

"Be gone!" said the Young King, and he would have driven her away with his sword; but quick as a wink the Witch again took her own shape, and working a magic spell, she changed the Young King into a great Frog.

If the Good Fairy had not

changed herself into a Butterfly in order to give magic sight to the Young King, she might have found some way to prevent such an awful happening. Now, however, she was fluttering in the sunlight high over head and could do nothing.

So the Young King was doomed to remain a Frog until such a time as he would be given to drink the Water of Life from the Green Grotto in the depths of the Blue Mountains. That doom was like to last for many a year, for who would ever find and take to him the wonderful Water of Life?

Listen and I will tell you:

HANS was a poor wood-chopper.

He lived on the edge of the hills over beyond Noodleburg.

Each morning Hans would shoulder his ax and go into the great forest, and at night he would shoulder his bundle of fagots and trudge cheerfully home again.

Day in and day out that was the life of Hans, and always, as he stepped along one foot before the other, there would come rippling over his lips such a merry whistling tune as was a joy to hear. Even the little birds hopped from tree to tree and flew gaily overhead, so glad they were to keep him company.

In the midst of the forest the pines grew big and tall and so wondrous straight that nothing would do but the Burgomaster must have them for masts for his ships. So on a day there was great hewing and chopping and the chips flew thick and fast until, when night came, only one

gnarled and twisted old hollow tree was left standing.

"See," said the boss chopper to Hans, "yonder blighted tree mars the glade; cut it down and thou mayest have the wood."

"Thank you, sir," said Hans, and he thought: "Here will be fagots a-plenty, and good tough logs into the bargain. To-morrow I will come early and mayhap earn a silver penny or two ere sundown."

On the morrow Hans was astir before sun-up, and thus it happened he came into the woodland while the elves and fays and other wood-folk were yet abroad. Thus also it happened that when he would have let his ax bite deep into the tree-trunk, there hopped out of the hollow a queer Little Man dressed all in green except that on his head was a cap of red with a long feather.

"Good morning," said the Little Man, doffing his red cap.

Well, the end of that matter was just this: Here was an old hollow tree in which the Little Man had lived for many a day, and now would Hans spare it until the Little Man could look about and find a new abode?

Why, yes, Hans would surely do that! But see—how would the Little Man like to go home and live with Hans? He might have a snug corner in which to sleep, with each night a bowl of broth and each morning a plate of porridge, and on Sundays and holidays a slice or two of good white bread and cheese.

My, how the Little Man skipped and danced in glee when he heard that offer! *He* knew Luck when it came stepping his way.



THE LITTLE MAN.

Hans, too, picked up a piece of Luck that morning. This is how it happened:

Some woodland folk are full of tricks and always playing pranks. Once such a one comes to live in your house, the milk will sour before the cream rises, the hens will stop laying, the sheep will stray, and Trouble will ever toast his toes on your hearth.

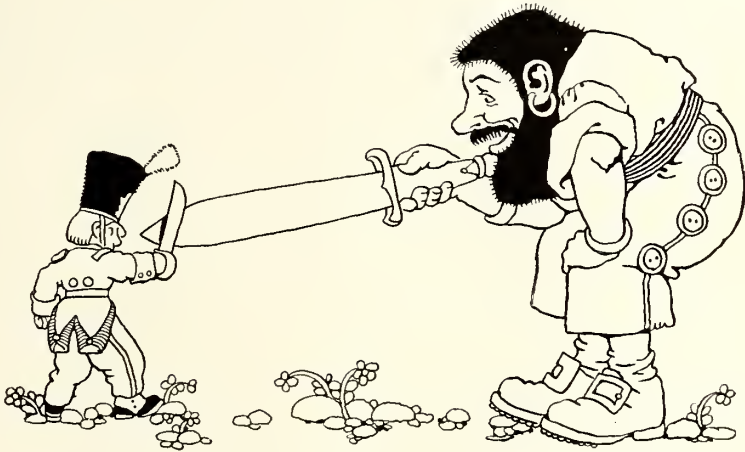
The Little Man in Green was not that kind.

He brought Good Luck to Hans.

All the milk turned to good rich cream. The hens never stopped laying, and often the eggs had two yolks. More than that. Each night when Hans was asleep the Little Man would whisper in his ear strange and wonderful dreams!

One night the Little Man told Hans of a beautiful Blue Castle over beyond the mountains, and of three Giants and a marvelous Hoop of Gold,

and drew his sword and bellowed such a big laugh that the trees bent and shook as in a wild storm. Hans was not at all afraid and marched right



"HE FELT HANS' SWORD PRESSING AGAINST THE POINT OF HIS."

and of the treasure that would go to any one who possessed that Hoop of Gold.

Next morning nothing would do but Hans must make that journey over the mountains. So he put on the fine uniform Herr Mayor had given him when he was in the army. Then, shouldering his gun, he stepped out, one foot before the other, whistling merrily as was always his custom.

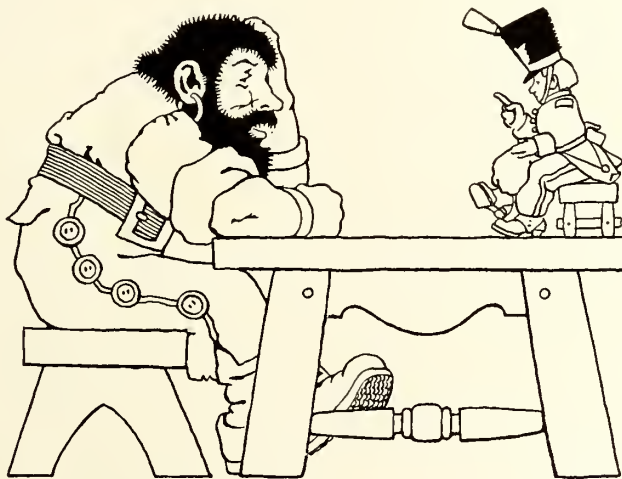
All day he traveled and all night, and by sunrise he came to the mountains.

on until he was so close the Giant had to stoop to see him.

"Good morning, Mr. Giant," said Hans.

"Good morning, Little Soldier," said the Giant.

Was this the road to the Blue Castle? Hans would like to know. Yes, this was the road, and what did Hans want at the Blue Castle? Oh, only the Hoop of Gold—that was all Hans wanted. Well it took a brave person to get the Hoop of Gold. Could Hans fight with his sword? Yes, Hans could fight; they taught him that in



"THE GIANT'S BROTHER SET HIM IN A LITTLE CHAIR ON THE TABLE."

There was the Giant sitting on a big stone at the base of the first foot-hills.

When the Giant saw a soldier approaching, he

the army. Would the Giant like to try a bout with him? *H-m, h-m*—the Giant did n't care much about fighting, for he thought: "If this

Little Soldier is as strong as he is brave, I may get a good whipping." And all the while he felt Hans' sword pressing against the point of his.

Well, the end of that talk was just this: If Hans would travel all day and all night, he would come to the valley, at the base of the second foot-hills, where lived the Giant's Brother. Hans

Yes, the Giant's Second Brother was Keeper of the Hoop of Gold. Hans might take a look at it, but as for carrying it away, they would talk that over later.

When the Hoop of Gold was brought, Hans thought he had never seen anything so beautiful. He looked at it this way and that way and the



"THERE SAT THE LION GUARDING THE ENTRANCE."

was to whisper so-and-so, and so-and-so, and the Giant's Brother might tell him a thing or two worth the knowing.

Hans now bade the Giant good-by; and when he had traveled a day and a night, he came to a great cave, and there was the Giant's Brother at breakfast, and as like he was to the first Giant as two peas in a pod.

"So-and-so, and so-and-so," whispered Hans, so low that even I do not know the words of that message. But it must have been very important, for the Giant's Brother, who had sharp ears and could hear half-way around the world, jumped quickly to his feet and, picking Hans up, set him in a little chair on the table.

The Hoop of Gold—that was what Hans was looking for, was it? Very good. But the Hoop of Gold was a treasure beyond price; how did Hans propose to get it? Did n't Hans know that the Hoop of Gold was guarded by the Giant's Other Brother who lived in the Blue Mountains up yonder?

"Why so-and-so, and so-and-so," whispered Hans; and at that the Giant shook his head wisely and said, "Why, yes; that is so."

Then he gave Hans a good meal, and when the last crumb had been tucked away, he said, "Remember, so-and-so, and so-and-so."

"I won't forget," said Hans, and marched off.

Another day and a night Hans traveled to the very base of the Blue Mountains, and there sat the Giant's Second Brother, and as like he was to the other two as three peas in a pod.

other. Then he put his head in the Hoop and looked through, and no sooner did he do this than he saw all that had happened to the Young King. Yes, he saw it all, from the beginning to the very end.

"I must go and find the Water of Life," said he, "and release the Young King. This Hoop of Gold can wait until I return."

"That is easier promised than done," said the Giant's Second Brother. "The Water of Life is in the Green Grotto guarded by the Black Lion. Before you reach the Green Grotto, you must pass the old Witch, and lucky it will be for you if she turn you not into an owl or a bat or some other fly-by-night."

"Oh, so-and-so, and so-and-so," whispered Hans.

"Why, that is so!" said the Giant's Second Brother. And the upshot of the matter was that he went out behind the house and caught a nice fat Pig on which he threw a saddle and bridle; and when all was ready, Hans mounted and set off at a smart trot.

By and by the path led to a great black wood, and there at the entrance stood the Witch. How she did laugh when she saw Hans astride the Pig, for she thought: "Here will be a fine meal for my Black Lion in the Green Grotto yonder!" So she let them pass into the Black Forest.

Better it had been for the Witch, I can tell you, if she had not let those two ride past, for the nice fat Pig was no less a one than—but wait a minute and we shall see!

When the two came near the Grotto, there sat the Lion guarding the entrance; and no sooner did he see them than up he jumped. Then off jumped Hans, and away scampered the nice fat Pig, and after the Pig went the Lion.

When the Pig came again to the entrance of the forest and could see the Witch, it ran behind a tree; and in a moment it was no longer a Pig, but the Good Fairy, who quickly wove a magic spell. And now it was the wicked Witch who was changed to a Pig.

Away ran the Witch, and after her the Lion. If the Lion ever caught the Witch I was not near to see, but at least I know she had a good scare.

As for Hans, he was in the Green Grotto fill-

smiled happily; and when Hans started the hoop rolling, she stood on her tiptoes and clapped her hands in glee.

Down the hill it traveled, bounding from rock to rock until it reached the bottom, when *crash! bang!* it burst into a thousand pieces, and each piece was one of the Young King's Knights, all in glistening armor. Yes, those pieces were the Knights who had gone to the Blue Mountains to rescue the Young King and had been wrought into the Hoop by the wicked Witch!

The Young King would have taken Hans back with him to his Blue Castle, where he would have made him a Duke or a Baron or something of that sort. But Hans did n't care for riches, so



"HANS STRAIGHTWAY CARRIED THE CRYSTAL GOBLET TO THE FROG KING."



ing a crystal goblet with the Water of Life, which straightway he carried to the Frog King, who, when he had taken a drink, became again a beautiful Young King.

After this they all went back to the Giant's Second Brother, who now gave Hans the Hoop of Gold.

"Thank you!" said Hans. "This Hoop of Gold is very fine; too fine, I think, for a poor wood-chopper, whose neighbors would all say: 'Hans has the Hoop of Gold; he is too proud now to speak to us.' Then they would all shun me, and at night I should have to watch it to keep away robbers. But anyhow, it is a fine Hoop. See, shall we not roll it down this hill-side?"

All the while Hans said this, the Good Fairy

he thanked the Young King and said he thought he would just be jogging along home. Then they shook hands and parted, and the Young King certainly looked very fine as he rode off with all his Knights. Never did the sun shine on a braver array of silvery armor and bright pennons.

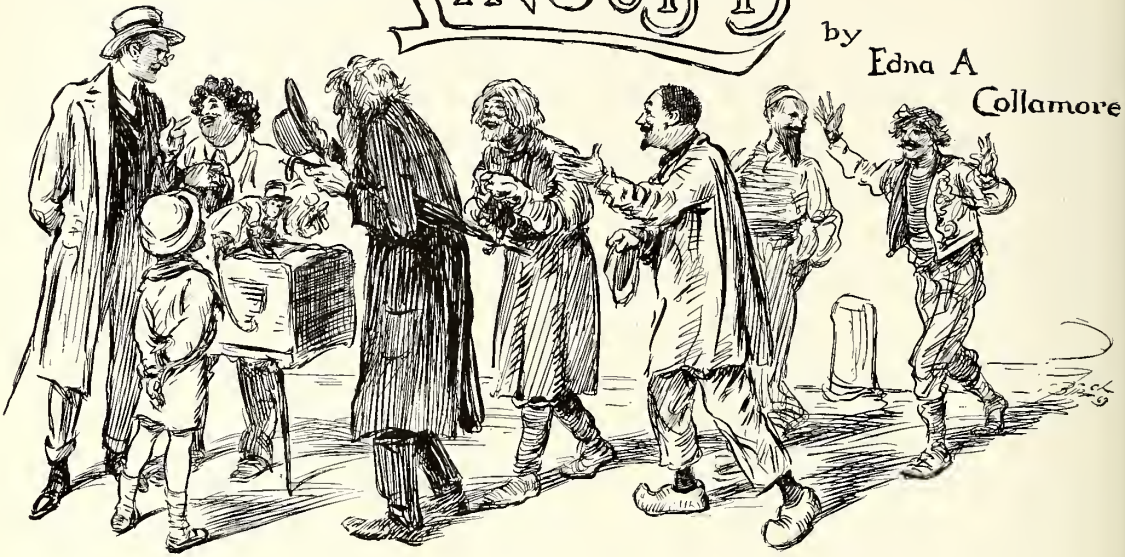
As for Hans, when he again reached home, he married Neighbor Pfitz's daughter, and everything went well with him from that time on. The Little Man in Green had disappeared, and Hans never saw him again. I suspect the Good Fairy had something to do with Hans's finding him that time in the hollow tree—but of that I do not know for sure and certain.

What of the Young King? And did he ever find the beautiful Damsel?

Why, yes. But that is another story.

THE SINGUISTS

by Edna A
Collamore



I

UNCLE FRED is a professor, and he knows so very much,
That, when he meets with foreign men who have to talk in Dutch,
Italian, Hebrew, Russian, French, Armenian, or Greek,
He understands and answers them, whatever words they speak.
Their shoulders shrug, their hands move fast, their eyes begin to glow,
They like my Uncle Fred because he understands them so.



II

Uncle Francis is a farmer, and he is extremely wise,
 He talks with all his animals of every kind and size,
 With hens and pigs, with cows and geese, with horses,
 horses, dogs, and birds,
 He knows their calls, and they know his, as well as we know words.
 They follow him with feet, or eyes, as he goes to and fro,
 They love my Uncle Francis for he understands them so.

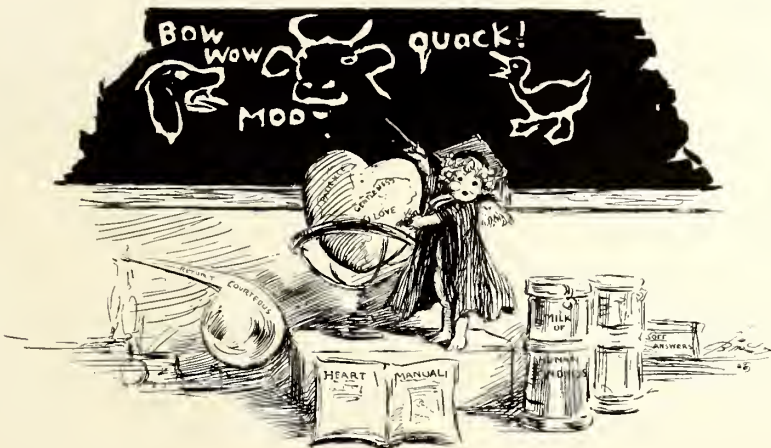
III

Sometimes he harnesses the horse, and takes me for a ride;—
 He talks with all the beasts we meet along the country side,
 The dogs bark back, the chipmunks scold, the horses neigh with glee,
 The slow cows moo, the blue-jays laugh, and throw nuts from their tree.
 He knows the far-off hidden voice of every bird that flies,
 And tells me what the old crows mean by all their varied cries.



IV

I'm proud of both my uncles, each so clever with his voice,
 I'd be like Uncle Francis, though, if I could have my choice.
 Instead of learning languages that you can find in books,
 I'd learn the ones you find in fields and woods, by lakes and brooks.
 For any one can learn man-talk, who studies and is smart;
 But beast-talk can't be learned that way,—you must learn *that* by heart.



ON THE BATTLE-FRONT OF ENGINEERING

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Managing Editor of "Scientific American," and author of "With Men Who Do Things"

CHAPTER II

BURIED ALIVE

A YEAR and a thousand miles separate this chapter from the last. To Jack Winans the year seemed like ten and the miles like ten thousand, for he had dragged himself, painfully, over much of the distance on foot.

Mr. Barto's work at Thunder River was long since completed. After the pit inside the ring of caissons had been carried down to rock, work on the foundations had moved along so briskly that by the end of May they were finished. To be sure, the main body of the dam was still to be built on them, but that part of the work did not concern Mr. Barto, so he dismissed his men, struck camp, and, taking Perry with him as his private secretary, went to look into a big piece of engineering somewhere in California.

Not until they were gone did Jack realize how much the two had meant to him. He could n't attend to his work, which made Farmer Billups grow more and more irritable, until finally Jack could stand it no longer.

Then, one day, a letter came to him from Perry. Mr. Barto and he were in Los Angeles at the Hotel Sequoia. "I wish you were with us," Perry had written. "I don't know whether you will ever make a good farmer, but I am sure you 'd make a bigger success at engineering."

That settled it for Jack. He would go out into the big world after his friends. So one summer night he penned a note of farewell to Aunt Judy, packed up his most treasured belongings, shook out the few coins in his savings-bank, stole out of the house, and tramped five miles across country to Coogan's Siding, where he crept aboard the west-bound freight as it waited for the "Snow-crest Limited" to thunder by.

We have n't room to describe Jack's experiences during the long months that followed. He had to work his way, of course, and that took lots of time. After the first night, when he was anxious to get away as far as possible before morning, Jack Winans stole no more rides on freight-trains.

"They 'll think I 'm a hobo," he said to himself. "But I 'm not in that class. I can pay my way, thank you."

That meant that he had to stop off and work until he had earned enough to carry him along

the next stage of his journey. That is why it took him eight months to reach his destination.

It was the middle of February when he finally arrived in Los Angeles and inquired at the Hotel Sequoia for his two friends.

"There 's no one by that name here," snapped the clerk.

"But they were here last June," persisted Jack, "because I got a letter from Perry Carpenter sent from this hotel."

The clerk consulted the register. "Oh, yes," he said, "they were here just two weeks, June second to sixteenth. Then they left without saying where they were going."

"I don't believe they got my letter saying that I was coming. Let me see," Jack reflected. "June sixteenth? Why, that 's the day I started!"

"Started!" ejaculated the clerk. "Where from, Timbuctoo? You could go around the world six times in eight months."

"But you could n't do it if you started with less than two dollars in your pocket and had to stop off every twenty or thirty miles to earn your car-fare and lodging," Jack retorted.

"Could n't you hook a ride?"

"I 'm no tramp!" declared Jack. "I paid for my car-fare all the way, except the first night when I was anxious to get across the State line as quickly as possible. And I 'm no outlaw, either," continued Jack, as he noticed a look of suspicion flash across the clerk's face. Then he proceeded to lay bare his life's history.

"Now the first thing I 've got to do," Jack went on, "is to find a job, because my pocket-book is getting rather flabby. Then I can look up Mr. Barto and Perry Carpenter. Is there any big engineering job around here?"

"Big? Well I should say so. The biggest piece of work this side of the Rockies. Have n't you heard about the great Los Angeles Aqueduct, two hundred and thirty-four miles long?"

"Two hundred and thirty-four miles!" exclaimed Jack.

"Yes, it 's the longest aqueduct in the world. It beats the Catskill Aqueduct, in New York, by a hundred miles. The water comes from the snow in the Sierras and runs through miles of concrete flumes and steel siphons and rock tunnels; there are a hundred and fifty tunnels along the line, and one of them is five miles long. Yes sir! this is a big job all right!"

Jack brightened. "Then they must be building the aqueduct," he said. "When did the work start?"

"Start?" exclaimed the clerk. "Why, it's all finished except the power-plants. You know, they are going to make use of the water to generate electricity. There is a drop of something

Certainly they had never had anything to do with the aqueduct. Furthermore, there was no sort of a job open for Jack. It was a day of bitter disappointment. This was the outcome of his thousand weary miles of travel. For the first time since he left home, Jack faltered. But he could not sit down and mope. Only a few pieces of



"AS JACK REACHED THE EDGE OF THE TRENCH, THE EARTH GAVE WAY BENEATH HIM." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

like thirty-four hundred feet between the source in the Sierras and the outlet in the San Fernando Reservoir. Now your friends might be working on that job. I would advise you to go to the chief engineer's office and inquire. It is only about five blocks away."

At the chief engineer's office Jack was unable to learn anything about Mr. Barto and Perry.

silver jingled in his pocket. He must find a job without delay, and then he could afford to stop and consider his next step.

He tried a number of places without success. Finally, night overtook him and forced him to part with a large portion of his capital for a bite to eat and a place to sleep.

Early the next day he was at it again, after

consulting the "Help wanted" section of a morning paper. Near the outskirts of the city he came across a street that was ripped open, while a gang of men were laying a big water-main. The prospects did not look very promising. Nevertheless, he marched into the construction shanty and applied for a job.

"The only job we have here is carrying water," he was told.

"I don't care what the work is, so long as it is honest work," replied Jack. "I'll take the job."

And so Jack became a water-boy, and had to tramp along the trench in the broiling hot sun with a pail of water and a dipper, refreshing the parched workmen.

There was nothing very interesting about his task. At one end of the line the men were digging the trench and shoring up the sides with planks; at the other end they were filling it in. Between these two extremes the sections of cast-iron pipe were being laid. Under each joint the floor of the trench was dug out a little so that the calkers could get at the under side of the joint and drive the packing into the bell of the pipe. Farther back, they were cementing the joints which had been calked.

As Jack swung along with his heavy bucket, he overheard two of the calkers who were engaged in a heated argument. One of them was lying on his back and reaching into the depression under the pipe, while the other, a red-headed chap, sat astride the pipe above him.

Just then the man under the pipe raised himself and turned his head. Immediately Jack recognized him as Jim Doyle, the man he had knocked into Thunder River. He was so delighted to see a familiar face again that he did n't stop to consider how he might be received, but ran forward crying "Hello, Jim!"

Apparently Jim did n't hear him, for he kept right on with his argument. Then something happened.

Just as Jack reached the edge of the trench, the earth gave way beneath him. He reeled, and the pail of water flew out of his hand. The shoring burst apart, and an avalanche of sand poured into the excavation bearing Jack on its crest.

"Look out, Jim!" he yelled; but Jim had n't the slightest chance. Jack caught the startled look of his old acquaintance as he struggled up to a sitting posture. Then the sand closed over the man, and Jack found himself at the bottom of the trench, half buried, beside the red-headed chap who had been sitting astride the pipe.

Both of them shouted a wild cry for help, but already men were coming from all directions.

"Hurry!" cried Jack, as he struggled to free himself. "There 's a man buried under there! It 's Jimmy Doyle. Here, give me a shovel!" But he was swept aside, while more experienced hands dug away furiously at the sand.

Jack was almost frantic. He felt responsible for the accident. "How long can he live under the sand?" he asked the foreman.

"Well two minutes is pretty close to the limit," the man replied as he looked at his watch, "and he 's been down there about that long already. No man could stand it much longer than that."

"But why don't they hurry? They are n't making any progress!"

"Just you keep cool, young feller. Jim Doyle is probably done for, but you can't do any good by gettin' excited! The boys are shoveling it out as fast as anybody could.

"Here, Rafferty!" he shouted, "put in some planks there to keep back that sand; it 's sliding in faster than you can dig it out." Some of the men began to drive planks endwise into the sand to hold it back. Jack ran around perfectly distracted. All he could see was that startled look on Jim Doyle's face just before the sand closed over him.

"What time is it? How long is it?" he kept pestering the foreman.

"Eight minutes gone," said the foreman, closing his watch with a snap. "It 's no use. He could n't possibly live half that long."

Jack gave up in despair, when he was roused by the shout, "Here he is!" They had uncovered the top of the man's head and were digging the sand from around his face. Jim Doyle's head was apparently jammed tight against the pipe.

A sickening horror seized Jack. He was about to turn away, when a most uncanny thing happened. The head suddenly lifted, the eyes opened and looked straight at Jack.

"Hello!" shouted Jim Doyle; "glad to see you, Jack! But the next time you call, don't tell me you 're here with a pail o' water and a hundred tons of sand!"

Everybody burst out laughing. As for Jack, he was almost in hysterics at this sudden relief from the tension to which his nerves had been subjected.

"How did you do it? How could you hold your breath so long?" Jack managed to gasp.

"I did n't hold it," laughed Jim. "I had all the air I wanted."

"But where did you get it from?"

"Why from the pipe, of course. As soon as I saw I could n't get out, I clapped my mouth to the joint where it had n't been calked yet, and I got all the air I needed."



THE COLLAPSED SIPHON. (SEE PAGE 348.)



WHEN THE WATER WAS FIRST TURNED IN.

Photographs by Burt A. Heinely.

CHAPTER III

THE "WATER-CURE" FOR A FLATTENED PIPE

JACK'S job as water-boy did not last very long. The sewer was soon completed and he had to look about for something else to do. Despite their previous unpleasant encounters, Jack and Jim Doyle had struck up quite a friendship. They both stopped at the same lodging-house.

"Oh, I don't bear you any grudge," Jim Doyle said once, when Jack referred to the episode of the air-lock. "You saved me from a bad bit o' crime when the whiskey had turned my head, did n't you?"

"But did you know it was Perry and I who found the whiskey cave?" asked Jack.

"So you were the rascals, were you? Well, you did me a good turn there too. I could n't keep straight with all that liquor so handy." Jim Doyle was really trying to keep away from drink and Jack did his best to help him.

The day after the work ended on the pipe-line it rained so hard that they could not go out to look for another job. It rained as it had never

rained before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The next day was even worse, and on the third day the clouds continued to pour down their floods upon the city. Streams were swollen and overflowed their banks, carrying away bridges and washing out roadways. Los Angeles was cut off from the outside world.

It was impossible to seek work in such a storm, although Jack did try several times.

"Don't you worry, my boy," counseled Jim. "This storm is *making* work for us *somewhere*."

Jim was a better prophet than he realized. A most interesting piece of work was awaiting them. The storm was very wide-spread. It reached out to the edge of the Mojave Desert, and streams that had been dry for years now ran yellow with angry torrents. In the Antelope Valley, about fifty miles from Los Angeles, the great aqueduct, on its concrete legs, crossed one of these ancient stream-beds; but an angry river now beat against these legs and they were soon undermined and toppled over on their sides. This caused a wide breach in the big steel pipe, letting the water flow out.

cants. The next day Jack secured the job of timekeeper, while Jim qualified for work on the concrete piers. Jack was very glad he did not have to serve as water-carrier, particularly after he had traveled all day in a wagon across the desert to the scene of the accident and found out what a fearfully hot place it was.

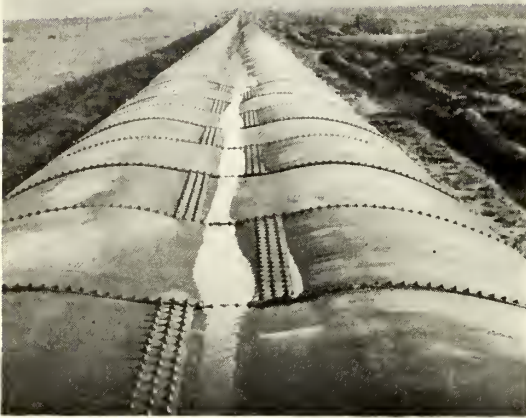
Antelope Valley was about five miles wide. A large siphon, ten feet in diameter, carried the water down into and up out of the valley. On the north side there was a drop of about 200 feet, while the rise on the south side was about thirty feet less. Most of the siphon was in the form of a heavy steel pipe, but near the top of each slope the steel merged into a reinforced concrete pipe. What puzzled Jack was that the most serious damage was done, not at the point where the torrent had carried away the concrete piers, but far beyond the utmost limits reached by the flood. The pipe was in good condition for a half mile or so on each side of the break; but from there on to the concrete conduit the steel pipe on each slope had collapsed, the top sinking in until it looked like a deep trough.

"I can't understand it," said Jack to Mr. Thorpe, the assistant engineer. "What happened to the pipe anyway? Is the steel so thin that it can't stand up alone, and has to be swelled out with water?"

"It was the air that did that," replied the engineer.

"The air!" exclaimed Jack. "That's too much for me. What do you mean?"

"Why the air-pressure!" exclaimed Mr. Thorpe.



THE PIPE AS MORE WATER Poured THROUGH.

Jack read the news in an extra. "There's the work the storm has brought us!" he cried. "Come on, Jim! Let's apply for a job."

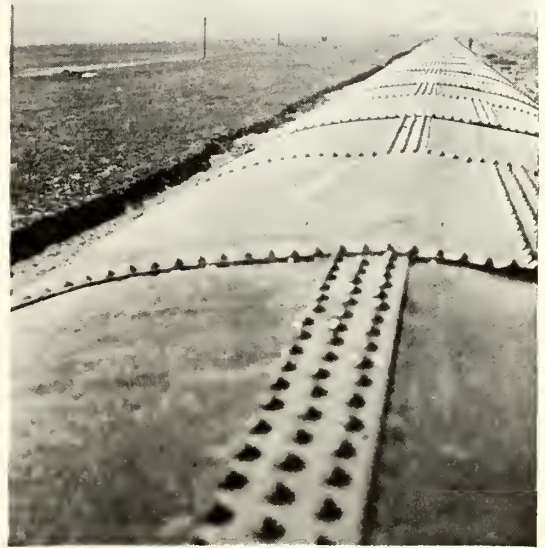
Together they went down to the City Bureau of Water Supply. They were the earliest arrivals and were given first place on the list of appli-



THE COLLAPSED ANTELOPE VALLEY SIPHON RETURNING TO SHAPE AFTER THE WATER WAS TURNED IN.



THE PIPE ROUNDING OUT. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)



THE PIPE FULLY ROUNDED OUT.

"But where does it come from?"

"Come from? Why it 's here all the time, all around us. Don't you know that the air-pressure on the outside of your body is something like twenty tons?" Jack looked skeptical.

"Well I don't know *just* how much," continued Mr. Thorpe. "I have n't measured you. But it is fifteen pounds on every square inch of your body."

"But why don't I feel it then?"

"Because there is just as much pressure inside to withstand the pressure outside; otherwise you would flatten out like a pancake. This pipe is ten feet in diameter, and the atmosphere is pressing on the outside with a weight of fifteen pounds per square inch, which puts a load on it of about a hundred tons per running yard. When the siphon was first laid, the air on the inside of the pipe resisted the pressure on the outside; then when the water was turned on, it more than took the place of the air-pressure inside. When the break came, the other day, the water ran out so fast that it took away a big share of the inside pressure without letting in any air to take its place; and then the outside atmosphere just crushed in that pipe as if it were made of tin. Why, at the upper end of the north section it actually tore out a couple of plates, so that we must replace them!"

"But you will have to replace all of this pipe, won't you?" asked Jack.

"Oh, no! that would be too expensive. I think we can get along without doing that. The pipe collapsed because the water shirked its duty and ran away. Now we 'll see if we cannot make that water repair the damage."

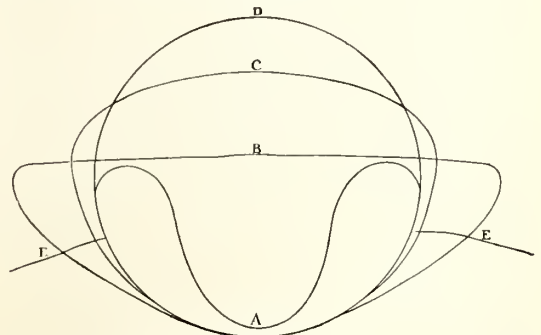


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE COLLAPSED AQUEDUCT AND THE SHAPES IT ASSUMED AS IT FILLED WITH WATER.

A, Collapsed position of pipe; B, Position taken at beginning of filling; C, Position after filling; D, Original and final position of pipe; E, Surface of the ground.

"How? *How*, please?"

Jack was consumed with curiosity.

"You just wait and see!" was all the satisfaction that he could get.

The first task was to replace the two concrete piers. Jack hung around during all his spare moments and watched the work.

"I don't believe they knew what they were about," he said. "If they had put their foundations down to rock in the first place, this would not have happened."

"Since you know so much about it, why don't you go up to the chief engineer and give him some advice?" suggested Jim.

"Well, I know something about foundations and what Thunder River did to them, don't I?"

"Well, this is n't Thunder River. How about it, Mr. Thorpe?" said Jim, turning to the assistant engineer, who had just come up. "Jack, here, thinks you ought to have carried those piers down to rock."

"To rock? Well, maybe; but these piers were not put down to carry the siphon over a river. Why, there has n't been a trickle of water in this stream-bed for years! This is a desert. We may not have another drop of rain here for a year, and then there won't be enough water to wet the soil. Before the storm you'd scarcely have known that there had ever been a stream through here. When we put down these piers, we never anticipated a three days' downpour, and the chances are there won't be another rain like this in the next hundred years."

While the work was proceeding on the piers, steel plates had been ordered from the mill. They were rolled cold, to the exact curve of the siphon, and the rivet holes were punched in them before they were shipped. Only just enough plates were made to replace the torn ones in the pipe-line at the bottom of the valley and also on the northern slope. In due course of time they arrived and were riveted into place.

One morning, when everything had been completed, Mr. Thorpe called to Jack to come along. "We are going to try our little scheme," he announced, "of using the water to undo the mischief of the air."

"Where is the apparatus?" asked Jack, looking eagerly about.

"There," said Mr. Thorpe, pointing to the siphon.

Jack could not see anything. "But I don't understand. Are you going to use hydraulic jacks or something?"

"Yes, that's it," replied the engineer, enjoying the bewilderment of the boy; "but the pipe itself is the jack."

"You don't mean—" began Jack, as a light began to dawn on him.

"Yes; I mean we are going to give the pipe the "water-cure." We'll turn on the water and let it inflate the pipe just as you would inflate a tire with air."

"But it will take an enormous pressure, won't it?"

"It did n't take more than fifteen pounds per square inch to collapse the pipe, and probably much less. We can get five times that pressure when we fill the pipe full of water."

"But won't the plates break from bending?"

"Well, it is good tough steel; it ought to stand the strain, particularly as there are scarcely any kinks in it. What we are most worried about is how the riveted joints will stand it."

Jack was assigned a patrol along the northern slope to watch the action of the siphon when the water was turned on. He walked back and forth in the trough of the collapsed pipe. Presently he noticed that the trough was gradually rising and at the same time flattening out. It was very slow work, however. After many hours the siphon began to take on an oval form. It was a ten-foot pipe when round, but now, in the oval form, it was 14½ feet in diameter the longer way. Of course the pipe was not of the same shape throughout its length. The first effect appeared at the lower end, and then gradually worked up the slope to the top as the siphon slowly filled with water. Finally the full pressure was reached, and then the siphon came to true, round shape.

It was a grand success. The riveting of the plates stood the strain remarkably well. Long stretches of the pipe needed no attention whatever, and in a few places a little calking stopped the stray leaks.

"It provides a very good demonstration of a problem in geometry," said Mr. Thorpe to Jack, after it was all over. "I suppose you have been told that a circle will cover a bigger area than any other boundary of the same length. I took careful measurements during the operation and here is the way the pipe behaved."

Mr. Thorpe exhibited a sketch like that reproduced on page 349. "First it had a regular U section; then it broadened out so that the top was flat; then it became an ellipse, but still it had n't reached its fill. Finally it became a circle, and that was the limit of its capacity. No other shape would let more water through."

(To be continued.)

THE CLOCK FAIRY



WHEN Ellen went to the piano to practise her lesson, she always looked first at the grandfather's clock that stood in the corner of the room, because she knew that she must work on her lesson for an hour. The clock seemed to go very slowly; much more so when the weather was fine and the pavement was lively with

her girl friends skimming about on roller-skates.

On this day that I am telling you about, Ellen went and stood before the clock.

"You are a horrid old thing!" said Ellen; "for when I am out playing and having a good time, you make your hands go round as fast as you can; but when I come in here to practise on the piano and play old scales, your hands just barely move. I don't know why we have to do things we don't like—and *by the hour!* What a splendid time we could have if there were no clocks."

"Ho! Ho!" said a voice that came right out of the clock. "I suppose you think there would n't be any time if there were n't any clocks. Clocks only *measure* time. Do you think there would n't be any milk to drink if all the pint and quart measures were lost?"

"I did n't know you could talk," said Ellen, very much surprised. "I did n't even know you could hear. I'm sorry I said you were horrid, and I apologize. I supposed you were just wood and wire and things."

"So I am wood and wire and things, just as you are skin and bones and things; but you have a spirit in you, and I have a fairy in me which answers the same purpose. If you will stand across the room, I'll smile at you."

"Oh, will you?" exclaimed Ellen. "Why did you never talk to me before?"

"Well," said the clock, "because you never talked to *me* before. Clocks only say 'tick,' unless they are talked to."

"I should think you would be very lonesome,"

said Ellen, "shut up all the time, saying 'tick, tick' all day and all night."

"Oh, I never get lonesome," said the clock. "I have so much business to attend to and so many games to play. I have a very pleasant time."

"Games!" cried Ellen, "I did n't suppose a clock knew any games."

"Oh, yes," said the clock, "I am a game clock. I have one game that I play all the time—good sport for me, too! I play I'm a hundred and fifty years old when really I'm less than ten, just the least bit older than yourself. Then I play games every day with you and your sister and your father and mother. But when I am here all alone, I try to see how many ways I can say 'tick, tack, tock, tuck.'"

"Yes," interrupted Ellen, "I've noticed that. But tell me



"THE CLOCK SEEMED TO GO VERY SLOWLY."

about the games; how can you play a game with my father?"

"One game," answered the clock, "is the evening-paper game; sometimes it gets quite exciting. Your father always brings the paper home with him at dinner-time and leaves it somewhere

about here while he runs up stairs to get ready for dinner. Then when he comes down stairs, he seldom knows where it is, and it is such fun to see him hunt! I count how many times he says 'Thunder!' and I watch to see how far my hands move before he settles down to read. In the morning I have just as much fun, watching him



"ELLEN SOMETIMES KISSED IT."

hunt for his books and pencils and things that he takes over to the college with him" (Ellen's father was a teacher, you know). "And sometimes he gets all of you in here to help him find his things, and then it is great fun!"

"My father is not very systematic," said Ellen, as nearly like her mother as possible, and sighing just as she had often heard her mother sigh. "Tell me what kind of games you play with *me*. I don't lose the evening paper."

"Oh no, nothing like that," said the clock; "but last week I counted six times that you were sent up stairs to wash your hands, and I counted how many minutes it took you, and I watched to see whether you came back smiling and happy or cross and frowning. But I have the best fun with you," the clock went on cheerily, "when you are practising your music-lesson. Then I run races with you."

"How do you do that?" asked Ellen, looking interested again. "I don't see how you can run."

"Me run!" said the clock, in amazement. "Why, I run all the time; up to the very instant I stop, I am running down."

"Of course that 's a joke," said Ellen; "but it does n't explain how you can run races with me."

"I'll tell you," said the clock. "When you begin a new lesson, I say to myself: 'Now Ellen is just beginning to learn that lesson. I wonder if she can play it over in fifteen minutes.' Sometimes I get to the quarter-mark first, and sometimes you do; is n't that running a race? Then the next day I see if you can do that lesson in ten minutes; and if you do, I say, 'Ellen is getting that lesson,' and I am *that* pleased you really can't imagine how pleased I am! Then, by the end of the week, I count how many times you can play your lesson correctly in an hour. I am dreading the scolding your teacher will give you; I do so dislike to hear you scolded—it makes me feel so badly that I ache all over my very largest wheel."

"I'm very sorry," said Ellen; "I never knew that you cared."

"Now," said the clock, "I'm getting anxious for the race to begin. Suppose you see how many times you can play that four-sharp scale correctly in fifteen minutes: maybe you could do it five times to-day and seven times to-morrow, and at the end of the week you might be playing a scale a minute; that would be great fun."

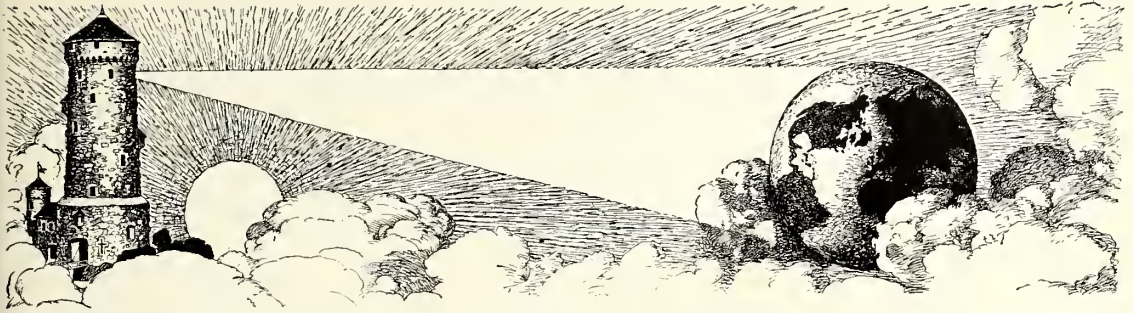
"Good fun," repeated Ellen. "I believe I will run races with you, too."

"Yes," said the clock, "but don't look at me too often. I have noticed that, when you keep your eyes on me too much, the scales don't come out right. Now you'd better begin."

Every day, after that, Ellen ran races with the clock, and it was really wonderful how much fun it was. Her music-teacher told Ellen's mother that the progress Ellen was making in her music was remarkable, that her speed and accuracy were wonderful, and that she believed the child would become a very successful pianist.

Neither of them ever even thought of thanking the clock, but Ellen sometimes kissed it on its big kind face.

Jessie McKee.



THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

BY S. E. FORMAN

Author of "Advanced Civics," "A History of the United States," etc.

THE GREAT WAR

MORE men were killed in the battles of the Great War in 1915 than ever fell in a single year since the beginning of time. Yet at the end of the year nothing had been settled. The old year closed with the outlook in Europe as dark as it was when the new year was ushered in. It is true that at the end of 1915 there was some serious talk of peace; and that was a gain, for at the beginning of the year only the voice of war was heard. But the talk of peace that was heard in December did little more than bring out in clear light the obstacles that stand in the way of peace. This war has taught the world many useful lessons, and one of these lessons is that it is vastly easier to begin a great war than it is to end one. At the end of the war the rulers of each of the warring countries must show to their people that the strife and sacrifice have not been in vain. They must not return to their people empty-handed; for if they do, there is likely to be trouble at home; revolution is likely to follow in the wake of the war. At the opening of the year it seems that Germany will demand that the terms of peace shall be based upon the result of the fighting. If these be made the basis of an early peace, then Germany will have to dictate the terms; for without doubt military success has been on the side of the Teutons. If Germany dictates the terms, she will almost certainly demand for herself a free passage through the Balkan country to Constantinople and on to the Persian Gulf. This will take the trade of the Orient from Great Britain and give it to Germany. How would the people of Great Britain like that? Germany will also refuse, doubtless, to give Poland back to Russia. How would the people of Russia like that? Or suppose that for the sake

of humanity the warring nations should simply agree to stop fighting and let everything be just as it was on the day before the war began. How would the people of Germany like that? Still there must be peace. The killing cannot go on indefinitely. Europe is not going to commit suicide. In the future there is a certain day upon which the war will end. When will that blessed day come? How can its coming be hastened? These are the questions that everybody at the close of 1915 was anxiously asking, and everybody was fervently praying that 1916 would speedily have answers for them.

FAIRER SKIES IN MEXICO

THE year 1915 closed with the outlook in Mexico much brighter than it had been for a long time. The Carranzan government had been recognized not only by the nations of the Western Hemisphere, but also by most of the nations of the Old World. Better than this, there were signs that the new government would show itself worthy of recognition. Carranza had established a peaceful order of things in places which for several years had been scenes of lawlessness and crime. He had extended his authority over practically the entire area of the republic, for the Villa government had become little more than a shadow and Villa himself little more than a bandit. There was still some violence along the Mexican border, but it was violence that bade fair to be put down by the strong hand of the new government. There was, however, still one very dark cloud in the Mexican sky: the deadly typhus fever, a natural consequence of war and famine, was spreading, and claiming its victims by the thousands. But the pestilence doubtless will be checked and stamped out before a greater enemy of the repub-

are about 200,000 people. A member of the House is a resident of the district which elects him, moves about among the people of his district,

theless. And it is an ugly truth, for Congress is the hope of the Nation. Many citizens fail to appreciate the real importance of Congress. The President should be trusted to *execute* the laws, as the Constitution provides, but Congress must be trusted to *make* the laws, for it knows the needs of the country better than the President can possibly know them. The President has only one pair of eyes, while Congress has more than five hundred pairs.

The Congress which assembled on the first Monday in December and which is now in session has a burden of responsibility heavier than any that has rested upon a Congress for many years. The measures with which Congress will be called upon to deal were outlined in the message of President Wilson. If Congress follows up the program proposed by the President, it will have before it the question of providing for a larger army and navy; the question of providing for a merchant marine, the ships of which are to be owned by the National Government; the question of giving the Filipinos a new form of government; and the question of imposing new taxes to meet the increased expenses of government. All these are important questions, but the one of supreme importance is that which refers to the increase of the army and navy. It is the hope of some of the leaders in Congress that this question will be kept out of "politics"; that is, they hope that it will not become a party issue. Whether or not the issue of preparedness will be kept out of politics will depend largely upon what takes place on the floor of Congress. If the arguments and speeches in favor of preparedness are such as to fully convince the minds of members that the national safety requires a larger army and navy, every member who is thus convinced, no matter whether he is a Democrat, a Republican, or a Socialist, will forget his party and will vote for his Country—he will vote for greater preparedness. No senator or representative should for a moment think of his party when considering a question which involves the safety of his country.



MAP OF INDIANA, SHOWING HOW A STATE IS DIVIDED INTO CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTS.

talks with them, corresponds with them, and learns their wishes and their needs. In like manner the two members of the Senate who are chosen to represent a State are careful to acquaint themselves with the needs of their State. As a representative body, therefore, Congress is all that can be desired. In all the world there is not another nation that has a law-making body in which the people are as evenly and fairly represented as the people of the United States are represented in Congress.

Ought we not then to be proud of our Congress? Ought we not to regard the members of that body as the most useful and the most honorable of public servants? As a matter of fact, many Americans do not accord to Congress the honor it deserves. Too often Congress is denounced as a stupid and selfish body, and slurs are cast at its members. Readers of St. NICHOLAS may not know this, but it is a truth never-

1915: A YEAR OF NEW THINGS AND BIG THINGS

THERE is an old saying that happy is the nation whose annals are dull. If in order to be happy a nation must have a dull history, then there must have been very few happy nations in 1915, for surely the history of most nations for the year that has just passed is a most lively and exciting story. For Europe, the year 1915 was marked by the occurrence of more striking and important

events than ever happened in any single year since the world began. And what an awful year it was! A year of invasion and battles and sieges. A year of terror—terror on land, on sea, under the sea, and even in the air overhead. A year of death, desolation and debt. A year of WAR.

For our own country the story of 1915 is not so striking or so thrilling as the story of Europe, for it is a story of PEACE; but it is nevertheless a story of new things and big things. In 1915 we were brought face to face with the fact that our Nation can no longer keep aloof from the affairs of Europe. The events arising out of the war made it plain that we must concern ourselves with what takes place in the countries across the sea. This is a new thing for the United States. We have never been mixed up with the affairs of Europe, and ever since the days of President Washington it has been our policy not to allow ourselves to be mixed up with them. But we now see that, if we fulfil our duties and meet our responsibilities, we cannot let Europe entirely alone. Whether we want to or not, we must join with the nations of the Old World and try to find a way by which peace among all nations may be forever established. Or if we fail in that, we must join with other nations and find a way by which the rights of neutral countries will be respected in times of war. Such a terrible incident as the sinking of the *Lusitania* ought never to occur again, and the United States ought to take the lead in bringing the nations of Europe to a solemn agreement that such a cruel act shall never be repeated.

Then the events of 1915 gave us a new view of the Monroe Doctrine and of our relations to the countries of South America. Heretofore we have been inclined to regard ourselves as the protectors and guardians of our neighbors at the south. But some of these neighbors have grown to be large and powerful countries; and while we were working last year with Argentina and Brazil and Chili, trying to help Mexico out of her troubles, we found that these countries have minds of their own, and that they do not feel the need of protection as they felt it when the Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed nearly a hundred years ago. They are beginning to feel strong enough to protect themselves, and they are saying that they have a Monroe Doctrine of their own. Doubtless we shall still uphold the main features of the Monroe Doctrine and refuse to allow any nation of Europe or Asia to gain a foothold upon the Western Continent; but in the future our policy will be to act in harmony with the countries of South America and not in the indepen-

dent fashion in which we have acted in the past. In other words, the outlook is for a real Pan-American union.

The events of the year also gave rise to the most important question that has come before the American people since the close of the Civil War—the question of preparedness. Shall we go on as we have hitherto and maintain a small army and a navy of only moderate size? Or shall we reverse our old-time policy and arm ourselves as other great nations arm themselves? This question was not answered in 1915, but it was brought up in such a sharp manner that an answer will have to be given.

While 1915 was showering adversity upon Europe, it was treating the United States very kindly. In agriculture, in commerce, and in some lines of industry the year was the most prosperous in all our history. Our farmers received for their crops and cattle nearly \$10,000,000,000. In some of the States of the Middle West the farmers were reported as actually having more money than they could use to advantage. In munition factories and other establishments furnishing war supplies the prosperity was even greater than it was among the farmers. Orders for shells and powder and shoes and clothing rushed in faster than they could be filled. And the orders were so large that they dazzle the mind when we think of them. Of course, the war supplies and a large part of the farm products were sent to Europe and swelled the volume of our foreign trade, which in 1915 amounted to \$5,000,000,000—a higher mark than it ever reached before. The value of our exports was nearly \$2,000,000,000 more than the value of our imports. This favorable trade-balance caused money to flow to the United States in greater volume than was ever before known.

But these big things were not a cause for boastfulness. For much of this prosperity was due to the war in Europe and was therefore artificial and unsound. Thoughtful men knew that the war might end at almost any time, and they wondered what would happen if the orders for war supplies should be suddenly cut off. So after all, while the year 1915 was one of big figures in commerce and industry, it was not a year that brought satisfaction to the minds of thinking Americans.

A GREAT CONVENTION

IN recent years Washington has grown to be one of the most attractive and interesting cities in the world, and for this reason it has become a favorite place for holding conventions. During the autumn and winter the streets and public buildings



DELEGATES TO THE SECOND PAN-AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS ON THE STEPS OF THE PAN-AMERICAN BUILDING, DECEMBER 27, 1915.

of the capital are alive with men and women wearing striking badges showing that they are members of this or that convention which is holding its sessions in this city. Now it is a meeting of bankers; now it is a church gathering; now it is an association of learned men.

Of the many conventions that were held in Washington in 1915 one of the most important and significant was the meeting of the Second Pan-American Congress, which began its sessions in the last week of the year. The purpose of this congress was to bring together the people of Pan-America on questions of education, science, and history. More than one thousand persons took part in the congress, and twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere were represented. In the number of official delegates the congress was the largest international meeting ever held in Washington. And seldom has there assembled in Washington a body of more distinguished or finer-looking men. Secretary Lansing in his address at the opening of the congress said: "It is necessary that we should know each other better than we do now. We must not only be neigh-

bors, but friends; not only friends, but intimates. We must understand one another. We must comprehend our several needs. . . . Let us as members of this congress, therefore, meet together on the plane of common good. Whatever is of common interest, whatever makes for the common good, whatever demands united effort is a fit subject for Pan-Americanism. Fraternal helpfulness is the keystone to the arch. Its pillars are faith and justice." The congress soon showed that it was in full sympathy with these sentiments. Throughout all its proceedings there was a spirit of friendliness. Good will and fellowship among the delegates was shown in a hundred ways. It was plain that the delegates believed that the people of South America and Central America were ready to work in harmony with the people of the United States in any movement that would be for the common good of all American countries. When the congress adjourned, all agreed that it had been a great success and that it had done much to bring the countries of the Western Hemisphere into closer union and to make them take as a motto: "One for all, and all for one."

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THE CHILDREN'S POET

A LONG, long time ago, in a little log-cabin that had been boarded over to make it warmer for the cold winters, a little cabin only a story and a half high, with a shingled roof, a door and two windows in front, a chimney sticking up at one end, and an ell behind, where the simple meals were cooked and the wood stored which kept the fires burning—in this little house, on a clear October evening, a tiny boy took his first look at the world. He was a very pink-and-white baby, with hair so blond it really looked quite white, and eyes as blue as the chicory that bloomed along the edges of the roads in the summer.

His mother held him close, and thought in her heart that he was the dearest and most wonderful child in the world; and though for quite a while he did nothing but eat and sleep and grow, and cry good and hard when he felt like it, she kept on thinking that he was going to be different from her other children, that he was going to be different from any other child in all the wide country about. From the windows of the cottage it was possible to look so far that it seemed likely there was very little of the world left beyond. At night you could see the lights of farm-houses stretching away, one here and one there, like twinkling stars; by day you saw smoke curling up over tree-tops, or a gray roof, or a man plowing, some near, some far. It was a wide outlook the mother had, but though she could see how very big the world must be, she kept on believing that her little boy would grow up to be a great man in it.

And she said nothing about this dreaming of hers, even to the child's father, who was a rather silent, stern man, going about his work steadily from morning till night, a man who had not much patience with dreams, for how would they get the work done, will you tell me that?

The boy, whose name was Jimmy, kept right on growing, and presently he was big enough to run around by himself. He was still white-haired, his blue eyes were pale and clear, and his skin was covered with freckles. These freckles bothered him, for the other children made fun of him—called him "speckles" and "spotted face." He did n't know that a great poet had once spoken of freckles as "fairy favors," or he might have been comforted. For he loved to hear of

trolls and gnomes and fairies, and of their tricks, their magic spells, the moonlight dances they gave, the gold they hoarded in great caverns underground.

On summer days, when the little village—or town as the inhabitants loved to call it—was sleeping among the broad meadows that had given it its pretty name of Greenfield; when the bees were murmuring among the flowers in the garden of the little cabin, the birds singing from tree to tree, and when, up the broad highway that passed the house—leading probably from one end of the world to the other—came a lowing herd, maybe, or a huge wagon loaded with the home goods of some adventuring family moving on farther to the westward, or an ox-cart lumbering home or out to the fields to work; when the shouts of Jimmy's brothers and sisters at play rang from the old orchard—why, then the little boy would wander away to sit by the side of the "crick" and listen to the hoarse croaking of the frogs, or watch a turtle slipping through the quiet water, or dream queer, happy dreams made up of the music of the wind in the trees and the stirring of the reeds in the stream, or, lying flat on his back with his eyes turned up to the sky, wonder where it was the big clouds were sailing to and what they did when they got there.

The older the little boy grew, the more he loved to idle by the brook or wander in the fields where the bobolinks and larks sang. He would sit in school, and, instead of listening to the teacher's words, would be watching the flicker of the sun on the leaves outside, or following the fluting of the robin or the oriole busy over their nest-building. It did not interest him to be told what dead kings in dead days had done. He liked better to see what the wonderful and exciting living things outdoors were up to, to laugh over the funny ways of a hop-toad or a squirrel, or to lie flat on the floor near his mother, turning over a book of pictures and making up stories to fit them.

"What an idle, good-for-nothing boy," people said of him. Even when he went fishing, he would prop his rod in the bank and sit with his hands clasped round his knees, staring at the water. "Such a lad will come to no good end," they prophesied. But somehow they all liked him, and many a time he made the most grown-up folk in town laugh, he had such queer ways of

expressing himself, such a twinkle in his blue eyes, such sunshiny joy in him.

Time went on, and one day the boy was a man. He was still an idler and a dreamer. His father had long since decided that Jimmy would never amount to much; brothers and sisters had married or gone about their work, the neighbors had ceased to think one way or the other about him.



From photograph by courtesy of Bobbs-Merrill Co.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Poor Jimmy began to find life hard, for the work he did was not what people wanted to pay for. To be sure, he painted signs for some, and did odd jobs here and there, and got along somehow. But when you remember what his mother had dreamed of when he played at her side, a tiny boy, and how she had thought that the whole world, even more of it than could be seen from the cabin windows, was to hail him one day with joy and honor—when you remember that, you begin to feel sorry.

To be sure, idle as people said Jim was, he liked well enough to work away at all hours scribbling verses on all sorts of subjects that, up to then, no one had thought of writing about. He would write about the fun he had when a boy, he and his friends, in the "old swimmin' hole"; he would write about the hired man and the hired

girl, and what Bub—for that had been a nickname of his when he was still a little boy—what Bub had thought on all sorts of subjects.

Jim did n't think any more of these poems of his than any one else did. He just loved to make them, that was all. And one day he sent a few to the paper published near by, but he made up a name to go with them, for he did n't think of using his own name for such things as that. The name he chose was "Benj. F. Johnson, of Boone," Boone being the county of Indiana in which Jim lived. People liked the poems, because they told of the things they knew about right around the neighborhood, and told it in just the words, the dialect, they used at home.

After Jim had written several poems for the paper, he sent some to a great poet of whom he had heard, but whom he had never seen, called Henry W. Longfellow. And in time he got a letter back that made him so happy he did n't know what to do except to sit right down and make some more verses. For this poet told him that there was real beauty and worth in the little things he had sent, and that he ought to go on writing poetry just as steadily as he could.

So he brought out a book called "The Old Swimmin' Hole, and 'Leven More Poems," still using the long name he had invented instead of his own. And this book, a small paper-covered volume, was sold to heaps of people and brought the author almost a hundred dollars.

And now people began to ask who Benj. F. Johnson was? And presently it appeared that he was just Jim—James Whitcomb Riley, to call him by his whole name—Jim!

Then the dreams of the mother began to come true. They came truer and truer, just as they do in fairy stories. Her little son, with the flaxen hair and pale blue eyes that had the sunshine of a happy heart shining in them, her boy, was beginning to be hailed as wonderful—*was* wonderful! Every one wanted to see him, to hear him read the poems he had written. He began to travel about over the land, stopping in great cities to read to crowds of delighted men and women and children the things he had thought and done when he was an idle lad, dreaming in the fields or talking to the Raggedy Man, or watching the moon on the "punkins." No one else had remembered so well what it was to be a child. The children knew at once that here was some one who knew all about them, and who loved them better than any other grown-up person except just their father and mother, of course. And they loved him back with all the whole-hearted love that children have to give.

It is sixty-two years now since that October

evening when the little baby first looked at the world. And I am sure there is not one of you who read what is here set down who is not glad of that day. Many and many of you make a festival of it, keeping Riley Day with all sorts of fun, with shouts, and singing, and hanging out of flags. For in Indiana, the Hoosier State, the State where Jimmy was born and where for so long people used to wonder why he did n't turn out a useful man like his brothers or his father before him, he is the older brother and playmate of every child who is old enough to hear his poems, sweet and true as the flowers that grow in the gardens, laughing as the song the bobolink sings, tender as mother-love, full of fun as a holiday, straight to the point as the talk of two boys exchanging confidences on top of a fence-rail.

And not only the children, but all folk who ever have been children themselves and in whose hearts there still lives a memory of the time of joyous wonder, folk who can look back to swinging under the old apple-tree, or listening in delicious terror to stories of goblins and fairies, or picking meadow flowers. Folk who, a little later, have wandered hand in hand down fragrant lanes at the rise of the moon, or sat on the porch and marveled at the miracle of love, while the chatter and laughter of neighbors came sweetly on the breeze down the village street. Old folk who know so many things, and smile at what they know—these and many more hold James Whitcomb Riley dear, and read and read the books that hold his magic-simple songs, laughing out loud as they read, though tears come mixed up with the laugh at times. For very real things have tears in them as well as laughter.

Of course, there are some facts and dates connected with our Children's Poet. But he disliked such things so much when he was that idle, dreaming boy in school that I won't bother over them much. I think all of you know that he has lived all his life in his native State, moving quite early in his manhood from Greenfield to Indianapolis, where his home now stands. He never married, and has no little boys or girls of his own, except just every little boy and girl in America. Big colleges have honored him with degrees,—Yale, the University of Pennsylvania, Indiana University,—and he is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. October 7 of last year was proclaimed by the Governor of Indiana as Riley Day, and made a holiday, as a sign that he was dearly beloved by all his neighbors, and that they wanted to honor him in a way that the world would know about. Always on his birthday the children of his town greet him with flowers and recite some of the poems he has

written, and hang about him much as a cloud of pink blossoms hangs about an apple-tree in May. Maybe, to end this little picture I've tried to make of him, true man and gentle poet and fine American, maybe I had better set down a few lines from a poem of his called "The Hoosier Folk-Child." For he was that child, and what is more, though he is sixty-two years old, he is still that child. First he tells us how the little fellow ran around in patched clothes and played in Father's barn-yard, and was blissfully free of all those possessions which, after all, a child has no business with. And then he tells us what he did have:

"He owns the bird-songs of the hills—
The laughter of the April rills;
And his are all the diamonds set
In Morning's dewy coronet,—
And his the Dusk's first-minted stars
That twinkle through the pasture-bars,
And litter all the skies at night
With glittering scraps of silver light;—
The rainbow's bar, from rim to rim,
In beaten gold, belongs to him."

There is also another little poem of his 'hat comes to my mind, called "Let Something Good be Said." Whenever any of us speak of Riley, it is just something good that will be said. And his mother, whatever she may have hoped for when she held her baby in her arms, could have hoped for nothing better than that.

As a number of James Whitcomb Riley's best-known poems were originally published in THE CENTURY and ST. NICHOLAS, a few of these rhymes are here reprinted from the files of the two magazines—together with the illustrations made for them at the time when they first appeared.—EDITOR.

MISTER HOP-TOAD

(Reprinted from ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1897)

Howdy, Mister Hop-Toad! Glad to see you out!
Bin a month o' Sundays sence I seen you
hereabout.
Kind o' bin a-layin' in, from the frost and snow?
Good to see you out ag'in, it 's bin so long ago!
Plows like slicin' cheese, and sod 's loppin' over
even;
Loam 's like gingerbread, and clods 's softer 'n
deceivin'—
Mister Hop-Toad, honest-true—*Springtime*—
don't you love it?
You old rusty rascal you, at the bottom of it!



Howdy, Mister Hop-Toad!-How-dee do!

*Oh, oh, oh! I grabs up my old hoe;
But I sees you,
And s' I, "Ooh-oooh!"
Howdy, Mister Hop-Toad! How-dee do!"*

Make yourse'f more comfo'bler—square round at
your ease—
Don't set saggin' slaunchwise, with your nose
below your knees.
Swell that fat old throat o' yourn, and lemme see
you swaller;
Straighen up and h'ist your head! *You* don't
owe a dollar!
Hain't no mor'gage on *your* land—ner no taxes,
nuther;
You don't haf to work no roads, even ef you 'd
ruther.
'F I was you, and *fixed* like you, I railyly
would n't keer
To swap fer life, and hop right in the Presiden-
tial cheer!

Oh, oh, oh!
I hauls back my old hoe;
But I sees you,
And s' I, "Ooh-oooh!"

Howdy, Mister Hop-Toad! How-dee do."

'Long about next Aprile, hoppin' down the furry,
Won't you mind I ast you what 'peared to be the
hurry?
Won't you mind I hooked my hoe and hauled you
back, and smiled?
W'y, bless you! Mister Hop-Toad, I love you like
a child!
S'pose I 'd want to 'flict you any more 'n what
you air?
S'pose I think you got no rights 'cept the warts
you wear?
Hulk, sulk, and blink away, you old bloat-eyed
rowdy!
Hain't you got a word to say? Won't you tell
me, "Howdy?"

Oh, oh, oh!
I swish round my old hoe;
But I sees you,
And s' I, "Ooh-oooh!"

Howdy, Mister Hop-Toad! How-dee do."

A BOY'S MOTHER

*(Reprinted from THE CENTURY MAGAZINE,
December, 1890)*

My mother she 's so good to me,
Ef I was good as I could be,
I *could n't* be as good—no, sir!
Can't *any* boy be good as her!

She loves me when I 'm glad er mad;
She loves me when I 'm good er bad;
An', what 's a funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me:
That don't hurt, but it hurts to see
Her cryin'—nen *I* cry; an' nen
We both cry—an' be good again.



She loves me when she cuts and sews
My little cloak an' Sunday clo'es;
An' when my Pa comes home to tea,
She loves him 'most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;
An' I hug *her*, an' hug my Pa,
An' love him purt' nigh much as Ma.

HOME AGAIN

*(Reprinted from THE CENTURY MAGAZINE,
December, 1892)*



I 'M been a-visitin' 'bout a week
To my little cousin's at Nameless Creek;
An' I 'm got the hives, an' a new straw hat,
An' I 'm come back home where my beau lives at.

THE RAGGEDY MAN

(Reprinted from THE CENTURY MAGAZINE,
December, 1890)

OH, the Raggedy Man! He worked fer Pa;
An' he 's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf!
An' nen, ef our hired girl says he can,
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!



W'y, the Raggedy Man—he 's ist so good
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 'at boys can't do.
He clumbed clean up in our big tree
An' shooked a' apple down fer me!
An' 'nother 'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann!
An' 'nother 'n', too, fer the Raggedy Man!
Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' the Raggedy Man he knows most rhymes,
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes—
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers their-
selves!

An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me—er 'Lizabuth Ann!
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time, when he
Was makin' a little bow-n'-arry fer me,
Says, "When you 're big like your Pa is,
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his,
An' be a rich merchunt, an' wear fine clo'es?
Er what air you go' to be, goodness knows!"
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says, "'m go' to be a Raggedy Man—
I 'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

THE SPOILED CHILD

(Reprinted from THE CENTURY MAGAZINE,
December, 1892)

'CAUSE Herbert Graham 's a' only child—
"Wuz I there, Ma?"
His parents uz got him purt' nigh sp'iled—
"Wuz I there, Ma?"
Alluz ever'where his ma tells
Where she 's been at, little Herbert yells,
"Wuz I there, Ma?"
An' when she telled us wunst when she
Wuz ist 'bout big as him an' me,
W'y, little Herbert he says, says—ee,
"Wuz I there, Ma?"
Foolishest young-un you ever saw—
"Wuz I there, Ma? Wuz I there, Ma?"

THE TRULY MARVELOUS

(Reprinted from THE CENTURY MAGAZINE,
December, 1892)

GIUNTS is the biggest men they air
In all this world er anywhere;
An' Tom Thumb he 's the most littlest man,
'Cause wunst he lived in a' oyshture-can!



NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



THE UPSTREAM SIDE OF THE GREAT ARROWROCK DAM ON THE BOISÉ RIVER, IDAHO.

THE BUILDING OF THE HIGHEST DAM IN THE WORLD

BY GEORGE FREDERIC STRATTON

ONE year before the time specified for its completion, the engineers of the highest dam in the world, and the population living on 240,000 acres of land reclaimed from sage-brush, celebrated the laying of the last capstone.

This great structure is the Arrowrock Dam, on the Boise River in Idaho, which rivals even the internationally famous Roosevelt Dam in Arizona, for the Arrowrock is 348 feet high as against the Roosevelt's 280 feet. Its reservoir forms the greatest artificial lake in the world, being eighteen miles long, from three to five miles wide, and with a depth of 200 feet. Its contents would cover the city of Boston to a depth of eight feet, or would float the combined navies of the world in a lake thirty feet deep.

When the United States Reclamation Service

decided to turn the great Boise desert into a garden, every gallon of the regular flow of the Boise River throughout the irrigation season had been appropriated by early settlers, and neither the Federal Government nor any one else could infringe on those rights. But in the late winter and early spring the river is a torrent, and millions of gallons of water tear through the valley and down into the Snake and Columbia Rivers, giving no service to any man although for centuries there has been lying close at hand a quarter of a million acres of land, parched and useless even for sheep grazing.

The irrigation canal which the reservoir constantly and steadily feeds is the largest ever built in this country. It runs through the valley for thirty-four miles with a carrying capacity of 2700 cubic feet per second—as much as a fair-sized river.

The dam is built in a narrow, precipitous

cañon, through which the turbulent Boisé River races. Its name is gained from a gigantic rock in that cañon—the Arrowrock, which had won its name from the custom of the roving Indians who shot arrows into the face of it to tell their comrades which way they had traveled. By the angle of the arrow the late comers knew whether those in advance had gone up-stream or down, or up one of the many tributaries.

The construction of the dam commenced in 1911, although much preliminary and preparatory work had been done before that, the most important being that of diverting the river from the site of the dam while the building was in progress. This was done by cutting a tunnel through the cañon walls for 500 feet and turning the river through that. This tunnel was large enough to carry the river at its highest flood and was lined with cement. When the dam was finished, the tunnel was plugged with solid cement.

In order to reach solid rock on which to anchor the dam foundation, it was necessary to go down ninety-one feet below the normal bed of the river. No less than 225,000 cubic yards of soil and gravel were removed to lay bare this bed-rock.

Twelve miles below Arrowrock, a small dam was first built on which was installed a hydro-electric power-house from which were secured the power and lights used in construction work on the big dam. A railroad from Arrowrock to Boisé was also built, to bring in supplies and materials.

Then, as soon as work on the dam commenced, a model town for 1500 inhabitants was built on the banks of the river. There are fine commodious cottages for all the workers, dwellings for the engineers and superintendents, a mess-house with seating capacity of 650, warehouses, stores, bath-house, hospital, club-house, heating plant, post-office, telephone and fire departments, water, sewer, and light systems, sawmill, cement walks, —in short, all the essentials for modern good living. The splendid system of sanitation, sociality, and welfare of Panama was duplicated on a smaller scale at Arrowrock.

The dam, as finished, is 348 feet high, 240 feet

thick at the base, tapering to 16 feet at the top, where there is a fine driveway, lighted at night with artistic electric lamps. The length of the dam is 1060 feet, curving gracefully up-stream with a radius of 662 feet. In its construction 530,000 cubic yards of cement were used, sufficient to make a column ten feet square and twenty-seven miles high. In addition to being anchored to the granite on the bottom, the Arrowrock Dam is driven far into the stupendous mountains on each side—a concrete unit with the mighty hills, which rear themselves above it.



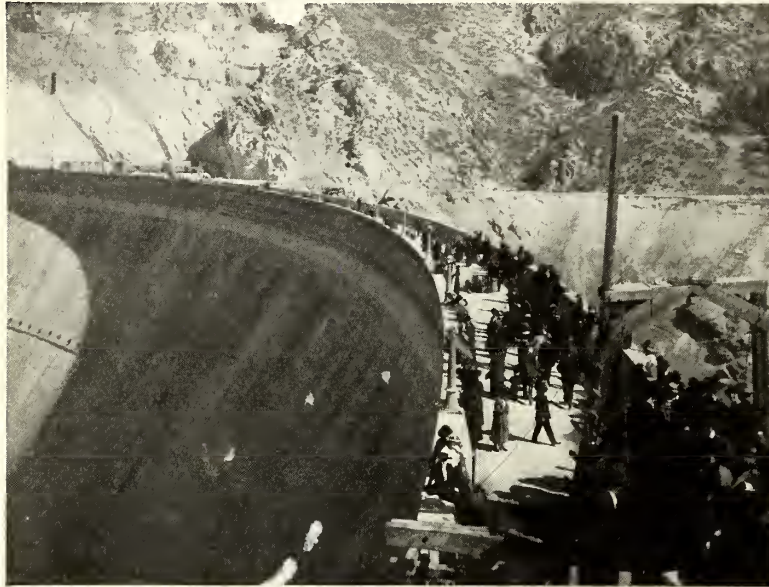
At the side of the dam is the spillway for the surplus water. This has a length of 402 feet, and in the excavation of it 300,000 yards of rock and earth were removed.

An unusual feature of this dam and one which has required especial foresight and design, is the provision for bringing down logs, for the Boisé River is the drainage outlet for the greatest forests of yellow-pine and fir in the true Inter-mountain Region. It is the main driveway for logs for the greatest sawmill in the world, which operates more than fifty miles of private railroad to bring its logs to the Boisé River or direct to its gigantic mill.

Before the next spring drive a protective breastwork just above the dam will be constructed against those logs, and if the units of the drives are very large, provision is made to divide them up just before they reach the dam, and take each division over the dam separately.

At the left bank a boom will convey the logs into a chamber at the side of which four chains are anchored four feet apart and attached to a drum operated by an electric motor. These chains

The men who have been in charge of all the operations are F. E. Weymouth, superintending engineer, Charles H. Paul, construction engineer, and James Munn, superintendent of construction.



THE SIXTEEN-FOOT DRIVEWAY FORMING THE TOP OF THE DAM.

are of such length as to allow the logs to float over them, of course directed by log-drivers; and as they are caught by the spikes in those chains, they are carried to the mouth of the chute and slip down to the river below the dam without the loss of any water.

This chute is of concrete, lined on the bottom and sides with steel rails, and has a 60% grade, changing to 30% near the foot and then to an up grade which will check the run of the logs, and give the river-drivers easy work in rafting them up again.

The writer, who has been with lumber-drives in Maine, northern Michigan, and Ontario, has never seen more ingenious, efficient, and capacious log-chuting than this on the Bois e River, designed by engineers who had had no experience in logging, but who knew what to do and how to do it when confronted by the problem. You may start east from New York, travel against the sun clear around the world, and come back to Bois e, Idaho, without seeing any instance of big, bulky, raw material, such as thirty- to forty-inch soft-wood logs, dropped over a 350 foot dam—a dam higher than many of the skyscrapers in the City of Sky-scrapers—without the slightest damage or delay, or any expense except the trifle of twenty electric horse-power generated by the same stupendous fall.

It is due to the magnificent team-work of these men that the great dam was finished one full year ahead of the scheduled time, and that the cost was reduced from the estimate of twelve millions to ten millions.

But, as the governor of Idaho recently said, that saving is only an item. The summer of 1915—the driest on record for the State—the new settlers who had come to that magnificent 240,000 acres of promise were able to secure water from the partially filled reservoir (although the dam was not then finished) sufficient to give them their first crops from that previous sage-brush desert—crops which are conservatively estimated as having a selling value equal to one fourth of the total cost of the dam. And this result was obtained one full growing season before any man had been promised, or could figure on, one open sluice-gate.

Quoting the governor: "The whole obligation



"THE GREATEST SAWMILL IN THE WORLD."

of ten million dollars could be wiped out by the returns from one crop from the 240,000 acres. Wheat at forty bushels per acre—a normal yield for irrigated Intermountain land—would do it."

Engineers and men of large experience in

farming developments, state that probably no reclamation service will so quickly reach its full measure of value as that rendered by the Arrow-rock Dam to the immense Boisé Valley. The entire region is known to be one of the richest in agricultural possibilities in the country. In those parts of it where irrigation has been before attainable the farming is conducted on scientific intensive methods, and the developed and improved lands sell readily at from three hundred to five hundred dollars per acre. Those in fruit fetch ten to fifteen hundred—when there are sellers.

BIRDS AS TRAVELERS

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN

Curator of Ornithology, American Museum of Natural History, New York

THE BIRDS' AIR-LINE

BEFORE we knew as much about the earth as we do now, the complete disappearance of many birds in the autumn and winter was considered a great mystery. With us one day, they were gone the next. Then, months later, they suddenly reappeared. Where had they been?

At one time it was thought that some birds flew to the moon. Others, particularly swallows and swifts, were believed to fly into the mud and pass the winter, hibernating like frogs; while the European cuckoo was said to turn into a hawk in the fall.

Why birds were ever thought to winter in the moon it is difficult to say; but that swallows were considered to take refuge in the mud at that season is not so surprising. We have seen how these birds sleep in the reeds in the marshes. Any one finding them in bed, as it were, before they were fully awake in the morning, might be pardoned for thinking that they had just come out of the ground and were perched in the reeds waiting for their feathers to dry.

The belief that in the fall the European cuckoo turned into the sparrow-hawk of the same country is doubtless to be explained by the fact that the cuckoo leaves for the South in the summer, while the hawk, which it resembles in color, stays throughout the winter.

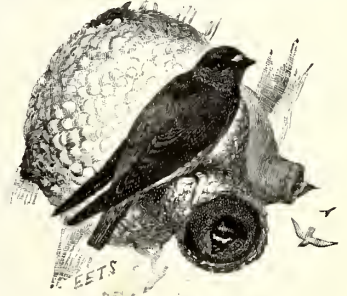
Now that we have explored nearly every corner of the earth, there are only a few birds whose "routes of migration," as they are called, are unknown. We have learned that these routes are followed just as regularly as though, like our highways and railroads, they could be seen.

The birds' air-line, as we shall see, is not always the shortest distance between two points. It was not made in a day, nor by one surveyor.

Many, many years have passed since the first bird travelers on any one of the many air-lines followed by birds began their spring and fall journeys; and what was a good direction at one time may not have been at another.

HIGHWAYS AND HABIT

It seems to be a law among bird travelers that every bird must follow the route over which its parents flew. This the ornithologist calls "inherited habit." It is just as though children born in Arizona, whose ancestors had emigrated across the continent from New York City, should go to New York City over the route made by their father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, and perhaps great-great-grandfather.



THE CLIFF-SWALLOW.

The first part of the route, over which their great-great-grandfather traveled, may have led to what was then the western border of civilization at Pittsburg. Then their great-grandfather, like a true pioneer, pushed onward to St. Louis. Here their grandfather was born, and, when he became a man, he emigrated to the great wheat-growing region of Dakota. In Dakota their father was born, and, when he grew up, he moved to the copper-mines of southern Arizona. Perhaps these children may themselves emigrate to the forests of Oregon. Then what a zigzag journey they would make to New York if, like birds, they should be guided only by "inherited habit"!

Here comes in the difference between reason and instinct: instinct would send our children from Oregon to Arizona, from Arizona to Dakota, from Dakota to Missouri, and finally through Buffalo to New York City; reason directs them to buy a ticket over the most direct railway-line between Oregon and New York City, and they thus make their journey in the shortest possible time.

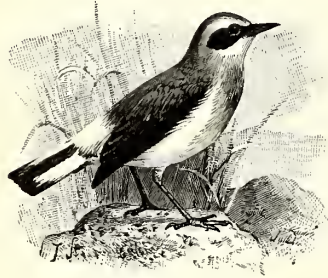
Let us see how many, many miles the cliff-swallows of Nova Scotia might save if they were to buy a ticket over what we may call the Short Reason-route instead of the Long Instinct-way.

THE CLIFF-SWALLOW'S ROUTE

The cliff-swallow winters in South America, and in summer is found over most of the United

States (except Florida) and north to the Arctic regions. If we look at a map, we shall see that Nova Scotia is directly north of Colombia, in northern South America. The cliff-swallows all pass through Colombia on their northern journey. We might, therefore, expect them to follow one of the most traveled of birds' air-lines. This leads across the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico, up the Atlantic coast and through New England to their summer homes. But instead of taking this, the most direct way, they go westward through Panama, then northwest through Central America and Mexico. It is not until they reach Texas that they fly directly toward the place they desire to reach. They cross the United States by going up the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys, and avoid the southeastern States entirely.

Why is it that they thus travel two thousand miles more than is necessary? We can only believe that they are following the route made by their ancestors. The cliff-swallow is a bird of the West. There it builds its singular, bottle-shaped mud-nests under overhanging cliffs and ledges. But in the East, where it is much less common, it places its close-set rows of mud tenements beneath the eaves of barns and other out-buildings. So it is probable that cliff-swallows, or, as they are also called, eaves-swallows, have come from the West to the East in recent times. In migrating, therefore, they go back over the old Instinct-way, or on the trail of their ancestors.



THE WHEATEAR.

Long, round-about journeys like this are the exception. I have spoken of them because they seem to explain better than more direct air-lines how these wonderful highways, thousands of miles in

length, may grow, little by little, from small beginnings.

MAIN TRAVELED ROADS

Now let us trace some of the more popular routes. If we were studying the travels of European as well as of American birds, we should learn some most interesting facts. For instance, we should find that in flying from Europe to Africa birds cross the Mediterranean Sea at a point where the water is so shallow that it is believed the two continents were formerly connected there. The

land bridge, which it is thought formerly guided the birds in their flight, has disappeared, but the habit of crossing at this particular place still remains.

Though I do not know of any cases of this kind in America, we shall find equally interesting facts concerning the air-lines of our birds. For example, how do you suppose the little wheatear, no larger than a blue-bird, formed the habit of migrating from Europe to Greenland? Probably he comes by way of England and Iceland, but at the best it is a long journey and seems to take the bird much farther than it is necessary to go. In the autumn he goes back to winter in Africa.

Doubtless some European water-birds visit us every year, but the wheatear, so far as I know, is the only land-bird which migrates regularly between North America and Africa. With this exception, no North American land-birds leave the Western Hemisphere in their migrations. Their motto might be "See America first!" Certainly, many of them see a large part of it.

The birds of the western United States are not such great travelers as those of the eastern part of our country. Some of them only travel from the higher parts of the Rocky Mountains or Sierras, where they nest, to the low, warm valleys in which they winter.

Those that leave the United States go into Mexico. Some continue their journey as far south as Guatemala, but few go farther south than that. They can, therefore, make their journey overland, and so do not encounter the dangers to which many of our eastern migrants are exposed.

It is surprising that most of the bird travelers of Alaska migrate to the eastern United States. Some of them actually go to their winter homes by way of Florida and the West Indies! But when we examine a map, we find that a large part of Alaska is east of the Rocky Mountain system. These mountains, like a great wall, have prevented the western birds from crossing to their eastern side; while the bird pioneers from the east have found nothing to prevent them from taking up fresh claims, until they reached this same great wall in the far Northwest. So far as birds are concerned, therefore, Alaska is like a small United States. The birds that live west of the mountains, on what is called the Pacific slope, travel southward with other western birds. Those found east of the mountains travel southeastward and then join in the journeys of eastern birds.

This is the route the little blackpoll warbler follows in his seven-thousand-mile journey from Alaska to northern South America. There is no

question about the straightness of his air-line! He lays his course directly for Florida, crosses from Florida to Cuba, passes across Cuba to Jamaica, and from Jamaica to Colombia in northern South America. That is a journey any one might be proud of. What a marvel it is that it should be made regularly twice each year by a creature only five and a half inches long!

In their travels across the United States, birds seem to follow coast-lines and river valleys. They must pass through a country which will supply them with food when they pause to rest. Even if they fly over us, we cannot expect them to stop if we can offer them nothing to eat.

Near my home at Englewood, New Jersey, is a small ice-pond. Sometimes the dam which makes it is raised, and the water runs out. This happened once in August, a season when many shore-birds are migrating. When the pond was full, I had seen none of these birds. But the very day that the pond became a field of mud, large numbers of sandpipers of several species stopped to feast on the little aquatic animals which had been left stranded. So we cannot always tell what kinds of birds may be traveling far overhead in the sky unless we have some way of making them stop and call on us.

When we follow some of the more famous bird travelers in their journeys, we shall become familiar with the routes they travel. Now we will outline only the routes of those migrants which leave the eastern United States in the winter.

One route leads southward and southwestward into Texas and Mexico, Central and South America. Another does not enter Texas and Mexico at all, northwestern Florida being used as the port from which many birds embark on their seven-hundred-mile journey across the Gulf of Mexico to Yucatan; then Central America is followed to South America. A third route, which we have seen is used by the blackpoll, passes

from Florida to Cuba, and thence to Jamaica, and over the Caribbean Sea to South America. A fourth leads from Florida to the Bahamas. A fifth, which is one of the most remarkable of any, crosses the Atlantic Ocean from Nova Scotia to South America.

Some birds spend the entire winter at sea. Indeed, they may never put foot on land except when they visit it to nest. Frequently, in going by steamer to Florida or Cuba, I have seen thousands of those little web-footed snipe, the red and the northern phalaropes. They were from fifty to one hundred miles offshore, riding the great waves like corks. Here they live from



THE RED PHALAROPE.

August until May, feeding on small forms of sea life and sleeping in the "cradle of the deep." With them were many loons. We think of these weird-voiced birds as solitary dwellers on woodland lakes, but off the coast of Virginia I have seen as many as five thousand in a day.

The swallow-like petrels, which during the summer so often follow vessels in the North Atlantic, nest in February and March in certain islands in the Antarctic Ocean. When their young are reared, they all travel northward to spend what is really their winter off our coasts. Unless storms should blow them ashore, they probably never touch land from the time they leave their home in the far South until they return to it.



LOONS RISING FROM THE WATER OF A WOODLAND LAKE.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



"'I'M GOING CALLING,' SAID PATTY."

PATTY AND HER PLAYMATES

BY ABIGAIL WILLIAMS BURTON

"I'm going calling," said Patty.

She came out on the porch and looked at herself in the big window. The big window was quite as good as a mirror for looking at yourself. Patty was so pleased with what she saw that she walked up and down to get a better view. Shall I tell you what she saw?

In the big window was a little girl wearing a long skirt—that belonged to her mother! and a pair of gloves—that belonged to her father! and a silk scarf—that belonged to her big brother! She carried a fan too—and *that* belonged to her big sister! For you see she was *very* much dressed!

It was hard for Patty to get enough of looking at herself—the long skirt swished so beautifully, and the big fan waved so gracefully. Patty wished she could take the window calling, too!

At the foot of the porch steps Dicky Dog lay asleep.

"Good day, Dicky Dog," said Patty. "May I call on you?"

"Do!" said Dicky Dog.

He woke right up out of his sleep to say it, and he sat up to give Patty his paw.

"May I go calling too?" he barked.

And Patty replied, "Do!"

So Dicky Dog went along with her. He wore a hat and a pair of spectacles. For you see he was *very* much dressed!

In the pànsy bed Katie Katt was taking a snooze.

"Good day, Katie Katt," said Patty and Dicky Dog together. "May we call on you?"

"Do!" said Katie Katt.

She woke right up out of her snooze to say it, and she sat up to give Patty and Dicky Dog her paw.

"May I go calling too?" she purred.

And Patty and Dicky Dog replied, "Do!"

So Katie Katt went along with them. She wore a crocheted sack that belonged to the baby. For you see she was *very* much dressed!

On a branch of the apple-tree Robby Robin was having a nap.

"Good day, Robby Robin," said Patty and Dicky Dog and Katie Katt together. "May we call on you?"

"Do!" said Robby Robin.

He woke right up out of his nap to say it, and he hopped down to give Patty and Dicky Dog and Katie Katt his claw.

"May I go calling too?" he chirped.

And Patty and Dicky Dog and Katie Katt replied, "Do!"

So Robby Robin went along with them. He wore a wide paper-collar. For you see he was *very* much dressed!

In the tall grass by the pump Teddie Toad was catching three winks, as he called it. And that was queer, for he usually caught flies!

"Good day, Teddie Toad," said Patty and Dicky Dog and Katie Katt and Robby Robin together. "May we call on you?"

"Do!" said Teddie Toad.

And Patty and Dicky Dog and Katie Katt and Robby Robin replied, "Do!"

So Teddie Toad went along with them. He wore a clean white bib under his chin. For you see he was *very* much dressed!

On a spray of lilies Betty Butterfly was swinging. I can't tell you if she was asleep—but anyhow her wings were shut!

"Good day, Betty Butterfly," said Patty and Dicky Dog and Katie Katt and Robby Robin and Teddie Toad together. "May we call on you?"

"Do!" said Betty Butterfly.

She opened her wings wide to say it, and she fluttered down to Patty and Dicky Dog and Katie Katt and Robby Robin and Teddie Toad.

"May I go calling too?" she murmured.

And Patty and Dicky Dog and Katie Katt and Robby Robin and Teddie Toad replied, "Do!"

So Betty Butterfly went along with them. She wore a forget-me-not crown. For you see she was *very* much dressed!

Such a procession as they made!

Patty went first, trailing her skirt and waving her fan. Dicky Dog came next, lifting his hat and looking through his spectacles. Katie Katt came next, buttoned inside of her crocheted sack. Robby Robin came next, ruffling out his wide collar. Teddie Toad

came next, smoothing down his clean bib. And last came Betty Butterfly, tossing her forget-me-not crown. You would have laughed to see them trying to keep step!



BETTY BUTTERFLY.



"GOOD DAY, ROBBY ROBIN. MAY WE CALL ON YOU?"

He woke right up out of his winks to say it, and he hopped up to Patty and Dicky Dog and Katie Katt and Robby Robin.

"May I go calling too?" he croaked.

But *where* were they going?

That was what the callers wanted to know too! They all wanted to know it at once! Betty Butterfly asked Teddie Toad, and Teddie Toad asked Robby Robin, and Robby Robin asked Katie

"Under the porch," barked Dicky Dog.

"But we can't crawl there with you!" cried Patty.

"On the fence," purred Katie Katt.

"But we can't climb there with you!" cried Patty.

"Up in the apple-tree," chirped Robby Robin.

"But we can't fly there with you!" cried Patty.

"Down in the well," croaked Teddie Toad.

"But we can't hop there with you!" cried Patty.

"Off in the sunlight," breathed Betty Butterfly.

"But we can't float there with you!" cried Patty.

Then Dicky Dog and Katie Katt and Robby Robin and Teddie Toad and Betty Butterfly sat down and shook their heads and looked sadly at Patty.

"You tell where!" they said.

"We'll call on the walk," laughed Patty.

She stepped out as she spoke. And Dicky Dog and Katie Katt and Robby Robin and Teddie Toad and Betty Butterfly stopped shaking their heads and began nodding them again. And they formed in line and stepped out after Patty.

"Good day, sidewalk," said Patty.

But the sidewalk said never a word!

"I smell a bone," snuffed Dicky Dog.

He dug under the walk, and sure enough he brought out a bone!

"I see a ball," squeaked Katie Katt.

She ran along the walk, and sure enough she bounced up a ball!



"THEY ALL LOOKED AT PATTY AND THOUGHT."

Katt, and Katie Katt asked Dicky Dog, and Dicky Dog asked Patty.

"Why, I don't know," said Patty. "I was going to ask *you!*"

Dicky Dog looked at Katie Katt and chuckled. Katie Katt looked at Robby Robin and giggled. Robby Robin looked at Teddie Toad and tittered. Teddie Toad looked at Betty Butterfly and snickered. Betty Butterfly looked at Patty and smiled. As for Patty, she looked at everybody and laughed.

And everybody laughed and *laughed* and LAUGHED!

"Let's sit down," said Betty Butterfly.

"In a circle," puffed Teddie Toad.

"With Patty in the center," put in Robby Robin.

"So we can see her," nodded Katie Katt.

"And *think*," said Dicky Dog.

So Dicky Dog and Katie Katt and Robby Robin and Teddie Toad and Betty Butterfly all sat in a circle, with Patty in the center. And they all looked at Patty and *thought!*

"The one who finds out first," said Patty, "may tell *where!*"

All at once Dicky Dog and Katie Katt and Robby Robin and Teddie Toad and Betty Butterfly sat up, and nodded their heads, and looked gaily at Patty.

"We'll tell where!" they said.

"Where?" laughed Patty.



"DICKY DOG SAT MUNCHING HIS BONE."

"I've found a worm," squawked Robby Robin. He pried between two boards, and sure enough he pulled out a worm!

"I hear a fly," panted Teddie Toad.

He hopped up the walk, and sure enough he caught a fly!

"I guess some honey," laughed Betty Butterfly.

She lit on a clover by the walk, and sure enough she received some honey!

So Dicky Dog sat munching his bone, and Katie Katt ran chasing her ball, and Robby Robin pecked at the worm, and Teddie Toad swallowed the fly, and Betty Butterfly swayed and teetered, enjoying the honey.

But the sidewalk said never a word!

And all this time Patty went up and down, swishing the long skirt, and waving the big fan, and feeling delightfully grown up. I can tell you!

But the sidewalk said never a word!

At the end of the walk stood an express-wagon. It seemed to be waiting for somebody.

"Good day, express-wagon," said Patty.

But the express-wagon said never a word!

"Can't you find your tongue?" asked Patty.

But the express-wagon said never a word!

"I think it's broken," barked Dicky Dog.

"I think it's sleepy," sniffed Katie Katt.

"I think it's rude," piped Robby Robin.

"I think it's cross," croaked Teddie Toad.

"I think it's deaf," whispered Betty Butterfly.

"I think it can't talk! It's an express-wagon but it can't express itself!" laughed Patty. "Suppose we take a ride."

So Patty climbed into the wagon, all ready to ride. Dicky Dog ran in front, all ready to pull. Katie Katt scrambled up to sit on Dicky Dog's back. Robby Robin flew up to perch on Katie Katt's shoulder. Teddie Toad hopped up to balance on Robby Robin's back. And Betty Butterfly floated up just over Teddie Toad's head.

"Hold on tight!" shouted everybody.

Away went Dicky Dog! Away went the express-wagon! Away went everybody!

First Dicky Dog walked, and that was smooth enough. Then Dicky Dog trotted, and that was jolty enough. Then Dicky Dog ran, and that was jerky enough. Then Dicky Dog raced, and that was rumbly enough. Then Dicky Dog gal-

loped, and that was tumbly enough. Then Dicky Dog tore, and that was jolty and jerky and rumbly and tumbly all together!

Away went Betty Butterfly's forget-me-not crown! Away went Teddie Toad's clean white bib! Away went Robby Robin's wide paper collar! Away went Katie Katt's crocheted sock! Away went Dicky Dog's hat and spectacles! Away went Patty's gloves and scarf and fan!

When they reached the lilac-bush, Betty Butterfly was brushed off and left swinging on a blossom. When they reached the pump, Teddie



"AWAY WENT DICKY DOG! AWAY WENT THE EXPRESS-WAGON!
AWAY WENT EVERYBODY!"

Toad was tumbled off and left groping in the tall grass. When they reached the apple-tree, Robby Robin was bounced off and left clinging to a twig. When they reached the pansy bed, Katie Katt was shaken off and left sprawling among the flowers. When they reached the porch, Patty was rolled out and left lying on the steps.

And then—

The express-wagon stopped! It stopped with a bounce and a squeak and a sigh! And Dicky Dog stopped, too!

Dicky Dog stretched himself at the foot of the porch steps and fell into a deep sleep. Katie Katt curled herself up in a ball among the pansies and dropped into a sound snooze. Robby Robin tucked his head under his wing and took a long nap. Teddie Toad shut his eyes to catch three more delicious winks. Betty Butterfly closed her beautiful wings—

And Patty crossed the porch, without looking *once* at herself in the big window!



ST NICHOLAS LEAGUE



The weeks speed by with flying feet;
 The sun climbs on, in northward swing;
 Another month and we shall greet
 The earliest harbingers of Spring!
 Meanwhile, to King Midwinter, praise
 For outdoor sports and indoor joys
 And well-loved tasks that crown these days
 With happy cheer for girls and boys!

THE League pages for this month offer a well-balanced exhibit, in which it would be difficult to award special preëminence to any one group of contestants. Our young writers have done exceeding well, both in prose and verse. All the stories, whether of fact or fancy, are cleverly told; and several offer hints for profitable thought, or descriptions and incidents worth remembering—so many and so different are the angles from which the various contributors have looked at "The Open Gate." As for the young poets, they give ample proof that the gift of rhyming is inborn in many an American girl and boy, and the lyric quality of their verse this month is excellent.

Very dainty and graceful are most of the drawings—both those illustrating the subject "Shopping" and the

quaint ingenious tributes to St. Valentine in the designs of "A Heading for February."

And what a lively galaxy of interesting pictures has the camera clan contributed this month! There were literally myriads of "family pets," of all sorts and sizes, cats, dogs, ponies, calves, goats, "burros," bears,—and even *human* pets, from babies and wee youngsters to some who seem to have reached almost the age-limit of the League itself! The prints shown here are but the merest fraction of the mass received—and we wish we had room for every one of them, so cheery and joyous were they, each and all! A beautiful reminder of the fact that there is, for man and beast, such a lot of comfort, happiness, peace, and love still left in this good world.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 192

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

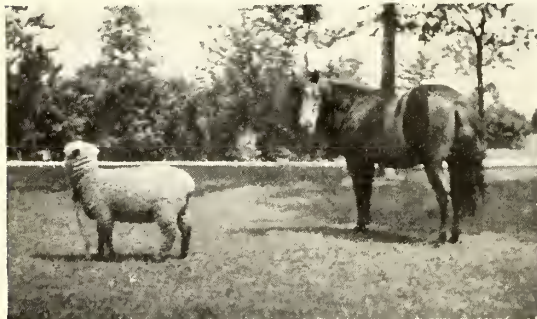
PROSE. Gold badges, **Lucile Talmage** (age 15), Utah; **Anna Rogers Lay** (age 14), North Carolina. Silver badges, **Ruth Elizabeth Baker** (age 14), New York; **Hilda F. Barnard** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Richard Frost** (age 12), California.

VERSE. Silver badges, **Allis F. Hussey** (age 16), Michigan; **Amy C. Love** (age 17), Illinois; **Carolyn T. Ladd** (age 13), Vermont; **Marcella H. Foster** (age 17), Massachusetts; **Elisabeth Gerould** (age 11), New Hampshire.

DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **Hilda Hahn** (age 17), Canada; **Amelia Winter** (age 15), New York; **Marian Allardt** (age 13), California. Silver badges, **Penelope Pope Hubbard** (age 13), Ohio; **Rita L. McCarthy** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Marjorie C. Stone** (age 14), Pennsylvania.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, **Lucy Pomeroy** (age 15), New York; **Matthew Pugsley** (age 15), New Jersey. Silver badges, **Caryl Peabody** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Harold Hammond** (age 14), Connecticut; **Louise Sholem** (age 16), New York; **Elizabeth Brown** (age 14), New York; **Katharine Sharpe** (age 14), New York; **Queenie Otis** (age 10), Ohio; **Eleanor Foster** (age 16), Ohio.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **James Stanisewsky** (age 17), Illinois. Silver badge, **Luther B. Arrington** (age 12), Massachusetts.



BY LUCY POMEROY, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON OCT., 1915)

BY HELENA JELLIFFE, AGE 12.

"THE FAMILY PET."

THE STORM—IN ARGENTINA

BY ALLIS F. HUSSEY (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

'T is in the mighty snow-capped Andes height
 I have my lairs, which wild winds only know.
 The dwellers of the plains are filled with fear
 When they at dusk my raging voice do hear,
 And feel my breath all chilled with mountain snow
 As toward the eastern seas I race by night.

In hate I bend the long-plumed pampas-grass
 Beneath my heavy flail of lashing rain.
 As down the wide La Plata to the sea
 I rush, the rising tide will turn and flee
 Before my wrath. Ere putting forth again
 To sea, all vessels wait until I pass.

Along the coast I laugh at the tall trees
 That stood so proud—my power has laid them low!
 And laughing think of the fair ship I sank
 Upon the shallows of the English bank—
 There where La Plata's muddy waters flow
 To join the blue-green of the Southern seas.



"THE FAMILY PET." BY CARYL PEABODY, AGE 15.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

I then excite the waves to violence by
 My might. Their foamy manes full high they fling.
 In fury charging in across the sand,
 They add their deluge to the rain-drenched land,
 While I my yearly song of hatred sing
 O'er ruined homes before I onward fly.

THE OPEN GATE

BY LUCILE TALMAGE (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1915)

ONCE, long ago, a very rich man lived near a very poor man. And the rich man said, "I will close fast my gate, to exclude all evil." But the poor man said, "I will leave my gate open, to admit all good."

Before long, the good fairy, Opportunity, came by on one of her rare visits; for so many new people were constantly coming into the world that she seldom visited the same person twice. After knocking vainly at

the rich man's gate, she went on to the friendly hut of the poor man. Before leaving him she showed him two magic bells. "I have two sons," she said, "Failure and Success. If the rules inscribed upon this golden bell are obeyed, the bell rings and Success answers gladly. But when one does the things written upon this leaden bell, Failure responds."

The poor man found it very easy to obey the instructions on the golden bell. His kindly actions soon set it



"SHOPPING." BY HILDA HAHN, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.
 SILVER BADGE WON DEC., 1915.)

tinkling merrily, and Success found his hut so pleasant that he made his permanent abode there.

But the rich man, all unwittingly, set the fairy's leaden bell a-jangling. Failure came, and after pounding upon the gate, unanswered, he angrily climbed over it and met the rich man.

In turn came Happiness, Love, and Prosperity, each being unable to obtain entrance at the rich man's gate, but each finding such a hearty welcome in the poor man's home that they became his constant companions.

Success made the poor man rich; but homeless, destitute, and bowed down by Failure, the rich man came to him and asked, "What must I do to obtain such blessings as thou hast?"

And his friend answered: "Keep the gate of thy heart ever open, Brother, to admit the blessings that are yet in store for thee."



BY PHYLLIS KEYES,
 AGE 13.



BY MATTHEW PUGSLEY, AGE 15.
 (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE
 WON OCT., 1915.)

"THE FAMILY PET."

AFTER THE STORM

BY JOHN DUNCAN COX (AGE 10)

(Honor Member)

THE black clouds on the rising wind have hidden, quite,
the sun;
The rain pours down in torrents; the angry storm 's
begun.
And now a flash of lightning illuminates like day
The rushing torrent falling and the rain clouds' sombre
gray.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY AMELIA WINTER, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE.)

At last the storm has ended, the clouds have disappeared;
The sun is slowly setting; the darkened sky has cleared.
And in the eastern part of it, its beauty all unfurled,
The rainbow shines unequalled—God's promise to the
world!

THE STORY OF THE OPEN GATE

BY RUTH ELIZABETH BAKER (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

I AM an old, rusty, iron gate. For many years I have
stood here, open, until my joints are so stiff that I fear
it would be hard work to move me now.



BY HAROLD HAMMOND, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY JAMES D. BRONSON, JR.,
AGE 11.

"THE FAMILY PET."

I am the main entrance to an ancient tumble-down
house. People down in the village whisper that the
house is haunted. And who knows? But often at
night, when the wind is blowing strong, strange and

weird noises come from the old house. Sometimes I
can hear sighs, low and mournful, and again the noise
is shrill and shrieking. If I were not a gate, I should
feel very creepy and frightened, but gates are not sup-
posed to have any feelings at all.

I was not always stiff and rusty as I am now. Once
I was new and shiny. The house then, too, was young
and handsome. Ah, those were gay times! How
plainly I can hear, as if it were but yesterday, the sweet
notes of the violin or the guitar, and the chatter of the
young people as they danced and frolicked in the big
house.

But every one went, one time, to the very last serv-
ant. My friend the ivy-vine thinks something serious
must have happened, but just what it was, she does not
know, and I have never been able to guess.

No one has come to live here since Master Edgar
and his family left. As years have passed, we have
grown older and more decayed. Now my only hope is
that we may be left in peace—through the rest of our
declining years.



"SHOPPING." BY VIRGINIA P. BRADFIELD, AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

THE OPEN GATEWAY

BY EMILIA BELKNAP (AGE 9)

"Look!" said the speckled hen to the white hen. "I
have always heard the worms are very good in pansy-
beds. Look, the gate is open. What do you say to
going in there and getting a few?"

"Fine!" exclaimed the white hen, and together they
both went through the open gateway.

"My!" ejaculated the speckled hen, "that 's good!
I 'm going to that other bed."

"Oh, you are, are you?" asked a voice.

Neither the white hen nor the speckled hen paid any
attention; they were too busy eating. Suddenly there
was a ruffling of feathers, an awful cackling, and out
of the garden scuttled the two hens.

"My!" exclaimed the white hen when they were
safely in the barnyard, "I was never so scared in my
life! I guess I 'll look out for open gateways after
this."



BY REZIA M. ROWLEY, AGE 13.



BY LOUISE SHOLEM, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY CLARA FREDERICH, AGE 16.



BY SIBYL WEYMOUTH, AGE 15.

BY ELIZABETH BROWN, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

BY FLORENCE DANIELS, AGE 14.

"THE FAMILY PET."

THE OPEN GATE

BY HILDA F. BARNARD (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

I THINK the people of the Eastern countries appreciate an open gate more than the inhabitants of the Western world; and even they appreciated it more in the years of long ago than at the present time.

How anxiously the Oriental camel-driver would strain his eyes to see if the gate was still open! It was a race against time, for at sunset the gate closed! And all comers after that would have to go through "the eye of the needle"—a little gate within the gate.

A heavily laden camel or ass could hardly get through, and at times they even would have to unload and the traveler would have to give the signal that he was not an enemy.

Can you picture a little village nestled among the hills, and a stretch of desert sand with the red sun setting and outlined against the sky, the figures of the hurrying camels and eager couriers with their long shadows on the sand?

Truly, if any people are grateful for an open gate, it must be those of the far East, rather than the dwellers in our newer Western world.

AFTER THE STORM

BY AMY C. LOVE (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

The storm is o'er, its wind-lashed fury spent:
The fields and vales in beaten silence lie:
But, lo! God sets His rainbow in the sky:
Earth smiles again and once more is content.

Upon the battle-field the storm is o'er;
The clouds of smoke roll back across the sky,
And where the wounded, pride of nations, lie,
Death numbers o'er her slain and grasps for more.

A dying soldier slowly moves and groans;
He lifts his eyes to where the rainbow gleams;
To him its arch a pledge of freedom seems.
"God send his bow of promise—peace," he moans.

THE STORM

BY LEOTA LOHR

(A pupil in a school for the blind)

It was a dark and cheerless day;
No ray of sun could pierce the blue;
The land in total darkness lay,
And darker, darker still it grew.

And now the thunder rent the air
With crash on crash and roar on roar,
The lightning flashed with flare on flare,
And sheets of rain began to pour.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY MARIAN ALLARDT, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON NOV., 1915.)

F
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The wind shrieked by with whistle shrill,
With moan on moan and wail on wail;
It whistled bleakly o'er the hill,
And swiftly flew the falling hail.

The thunder ceased its fearful roar,
The dazzling lightning ceased to flash,
The sable clouds rolled slowly o'er,
The rain and hail-stones ceased to crash.



"SHOPPING." BY MARGARET C. HARMS, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

The storm is past, the sun once more
Shines brightly on the cheery way;
But those who dwelt along the shore
Will ne'er forget that stormy day.

THE OPEN GATE

BY FRANCES E. NOBLE (AGE 12)

JEAN sat on the doorstep, watching the sunset sky. But her thoughts were on other things. "How can I earn some money?" was uppermost in her mind. "I'm up against a stone wall. I suppose there's a gate somewhere, but it's a long way off. Things in the future don't help you when you need so much now. If I could only find the gate, it would n't matter so much if it was shut. I could open it."

As she rose to enter the house, a voice behind her said, "Please, Miss, could n't you come and quiet Jamie? He's crying dreadful, and I don't know what's the matter."

Jean turned to see Mrs. Dustin, a widow who lived quite near her. Her husband had been killed shortly after Jamie, now ten months old, was born. Jean frequently went to see them, and Jamie had taken a great fancy to the pretty girl who was so nice to him.

So she followed Mrs. Dustin. Jamie was, indeed, "crying dreadful." Jean soon found a misdirected pin and removed it. The baby's crying quickly ceased, and she rose to go.

"You certainly can manage children," said Mrs. Dustin; "I could n't quiet him to find the trouble. You ought even to suit Mrs. Mannor. She's advertising for a nurse, but she's mighty particular."

Jean was soon inquiring further. Mrs. Mannor was a wealthy invalid, who had come to Melrose for her health and needed some one to look after her two children.

That afternoon Jean went to see her, and obtained the position at once. The pay was good, the hours short, and everything satisfactory.

That evening she again sat on the doorstep, but her thoughts were different.

"I did find the open gate, but, as often happens, where I least expected it."



"THE FAMILY PET." BY KATHARINE SHARPE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE SNOWSTORM

BY CAROLYN T. LADD (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

SILENTLY, softly fluttering down,
Eddying slowly by,
Dreamily floating, the snowflakes come
From a gray and leaden sky,
Shrouding the trees so tall and bare
In a misty veil of snow;
Faster and faster whirling down
To the dreary earth below.

Tenderly touching meadows brown,
 And the hillsides dark and bare,
 Covering over the crags and rocks
 With a whiteness soft and fair,



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY HELEN A. JOHNSON, AGE 13.

Steadily, softly drifting by
 Through all the winter's day,
 The earth a pure and silent white,
 The sky a silent gray.

Slowly and slower the white flakes come
 And fade upon the drifts;
 The gray clouds break, the setting sun
 Shines through the fleecy rifts.
 He beams upon a dazzling world,
 Pearly, and white, and still—
 A blaze of glory, and he drops
 Behind the western hill.

THE OPEN GATE

BY ANNA ROGERS LAY (AGE 14)

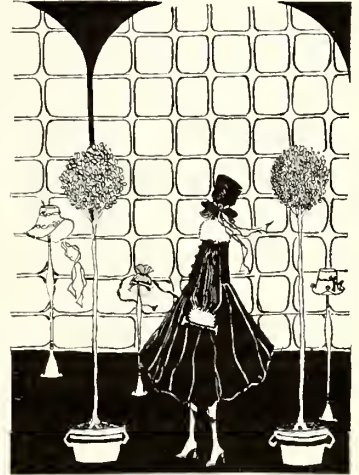
(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October, 1915)

"Shoo, chickies! Shoo! There! Now they 're all in, and I hope they won't get out again."

Dolly shut the gate and went into the house. She had left open the gate that kept the chickens out of her mother's garden, and had had a hard time getting them back where they belonged.

At about twelve o'clock that night, Dolly tried and tried to remember if she had left the gate open or not. "Oh, I must have left it open!" she thought, "and I 'll have to go outdoors in the dark and shut it."

Dolly got out of bed and crept downstairs and out into the garden. The moon and stars were beautiful, but she hurried on. She had almost reached the gate when she stopped. What was that white thing she saw? It certainly looked like a ghost to Dolly! Fiery eyes shone all around her, and the next minute the air seemed to be filled with goblins, and ghosts, and witches, and bears, and so many other horrible things that Dolly trembled all over and longed to turn and run. But was n't that gate open? She must close it. She was thinking of this when a little brown witch, riding on a broomstick, moved slowly toward her. Nearer and nearer she came. Dolly was petrified, and shivered from head to foot. "Go away!" she cried. "Go away! Mother! Mother!"



"SHOPPING." BY PENELOPE P. HUBBARD, AGE 13 (SILVER BADGE.)

DOLLY sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes. The moonlight was streaming through the window, and her mother was sitting by her.

"What is the matter, darling?" she said. Dolly thought for a while. "I must have been dreaming," she answered sleepily. "Now I remember I shut the gate." She gave her mother a kiss and nestled down in her bed again and went to sleep.

League members are reminded that the silver badge must be won before the gold badge can be awarded.



BY MARGARET GABEL, AGE 15.



BY QUEENIE OTIS, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY NANCY JAY, AGE 15.

"THE FAMILY PET."

AFTER THE STORM

BY MARCELLA H. FOSTER (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

A WILDERNESS of dripping trees—and leaves—
Drenched with so many drops from Jove's Olympus
spilled!

A checkered lane of wav'ring light—and there,
Just where the hill rounds up, I see a rainbow fair,
After the storm.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY RITA L. MCCARTHY, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

The path winds on—'t is such a pretty path!
And now I sight my garden with its flowers frail.
A squirrel moves across the old stone wall—
Near by a bluebird echoes to the sunbeams' call,
After the storm.

I pluck a rose full-blown in velvet pink—
What does a rose not know or understand, dear
heart?—

I kiss the petals soft, still moist with dew,
And then I send it forth into the world—to you—
After the storm.

THE OPEN GATE

BY RICHARD FROST (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

OF all the open gates the maritime world has ever
known, the most wonderful is the great and famous
Panama Canal.

There already being seven wonders of the world, the
Panama Canal will now make an eighth.

Please, dear readers, think what a saving of time it
will be for ships from Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia,
and all the islands of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans
to go through the Panama Canal instead of going away
around Cape Horn, the southernmost point of South
America.

Or in other words, if any European country, say Eng-
land, wishes to send goods to some Australian city, her
ships can make a direct line right across the Atlantic
Ocean, go through the Canal, and thence straight
across the Pacific Ocean to Australia.

Or if any Asiatic country, say India, wishes to send
merchandise to a city on our Eastern coast, they simply
have to send their ships straight across the Pacific,
through the Canal, and thence straight to their port via
the Atlantic Ocean.

The Panama Canal is owned by the United States
Government, which has the right to keep battle-ships
belonging to nations at war from passing through the
canal for the purpose of gaining easier access to the
enemy's country.

The Panama Canal is strongly fortified at either end;
and although severe landslides occur in it at certain
times, and sometimes keep ships from passing through
it, it is, all told, one of the most perfect of open gates.

THE STORM

BY ELISABETH GEROULD (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

THE wind that bent the swaying trees
Hurled pitch-black clouds across the sky,
As through the air a flashing glare
Lit up the angry storm on high.

Then came a splitting, tearing crash,
A hollow roar of thunder loud;
The rain beat down upon the ground
As lightning flashed from cloud to cloud.

The storm-wind tossed the ships at sea,
And rolled the waves up mountain high;
The lighthouse lamp shone through the dark
To guide the ships that scudded by.

Then in the west a bright light shone;
The clouds retreated down the sky,
And all the air was fresh and sweet.
As morning dawned, the storm went by.

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

Alfred S. Valentine
Edith Sise
Elsbeth G.
McGoodwin
Catherine J. Urell
Amélie de Witt
Gertrude Woolf
Ellen B. Lay
Mildred L. Kline
Ellen Ewing
Dorothy Stevens
Katharine L.
Henning
Walter Hanlon

Isadore Fineberg
Eda McCoy
Marion Harper
Gwenfreed E. Allen
Lena Becker
Sydney H. Archbell
Antoinette Webster
Frances Gillmor
Kathryn Shephard
Laurence B.
Goodrich
Maebelle Brooks
Ethel Van Meter
May E. Wishart
Carl Jacobson
Muriel A. Jaisohn

Gjems Fraser
Cecil M. Shultis
Irene Gorsch
Katharine Van R.
Holste
Marian E. Dixon
Mildred V. Preston
Evelyn Lewis
Rathia A. Staples
Theo. E. Wright
Clara I. V. Bibuld
Mary Powers

VERSE, 1

Dorothy Levy



"THE FAMILY PET." BY ELEANOR FOSTER, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Mary L. D. West
Bessie Rosenman
Jean Robertson
Frances Segner
Virginia M. Allcock
Lolita Stubblefield
Alvin Hattorf
Kathleen Bibby

Vivian E. Hall
Mabel Warren
Anna E. Warren
Irene Shlivek
Alyvna Croter
Suzanne Oberdorf
Mary Bray
Nell F. Hiscoc

Marthedith Furnas
Nelle Adams
Helen A. Winans
Franklin McDuffee
Mabelle H. Emory
Mary S. Benson
Llewellyn Wilcox
Emma Jacobs

Verna Peacock
Ann E. Sheble
Harriet S. Bailey
Fannie M. Bouton
Elizabeth Kieffer

James Dee
Richardson
Alta I. Davis
Ruth Ella Hughes
Harry Trunstail, Jr.

Adelaide Winter
Catharine S. Krupa
Margaret L.
Sutherland
Virginia Deacon
Esther Rice
Juliet Chisholm
Florence E. Wallace
Marjorie
Wintermute
Alfred Adams
F. B. Fox
June M. Cochran
Carolene Dutcher
Cora Anderson

Mary I. Fry
Grace Phillips
Olive J. Archbold
John Underwood
Wilma E. Stewart
Audrey Sanders

Robbins Miller
Eleanor Cook
Hubert Barentzen
Nicholas Ford
Eleanore Marron
Winifred Nichols

Eliphalt Wickes
Renwick S. McIver
Mary M. Smith
Milton Hyman
Frona M. Brooks
Helen Milliken
Katherine Wallace
Dolph Gumaer
Harriet Straight
Harold Douglas

PUZZLES, 1

Richard L. Purdy

PUZZLES, 2

E. Custis Bennett

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 196

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. 196 will close **February 24** (for foreign members **February 29**). 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, "In Days of Old."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Story of a Friend."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Worker," or "At Work."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Call," 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.

No unused contribution can be returned *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—and must state in writing—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; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.



"SHOPPING." BY ROBERT MARTIN, AGE 15.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Clara Engel
Eleanor J. Eldredge
Elizabeth Bray
Rowland R.
Shepardson
Margaret Phillips
Dorothy C. N. Hall
Barbara Barnes
Margaret Olmstead
Annie B.
Auchincloss
Helen Tatnall
Margreta S. Kerr
Elizabeth Harlow
Bessie Strange
Charles B. Cooper
Eleanor Ravenstedt
Frances T. McIntyre
Natalie Gookin
Katherine Schachner
Horace Crandall
Sherwood Buckstaff
Louise Bazeley
Richard Sloggett
Catherine Dutcher
McMillan Lewis
Alice L. Thomas
Frederick A. Small
Dorothy M.
Morehouse
Cornelia Merritt
Mary F. Child
Dorothy Steffan
Dolly M. Burnett

Jean F. Black
Harriet T. Parsons
Peggy Norris
Marie Mirvis
Katherine Hunn
Dorothea Dresser
Winifred F. Gray
Celestine Morgan
M. Dorothea
Drummond
Hannah Ratisher
Dorene Brown
Rachel McClurg
Olive E. Northup
Eleanor Johnson
L. Burton Crane, Jr.
Francis D. Johnson
Olive Noel
Oscar Kaplan
Margaret H. Laidlaw
Ruth Barcher
Miriam Fehliner
Ruth Crawford
Hester T. Sheldon
Kerby S. Miller
Elisabeth Wilson
Emily S. Haigh
Frances B. Baskin
Maria Schneider
Eleanor Davis
Louise Sanford
Helen G. Harmon
Farwell G. Bemis
Marion West
Grace H. Parker

Agustine J. Cardevar
Anita Hitt
Mary M. Rogers



A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY
MARJORIE C. STONE, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

DRAWINGS, 1

Gertrude Harms
Clarence Johnson
Evelyn Ringemann
Elberta L. Esty
J. M. Hirschmann
Frances H. Lenz
Henry Silldorff

Ruth Browne
Alice L. Morrell
Chas. A. Smith

Lillian A. Watkins
Beatrice Whipple
Lois H. Swett

THE LETTER-BOX

MERIDEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last Thursday night after a concert given by the Fisk Jubilee Singers, the younger Mr. Harrison took you up and looked you over.

"Have you ever read ST. NICHOLAS?" I asked, as he seemed greatly interested.

I thought the question provoked him, for he rose quickly and said very earnestly:

"I've read ST. NICHOLAS from the time I was ten, up. I've read it when it has taken me an hour to read a sentence. I've taken it with me when I've been picking cotton to get the money to pay for it. I've taken it with me when I've gone fishing. One time I took it with me and propped it up against a tree. About five minutes afterward, I got a large trout on my hook. When pulling the trout in, I upset my ST. NICHOLAS, pushing it into the water. I let go my pole and fished out my ST. NICHOLAS. By the time I got back to my rod, the trout was gone. I told my father, when I got back, all about it, and he said he would whip me the next time I lost a trout for a good-for-nothing book of waste paper. That very night he stayed up till three o'clock reading it. And now," said he, "you ask me if I've read ST. NICHOLAS!"

Your loving friend,

PHIL. LORD.

ORANGE VALE, BERMUDA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading your magazine, month by month, I have never come across a letter from Bermuda, so I thought that I would write and tell you something about these fairy islands, known best as the Bermudas, although they have sometimes been called Somers' Islands, after Sir George Somers, who was wrecked here in 1609, and afterward became the first governor. Although few know it, Bermuda is Britain's oldest colony. Shakspeare mentioned Bermuda in "The Tempest," calling it "Bermoothes Isle."

These islands consist of two large islands known as the mainland, and are joined together by the longest causeway in the world. The mainland is twenty-five miles long, and three miles wide at its widest point. But there are five hundred miles of splendid roadway yet unspoiled by the hand of commerce, for there are no trains or motor-cars to spoil these fairy isles. The roads are made of pure, dazzling-white, coral stone, broken up and then pounded hard by the road-roller.

Bermuda is famous for the great variety of beautiful scenery to be found in such a small compass. The varied hues and the crystalline clearness of the water are only to be rivaled in the Bay of Naples.

The crystal caves in Bermuda, discovered by accident by two little Negro boys during their play, are one of its great wonders. To see them, a visitor must descend ninety steps into the earth, when he will come to a fairyland. The caves consist of two chambers, and to get from one to the other one must walk on pontoon bridges over a lake where one may look into crystalline depths and see the sandy bottom beneath. In the second chamber, the throne-room, one must stand and gaze in wonder at a throne of pure white crystal sparkling like myriads of diamonds under the electric lights now installed. The stalactites and stalagmites vary in size, some being no larger than a lead-pencil. They are of every imaginable color, and in place look like the pipes of some great organ.

There are two towns: St. Georges, the old capital, and Hamilton, the present capital; the latter has many fine

buildings, and like the rest of Bermuda, they are of coral stone. There is a very nice park containing all tropical and semi-tropical plants, from stately royal palms to blooming oleanders. During the winter, or tourist, season, the important streets in Hamilton are very gay with throngs of strangers intermingled with navy and army officers in uniform, and here and there may be seen a Negro woman carrying a tray of fruit on her head with the grace of a princess, nodding to her acquaintances on her way, quite oblivious of the tray of fruit balanced (to the onlooker) in a most precarious manner.

Ever your reader,

MARIAN TUCKER (age 13).

HOOD RIVER, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Governor West, of this State, set aside the twenty-fifth of last April as "Good Roads Day." On this date every one in the State was supposed to work on the roads. The people in this section of the country are very much interested in a road running along the bluff of the Columbia River, that will connect Portland and Hood River. The baker was the first man on the road, but he was not the first to break dirt. A banker said, when he went home, that, no matter where he put arnica, it would be needed. My brother, another boy, and I acted as water-boys. We walked six and three eighth miles, carrying water.

MYRON HOYT (age 11).

GREENVILLE, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our family has taken you for a long time. My great-grandmother (first), my grandmother (second), my mother (third), my uncle (fourth), and now myself (fifth), have been your subscribers. We have all certainly enjoyed you. I think ST. NICHOLAS is the best magazine published for children.

I like "The Pigeon House," "A Family Conspiracy," and "Peg o' the Ring," the best in the October magazine. I also *greatly* enjoyed "The Boarded-up House."

Your interested reader,

MILDRED FULLER (age 11).

SANTA MONICA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for three years and have enjoyed you very much, especially "The Boarded-up House" and "The Lost Prince."

Santa Monica is about seventeen miles from Los Angeles and is right over the ocean. It is up on some bluffs about 200 feet high. The bathing is lovely in the summer and quite a few people come each summer from Canada. I am English myself, and came over here when I was ten.

Your very interested reader,

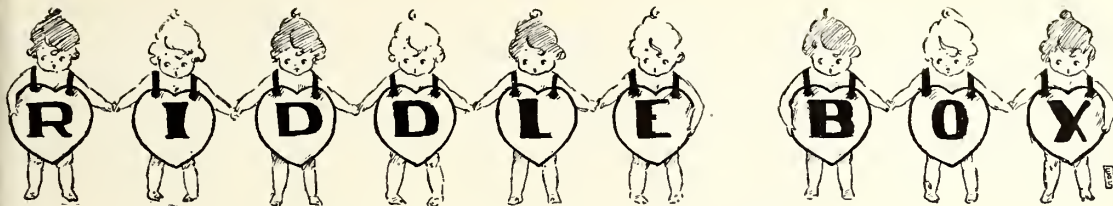
MARJORIE BALGUY (age 14).

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you my best Christmas wishes. I liked the stories so much that I am taking you for another year. I just ate up your last number when it came. Two days later I had nothing to read, and I went around pestering everybody until Mother said, "Go read your ST. NICHOLAS over again." And I did. I found interesting letters in the "Letter-Box."

Your loving reader,

ELISABETH NEUHAUS (age 10).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER

OVERLAPPING SQUARES: I. 1. Peter. 2. Edile. 3. Tires. 4. Élève. 5. Reset. II. 1. Broad. 2. Rife. 3. Often. 4. Alert. 5. Dents. III. 1. Venal. 2. Etude. 3. Nubia. 4. Adits. 5. Lease. IV. 1. Nomad. 2. Obole. 3. Mogul. 4. Alure. 5. Deles. V. 1. Tsars. 2. Sepal. 3. Apace. 4. Raced. 5. Sleds.—CHARADE. Don-key.

ZIGZAG. A Happy New Year. Cross-words: 1. Aroma. 2. Chase. 3. Craze. 4. Shape. 5. Paper. 6. Cycle. 7. Noted. 8. Penal. 9. Tower. 10. Beryl. 11. Sheen. 12. Taste. 13. Regal.

NUMERICAL ACROSTIC. Primals, Ali Baba. Cross-words: 1. Arranging. 2. Lariat. 3. Insane. 4. Bright. 5. Assist. 6. Bamboo. 7. Acadia. From 1 to 6, Cassim; 7 to 14, Morgiana; 15 to 27, Arabian Nights; 28 to 31, stir; 32 to 35, dote.

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC. Third row, Robert E. Lee. 1. Carrot. 2. Flower. 3. Tablet. 4. Cherry. 5. Parcel. 6. Retort. 7. Needle. 8. Dollar. 9. Beetle. 10. Cheese.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLES: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 24 from Elizabeth Lee Young—Claire A. Hepner—"Achilles and Hector"—Hubert Barentzen—Evelyn Hillman—"Allil and Adi"—"David and Robert."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 24 from Helen H. McIver, 9—M. W. Johnstone, 9—Isabel Wisner, 9—Ignatius Vado, 9—Helen A. Moulton, 8—Arthur Poulin, Jr., 8—Helen Adda Vance, 7—Joel and Dorothy, 7—Orrin Judd and Robert Bass, 6—Winifred Walz, 3—Caroline Graves, 2—Mary Sloan, 2—Lenore Murple, 2—Walker B. Davis, 2—Margaret Rouillion, 2—Ade-laide R. Ogden, 2—Morton Milsner, 2—May Krauss, 1—Katharine H. White, 1—Gertrude Coles, 1—Bentley Courtenay, 1—Rosalind O. English, 1—Barbara Farr, 1—N. F. Reynal, 1—S. Burrage, 1—Elizabeth Ellsworth, 1—Jeannie Dupee, 1—Eleanor Marsh, 1—Eleanor Herring, 1—Kenneth Burdick, 1—Judith Marvin, 1—Dorothy Hunting, 1.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous scientist who was born in February.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Gaps in the earth. 2. Fireside. 3. Forever. 4. To go over again. 5. Toils. 6. With facility. 7. Grief. 8. Scarcity. 9. A place where weapons are kept. 10. A certain bone of the body. 11. A guardian. 12. To cut in. 13. A prickly plant.

SYDNEY BOROCK (age 11), *League Member*.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in war, but not in fight;
My second in lamp, but not in light;
My third is in wash, but not in clean;
My fourth is in hateful, but not in mean;
My fifth is in mice, but not in mouse;
My sixth is in inn, but not in house;
My seventh in gnaw, but not in chew;
My eighth is in tint, but not in hue;
My ninth is in ocean, but not in sea;
My tenth is in lawn, but not in lea;
My whole was a patriot, strong and true,
Who helped his country when it was new.

MARY LOUISE BOGGS (age 12), *League Member*.

TRANSPPOSITIONS

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October, 1915)

EXAMPLE: Transpose a thin plate of rock into stories. Answer, slate, tales.

1. Transpose to collect with care, and make a corner.
2. Transpose censure, and make a feminine name.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Osaka; finals, smoky. Cross-words: 1. Oils. 2. Seem. 3. Auto. 4. Kick. 5. Airy.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL. Guatemala. Cross-words: 1. Gallipoli. 2. Bukharest. 3. Champlain. 4. Amsterdam. 5. Mackenzie. 6. Baltimore. 7. Transvaal. 8. Nashville. 9. Aconcagua.

DIAMONDS. I. 1. S. 2. Ewe. 3. Exact. 4. Swallow. 5. Eclat. 6. Tot. 7. W. II. 1. T. 2. Dab. 3. Dined. 4. Tanager. 5. Ben-gin. 6. Den. 7. R.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Shakspeare.

QUADRUPLE BEHEADINGS. Monroe Doctrine. 1. Chap-man. 2. Rest-ore. 3. Sati-net. 4. Kind-red. 5. Anem-one. 6. Gent-eel. 7. Broa-den. 8. Turm-oil. 9. Apri-cot. 10. Timo-thy. 11. Leve-ret. 12. Vamp-ire. 13. Nomi-nor. 14. Chol-era.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE. Begin at 73. Waterloo, Agincourt, Trafalgar, Bannockburn, Blenheim, Balaclava, Ligny, Malplaquet, Flodden, Sedan.

3. Transpose a device for fastening rope, used on ships, and make applause.
4. Transpose to vex, and make a cooking apparatus.
5. Transpose a company of singers, and make the fluid circulating in the veins of the gods.
6. Transpose a wind instrument, and make to moan.
7. Transpose observes, and make an assault.
8. Transpose a strip of wood from a cask, and make one of the chief divinities of the ancient Romans.
9. Transpose a card or a die with two spots, and make to draw forth.
10. Transpose to brag, and make a wooden shoe.
11. Transpose to skip, and make a horse having a peculiar, easy-riding way of lifting his legs.
12. Transpose pertaining to the moon, and make pertaining to the ulna.
13. Transpose mother-of-pearl, and make a wading bird.
14. Transpose a fruit, and make of little value.
15. Transpose pertaining to a rune, and make to bring down upon one's self.

When the foregoing transpositions have been rightly made, the initials of the new words will spell the name of a very famous Italian navigator.

JAMES STANISEWSKY (age 17).

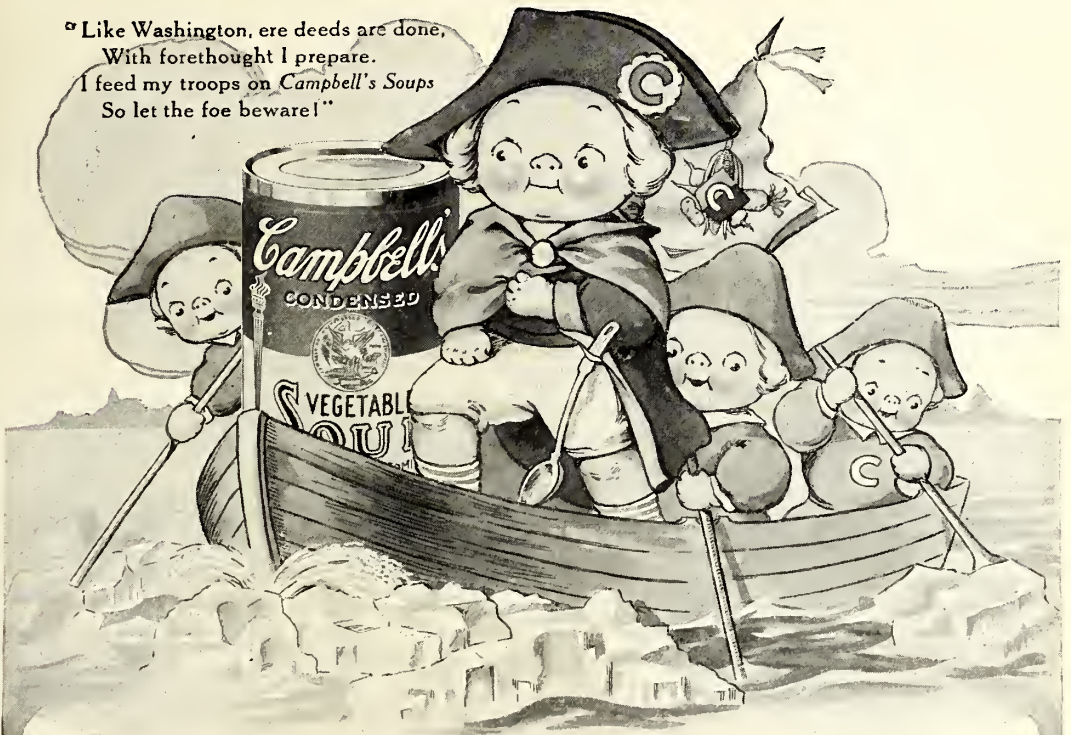
CENTRAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters, reading downward, will spell a good motto for lazy people.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A cup-like spoon with a long handle. 2. Entire. 3. Loyalty. 4. To grasp. 5. To skip about. 6. An imaginary being supposed to inhabit the inner parts of the earth. 7. To quail.

G. PRISCILLA DIMICK (age 14), *League Member*.

"Like Washington, ere deeds are done,
With forethought I prepare.
I feed my troops on Campbell's Soups
So let the foe beware!"



Well fed is well prepared.

Your whole family is put in better condition against the trying winter months by the regular use of

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

This savory Campbell "kind" includes such wholesome vegetables as white potatoes, sweet potatoes, juicy green okra, small peas, tender corn, carrots and "baby" lima beans—all delightfully flavored with celery, parsley and a hint of red peppers. And these appetizing ingredients—together with "alphabet" macaroni—are combined in a rich meat-stock made from choice beef.

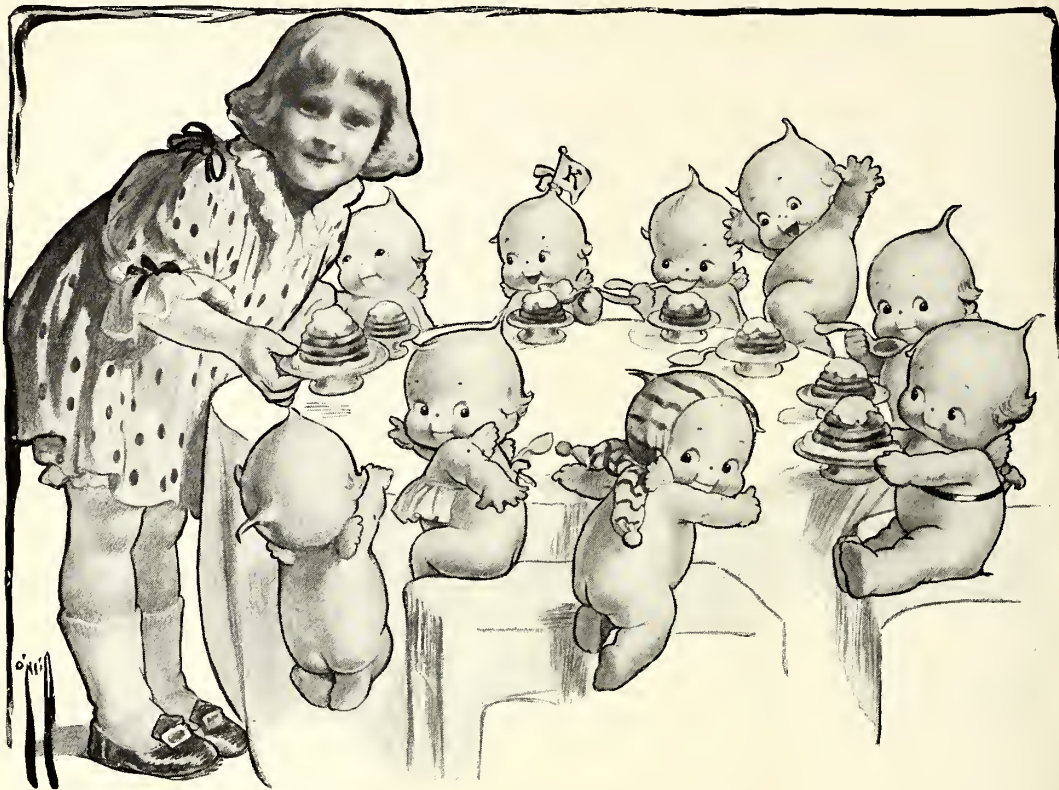
Have this strengthening soup for dinner *today*. You'll say you never tasted a soup more nourishing and delicious.

21 kinds

10c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



The Kewpies' First Banquet

For a long time the Kewpies have been distributing sunshine and cheer and good times, but nobody has ever done anything for them beyond saying, "Aren't they cute?" Now the Jell-O Girl is giving them a banquet and is serving their favorite dish of

JELL-O

Every sensible woman will agree with the Kewpies that Jell-O is the proper thing to serve for dessert—not only because its flavor is delicious, but because it is so easily made up into the most delightful dishes without cooking and without adding anything but boiling water to the powder from the wonderful ten-cent package.

There are seven different pure fruit flavors of Jell-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, and Chocolate. Each, in a package by itself, 10 cents at any grocer's or any general store.

A beautiful new Jell-O Book telling of a young bride's house-keeping experiences has just been issued. It has splendid pictures in colors and will interest every woman. It will be sent to you free if you will send us your name and address.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.

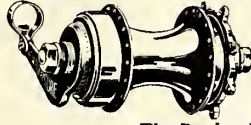
A tightly sealed waxed paper bag, proof against moisture and air, encloses the Jell-O in each package.



This is the package

Makes Every Day a Coasting Day

NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE



The Brake that brought the Bike back

Back in Dad's time, coasting was a real luxury dependent upon a lot of snow, a little rain, a good freeze and a steep hillside. Coasting joys were few and far between.

Today, with a New Departure equipped bicycle, you can coast anywhere — *anytime* — on hill or level road.

When you strike a down grade you stop pedalling—your feet are at rest—you enjoy all the exhilarating sport of coasting that Dad ever experienced with his old bob-sled or double ripper—and then some.

Even on level stretches you can enjoy coasting with ease and safety after a little spurt of speed.

So you see that coasting, formerly an infrequent winter pastime, is now possible at all seasons if you ride a bicycle equipped with the New Departure Coaster Brake.

Dad ought to know this. Get a bicycle and take him to the longest, steepest hill you know about and then show him how you can coast from top to bottom, taking all the "thank-you-marms," the turns, and bad places in the road with perfect safety and your bicycle at all times under absolute control.

Then Dad is sure to see the wonderful advantages of the New Departure Coaster Brake.

Free to Live Boys!—We will send you a gold-plated "Joy Boy" stick-pin if you will give us the name of your nearest bicycle dealer.

**New Departure Mfg.
Company**
105 Main Street
BRISTOL - - CONN.





Start Them On Oat-Lined Paths

Do you agree with this?

That oats as a vim-food stands unique and supreme? That modern science con-

firms the lore of the Ages about oats as the food for growth?

And that love of oats, inbred in childhood, lasts to the end of the journey?

If so, start children on the oat-lined path. This energy food makes the steep places easier. It qualifies body and brain. At every step, at every age, the love of oats will prove helpful.

Quaker Oats

Spirit-Giving, Energizing Flakes

We help you to foster the oat habit by making oats extra-delicious. That is, we pick out for Quaker Oats just the richest, plumpest grains. Two-thirds of each bushel are discarded in this brand.

That, with our process, creates a delight-

ful dish. Its flavor has won connoisseurs the world over. Quaker Oats is the breakfast of kings. Yet the millions can enjoy it without any extra price.

If love of oats is important, Quaker Oats is important. And this is to urge that you get it.

10c and 25c per package, except in Far West and South

QUAKER COOKERS

Now in 700,000 Homes

Another help is this Quaker Cooker, made to our order so Quaker Oats may be cooked in the ideal way. Made of pure aluminum, extra heavy, cereal capacity $2\frac{1}{4}$ quarts. Every week thousands of new homes adopt it. Send us our trademark—the picture of the Quaker—cut from the front of five Quaker Oats packages. Send one dollar with these trademarks and this perfect cooker will be sent by parcel post.

If you love oats well enough to get Quaker, let us supply you this cooker. Address

The Quaker Oats Company
1708 Railway Exchange, Chicago



Pure
Aluminum
Extra
Large

(1117)



“There, Mother, Just As You Predicted—”

Missing the “game-ball” *right in front of the pocket* is only one of the whimsical turns with which Home Billiards abounds. It’s part of the frolic to twit the family sharp-shooter. So leave it to mother and the boys to hold their own.

Your family deserves this daily sport and exercise that Brunswick Carom and Pocket Tables are providing for thousands of homes.

Send today for our color-illustrated book of details. *It’s free.*

Brunswick “Baby Grand”

“Grand,” “Convertible” and “Quick Demountable” Billiard Tables
Now \$27 Up—Pay 10c a Day

Brunswick Home Tables are scientifically built, with accurate angles, fast ever-level billiard beds and quick-acting Monarch cushions—the choice of experts.

Why buy a toy table when a real grown-up Brunswick costs so little? By paying while playing, you never will miss the amount.

Any Home Has Room

Now you can get a genuine Brunswick in any size your home requires. Our “Quick Demountable” fits on top of your library or dining table, or comes with folding or quick-detachable legs. “Grand” and “Baby Grand”—for homes with a spare room, attic, basement or den—are the finest and fastest in the world.



“BABY GRAND”
Carom and Pocket Billiard Style

30-Day Trial—Outfit FREE

Balls, Cues, Rack, Markers, Spirit Level, Expert Book of 33 Games, etc., all included free with every Brunswick. No extras to buy—no heavy after-expense.

Our plan lets you try the table *30 days FREE*. Then pay monthly, *as little as 10 cents a day!*

Send at once for our widely-read book, “Billiards—The Home Magnet,” that shows these tables in realistic colors, discloses factory prices and full details. New edition now ready. Mail the coupon for this valuable book today. *It’s FREE.*

Mail This For Billiard Book FREE!

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., (512)
Dept. 26R 623-633 S. Wabash Av., Chicago
Send free, postpaid, your color-book

“Billiards—The Home Magnet”
and tell about your home trial offer.

Name

Address

CARE of the teeth is important for general health and strength.

LET your dentist see *your* teeth twice a year, and be on the safe side.

EVERY morning, before breakfast, give your teeth a thorough brushing—

AND every night, before going to bed, brush them well again.

NOT a great task, is it?—and with Ribbon Dental Cream it is a pleasure.

THE flavor of this dentifrice is so delicious that you *enjoy* the brushing.

ENTIRE freedom from scratching grit makes it perfectly safe—

ECONOMY is obtained by its ribbon form which prevents waste—

TEETH and mouth are left wholesomely clean and non-acid.

HELP yourself now, and all thro' life by giving the teeth proper care with



So, everywhere—
or a trial tube
sent for 4 cents.

COLGATE & CO.

DEPT. 60 199 FULTON ST.
NEW YORK



Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined



THE BOOK MAN

As you perhaps know, on April 23rd of this year it will be three hundred years since William Shakspeare died at Stratford-on-Avon; and wherever Shakspeare's language is spoken there are going to be celebrations in honor of the greatest of poets. This is an opportunity boys and girls, and especially the readers of *St. NICHOLAS*, should not miss, and luckily enough a way has just been provided for them to take advantage of it. Most of us, I suppose, have read "Master Skylark," John Bennett's story of Shakspeare's England, which has been so popular that in the eighteen years since it was first published it has gone into thirteen editions. Well, "Master Skylark" has been made into a play by Mr. Edgar White Burrill,—a play in five acts, which has just been published, at \$1.00, by The Century Co.

Like the book upon which it is based, "Master Skylark" reproduces Shakspeare's birthplace and the scenes of his life and work in London, and it introduces him as a character. It opens in Stratford, showing Nick Atwood, a young cousin of Shakspeare's, dissatisfied with the monotony of his home-life. A company of strolling players comes along—in those days, as you know, actors wandered about the countryside, finding an audience where they could—and they kidnap the boy because of his beautiful voice. After a number of adventures along the road they reach London, and there Nick becomes a famous choir-singer. Later, after many attempts to find him, he meets his kinsman William Shakspeare, who brings about a reunion of Nick and his Stratford relatives. The boy-and-girl love affair between Nick and Cicely Carew, daughter of the master-player who had kidnapped him, gives the play an element that all plays to be successful seem to need.

"Master Skylark" is a play that boys and girls will enjoy giving and one that their parents will like to have them give, for it is, to speak of only one of its many points of value, a memorable lesson in literature and history. Many are the famous men and women who appear in it—Shakspeare himself, "rare Ben Jonson," Thomas Heywood, Queen Elizabeth, and other great figures of England's Golden Age

THE BOOKMAN—Continued

of poetry and adventure. Then, too, the simple home-life of a fellow-townsmen of Shakspeare at Stratford is faithfully reproduced,—the surroundings amid which the poet himself grew up. A typical players' company gives an inn-yard performance of a play, bringing out characteristically the conditions of Shakspeare's own training as a dramatist. The use of boys to play women's parts in the plays of that day is illustrated in the way Nick and his associates are coached by the old precentor of St. Paul's. The elaborate, always beautiful costumes of those brightest and wittiest of courtly days give color to the throne-room scene in Queen Elizabeth's favorite palace, in Green-



wich. A cell-corridor in the famous Newgate prison is shown. Ben Jonson composes the well-known lyric "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes," in compliment to Shakspeare, at the feast to celebrate the master-poet's acquisition of his beautiful "New Place" at Stratford-on-Avon. Other Elizabethan lyrics are introduced throughout the play, and may

be sung with appropriate sixteenth century music, while Shakspeare himself is seen engaged in a battle of wits with Ben Jonson over a criticism of certain lines in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The scene where Jonson and the rest act out the thrilling experiences of their final escape to Stratford illustrates the facility with which the players of those days turned everything into dramatic material.

These are some of the points that Mr. Clayton Hamilton, the well-known dramatic critic, probably had in mind when he wrote that Mr. Burrill had charmingly recaptured the spirit and the atmosphere of Shakspeare's England, adding: "I have read many plays in manuscript which have been designed as contributions to the forthcoming celebration; but 'Master Skylark' is the only one that has appeared to me worthy of the great occasion."

I hope that many groups of St. NICHOLAS readers and their friends will want to give this play. You will have an unusually good time doing it, I feel quite sure.

The Book Man



Some Pumpkins Here, Boys

THE 108-lb. pumpkin in the wheel-barrow weighed more than the boy who raised it. At the Erie County, N. Y., Fair, Maynard Ellison took first prize on this pumpkin.

He was so proud of his big pumpkins that he sent us his picture and we were so proud of his accomplishment that we decided to use it in this advertisement, so you could see how big it was.

You see, Maynard uses Burpee's seeds and in addition to the pumpkin shown above, he raised 51 more on a plot 40x180, and these were big ones, too. One weighed 100 lbs. and six weighed 90 lbs. apiece.

Any of you can have just as great success, if you use ordinary care, and, of course,

Burpee - Quality Seeds That Grow

We are sure you all know what fun it is to have a real, growing garden, besides there is lots of money to be made in this extremely interesting work. We will help you. Just get a post card and write for the **Fortieth Anniversary Edition of Burpee's Annual**. It is the best ever, beautifully colored covers and colored inserts. It is mailed free, and if you mention this publication we will send you a dandy story of "The Success of Two Missouri Boys." Write today.



W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Burpee Buildings Philadelphia

Don't Grope
in the Dark

Use an
EVEREADY

**For Every
Real, Live Boy**

When you're out at night, coasting, skating or romping around, there's nothing like an EVEREADY Flashlight. It helps you fasten on "hen" skates, it spots the logs and ditches to avoid, and enables you to do so many things that you're just naturally the leader of the crowd when you've got an

**EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHT**

—a real electric light with a battery inside that supplies the current and gives a dandy bright light the instant you touch the switch. It can't start fires or blow out, and the sturdy way it's made assures you it will "stand-up" even under rough usage.

Get one today at some nearby store. You're sure to think it just about the best purchase that you ever made. A postal brings you Catalogue No. 53.

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Company
Long Island City New York

Bright and Clean—Just Like New!



YOU can keep nearly everything in home, office or store always perfectly oiled, "clean as a whistle," polished bright as new and as free from rust and tarnish as the day it was bought.

Try 3-in-One for sewing machines, clocks, cameras, typewriters, furniture, bathroom fixtures, electric fans, lawn mowers, guns, fishing rods and reels, etc.

Three-size bottles—10 cts.—25 cts.—50 cts. Also in patented Handy Oil Cans, 3 1/2 ozs., 25c. Sold at all good stores.

FREE Write for generous sample and Dictionary —FREE!

3-IN-ONE OIL CO.
42 Q.S. Broadway, New York

WINTER SPORTS

All Models in Ice Skates . . . \$1.50 to \$15.00 per pair.
 Skating Shoes. Size 10, Children's, to size 10, Men's, \$4.00 to \$5.75 per pair.
 Hockey Sticks, Pucks, etc.
 Skis and Canadian Snow-Shoes, \$3.00 to \$9.75 and \$3.50 to \$6.75
 Toboggans \$3.00 to \$12.00
 Flexible Flyers \$2.50 to \$12.00
 Sweaters, Scarfs, Caps and Children's Snow Sets in a large assortment of colors and styles.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ
(Established 1862)
303 Fifth Ave., at 31st Street, New York

Learn to know this Bottle

Dioxogen

Learn to know it. Learn to use it every time you get a cut, scratch or a hurt. Put it on a handy shelf where the children can get at it as easily as you yourself. Teach them to understand that Dioxogen keeps little hurts from growing big—by destroying the germs before infection can start. Dioxogen is 99.961% pure. In its purity and strength it excels all other peroxides. It needs no bitter acetanilid to preserve it, as others do. You can get it by name at any drug store.

This size trial bottle sent FREE
The OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO., 10 Astor Place, New York

Visit Yellowstone National Park

this summer. ¶ Nowhere can one duplicate the sights of this wonderful wonderland. Excellent large hotels.

Start your tour at Gardiner Gateway, the original, logical and only northern entrance, reached only by the
Northern Pacific Railway

Through trains from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City to North Pacific Coast points, with through cars to Yellowstone Park, June 15 to Sept. 15. Scenery unexcelled—three ranges of mountains, including the American Rockies and Cascades. ¶ En Route visit Rainier National Park. *Dining car service internationally popular.*

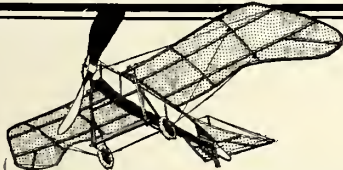
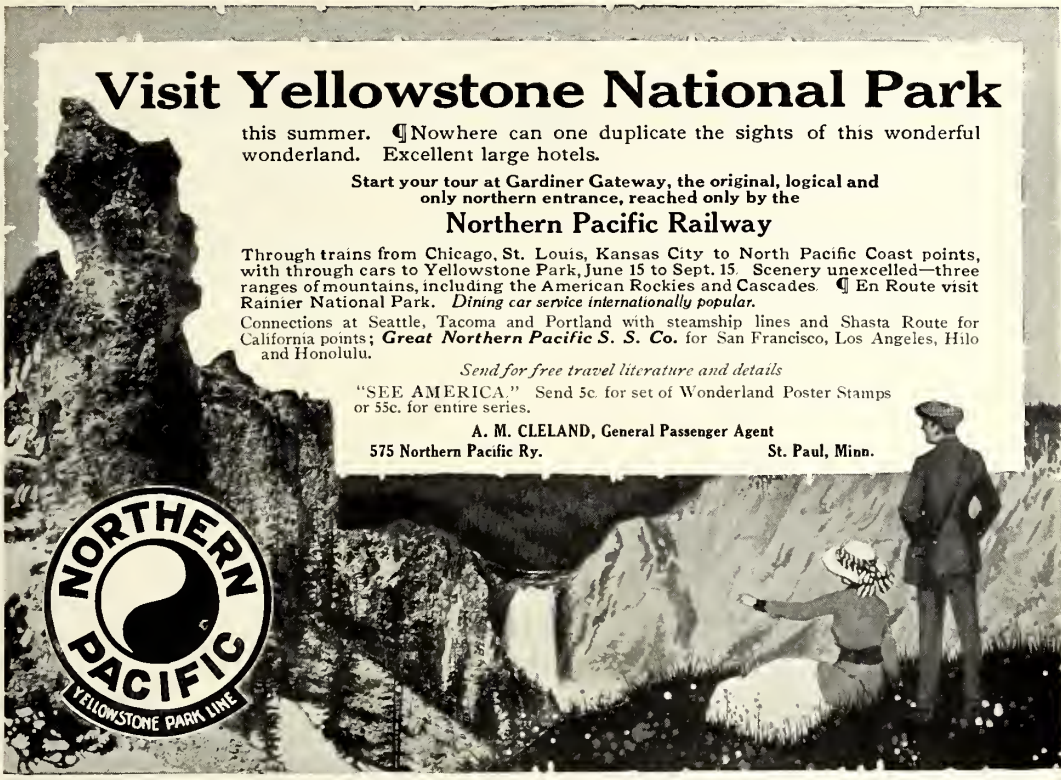
Connections at Seattle, Tacoma and Portland with steamship lines and Shasta Route for California points; **Great Northern Pacific S. S. Co.** for San Francisco, Los Angeles, Hilo and Honolulu.

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"SEE AMERICA." Send 5c. for set of Wonderland Poster Stamps or 55c. for entire series.

A. M. CLELAND, General Passenger Agent
575 Northern Pacific Ry.

St. Paul, Minn.



This Model Taube Aeroplane Actually Flies!

You've read in the newspapers about the daring feats of the German Taube Aeroplane in the Great European War. Well, now every reader of ST. NICHOLAS can have an exact FLYING Model of this famous military machine—a model $\frac{1}{12}$ the size of the actual man-carrying aeroplane!

Get an "Ideal" Taube Construction Outfit. This Outfit includes all parts, substantially made, and plain, easily-understood and easily-followed instructions for assembling this wonderful aeroplane. When built according to our simple directions, we guarantee the "Ideal" Taube to rise from the ground by its own power and FLY!

It affords delightful, fascinating and instructive sport. Complete Outfit Delivered, all charges paid, only \$4.25.

Sold by toy, sporting goods and department stores. Ask to see "those Ideal Aeroplanes." If your dealer can't supply you, send your order to us.

Get our 50-page *Aeroplane Book*, containing full information about other "Ideal" models, parts, etc., 5c. postpaid.

IDEAL AEROPLANE & SUPPLY CO.

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New York City

Feed Your Baby Regularly

Regularity of habit is of the utmost importance at the beginning of your baby's life. And especially important is regularity of feeding. If you are nursing your baby and your milk does not agree with him try

THE ORIGINAL

Three generations of careful mothers would tell you that they use "Eagle Brand" because it is *pure, uniform, easily digested, quickly prepared.* "Eagle Brand" will help you with your cooking. Use it just as you would fresh milk in every recipe that calls for milk and sugar.

Send coupon today for helpful booklets.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
Est. 1857 "Leaders of Quality" New York

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO., ST. N. 2-16
108 Hudson St., New York.

Please send me "Baby's Welfare." Also "Baby's Biography," as well as "Borden's Recipes."

Name.....

Address.....

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE



CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

BELGIUM

TO CELEBRATE OUR BIRTHDAY



THIS distressed and war-torn little kingdom has issued a new series of stamps, complete in all values from one centime to ten francs. The lower values are not so interesting as the higher ones. On all of them the inscriptions are in both French and Flemish. The values from one centime to twenty-five centimes show a portrait of King Albert. The design is similar to the first Red Cross issue (Scott No. 161), but the portrait of the king turns to the left instead of to the right, and the figure of value appears in both lower corners, instead of only one, as in the charity-stamp. The one centime is printed in brown-orange; 2 c., dark brown; 5 c., green; 10 c., rose; 15 c., violet; 20 c., plum color, and 25 c., in a bright blue. The values above the 25 c. are much the more interesting. The 35 c. has a frame in brown, and a black center picturing the Cloth Hall at Ypres. The numerals of value appear in all four corners of the stamp. The 40 c. has a frame in green and center in black, showing in the foreground a bridge across the river and in the background the spires of the College of Dinant. The 50 c. has a frame in carmine lake, and the central design in black is a beautiful view of the University of Louvain. The 1 franc design is all in mauve, and the picture in the center bears a label "Freeing of the Scheldt." We do not know to what this refers. The 2 franc evidently represents the Belgian Congo, although nothing is said about it on the stamp. In the background of the central design appears a native African village. In the central foreground stands a soldier, bearing a Belgian flag, under whose protecting and sheltering folds are grouped four negroes—a man, a woman, and two children. On the other side is an Arab, kneeling abjectly at the feet of the soldier. It probably typifies the annexation of the Congo. The 5 franc stamp is printed entirely in blue. It bears the word "Furnes," and evidently alludes to some military ceremony which took place there. In the presence of soldiers and populace the king appears to be presenting a flag to some officer. The last stamp of the series, the 10 franc, is printed entirely in brown. It shows the portraits of the three kings of Belgium. The central oval contains the likeness of Albert. To the left is Leopold I; to the right, Leopold II. The series as a whole is indeed interesting, and we predict that it will be very popular with collectors.

TWENTY-TWO years ago St. NICHOLAS started its Stamp Department—in the issue of February, 1894.

In those days Father must have been just a youngster, as you are now, and more than likely collected stamps himself. Anyway, Stamp Page has decided to celebrate its birthday this year by furnishing the fathers and mothers of our St. NICHOLAS boys and girls with a copy of "What Philately Teaches"—a very interesting and instructive book about stamp-collecting, and that is usually sold for twenty-five cents.

Besides bringing back many pleasant experiences to Father's mind, it will give him some capital new ideas and he will be able to help you get greater value from your collection.

For ten cents in stamps to cover mailing cost, etc., we shall be glad to send a copy with our compliments to those who request it.

UNITED STATES ENVELOPS

IN answer to a recent query, we would say that envelopes should be represented in every collection of United States stamps. We agree with our correspondent in admiring the beauty of the cameo, the simplicity and strength of design and color. Again, the later ones are certainly modest in face value, and so can be collected unused on all colors of paper for a very small outlay. It would be better to keep the envelopes entire. As you grow older, you may grow to like entire envelopes. It is an interesting study, as the "entires" show the different shapes of the envelopes, and also the different water-marks. But if you do cut them "square," be sure to have good wide margins. Never cut them round. Leave at least enough margin to fill the square spaces in the album. We would suggest that you go at once to your post-office and get all the current varieties, for there is soon to be a new issue of U. S. envelopes. The new stamp is to be round instead of oval, about $1\frac{1}{16}$ inches in diameter. It will be printed in red; the sides and upper portion of the border will carry the words "United States Postage," instead of just "United States." Within the border and below the head of Washington is the word "Cents," instead of "Two Cents," and at each side of "Cents" is a small numeral "2," enclosed in a white circle. Envelop stamps are now water-marked with the date 1915 in three different positions. The positions of the date indicate the mills which manufacture the paper.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

It is so named because here every *St. Nicholas* reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. Mention *St. Nicholas* in writing them and be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as that of parent, teacher or employer as reference. Be sure to get permission first. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with *St. Nicholas* advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.

VENEZUELA

This historical old country of South America is ably represented by a special collection we are offering for a limited time. 25 different stamps of Venezuela issued during the years 1883-1891, including the 25c. Anniversary stamp so seldom found. Usually priced at \$1.14. Opportunity Price 15c.—Post Free. Send for our new 82-page price list, listing many other unusual sets. Scott Stamp & Coin Co., Dept. V., 127 Madison Avenue, New York

War Stamps

Red Cross and Charity postage stamps, from Belgium, Roumania, Fr. Colonies; also Mexican Revolutionary. 20 different and 6 months' subscription to our monthly stamp journal, 15c. We Buy Rare Stamps and Old Collections. ALBEMARLE STAMP CO., KESWICK, VA.

10 BEAUTIFUL FRENCH COLONIALS FREE

to introduce OUR Approvals. Send 2c. postage and address of your teacher. PERRY STAMP CO., PERRYSBURG, OHIO.

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1000 different, \$2.45; 500 different, \$1.00; Album, 6c.; 1000 Hinges, 10c.; 15 different U. S. Postage and Rev., 10c.; 10 different Hawaii, 40c.; 10 different Canada, 10c. Fine Approvals at 50% off Scott's List. C. F. RICHARDS, BOX 77, GRAND CENTRAL P. O., NEW YORK.

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of stamps for collections. Stamps sent on approval. E. T. PARKER, BETHLEHEM, PA.

20 different British Colonies for only 4c.

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HORRORS!

Did you forget to send for our approvals? Premium given. LEIGHTON STAMP CO., GLENBURN, PA.

FREE

5 Newfoundland with requests for our 50% approvals. 20 French Colonies, 20c., 50 Asia, 20c., 100 different stamps from 100 different countries, 45c., 100 British Colonies, 35c., 1000 finely mixed, 20c. UNIVERSAL STAMP CO., MT. CLEMENS, MICHIGAN.

Jamaica

3d white back, .08. Fine approvals for reference. MRS. OUGHTRED, 28 LINCOLN AVE., MONTREAL, QUE.

STAMPS 105 China, Egypt, etc., stamp dictionary and list 3000 bargains 2c. Agts., 50%. BULLARD & Co., Sta. A, BOSTON.

Stamps 108 all diff., Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Trinidad, Java, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 diff. U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agts. wtd. 50%. List Free. I buy stamps. C. Stegman, 5940 Cote Brillante Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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POSTPAID. BLACK BABY for 2c. 20 diff. from Tunis, Finland, Brazil, Chile, etc. No approvals. MILLARD CO., 325 WEST FERRY, DETROIT, MICH.



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50 varieties foreign stamps to applicants for my 50% discount approval sheets. References, please. E. F. KELLEY, BOX 254, STA. A, AMES, IOWA.

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| 4 Barbados | 2 Crete | 2 French Offices in Crete |
| 10 Bavaria | 8 Cuba | 3 French Offices in Egypt |
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INSTEAD of making your stamp collection in the usual way—by countries—did you ever think how interesting it would be to invent a method of your own? For instance, those who are interested in animals might start a menagerie set with the one-cent Malay showing a bounding tiger, the elephant on the Congo, hippopotamos on Liberia, llama from Peru, giraffe and camel from Nyassa, crocodile from North Borneo, and many others we might mention. In the same way wonderful collections may be made of queens' and princesses' portraits, natural scenic wonders, maps, flowers, trees, ships, historical scenes, etc.

One thoughtful young man suggested that as no one in this country, with the exception of the Indian, was really a native, it would be interesting to find out through one's father and mother the lands in which his ancestors lived before coming to this country and then trace out their history to the present day with stamps of the various countries. Father could help you with this, and I imagine he would be very glad to do so.

THIS book is especially designed for the boy and girl postage stamp collectors among the ST. NICHOLAS readers.

It is an album containing 4 pages, 3 pockets per page, arranged to hold firmly in place stamps of various sizes. Its capacity is somewhere around 400 stamps. It is a neat little book with a very attractive purple and orange cover, convenient in size for slipping in the pocket ($3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$). It will be sent for 10c in stamps to any reader of ST. NICHOLAS on receipt of the attached coupon.



To aid those who are interested in any of these special collections we will send the ST. NICHOLAS STOCK BOOK, pictured above, to hold stamps in an orderly manner without pasting.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City

For the 10c. enclosed, please send the ST. NICHOLAS STOCK BOOK. I am especially interested in collecting _____ stamps. Do you know of a dealer?

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(Continued from page 22.)

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Q COMMENTING upon the "Backs of Stamps," one reader calls our attention to the ornate numerals upon the backs of Spanish stamps of the 1875 issue. We overlooked this in our article last month. Still another reader writes to tell us the very interesting fact that United States stamps of the 1871 issue may be found with advertisements upon their backs. This we did not know. Since then, we have seen two of these. We understand that upon request and a large order, the Post-Office Department permitted the "ad." before gum was applied to the stamps. Specimens of these would make an interesting addition to a collection of United States stamps. **Q** Upon the backs of some Mexican and some Queensland stamps is a series of blue lines which do not interlace, but which resemble watered silk. This is called "moiree." **Q** It is difficult to describe the differences between engraved and lithographed stamps. Generally speaking, a lithographed stamp has a blurred appearance as compared with the engraved. The lines do not stand out so clean-cut and distinct. When one has both stamps, the difference can readily be seen; but when you have only one stamp, it is difficult to decide. In the case of Finland (Scott No. 64), there is a good test to be found in the small dots in the background. In the lithographed stamp, at first glance these dots seem to be irregularly placed, to have no significance or design; in the engraved, the design formed by the dots is at once evident. **Q** The head upon the stamp of Abyssinia (Scott's No. 1) is that of the negus, or ruler; while the lion (Scott's No. 5) is the Lion of the tribe of Judah. **Q** Early Russian stamps were printed in colors soluble in water. Great care must be exercised in removing paper from the back of such stamps. The stamps must not become wet. **Q** Under the central design of the double-eagle in the stamps of Russia there are two post-horns. In the earlier issues these post-horns are plain, but in the later designs they are crossed by two pointed arrows, signifying "thunderbolts." We were all beginners once, you know, and the editor of Stamp Page is glad to be of help to others whenever possible. **Q** The letters in the corner of the Sarawak stamp signify first, (Sir) James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak; and second, (Sir) Charles Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak. The portrait upon all the issues except the first one is of Sir Charles Brooke. **Q** An inquiry reaches us as to the meaning of the letters in three corners of the 1906 issue of Azores. At this time the postal service of four Portuguese Colonies was consolidated under "Azores." The four Colonies so consolidated were Azores, Angra, Horta and Ponta Delgado. To commemorate this consolidation the new stamps of Azores bore in the upper left corner the letter A for Angra, and in the lower corners H for Horta and P. D. for Ponta Delgado. **Q** The flying bird upon the stamps of Azores represents the national bird, the hawk.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

(Continued from page 23.)



A STAMP ALBUM A collection of rare Mexican WAR stamps, including Madero, etc., 100-page catalog, perforating gauge and mill. scale, coupons, etc., all for 5c. **Approval sheets 60% to 80% commission. Agents Wanted. We Buy Stamps.** HUSSMAN STAMP CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

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Pet Department

BELOW are advertisements of pets especially suitable for children. The dealers listed are reliable. Their stock is pedigreed, and of course these aristocrats of the animal world in many instances command high prices. They are worth it. A few can be purchased for as little as \$5.00. In case you do not see the kind of pet you want, ask the Pet Man to help you. That's what he is here for. Use the coupon on page 27.



Wren House No. 17, \$1.00

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You can try this out for yourself. Hang one of these up alongside a painted house and see which one they will select.

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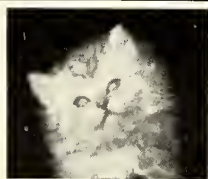
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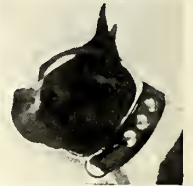
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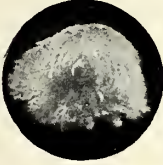
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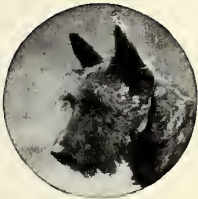
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Toy white French Silk Poodles, from 3 pound parents, Pedigreed, smallest obtainable, rare Beauties, \$15.00. Toy Maltese Terriers, Toy Black and Tans, Toy Yorkshire Terriers, Toy Boston Terriers, \$15.00 up; Pekinese Spaniels, Toy Pomeranians, \$25.00 up; Toy Foxterriers, \$25.00 up; St. Bernards, Great Danes, Newfoundland, \$20.00 up; Scotch Collies, \$10.00 up; Irish Terriers, Foxterriers, Airedales, English Bulls, Puppies and grown, Stud Dogs and Bitches in whelp. State wants. We ship anywhere.

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THE HORTON MFG. CO., 167 Horton St., Bristol, Conn.

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION, No. 168

One competitor wound up his letter in competition number 168 with these few words, brief but to the point: "My, but that was a hard one!" The judges certainly endorse this young man's sentiments; they, too, believe that this was the hardest of recent problems, and for that very reason they think you are entitled to all the more credit for having made such determined and successful efforts to solve it. For indeed most of you did far better than the judges thought you would, and the mistakes made were largely minor ones.

Of course the number of answers received was quite a bit smaller than usual—many of you, we are inclined to believe, got frightened at the formidable appearance of the task set. Those of you who had the courage to plunge blindly in were rewarded by finding that what looked so difficult at first glance became simpler and simpler as you put your mind on it. Somehow that is the way with a lot of things in this world.

Anyway, the result of this competition proves that the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls can accomplish anything they really set their minds on. Here are the fortunate ones:

One First Prize of \$5.00.

Mary Stevens, age 14, New Jersey.

Two Second Prizes of \$3.00 each.

Hamor Michener, age 10, Pennsylvania.
Margaret Howell, age 14, Canada.

Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 each.

Betty Appleby, age 13, Bermuda.
George G. Benedict, age 14, Rhode Island.
Katharine Wallace, age 13, California.

Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1.00 each.

Elizabeth Noyes, age 10, Vermont.
Lillie Cromwell, age 16, Kentucky.
Joseph Donahue, age 14, Massachusetts.
Daniel Schoonmaker, age 11, New York.
Duncan Norton-Taylor, age 11, New Jersey.
Parker Newell, age 15, New Jersey.
Virginia Stillman, age 14, New York.
Elsie Locke, age 13, Connecticut.
Esther Parsons, age 13, Massachusetts.
Virginia Henderson, age 14, Pennsylvania.

Honorable Mention.

Angela Fink, age 12, Maryland.
Helen Bailey, age 14, New Hampshire.

Dromedary Dates



Try these dates de-luxe.
The HILLS BROTHERS Co. Dept. 29, 375 Washington St., New York



Schools and Camps

NEW-YORK, Briarcliff Manor.

Mrs. Marshall's School for Little Girls

A home-like boarding and day school for girls under fifteen, affording an abundance of healthful recreation and play in rural surroundings with elevating companionship. Booklet free on request.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington (Suburbs).

National Park Seminary For the higher education of young women. Extension courses of two years' collegiate work above high school. Thoroughly equipped departments of Home Economics, Floriculture, Arts and Crafts, Music, Painting, Dramatic Art, systematic study of the National Capital. Illustrated book on request to Registrar, Box 173, Forest Glen, Md.

OHIO, Cincinnati, 1325 Cypress St.

BOOTHBAY CAMP, Bath, Maine

Mature Councilors, Complete Equipment. Cabins and Tents. Salt and Fresh Water. Councilors in several cities.

A. R. WEBSTER.

1916 Model

RIDE a RANGER

bicycle and know you have the best. Buy a machine you can prove before accepting.

DELIVERED FREE ON APPROVAL and 30 days' trial. No expense to you if you do not wish to keep it.

LOW FACTORY COST, great improvements and values never before equalled in our 1916 models.

WRITE TODAY for our big catalog showing our complete line of 1916 bicycles, TIRES, sundries and parts, and learn the wonderful new offers and terms we will give you. Auto and Motorcycle Supplies at factory to user prices. Do not buy until you know what we can do for you.

MEAD CYCLE CO. DEPT. F-15, CHICAGO

TELL TOMORROW'S WEATHER



White's Weather Prophet forecasts the weather 8 to 24 hours in advance. Not a toy but a scientifically constructed instrument, working automatically. Handsome, reliable and everlasting.

An Ideal Present

Made doubly interesting by the little figures of Hansel and Gretel and the Witch, who come in and out to tell you what the weather will be. Size 6½ x 7½, fully guaranteed. Post-paid to any address in U. S. or Canada on receipt of **\$1**

AGENTS WANTED

DAVID WHITE, Dept. 96, 419 E. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Blaisdell Paper Pencils

Whoop for fun with colored pencils! All colors at your stationery store, or write us for free color chart. Philadelphia.

RINGS-FRATERNITY PINS-BADGES

C.K. GROUSE CO.
MANUFACTURERS

1916

1916

1916

NORTH ATTLEBORO MASS. BOX B24

...SEND FOR BEAUTIFUL BOOK OF DESIGNS...

Our Birthday Party

When one gets to be twenty-two years of age, he's old enough to have a birthday party, isn't he?

We would very much like to invite to this party the thousands and thousands of men and women whom ST. NICHOLAS helped with the delightful and instructive hobby of stamp collecting, when they were your age. This is not possible, but we can celebrate with some friends you will recognize.

In ST. NICHOLAS for 1894, we find such good friends as:

Scott Stamp & Coin Co. C. A. Stegman.
J. W. Scott, followed a few years later by F. E. Thorp.
Toledo Stamp Co. Colonial Stamp Co.

F. J. Stanton.
A. Bullard & Co.
Chambers Stamp Co.

E. T. Parker.
L. B. Dover.
Queen City Stamp & Coin Co.

all of whom first started advertising in ST. NICHOLAS more than twelve years ago, and some more than twenty-eight years ago. We feel that we are going to be still more useful in the months to come, and you who know how much pleasure and help you get from stamp collecting can do your part by getting more boys and girls interested in stamp collecting. Tell them about our Stamp Page and the dandy ST. NICHOLAS Stock Book we are sending out. (See Page 24.)

Girls like canoeing, too



Get ready for Summer "Old Town Canoes"

Send for Catalog

There's a barrel of fun at little cost in owning an "Old Town Canoe." Our free catalog tells all about canoeing and "Old Town Canoes"—the strongest, steadiest, for catalog today, 4000 "Old Town Canoes" now ready—dealer or factory.

Our free catalog tells all about prettiest canoes made. Write a postal \$30 up. Easy to buy from

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
532 Fourth St.
Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.





Photographed by Walter P. Yamall, age 14, Wallingford, Pa.

Find Out Where to Spend Your Vacation

PERHAPS it does seem pretty early to be thinking of Vacation-time. But it is n't a bit too soon to find out about the summer camps where hundreds and hundreds of ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls spent last summer. You can see from even the few letters printed here what great fun they had. Probably father and mother will say it is the most wholesome way to spend your vacation. So talk it over with them, and if you would like to receive (without charge) some pictures and descriptions of summer camps for those just your age, fill out this little coupon and send it to ST. NICHOLAS.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON

Did you attend a camp last year?.....

If so, which and where?
.....

What section would you prefer?.....

.....

What is your age?.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Mail to-day to St. Nicholas Camp Department
353 Fourth Ave. New York City

Kalamazoo, Mich., August 18th, 1915.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

Since my school closed in June I have been camping in the pine woods in northern Michigan. . . . Last week we went on an exploring expedition through the forest. . . . Yesterday noon found us tired after a blackberrying jaunt, and being thirsty we followed a little brook no wider than my wrist. We came to its source—a moss-rimmed pool under an overhanging rock all beaded with cool moisture.

I. de F.

Barre, Vermont.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I am camping at Alburgh, Vermont, on Lake Champlain. I come every year and spend six or seven weeks. I go fishing nearly every day. The largest fish I ever caught weighed six pounds.

B. C. M. Age 11.

East Denmark, Me., August 17th, 1915.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I am spending my summer at a camp. It is situated on Moose Pond Lake. At 6:30 is rising signal, 7:15 setting up drill, 7:30 breakfast, 9:00 tent inspection, 10:30 bathing signal, 10:45 call to beach, 12:20 dinner warning, 12:30 dinner, 1:30 rest hour, 5:50 supper warning, 6:00 supper, 7:30 call to Wigwam, 8:00 tents, 8:30 quiet. . . . It is lovely here in these piney woods and to look off in the distance and see the mountains and to hear the birds singing and everything. I wish every one could be enjoying their summer the way I am.

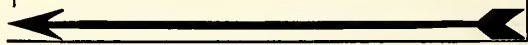
M. F. P. Age 13.

Port Jefferson, L. I., August 15th, 1915.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I am spending the summer at a camp near Port Jefferson, on the north shore of Long Island. There are six fine dirt tennis-courts, and also the three excellent hand-ball-courts, which are enclosed with wire netting. Beyond the tennis-courts is the ball-field. Here are held the "events," when the field is free.

W. B. V.





Betty's Letters—1.

(From January
St. Nicholas)

(Our reply to Betty's First Letter)

*J. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc.,
New York City.*

*Dear Sirs :-
I like Dr. Lyon's
Tooth Powder and Dental
Cream. I tell all of my
friends how good they
are.
Your friend,
Betty.*



J. W. Lyon & Sons, Incorporated
ESTABLISHED 1888
DR. LYON'S PERFECT DR. LYON'S PERFECT
TOOTH POWDER DENTAL CREAM
620 WEST 27TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y.
January 15, 1916

Dear Betty:

That was a very nice letter you wrote us last month. We needn't tell you how glad we are that you tell all your friends how much you like Dr. Lyon's preparations. If every boy and girl would do that it wouldn't be long before every one would enjoy cleaning their teeth. Has your brother Richard tried "Dr. Lyon's" yet?

We hope you enjoyed your "lessons" last year and we know your St. Nicholas friends did because they told us so.

If you will write us some letters asking questions or telling us something we will print them in St. Nicholas this year if we think they would interest other boys and girls. Ask Richard to write, if he can stop playing long enough.

Faithfully yours,

Toydl Keeler

Miss Betty St. Nicholas,
Everywhere,
U. S. A.

Business Manager.

To All the St. Nicholas Betties and Dicks:

Who do you think Betty and Richard are? They are you yourselves.

Every girl who reads ST. NICHOLAS is Betty and every boy is Dick—even if you did n't happen to be christened that way.

So whenever we say "Betty," if you are a girl we mean *You*; and whenever we say "Dick," if you are a boy we mean *You*.

We call these "Betty's Letters" because Sisters write letters more than Brothers do.

If you will read our reply to Betty's first letter as if it were written to *You*, you will see what we really mean. We want *You* to write us if you want to know anything about taking care of your teeth or anything else that interests you.

Perhaps you would like to ask how to keep smiling cheerfully. Or, maybe you never thought that cheerful smiles have anything to do with Dr. Lyon's.

It's true though.

Dr. Lyon's perfect Tooth Powder (or Dental Cream) helps to keep your teeth perfect. And when your teeth are perfect, they never ache and they chew your food so well that you keep well. When you are well you feel like smiling. And when your teeth look well, your smile looks cheerful.

So there you are! You see that Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder (or Dental Cream) really does promote cheerful smiles.

Besides, it makes your mouth feel so clean and "sunshiny" that you like to use it.

See what it says down at the bottom about "two cents"!

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT

Tooth Powder
OR
Dental Cream



Send 2c. to-day for a trial package of either DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER or DENTAL CREAM. There's enough to last for nearly two weeks. See what fun it really is to brush your teeth with dentifrice that you like—that tastes as good as it looks.

I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc., 533 W. 27th St., New York

ADVERTISING COMPETITION

No. 170

YUAN HOP SING AND HIS STAMP ADVERTISEMENT

(A story that might be true, but is n't)

Once there was a Chinaman named Yuan Hop Sing. He had many friends in China who wrote to him quite frequently.

By and by, Hop had a large collection of Chinese stamps. One day in talking to a customer, he said, "I like sellee stamp. No know how do."

The customer said, "Why don't you advertise them in St. NICHOLAS? I'll lend you my January number for a day, so you can see how stamps are advertised."

Now Hop can understand English better than he can write it. "Well," thought he, in Chinese, "these advertisers tell what the St. NICHOLAS boys and girls want to know. So I shall take a phrase containing an equal number of words from each of seventeen stamp ads. Thus shall I obtain the best from each."

That is exactly what he did. Only, of course, he wrote the phrases *backward* because Chinese is written backward, you know, and he changed the punctuation all around. And here is the result:

Me make bargains 5000. Fine many have !! Stamps is specialty my Mexico and Japan diff. Order each! With free sheets, approval fine. Order those to. Only sold free! Paper, stamp and China Tiger, Malay, Mexico, Servia, Transvaal, diff. all. Stamps rare buy we:—5 set each; bargains offered. Premiums trashy? No! L. Stamps buy! I postage return for stamp for requests with Newfoundland; \$2.45 different 100ostamps.

YUAN HOP SING, Chinatown, N. Y.

Turn to pages 21 and 22 of your January St. NICHOLAS Stamp Directory and see whether you can find the names of the stamp advertisers from whose advertisements Yuan picked out the phrases for his announcement. When you find them, put the 17 names down in order as they appear in Hop Sing's advertisement, and you will then have solved the puzzle.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

Be sure to comply with all these conditions if you want to win a prize.

1. Make out your list of answers as told above.
2. Write a letter telling whether or not you used the "What I want for Christmas" page in St. NICHOLAS, and if so, tell exactly what you asked for and exactly what you received. Let us know, too, how father and mother used their own special page and just what you did to satisfy their wishes. The prizes will go to those whose answers are correct and whose letters give the most exact and interesting information and show the greatest amount of thought in preparation.

3. In upper left-hand corner of your paper give name, age, address and the number of this competition, 170.

4. Submit answers by February 20, 1916.

5. Do not use a lead pencil.

6. Address answers:

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 170,
ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE,

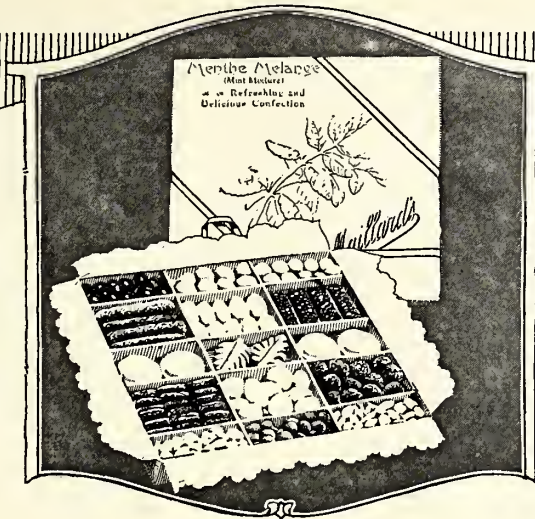
353 Fourth Avenue,

New York City.

7. There will be 16 prizes awarded: One First Prize of \$5.00; Two Second Prizes of \$3.00 each; Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 each; and Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1.00 each.

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 to St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

*The success
of dinner de-
pends upon
them*



*Menthe
Melange*

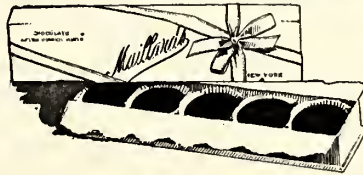
Do you know the charm of these delicious mints? Particularly acceptable to you and to your guests on every occasion. Fifteen tempting varieties attractively arranged in a dainty be-ribboned one pound box 50¢ at all good stores, or, if not available—sent direct, parcel post paid, on receipt of price

Maillard

*Yours for
the Asking*

*Free—Booklet
"Maillard's
Confections,"
brimful of
"Helps" and
"Hints" for the
lady of the house.
Also second
series of Poster
Art Stamps.*

**Publicity Department
116 W. 25th Street
New York**



*Maillard's Chocolate Coated
After Dinner Mints*

*We have won a reputation
for this particular packet
Half pound box—25¢*

*To the
Dealer*

*Most stores
where quality
counts are ob-
taining wonder-
ful results with
Maillard prod-
ucts—complete
trade informa-
tion, with price
list, furnished on
request—write
us to-day.*



The Spirit of Childhood

in its light-hearted, care-free enjoyment may lessen with the passing years, but the appealing beauty of the delicate, clear complexion will be retained by any woman who faithfully gives her skin a little attention. A few drops of

Hinds HONEY AND ALMOND Cream

used every day keeps the skin soft, smooth, and fine-textured; it helps wonderfully to retain the fresh, girlish loveliness of childhood days. If used before and after exposure to the weather Hinds Cream will prevent Roughness, Chapping and Windburn in any climate. It is particularly fine for sensitive skin in cold weather.

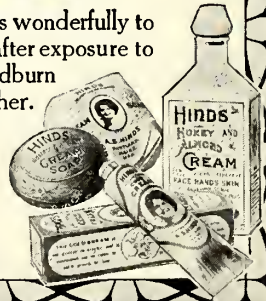
Let us send you booklet and liberal samples. Enclose 2c stamp for postage.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price.
Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

Do not take a substitute; there are dealers in every town who will gladly sell you Hinds Cream without attempting to substitute.

A. S. HINDS 242 West Street, Portland, Maine

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 10c and 25c. Trial size 5c postpaid.





"Let's Trade"

Have You Ever Decided Which Puffed Grain is Best?

In a certain home, for breakfasts and suppers, they serve both Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

In the mornings, with cream and sugar. At bedtime, in bowls of milk.

Usually one child takes Puffed Wheat, the other takes Puffed Rice. But half the time, when they've made their choice, *the children trade their dishes.*

Both are so enticing that it's hard to choose between them. And the choice is always changing. You'll find that if you try it.

Bubble-Like Bonbons

But try serving Puffed Wheat with another wheat food, if you think the other form excels. There will be no vacillation then. The children, at least, will all choose the Puffed Wheat. These fascinating bubbles, thin, airy and crisp, have no rivals in grains not puffed.

Then why not serve more Puffed Wheat?

It is whole wheat, and that's important. The outer coats, with their phosphates and minerals, are there.

And in Puffed Wheat alone is every food cell exploded. Every atom is fitted for easy digestion. Every wheat element is made completely available. That's the scientific reason for Puffed Wheat.

Puffed Wheat	Except	12c
	in	
Puffed Rice	Far	15c
	West	
Corn Puffs—Bubbles of Corn Hearts—15c		

The choicest wheat or rice kernels are sealed in huge guns. Then rolled for an hour in a fearful heat. The tiny bit of moisture inside of each food cell is thus changed to steam, then exploded.

A hundred million explosions inside of each grain create these flaky tit-bits. By every standard these excel all other forms of these grain foods.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1126)

IVORY ADVENTURES



"Wee legs and arms
were quite exposed"

• THE LAND O' SHRUNKEN SHIRTS •

THE IVORY bubble with its crew of happy tots inside sailed over hills and prairie plains, and over rivers wide. A bubble's wonderful to sail no matter where you are, for you can see what's going on about you near and far. But it's a little scary till you are accustomed to it. At first you do not wiggle much for fear you'll jiggle through it.

At last Gnif said, as on they sailed, away in IVORY bubble, "I hear some most distressing sounds. I fear we're in for trouble." "Dear me!" said Betty. "Ha!" said Bob, as down the bubble floats. "Bow-wow! M-e-o-w!" said Snip and Yow through sympathetic throats. Out of their bubble each one hopped to see a dolesome sight of poor, unhappy kiddies in a most distressing plight. It was the *Land of Shrunken Shirts* and petty-panties where wee legs and arms were quite exposed to all the freezing air. The woolen things the kiddies wore had shrunken into wrecks, and pulled around wee legs and arms and chafed dear backs and necks.

"You Dears, you are *neglected*," cried our Betty with a frown, as she adjusted shrunken skirts and pulled small panties down. "Oh, tell your mothers, right away, that if they really hope to keep wool clothes from shrinking up, they **MUST** use IVORY SOAP. And *tepid* water they must have—not cold or hot. Just think how hard it is for you to live and grow in clothes that shrink. And, Dearies, tell your mothers that a wash day IVORY SOAP-less will shrink you almost out of sight and make you really hopeless."

As Betty spoke, our heroes dressed the chilly tots all over in nice warm things, so they were gay as little "Pigs in Clover." Then, TONS of IVORY SOAP they left to cure all "shrinking trouble," and with a prideful "Hip-hurray" they jumped into their bubble.

Just watch your IVORY page, for soon
Our heroes journey to the moon.

Reprinted by special
permission of
JOHN MARTIN'S
BOOK
(a Magazine for
little children)

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS  99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE



Model
83 B
Overland

\$695

Roadster \$675
Feb. Toledo.



Now—Let Your Dream Come True

For you can now have the big, comfortable, beautiful family car—

The thirty-five horsepower Overland—

The economical means to a bigger, broader, healthier, happier, family life—
For \$695.

And though the price has been reduced the car is improved.

It has the very latest en bloc type mo-

tor with a smooth flow of abundant power and an exceptionally fast "pick-up."

Here is the car (with improvements) which has outsold, virtually two for one, any other car with a wheelbase of more than 100 inches.

Never before has the purchaser had so well founded, so emphatic, so conclusive a popular value-verdict to tell him which car to buy.

We know that the price for this model will never be lower.

But we cannot guarantee that it will not be higher, for we are in the midst of a strong advance in the prices of materials.

Now is the time to order your car either for immediate or later delivery.

See the Overland dealer at once and make your arrangements now.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

"Made in U. S. A."

Libby's

California ASPARAGUS

Delicious as a salad
Delightful as a Vegetable

The thoroughly distinctive flavor of the famous Sacramento Valley Asparagus, so frequently commented upon by visitors to the Coast—may now be enjoyed upon your home table at any season of the year.

You will be surprised at its moderate cost.

Libby, McNeill
Libby
Chicago



Libby's Asparagus and lettuce, with green pepper rings and hard boiled egg slices, with cream cheese. French dressing.



Libby's Asparagus tips lettuce and capers. Italian dressing.



Libby's Asparagus and lettuce, hard boiled egg yolks and paprika. Mayonnaise dressing.

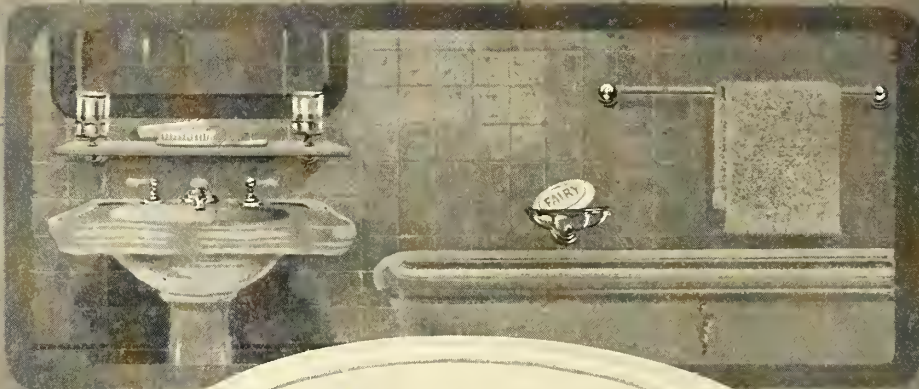
Libby's Asparagus, either hot, with drawn butter, or cold with French dressing.

NEW SYSTEM OF ATHLETICS FOR BOYS

S^T NICHOLAS



M A R C H 1 9 1 6



The pleasure of using Fairy Soap is increased by its convenient oval shape—wearing down slowly and uniformly to the thinnest wafer.

FAIRY SOAP

For toilet and bath

is made of the choicest materials. It cleanses refreshingly, producing a rich, creamy lather in hard or soft water, whether hot or cold. Fairy Soap floats.



THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

FAIRY

"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"

5¢



Copyright, 1913.
Columbia Graphophone Co.

New Columbia Records

out on the 20th of every month. Catalog of Columbia Double-Disc Records free on request at your dealer's. Records in all foreign languages.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO.
Woolworth Building - - - New York
Prices in Canada plus duty



Columbia Grafonola 50
Price \$50

“Oh, it’s just like
our new **COLUMBIA**
GRAFONOLA at home!”

IN hundreds of classrooms children are delightedly raising hands when the new school Grafonola is carried in. “Just like ours”—like the glorious gift of last Christmas that brought them

*“all the music of all the world—
and most of the fun of it, too!”*

There never was such *life-like* music—there never was such lively fun as that which the Columbia Grafonola and Columbia Records bring.

The secret of this naturalness and of the rich, pure tone of the Grafonola is told in the beautiful new book, “The Columbia Grafonola.” Ask for it from the dealer nearest you. And ask him to play the latest Columbia Records for you. “Hearing is Believing,” you know!

COLUMBIA
GRAFONOLAS  **DOUBLE DISC RECORDS**

Charlotte A. Hyde
Torrington, Ct.



Mellin's Food

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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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Among the Attractions of
The April ST. NICHOLAS

will be
A TRIBUTE TO SHAKESPEARE

in commemoration of the great dramatist's Tercentenary, written by **JOHN BENNETT**, the author of "Master Skylark: Will Shakespeare's Ward." This charming romance, originally published as a serial in ST. NICHOLAS, has had a very large sale in book form. A dramatized version of the story by Edgar White Burrill has just been published, and offers a splendid opportunity for school performances in honor of the greatest of poets. Years of study of the world-famous plays and of the time in which they were written went to the making of Mr. Bennett's fine story, and the readers of ST. NICHOLAS are especially fortunate, therefore, in the fact that the magazine's tribute to Stratford's Man of Men should be written by this well-known Shakespearean scholar and brilliant master of style.

With the April number ST. NICHOLAS will begin a short series of articles, each complete in itself, devoted to the allurements and advantages of

OUT-DOOR LIFE

and advocating an early preparation for summer camps. The organizations of the Boy Scouts and the Camp-fire Girls have added a great impetus to the extension of these camps, which are coming into increasing popularity in all sections of the country. It is impossible to over-estimate the benefit which the youth of both sexes are gaining from this free life in the open, under the auspices of skilled instructors and directors. The articles will be illustrated with interesting photographs and scenes from actual camp experiences and will contain besides many pages of practical instruction, advice, and suggestion which young campers would do well to heed.



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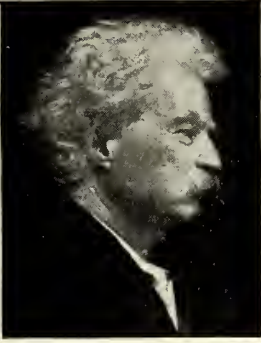
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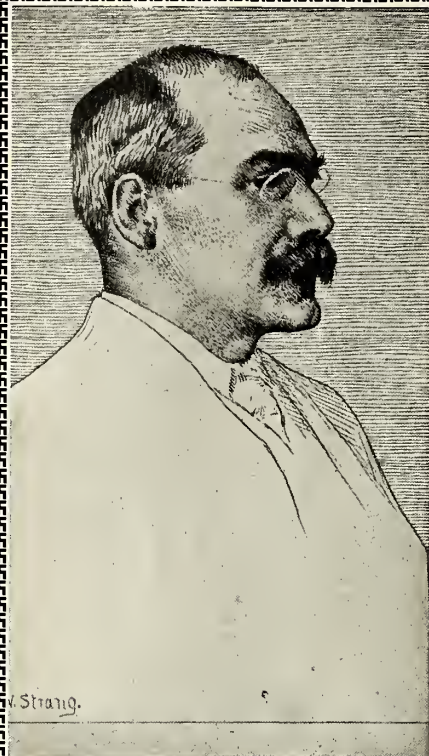
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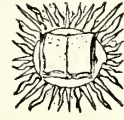


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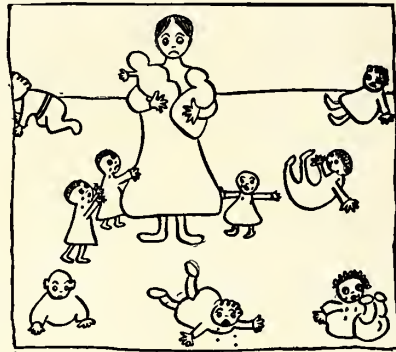
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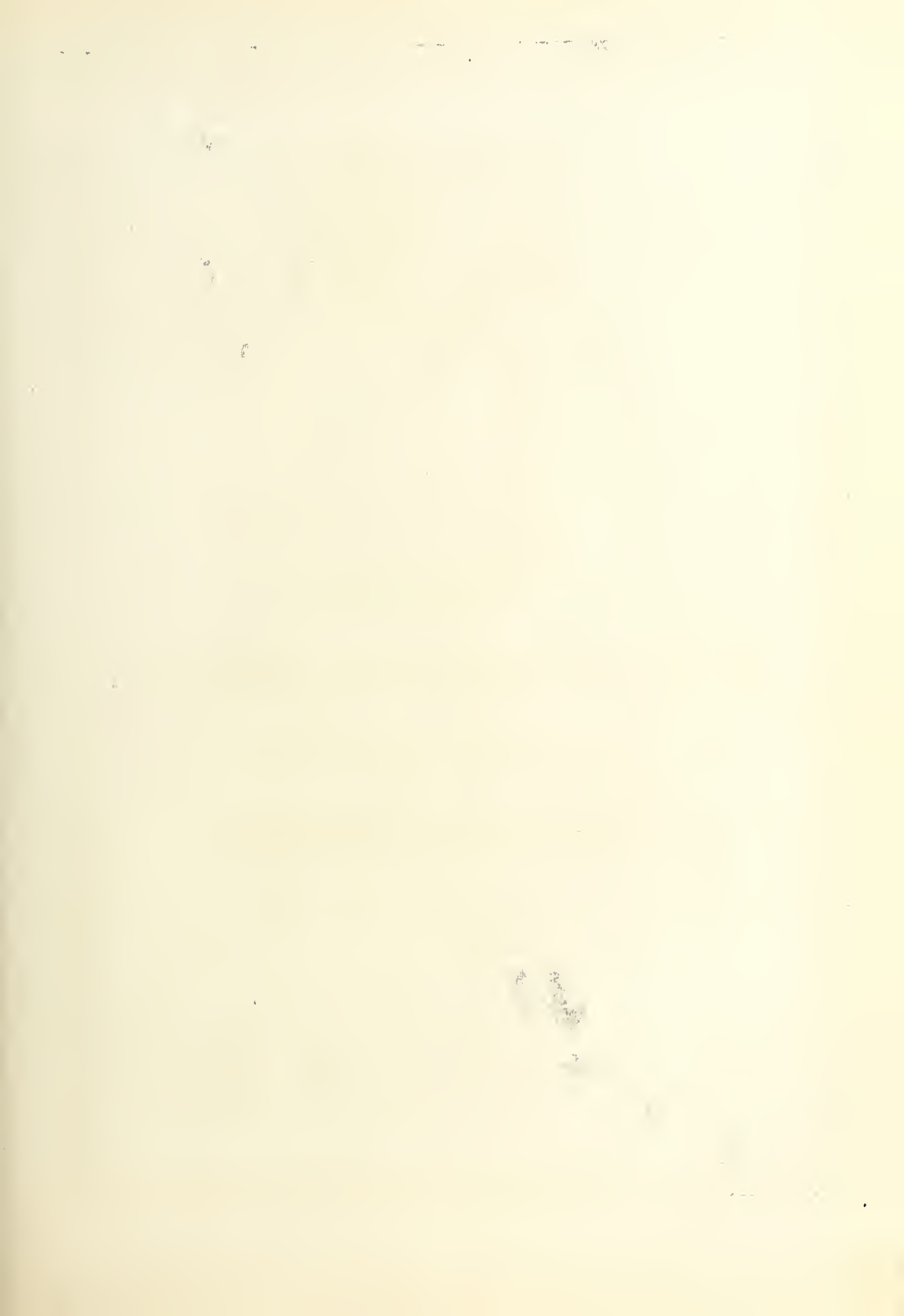
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"SOME DAY HE WOULD BRING HONOR TO HIS NAME AND GLORY TO POLAND."
(SEE PAGE 390.)

ST. NICHOLAS

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No. 5

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THE WONDER-CHILD OF WARSAW

BY KATHERINE D. CATHER

THEY said he was nine years old, but he was so little and delicate looking that he seemed not a day over seven; and when the great Niemcewicz, a famous Polish writer, saw him standing in the doorway, watching the snow float down like fairy rose leaves, he was sure he had made a mistake and looked again at the address on the paper. But there it was, plain as ever an address was written; and since this was the street and number, of course this must be the boy. Yet how could it be—the sensitive-faced, fragile child, with his shock of curly hair and wide dark eyes that gleamed like living jewels—how could he be the lad of whom such wonderful tales were told in Warsaw?

And for a minute he just stood and wondered. And while he wondered, Frédéric wondered too,

but about something very different from what was in the mind of the poet. Who was this velvet-coated stranger who rode in a carriage with a coat of arms and wore a crimson-plumed bonnet fine enough for a king? Great folk did not often come to his home, and something very important must have brought this man there.

Then a fear went through his mind. Could it be the prefect of police come to arrest him? And he wished he had not run away that morning to watch the skaters on the ice-bound Vistula.

The man had stepped out of the carriage and was coming up the steps now, looking straight at Frédéric with his dark, piercing eyes. Yes, surely it must be the police official, and the boy wanted to run away and hide. But before he had a chance even to turn, the stranger called to him.

"Are you Frédéric Chopin?" he asked.

And Frédéric was so badly frightened he could hardly answer.

"Yes; but please, please don't take me this time!" he begged, as his eyes filled with tears. "I'll never run away again."

At his words and actions the man looked much surprised, and spoke as if to explain something:

"Why, I did n't—"

But before he had time to finish the sentence, Madame Chopin opened the door. Seeing her little lad in tears, she did not know what it meant.

But Niemcewicz told her what Frédéric had said. Then she knew all about it—knew how badly frightened he was at the thought of going to prison, and she laid her hand lovingly on his dark curls.

Niemcewicz stood looking at her gentle eyes,—they were dark, and big and brilliant like Frédéric's,—and he thought what a fair woman she was.

"Poor little Frédéric!" she said in a voice that was like low music. "He ran away this morning to watch the skaters on the river, which is a very dangerous pastime for little boys, because horses might tread them underfoot or the city streets swallow them up and lose them; and his father declared that if it ever happened again he would surely put it into the hands of the police. But I think it never will."

And Frédéric's big eyes looked bigger and darker than ever.

"No, it never will," he promised, "so please let me go this time. I did n't mean to be bad, truly I did n't. I could n't help going, because I knew they would sing as they skated, and I love to hear their songs."

And Madame Chopin nodded her head, because she knew it was true. Niemcewicz nodded too, for he, like all Warsaw, had heard that Frédéric loved music as butterflies love sunshine, and his voice was almost as gentle as the mother's when he spoke.

"Don't be afraid," he comforted. "I did n't come to take you to prison, because I am not the prefect of police. And even if I were, I know you'll never run away again. But I did come to see just you, Master Frédéric Chopin."

Which caused Madame Chopin to wonder a very great deal. But she was a gently born woman, and her courtesy was greater than her curiosity. So she invited him to come inside and led the way to the living-room, where the boy's sisters, Emily and Louisa and Justina, were bending over their embroidery.

It was a small room and plainly furnished, not at all like the ones to which the poet was accus-

tomed; but brightness and cheer were there, and he knew it was not just an abiding-place but a home. The cat nodded beside the piano-stool that was Frédéric's wonted place, and over the instrument hung a fine old painting, brought by Nicholas Chopin from France when he came to Warsaw some fifteen years before. For he was a son of the Southland, of the sweet, green country of Lorraine, who had married a Polish woman. So in Frédéric's veins were mingled the warm, red blood of the Latin and the warm, red blood of the Slav, both of whom see visions and dream dreams.

The fire on the open hearth sent long bright tongues up toward the chimney, and as they walked near it, Niemcewicz spoke some words to Madame Chopin that the children did not understand. But certainly they were pleasant words; for when they were finished, the mother threw her arms about the boy and exclaimed, "Frédéric, this is Pan [Mr.] Niemcewicz, come to ask you to play at a concert."

And he was as much surprised as he had been frightened a few moments before. No prison cell for him, but a lovely invitation!

"Yes," the man spoke; "and if you do, you will be helping the poor of Warsaw, because all the ticket money is to be given to them."

And the big dark eyes brightened as he said: "Oh, I should like that! Please let me do it, Mother. Please!"

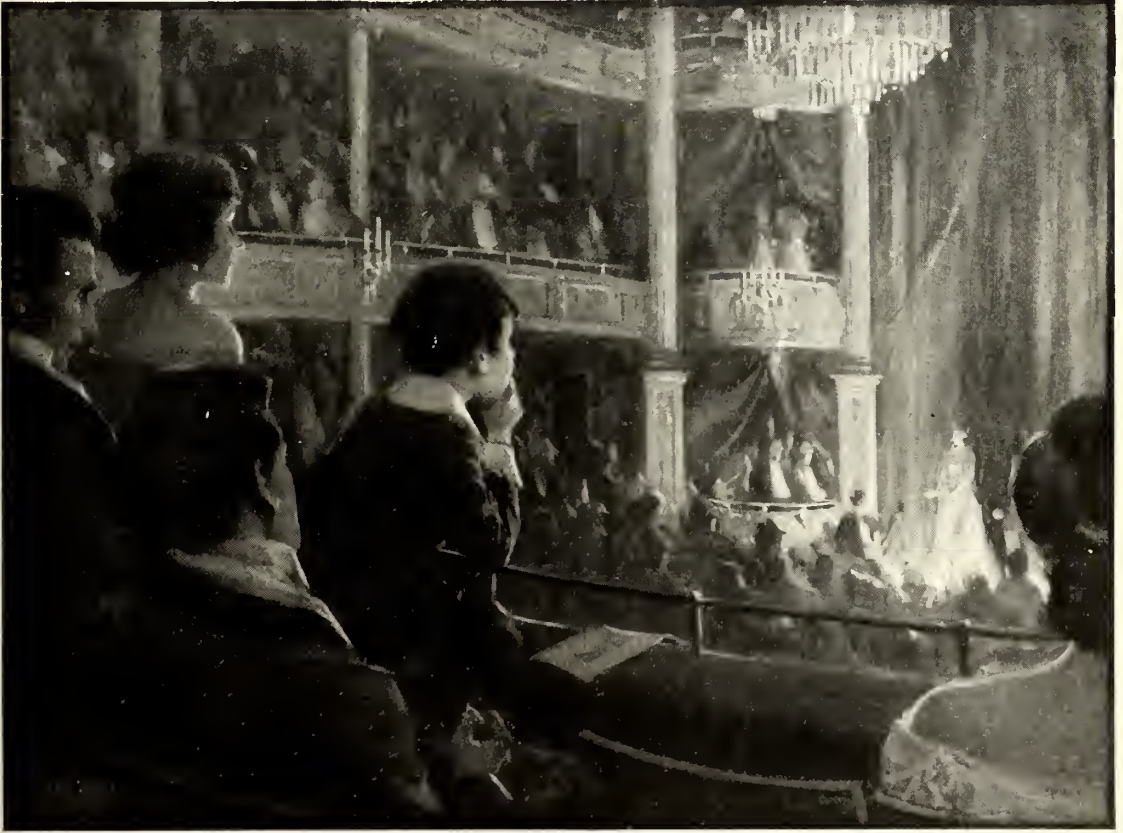
And the smile on Madame Chopin's face said, as plainly as words could say, "Yes."

So it was decided, and a little later the poet Niemcewicz went out of the house and drove away through the whirling snow, leaving behind him Emily and Louisa and Justina much excited. It would be very splendid to have their brother play before the great of Warsaw, and they wanted to go out and spread the news throughout the neighborhood.

But Frédéric was n't excited at all. Of course it was delightful to think of helping the poor, but he had played before people so often that it seemed just a usual event. And not until the next day, when his father brought home a new suit for him to wear, did it seem like a great occasion. But at sight of the velvet coat and broad white collar with its frill of lace he wanted the concert to begin immediately so he could wear them, and thought Pan Niemcewicz must be a sort of fairy godfather, for, if he had n't come to ask him to play, the splendid clothes would not have been bought. It was still fifteen days until the appointed night, and it seemed as if they would never pass. He began to think that men who say February is the shortest month in the year are

mistaken, and that surely it is the longest, for although the day would wane and the night would come, there was always another day and then another night, and still no concert time. But at last the much desired occasion came, and arrayed in his velvet suit with its splendid collar he walked across the stage of the concert-hall, as proud as a young prince.

applauded with hand and voice. Even the Grand Duke Constantine, who seldom gave praise to any one, called "Bravo! bravo!" while the noble who had blamed Niemcewicz for bringing the boy there, sought the poet's side and exclaimed, "Surely he is Poland's wonder-child, even as little Mozart was Austria's! Have him come out again!"



"HE SCARCELY BREATHED, FOR CATALANI WAS SINGING." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The great lords and ladies in the audience looked surprised. He was small for his age, and so slender and delicate that he looked younger than he was, and one powerful noble said in a loud whisper, "Why does Niemcewicz bring us to hear a baby when he might have had a man who could play well?"

And he expected to be very much annoyed.

Little Frédéric sat down and began to play, first somewhat hesitatingly, for the piano was not the accustomed one of his home, and the action was a trifle strange. But in a moment the keys and his fingers seemed to understand each other, and he played as never a child of Warsaw had played before. The lords and ladies in the audience sat very straight and very still, and, when he finished,

So the child played again to the silently listening throng, after which the applause thundered once more and some of the ladies had tears in their eyes.

And what thought little Frédéric? Oh, he was very much pleased. He was too young to understand how marvelous was the music that he had made, and thought they applauded because they liked his clothes. So a little later, when he went home and his mother asked him which number the people liked best, he said, "Oh Mama, everybody was looking at my collar."

But he was much mistaken, for most of them had n't noticed his collar. They saw only a wonder-child with a mop of curly hair and eyes like living jewels.

A year passed, and many times since that concert had carriages of noblemen come to the simple Chopin house. The high-born folk of Warsaw petted the little musician and made his life very bright, and he had so many invitations that his mother said he no longer belonged to her, but to all of Poland; which was true, for a genius belongs not only to his family, but to his country and the world. His father was only a teacher and not rich, but very often the boy went as a guest to some splendid castle of his land, where he lived the life of a young noble, and Polish nobles of those days lived luxuriously indeed. They loved his sunny youth and joyous ways; loved the melody he drew from the piano; and always, when they heard him, said that some day he would bring honor to his name and glory to Poland.

Then something happened that brought him both joy and sorrow.

It was January, and Catalani, a great Italian singer, with a voice of gold and a face of ivory and rose, came into snow-wrapped Warsaw. Great was the excitement there, for Poland was a music-loving land, and she was the empress of song of her day. Up from Italy she came to sing the melodies of the South in the frozen North; and people talked of it in the streets and at the public meeting-places.

"We will fill the concert-hall," said one, "and prove to her that we Poles love the best."

"Yes," his neighbor answered, "and we will take our children to hear her too, so that long after childhood is past they will remember Catalani, the great singer."

One of the first to hear the news was Nicholas Chopin.

"It is rare good fortune for us of Warsaw," he announced as they sat at supper that night. "She will give four concerts here in the town hall."

At the words Frédéric gave a shout.

"Catalani to sing!" he exclaimed. "Oh, Father, I want to hear her!"

And the big man nodded in reply.

"That you shall, my Frédéric, because I know it will make you very happy."

And Frédéric's heart beat faster at the thought that he was to hear the greatest singer of her time, and one of the greatest of all time. Nothing so wonderful had happened in his short life, not even when he played at the charity concert and wore his velvet suit and lace-trimmed collar. And as he sat beside his mother, among the great lords and ladies assembled in the music-hall on the eventful night, he scarcely breathed, for Catalani was singing, and all the jewels, all the flowers, and all the gorgeous colors ever dreamed of

seemed mingled in her tones, and, as they floated out, wonderful pictures passed before his eyes. Sometimes it seemed as if a thousand streams purled over a rainbow meadow, sometimes as if elves and sprites were floating through the air. He shut his eyes, but still he saw the pictures, which seemed very strange. For he did not know that the rainbow colors were not in the concert-hall, but in his own soul, and were painted there by the music because he was a wonder-child.

Thrice after that night he heard Catalani sing, and every time he dreamed dreams and went off into that realm whose gates open only to those who have rainbows in their souls. Then, like the most beautiful dream of all, she asked him to play for her. Niemcewicz the poet brought the news, and although he seemed a sort of fairy godfather who could make anything come to pass, Frédéric could hardly believe it was true. For how could the golden-voiced singer know of a lad like him? But she did know, because the Grand Duke Constantine and other great folk of Warsaw had told her all about him, and she wanted to hear the music of the boy who was called a wonder-child. So he was dressed in his best, just as he was dressed the night of the charity concert, and drove away to the castle in whose music-room he was to play.

A throng of noble folk welcomed him, and the great piano there responded like a living thing to the magic of his fingers. Catalani heard, and, hearing, thought with the others that he was, indeed, a wonder-child; and when he finished, she applauded and said as lovely things as song-loving Warsaw said about her singing, which made him very happy. Then regal Princess Lowica, the Grand Duke Constantine, Count and Countess Skarbeck, and golden-haired Countess Potocka came close to the piano, saying gracious things and petting him so that he seemed like a little king receiving homage, and all in all it was the most splendid holiday he had ever known.

But suddenly the blue went out of his skies and the music out of his world, for Catalani asked him to tell her his birthday. That seemed a terrible thing, for although he could do wonders at the piano, he could not remember his birthday, no matter how hard he tried. His mother had told him over and over again, but he always got it mixed, and did not know if it was the twelfth of February or the twenty-second, or the twenty-second of March.

So he hung his head and said, "I don't know, but one is coming soon."

At which all the lords and ladies laughed, and the singer remarked, "I must surely find out when it is!"

He was so full of shame about it that he had to bite his lips to keep back the tears, and, as he drove home with Niemcewicz, though the sun was shining and the skies clear, everything looked black and cloudy to him. Catalani, golden-voiced Catalani, would think him a stupid, and he had been so eager to have her like him. But there were some things little Frédéric did n't know.

MADAME CATALANI had said she would find out when his birthday came, and find out she did, for early in the morning of that day a messenger came to the house where more than a year before Niemcewicz the poet had come to ask a big-eyed boy to play at a charity concert. He struck the iron knocker on the door, spoke a few words to Emily, and went away; and a minute later Madame Chopin called, "A package for you, Frédéric."

Frédéric came on the run, as any boy would do when it is his birthday and packages come. Then he pulled off the wrapper and saw something that made his eyes dance.

"A watch, Mother, a watch!" he shouted.

And upon the shining gold case was engraved the date and the words, "Given by Madame Catalani to Frédéric Chopin, aged ten years."

Which made him so glad that he broke into a dance that his sister Louisa said was neither polonaise nor mazurka, but the mother knew it was a dance of joy. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "oh, oh, oh! She likes me even if I did n't know."

And he stood by the window looking out across the snow, seeing in memory the singer of the Southland with her face of ivory and rose.

Well, from that day forth Frédéric remembered his birthday. Who would n't with a watch like that? For whenever he forgot, one look set him right, and he went on thinking Catalani was one of the sweetest women in the world as well as the most glorious singer. And he worked at his music, too, playing more wonderfully than any

child had played since the boy Mozart, until, when he grew older and went to seek his fortune in Paris, the great of the French capital honored the man as the great of Warsaw had honored the boy; and there was no home so splendid or so exclusive that it shut its doors to him.

But he was always the slender, delicate man, just as he was the slender, delicate child whose frail appearance almost made the poet Niemcewicz think he was not the lad he sought; and he died at the early age of forty. But sometimes, when the heart is great and full, short lives are as rich in achievement as those that stretch out to four score years and ten. And so it was with Chopin. He gave more to the world than many have given who have lived to be twice his age, because nothing but his best seemed fine enough to give, and of that he wanted to give abundantly. So with infinite care and patience he labored to make each composition nobler and more beautiful than the preceding one, more nearly what seemed to be the perfect fruit of his soul and brain.

And he never ceased to love his Slavic land. Memories of his childhood home in Warsaw, of the quaint old houses and winding streets, of the nobles in whose castles he had spent so many golden hours, of the shimmering, restless Vistula, where peasants sang as they rocked in their boats through summer twilights, sang too as they whirled on the glistening ice in the long white winters, were ever with the exile there in Paris, and were ever dear—so dear that he made his best music when his heart was in Poland.

More than sixty years have passed since his melody-making ended and he went to his rest beside Bellini and Cherubini in quiet Père Lachaise. But his music still lives on, still is loved, is exquisitely beautiful. For beauty, like truth and goodness, is immortal; and as long as the world loves melody, it will revere the name of that wonder-child of Warsaw, Frédéric Chopin.

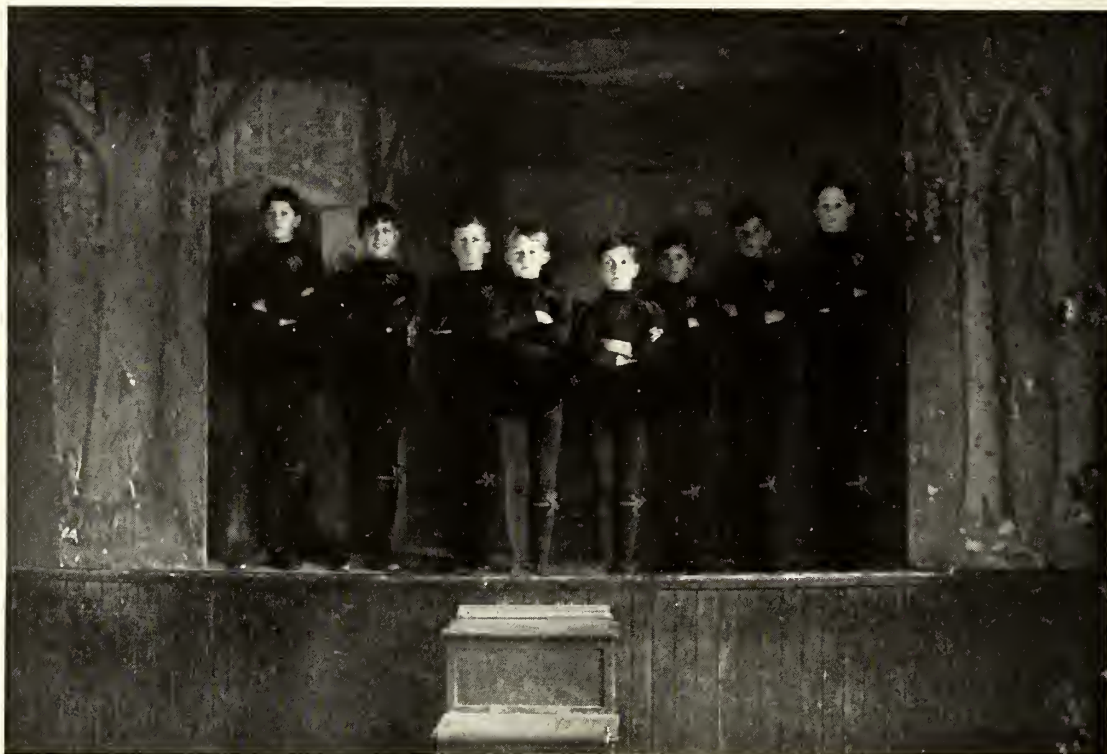


THE HAND OF CHOPIN.
From the marble in the museum at Budapest.

A NEW SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

A method of developing the body, adapted from the practice of professional acrobats

BY ERNEST BALCH



THE CURTAIN RISES ON THE TUMBLING CLASS.

FROM twelve to sixteen is the golden age in the development of a boy or girl. Not too plastic, as in the previous years, they are still shapable, and often at this time is settled their future physical efficiency, and probably that of mind and soul.

If fortunate, at that period our future man or woman reaches the domain of the athletic director, who has at his command to-day only two systems: systematic mechanical exercises, and the competitive method, with its dangers. Every one knows how tedious and ineffective mechanical exercises, calisthenics, drill, and all the rest become; and many teachers understand the dangers of competitive athletics before sixteen.

Can we not, then, find a system superior to either in the development of muscle and nerve-control, and in the promotion of proper circulation and digestion, and still fascinating for the boy and girl? A way that will reach its end without the use of dull mechanical exercises, and

without the waste of time and risk of strain of the present athletic competitive system?

Now every one desires to be strong and graceful. For strength, strong, quick muscles are needed; for grace, control of the muscles by the brain and nerves. If a girl wishes to dance well or a boy to play tennis of a good class, first the muscle and the nerve-control should be developed, and then the dancing or tennis learned. Professional acrobats of fourteen or fifteen have to do much more difficult things than tennis or dancing, and they are able to learn them readily *because* they learn to tumble first and thereby get control of their muscles. For tumbling gives that control more quickly than any other known exercise.

It is clear that any exercise which will extend and compress the arm and leg systems of muscles, and at the same time strongly employ those of the trunk, will be good for the circulation of the blood and the exercise of the digestive tract.

Running has an effect from the waist down. Base-ball, except for the pitcher and catcher, very little. Tennis is very good. Its drawback is, it pulls on one side and does not sufficiently exercise all the trunk muscles.

It has been my good fortune in Mexico during ten years to know and study intimately over twenty professional acrobats of from twelve to sixteen years of age. They lived in the roughest way. Their food was badly prepared. In a country where yellow-fever is endemic they knew nothing of and never used mosquito-nets. Ptomaine poisoning and typhoid had no terrors for them. Few of them, as I remember, had been vaccinated. *And they never had anything the matter with them.* Why? Only one reason can be given: the young acrobat, by training exercises which develop muscular control, courage, and constancy, was kept always in perfect health, and therefore was never in a condition for germs to lodge and flourish.

I acquired the confidence of the parents and trainers; and when I tell you that I then owned a candy factory, you will perceive that the path was easy to the liking of the boys and an intimate study of them and their ways.

I found the popular ideas incorrect that acrobats are especially selected children, especially endowed, or that they are acrobats by inheritance. Undoubtedly the very best, those doing the most dangerous feats, are of the second or third generation; but any ordinary boy can reach a fair degree of excellence if properly trained.

Painstaking investigation convinced me that a similar training to that which prepares the acrobat for his profession may be easily substituted for the physical exercises of the twelve to sixteen-year-old boy now employed in the schools. The boy of sixteen, so trained, will be more evenly developed, and hence will do better work after sixteen in competitive athletics. The effect on the boy of improved digestion and circulation will be marked. Besides immunity from disease, more solid and hardy bodies may be expected, but whether or not better and quicker results in getting the boy into college may be looked for, I do not know. Theoretically, the boy will do better mental work if he has a better digestion. Increased valor and endurance he will *not* obtain from such acrobatic training, since it is not proposed, nor is it practical, to attempt dangerous tricks. Such qualities he must obtain, as he does to-day, from competitive athletics.

One effective hour a day, five or six days in the week, of acrobatic exercises will bring you to your object. With the other methods, three to four hours a day are needed for an equal result.

In acrobatic work, when interest flags, a performance with such circus atmosphere as is within the compass of the school is sufficient. A simple feat described in circus language as the "fiery hoop of death" stimulates the boy at once.

I accordingly prepared a system of tumbling and have had the opportunity to try it out and test the correctness of my conclusions with three classes of eight or ten at the Cloyne House



I. THE SALUTE—FIRST STYLE.

School, with three to twelve weeks' practice for a class.

Keeping in mind the foregoing theory, we began with combinations of rolls, then went on to

class is broken in. With a little intelligent management in varying the tricks, interest may be kept at white heat.

Once your class is prepared to make a first-class amateur exhibition and appear well before an audience, you will find that you will have to restrain rather than urge practice. Employing circus words, clothes and methods, such an exhibition is most impressive to the boy world and some of the boy's most powerful feelings are engaged.

Risky acts are not necessary. The simple set I shall describe will content the boy for four years and permit endless combinations. To non-professionals the "fiery hoop of death," described later, is impressive. In reality no risk is attached to it.

As far as I know, there is no good book on tumbling for boys. All that I have seen desire the learner to master back and front handsprings, and, above all, the air-turns—back,

front, full- and half-twisters. Very good if you are to be a professional and have the time to practise; but how many boys who work or go to school can give the necessary three hours a day and command the instruction of a good acrobat while practising? In no other way can you learn these hard tricks. Also, on account of the danger, it is

foolish to try air-turns unless, besides having the required time and supervision, you are old enough to be very careful. Nearly all accidents among professionals, careful as they are, come from air-turns. A little slip or balk, and there is a broken leg or worse. So for boys who have little time to practise, it is better to cut out air-turns altogether. Leave air-turns alone until you get to college, and master these other tricks I am going to tell

you about. For they are not risky and will enable you to give as pretty a show as you like.

The best way to practise a class is to form them in line according to size, the smallest first.



2. THE SALUTE—SECOND STYLE.

headstand, handstand, handwalking, cart-wheels, double work, diving, handsprings, and pyramids.

None of these are dangerous with ordinary care, and all involve the trunk and limb motion desired. As soon as these elementary feats are mastered, endless interesting combinations are possible.



3. THREE OF THE SUCCESSIVE POSITIONS OF THE ROLL.

Arranging the class in file, circus fashion, each boy does his trick in turn and has sufficient time to rest between, so overstrain is impossible.

There is no stiffening or lassitude after the



THE CLASS READY FOR THE ROLL.

and to allow each one to come on the mat in turn to try the trick. If there are too many in the line, it takes too long a time to get around and each is standing still too long. Eight more or less green boys is the right number—ten when they are well broken in—and when the class has been trained a while, you can work two classes side by side.

The first thing to do, as the class practises, is to settle upon the topmounter. For pyramids and all double work, such as 2-high falls, the topmounters ought to be intelligent and brave, as light as possible, and also strong and obedient. Very important work is that of these topmounters. If they do not know their parts, the understanders cannot do theirs.

The ten elements of simple tumbling to be mastered are: The Salute. The Roll. The Headstand. Cart-wheels. Handstand. Handwalking. Double Work. Hand-springs. Pyramids. Diving.¹

¹INSTRUCTOR'S NOTE. The order in which these are practised must vary according to the needs of the class and the judgment of the instructor. It is not well to work too

THE SALUTE. This is very important.

You will see all performers at a circus salute the audience with their hands before they begin, and they use the same method of expressing thanks for applause—if they get any. This courteous custom has come down for hundreds of years from the Roman and Greek shows. It is exceedingly difficult to teach boys. Girls learn it more easily. There are a number of styles, but two are sufficient for ordinary use. The first is shown in illustration 1. Feet opened out, heels together, body straight in balance, head up, smile, arms raised, and



4. HEADSTANDS.

long at any one. I begin always with the first three. Pyramids may come in at any time, the front handspring after handstands and diving. Back handsprings I leave to the last. The roll is the most important. The shoulder-mount and the 2-high fall are naturally used in "brother acts"; but if the instructor cares to do the work of understander, these are very useful for all the class in teaching nerve and balance.

bent a little at the elbow, the edge of the hand toward the audience, hands slightly cupped, fingers and thumb close together. The whole position should be graceful and balanced. In the illustration the class is trying to



5. THE CART-WHEEL—
MIDDLE POSITION.

do it, and there is something wrong with each one after three weeks' practice. Probably this class, an exceptionally clever lot, could not master this simple position without two months' steady effort.

The second style is well shown in illustration 2. The arms must be level with the shoulders, and exactly in line with them, neither forward nor back, head erect, smile, heels together, fingers and thumb closed, hands flat, easy balance. It is especially useful at the end of the roll.

Now we begin to work on the mat; one fifteen feet long by three feet wide is the best, and two to three inches thick. (Only for style in show-time lay a red carpet over it, which must not be slippery.) Such a mat costs about fifteen dollars, and other accessories, such as hoops, et cetera, three or four dollars. The costumes in the illustrations cost \$3.50 apiece, the black sneakers, a dollar each. You need nothing more for an attractive show except a place to give it in.

doing this *you must not strike your head nor bump your back*. All your weight should be carried on the hands and back. *To duck your head and keep it from striking the mat is the most important part of the roll*. You hit the mat first with the shoulders. Gradually you will learn to carry nearly all your weight on the hands and roll smoothly and easily on your rounded back without bumping it, and evenly up on to your feet. When you are on your feet, stand up straight and make a salute with your hands. If you overbalance forward or back, throw your head the opposite way and that will stop you. Do not try the roll without a mat until you have thoroughly mastered it. Do not go on to the dive until you have the roll completely and correctly. You need the roll to finish nearly all tricks, and it is best to learn it first.

A smooth, easy roll, made without striking the head or bumping the back and then coming to a standing position with a good balance, requires steady work. Do it slowly at first, until you get the right motion, then, after a lot of practice, faster and faster.

THE HEADSTAND. Having made sure of the roll, the next thing is to learn to stand on your head.

Mark out on the mat a triangle measuring twelve to eighteen inches on each side. Place your head on one point and your hands on the other two. The instructor may take hold of your ankles and pull you up straight. Push on your hands and keep the weight on your hands and head. When the body is straight up over your head—the top of your head, not the forehead—put your legs up straight and point your toes. After enough practice you can do this alone. Get some one to tell you if head, neck, body, legs and toes are in one straight line (illustration 4). Until you are used to the upside-down position, it confuses you, and until the muscles become strong you cannot push up to, and hold, a correct position. The hands, of course, are to the front. At first, being upside-down, you will naturally put them at the back. Also, at first you will push too hard on the hands, perhaps, and go over. Then duck your head and roll over to your feet. Do not get discouraged if you cannot get this at first. Two of the boys in the picture learned it in three weeks. When you have it, you can place your hands and head correctly on the mat, get your weight on the hands and head, draw the feet and knees close to the body, push all straight up over the head, shove the feet straight up in line, pointing the toes, and hold that position. Not for long, however, nor to do it longer than some other boy. Nothing is more silly or useless than to try that.

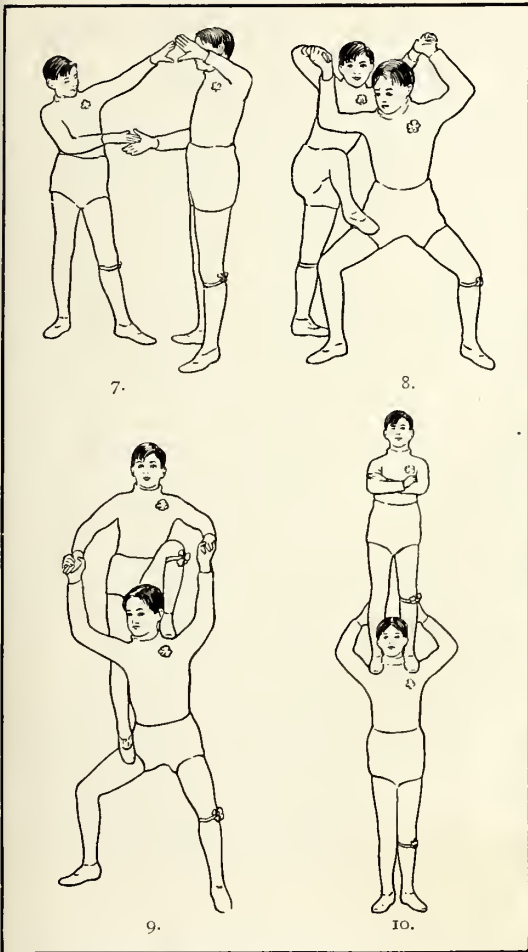


6. HANDWALKING—THE WHEELBARROW.

THE ROLL. (Illustration 3.) Place your hands on the mat, duck your head, roll on your rounded back over and up on your feet, drawing them in well. In

with the left leg, throwing yourself so as to land on the right hand, both legs being up in the air; then turn and land first on the right leg and then on the left. The

CART-WHEELS. A cart-wheel is left or right, depending upon which hand touches the mat first. We began with the left. Place the left hand on the mat; throw the right leg up in the air; jump



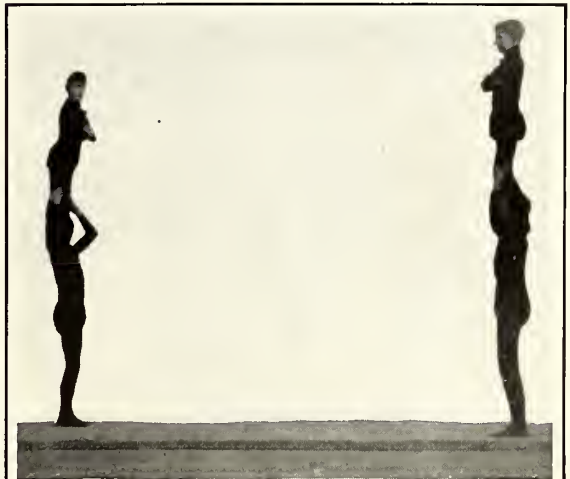
DOUBLE WORK: FOUR POSITIONS OF THE SHOULDER-MOUNT.

arms, as in the handsprings, must be stiff, and, at the finish of the turn, the right gives a shove which brings you up quicker to the standing position in which you began. The instructor, or any one else, will help you, standing at your back and holding you around the waist. As long as you keep the arms stiff, nothing can happen except to tumble backward on the floor. The true position is with the arms and legs as in illustration 5, like the spokes of a wheel, and, when you get an even motion, the arms and legs will be a little bent.

The right cart-wheel is the same, except that you begin with the right hand down and the back turned the other way.

The most effective trick in cart-wheels is to throw a string of rights and lefts alternately, but this—though well worth the effort—takes a great deal of practice, and does not look well unless done quickly and smoothly.

HANDSTAND. Place the hands on the mat about two feet apart; keep the arms stiff; curve the body and legs up in the air; curve the head up as far as you can; put the feet together and point the toes; do not bend the knees; bend the body at the waist as much as you can. After practice you will get a balance which you can



READY FOR THE FALL—IN GOOD BALANCE.



FALLING.



COMING TO THE SALUTE.

11. THE 2-HIGH FALL.



12. A PYRAMID—ADORATION.



13. A PYRAMID—THE PATH TO THE STARS.

hold. At first, in practising the handstand, you need some one to hold you in position. Then practise against the wall. Place your hands on the floor about eighteen inches from the wall, or whatever distance suits your height. Keep the arms stiff; throw one foot up against the wall and then the other. In coming down, put one foot down on the floor first then the other, and you will not bruise your knees. *Keep the arms stiff*, so as not to crumple up and bang your head on the floor. Curve the body as much as you can and keep the head well up. (See handstand in illustration 16.)

After you get the balance against the wall, push away an inch or so with your heels and hold the balance. Do this two or three times night and morning, and in a few weeks you can do it on the mat without any one to help you. Then you can begin, little by little, to walk on your hands. Always come down from the handstand on the mat by ducking your head and doing a roll.

HANDWALKING. To practise this, use the trick called the "Wheelbarrow." (Illustration 6.) Let half the class stand on their hands, and the other half take the feet of the first half on their shoulders. The four doubles walk in file from the stage steps to the mat, and up and down the strong little handwalking double staircase of two treads on each side, each step being four inches high, eight wide, and sixteen long. After coming down the staircase, each pair do a roll, finishing with the second salute.

DOUBLE WORK. The first thing to teach in double work is the shoulder-mount. Take the topmounter's hands as shown in illustration 7. He places the right foot on your bent right leg as near the body as he can (illustration 8). Pull him up, and he can place the other foot up on your left shoulder (illustration 9). He then draws up the right foot to your right shoulder, and stands erect, steadying himself by pressing his legs against the sides of your head. You, the understander, then drop the topmounter's hands and hold his legs tightly against your head, grasping them just below the knees. Both stand straight as in illustration 10. The topmounter must hold his head up, fold his arms, and smile—always practise smiling. At first the topmounter is wobbly and walks all over your neck—he is so scared. If the topmounter loses his balance (there must always be some one placed behind to watch and catch him at first), the understander should lean forward so he can jump to the mat. Be careful not to hold his legs and trip him. Before long, the topmounter will learn to go up straight, keeping close to the understander.

The understander must not straighten up his right leg until the topmounter has his left foot firmly planted on his shoulder and has begun to pull up to position. As soon as both are in good balance, try the fall. Both lean forward and fall, keeping in a straight line (illustration 11) until the topmounter cannot stay any longer on the understander's shoulders. He jumps to the mat, and both do a roll, coming to the salute as in the illus-

tration. In this picture the less trained of the two topmounters has crumpled up, his understander is trying to hold him, and the two are not in line nor in balance. After both topmounters are in position and ready, the manager gives a signal for the fall. One pair is at each end at opposite sides of the mat, and, falling past each other, a pleasing effect is produced. If the rolls are smartly done, an audience will hardly notice a little defect in the fall, but the camera shows it clearly.

HANDSPRINGS. These are back and front according to the direction you go. The back handspring is generally called a back flip.

In learning handsprings use a "mechanic." This is a broad strong belt of canvas, soft enough not to cut, which buckles around the waist with two or three small straps. Fasten two small rings outside in the middle line of the belt and a little back of where the arms fall, and in them catch two snap-hooks, with swivel heads, fastened at the end of soft ropes about three feet long. These ropes are strongly held by a person at each side, so that, when you throw back, you will not strike your head on the mat.

Now throw your hands over your head; curve your body back; keep your arms stiff; land on your hands on the mat; jump with your feet, and throw them over to the mat. At first you will not get over, and the instructor will help you with one hand. Be sure to keep the arms stiff so as not to knock the head, and presently you will begin to get over alone. After that, you do not need the mechanic, and the instructor can put one hand under your back and help a little until you can do this back flip alone. Always practise on a mat at first or you will bruise your hands and feet.

For lack of time at Cloyne we did not attempt the back handspring, and got on very well without; but, naturally, each additional element of the ten enables you to make more combinations and give a better show. The forward handspring is easier, and five of the class nearly had it.

Walk to the mat, put your hands down as for a handstand, jump, and go over to your feet. Fix your mind on keeping your arms stiff. If you bend the arms you will not get over and will perhaps knock your head. The instructor will help by using the mechanic, which is better at first, or by putting his hand on the front of your shoulder and giving a push as you go over. Learn the handstand and practise hand-walking a great deal first, as these two are most helpful in learning the handspring.

PYRAMIDS. There are many of these. Let us choose two: "Adoration," and the "Path to the Stars."

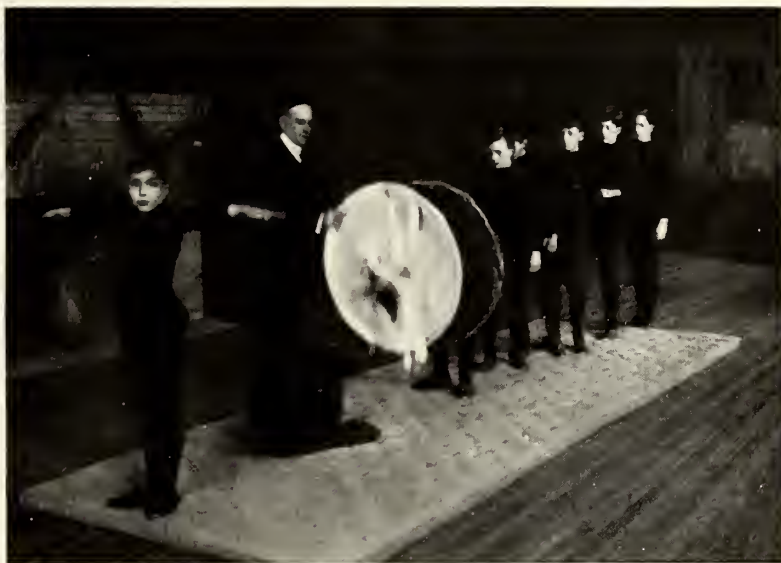
Adoration. (Illustration 12.) Three on their hands and knees, shoving close together, arms braced across. Two above them doing the same. The topmounter goes up quickly from the back, salutes, jumps down, and does a roll. The two seconds dive down and roll. The three understanders roll. All form at the end of the mat and salute; run back to the steps. This requires practice.

If the understanders and seconds are not steady, the topmounter cannot go up and is invariably blamed by the rest. The topmounter must not hesitate and must make a graceful salute, or the effect is bad. All must come smartly through the rolls to the final salute.



14. DIVING—THE HORSES.

Path to the Stars. Form a solid and even staircase (as shown in illustration 13), ending in the strongest understander. The topmounter gracefully (more or less) walks up this and stands on the shoulders of the understander, who must hold him firmly. The staircase behind braces the understander. To the topmounter is handed a sort of paper balloon, sold in trick-shops, and a lighted taper. He balances the balloon on right hand, lights it, and throws down the taper. Instantly the lights in the hall are snapped off. The balloon burns down to the hand, watched by the topmounter with an anxious smile. But just before the flame reaches it, the balloon sails off and drops a shower of silver stars.



15. SHOW DIVING—THE HOOPS.

The lights are snapped on, the topmounter does a 2-high fall, all the rest roll, one after the other, coming up to the second salute, and run back to steps.

DIVING. I have left to the last the directions for diving, for the reason that, in this sort of a show, rolls and diving are the most important of all the tricks. After you have mastered the roll, let the instructor

hold a stick horizontally about a foot above the mat. Walk up to it slowly, fall over on your hands, duck your head, and roll. Be especially careful to keep all your weight on your hands and not to strike your head on the mat. Practise this until you can run up to it and go over properly, banging neither your head nor your back. Each time roll up on your feet to saluting position. If your heels come over and strike the mat, draw them in. When you get this, the stick is raised a little and practice continues until the stick is about waist high.

On no account stop this practice until all the class can go over it easily on the run without balking or bumping. Much depends on this in future tricks, so do not go on until you have it. Now place a chair on the mat and stand on it. As well as you can, without bending the knees, drop to your hands on the mat, keep the weight on your hands, duck your head and roll. At first the instructor must hold you around the waist



16. BROTHER ACT—BRIDGE AND HANDSTAND.

when you drop. Later you can do it alone, without upsetting the chair. Turn the chair around and do the same over the back, always being held by the instructor at first. Lay the chair on its side, and let the class do running dives over it. *When these things can be done perfectly, bumping neither the head nor the back, and not before, advance to show diving.*

The Horses. All form a line, the leader runs to the mat, rolls and places himself across, as in illustration 14. The second boy dives over him and places himself beside number one. The third the same, and so on until you get up as high as your best diver can go without kicking the "horses." In this act you can star the best diver. (See also illustration 2.)

The Hoops. Get some medium-sized or large play-hoops. Begin with one. Let each dive through it until he does not balk or bump. Then to balk the divers a little, hang some colored rags on it or use two hoops. Next, cover the hoops with thin paper and dive through these, the arms held out stiffly, breaking the paper. The diver will land on his hands on the mat, duck his head and roll as in illustration 14. Practise this steadily until no one balks or bumps, then the class is ready for

"The Fiery Hoop of Death." Take a hoop and wind it with narrow pieces of cloth or cotton. An old sheet torn in strips lasts longest. Leave about a quarter of the rim unwound to hold it by. Soak it in alcohol before the show, and dash on a little just before using. At Cloyne the class lined up, the hoop was lighted, the efficient stage-manager turned off the lights, and only

the burning hoop lit the hall. Down charged the class, dived through it, rolled up to the feet, and ran back to the steps. After all were back in line, instantly the lights came on, and you should have heard the applause. It is better if you do not give this trick twice.

Before this the class dived through a plain hoop and eight paper-covered hoops, each of a different color, with a gorgeous gold star in the center to aim the hands at.

When you desire to give a show, the best method is that of professional circus-directors and vaudeville stage-managers: to so build up your program with such material as you have that the show begins well, ends well, and does not drag. By that I mean that the opening interests the audience, that they are not weary as it proceeds, and it finishes well.

One half of the success of a professional show is due to the style and finish. Everything goes smoothly and all the acts are planned to look well. This style and finish you may have if you rehearse enough, and, if the acts are pretty, the fact that the tricks are easier does not much matter.

You must remember that, when you give a show, you have to know exactly whatever you try to do. It is not like a classroom where there is time to think and where you may get through by excuses or good luck. If you undertake to do anything before an audience, you *must* do it properly and

at the exact moment appointed.

In building up a program, star each one of the company in something, every member getting a chance at the limelight. One boy will learn the cart-wheel first; make that his specialty and star him in it. Another, the handstand, and so on. Begin with a slow act by the class, end with a quick one. Break the monotony of all-class acts by "brother acts" and specialties. Here is a sample program for a one-hour entertainment, beginning with a slow impressive Grand Entrée, ending with a quick class-act and broken by two pyramids and two brother acts:

MUSIC

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| 1. Grand Entrée. | 8. Diving. <i>The Fiery Hoop of Death.</i>
(The Class.) |
| 2. Roll and Salute.
(The Class.) | 9. Cart-wheels. |
| 3. Horses. | 10. Double Roll. |
| 4. Headstands
(four). | 11. Brother Act. |
| 5. Double 2-High Fall. | 12. Pyramids:
<i>Adoration.</i>
<i>Path to the Stars.</i> |
| 6. Handwalking Pairs.
(The Class.) | 13. The Cascade.
(The Class.) |
| 7. Brother Act. | |

MUSIC

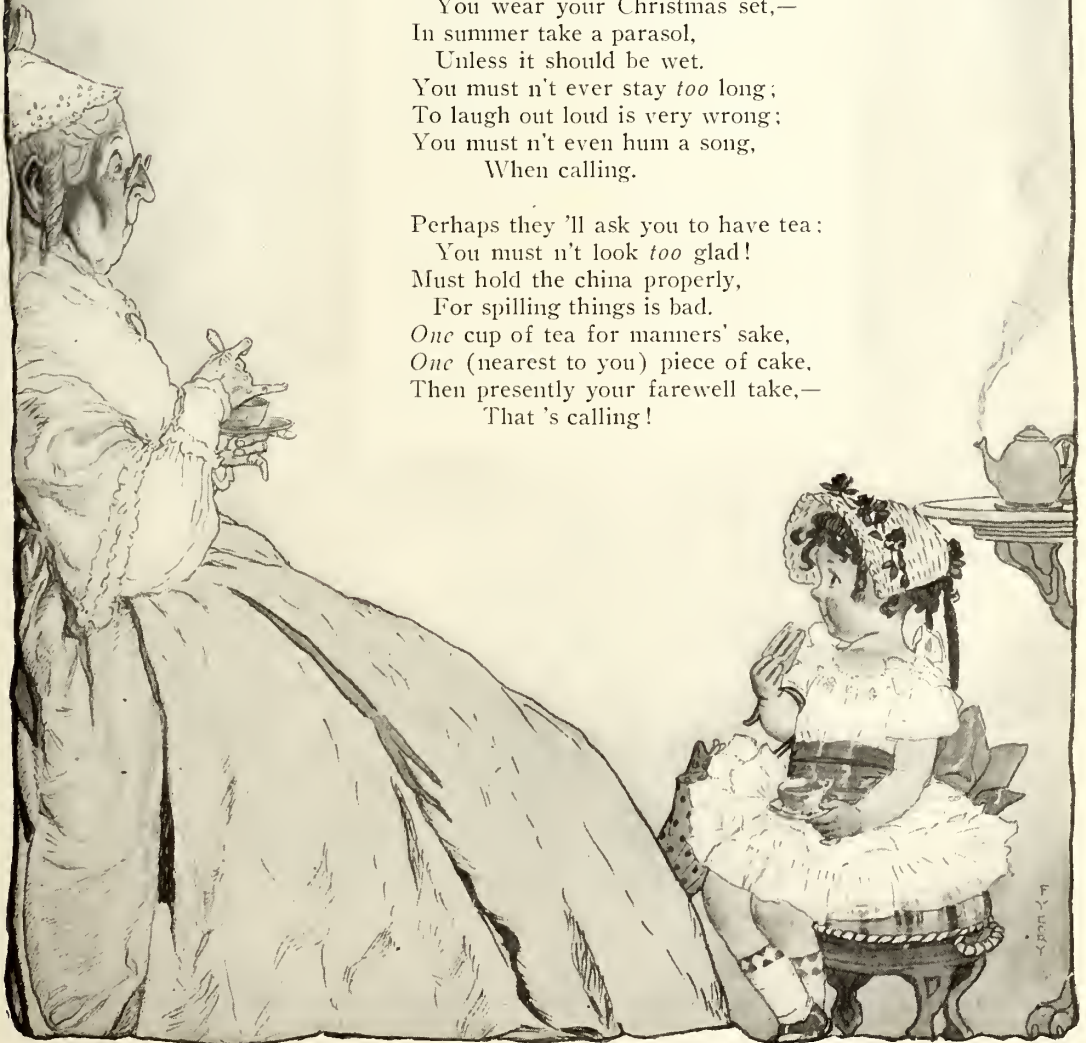


CALLING

BY ETHEL FARMER

IN winter when you make a call,
You wear your Christmas set,—
In summer take a parasol,
Unless it should be wet.
You must n't ever stay *too* long;
To laugh out loud is very wrong;
You must n't even hum a song,
When calling.

Perhaps they 'll ask you to have tea:
You must n't look *too* glad!
Must hold the china properly,
For spilling things is bad.
One cup of tea for manners' sake,
One (nearest to you) piece of cake.
Then presently your farewell take,—
That 's calling!



A NEW STATUE OF JEANNE D'ARC

BY GRACE HUMPHREY

NEW YORK CITY has another statue.

On a wooded knoll overlooking Riverside Drive there was recently unveiled a figure of Jeanne d'Arc—a young girl on horseback, with uplifted sword and dressed in armor.

It represents one far removed from us in time, for she was born more than five centuries ago; as you know, she was a maid of France, and her short life was passed in her own country, four thousand miles across the sea; far removed was she, too, in experience, for her place in history is absolutely unique. No other character in any country of the world can duplicate her story, strange and wonderful, divine and pathetic.

The statue is very plain, almost austere in its freedom from decorative details. The simplicity and dignity of Jeanne herself are here. What little ornament there is has a special reason for being, and the loftiness of the conception thus stands out all the more clearly.

The workmanship is equally remarkable. It is a source of inspiration to those who see it, just as she whom it represents has been the inspiration of all those who have read history, and loved the name of France, and been thrilled by her story. The value of its mute lessons of fortitude and forgiveness, of unconscious sweetness, of steadfast loyalty and patriotism is incalculable.

It has happened more than once that a beautiful piece of sculpture has suffered through being badly placed and mounted. But this one gains by the skilful work of the Art Commission and the architect.

The arches in high relief around the granite base are in themselves interesting, for the stone which forms them was taken from the dungeon in Rouen which was Jeanne d'Arc's prison. This old prison was torn down recently, and the blocks sent to America to serve as the base for this statue were the stones that formed the surface of her cell.

Who was Jeanne d'Arc, and what did she do, that the inspiration of her life is still fresh with us to-day?

She was a peasant girl and lived in Domremy. Not quite the ordinary peasant, sturdy and vigorous, working in the fields; a slight, graceful girl, she kept her father's sheep and spun. But neither was she a dreamy invalid, for one of the first things we know about her was that she won a foot-race with her girl companions.

Domremy is in a part of France more than any

other, perhaps, the home of strange legends and stories. Is it to be wondered at, then, that the girl Jeanne absorbed them all?

Hers was an intensely religious nature, and Jeanne's religion made her inwardly content and outwardly radiant. In her face there was ever a sweetness and serenity and purity that reflected her spiritual peace.

When she was thirteen, her "Voices" began speaking to her. They told of the grave dangers of her country. For at that time the Hundred Years' War was dragging along, with half of France held by the English, who were winning all the victories. The French, worn out with ninety years of fighting, had utterly lost heart. Misfortune, disaster, humiliation had been their lot. France was without an "anointed king," for the weak, characterless Charles VII had never been crowned.

All this her Voices told to Jeanne, but ending always with a word of hope. France would be rescued from the English; she should be great and free again. And three years later came the definite message to this young girl that she had been chosen to save her people. She, a peasant, without education, was to lead the army, drive out the English, in ten weeks undoing all their costly work, and set the crown on the king's head.

Is it surprising that at first no one believed her? There were many delays before she was taken to the governor and given stout men-at-arms to escort her to the king.

Now Jeanne had never seen him, and the king's council thought to play a trick on her. Another was seated on the throne, and the king, in very quiet dress, stood in the group of courtiers. But the Maid scanned their faces, knelt before the real king, and prayed him to give her troops to raise the siege of Orléans and break the English power. Asked for a sign, she repeated a prayer he had offered that morning.

More delays while Jeanne was examined by clergy, courtiers, and university men and her mission inquired into. But at last she was given command of the soldiers. Life came back to the army and victory to France. The English were forced to give up the siege of Orléans; battles were fought and won; the king was crowned in the cathedral at Rheims, the very building whose destruction has recently aroused such protests.

Jeanne had said repeatedly that her work must be done in one year, and again her Voices spoke



Photograph by De Witt C. Ward.

JEANNE D'ARC. SCULPTURED BY ANNA VAUGHN HYATT.

true. For at Compiègne she was captured by the troops of the Duke of Burgundy. For ten thou-

sand gold livres, a prince's ransom, she was sold to the English, and carried to Rouen for trial.

A mockery of a trial it was, at the hands of her enemy. She was pronounced guilty of heresy and sorcery and sentenced to be burned at the stake. And France, whom she had saved, allowed this sentence to be carried out in the market-place of Rouen.

A martyr at nineteen, misunderstood, reviled, considered an impostor, her service to France was undervalued; not until years later was the king anxious to have justice done to her memory.



DETAIL OF THE JEANNE D'ARC STATUE.

For rescuing her country from the English, what was the reward asked by this peasant girl? That Domremy should be exempt from taxes. For herself she wanted nothing! Her love for her village was so great that she promised to watch over it always. The German invasion has brought the soldiers of the kaiser into its vicin-

ity. But while on every hand other villages have been sacked and burned, Domremy stands to-day untouched by the world war. And the German troops, saluting her statue there, left it unharmed! A convincing proof, the peasants say, that Jeanne keeps her promise.

Some five years since, a group of New Yorkers, keenly interested in the Maid of Orléans, thought that there should be a statue of her in this country. The idea once conceived, twenty-five men and women organized into a committee and began their work by studying very carefully all matters relating to Jeanne d'Arc. They asked themselves not "What do we want?" but "What do we not want?" In various towns and churches all over France they examined the statues—and these are countless, for every French artist does his Jeanne.

They also witnessed nine pageants in which she figured, thus getting a background and the "feel" of her story. Orléans, Rouen, Compiègne, Rheims are among the cities thus honoring her memory. It is an interesting fact, odd to us in democratic America, that although she was a simple peasant girl, all these pageants choose for their Jeanne a lady of noble birth. It is also necessary that she be considerably older than was the Maid, who was then only seventeen, for she must be an expert horsewoman, able to ride astride with no bridle and dressed in heavy armor.

On the five hundredth anniversary of Jeanne's birth the Rouen fête was given in the market-place where she was put to death. You remember the story—that a white dove seemed to rise from her ashes and fly up into the heavens? During the celebration, doves were released, and one of them, pure white, circled about the market-place for a long time, causing the greatest excitement among the spectators.

In 1910 an open-air armor-pageant was given



Photograph by The American Press Association.

THE DEDICATION OF THE STATUE OF JEANNE D'ARC ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK CITY.

in private grounds in London—a pageant emphasizing the glory of England. Scene after scene was shown till the siege of Orléans was reached. The English soldiers were jeering the name of the peasant girl, “the French witch,” as they called her, boasting how soon their large force would put an end to her. Suddenly Jeanne d’Arc appeared on horseback, with a small French troop following, and drove the English from the field. And then that London audience rose up and cheered, a beautiful example of the Englishman’s generous recognition of a brave foe.

One of the most interesting celebrations is given in Orléans on the anniversary of the raising of the siege. From the Burgundy gate the procession rides into the city at night with only torches for illumination. The spectators feel themselves back in the Middle Ages as the soldiers come up the dark, narrow streets, bearing their flaming torches. The triumphant ranks make their way to the cathedral.

Just as Jeanne dismounts at the steps, the lights

are suddenly turned on, not street lamps, but hundreds and hundreds of red incandescent globes placed all over the old church, outlining every spire and Gothic arch, picking out each pinnacle and buttress, till the cathedral seems to be one mass of flame.

So is Orléans day celebrated each year, in the square where in May, 1429, Jeanne d’Arc and her troopers went that night to give thanks to God and to her Voices. Asked what sign she could give that her Voices spoke true, her reply had been, “That I will go to Orléans and take it.” And she did.

The committee having learned, little by little, what they wanted, word was sent out about the statue. They did not advertise: “Wanted, a design for a statue of Jeanne d’Arc. Only experienced sculptors need apply.” But in the art world there is a mysterious “wireless” that spreads abroad news of this kind.

Soon sculptors everywhere knew that this statue was to be erected. It is only another proof

of the universal popularity of the Maid of Orléans that among the designs submitted six nationalities were represented.

The suggestions made to the committee were many and varied, and some were downright funny! There were people who insisted that the statue must be done by an American. Others said, "No, no, a Frenchman! It takes a Frenchman really to understand Jeanne d'Arc!" Another group advised that the sculptor be a woman, and still others emphatically urged the opposite. Another idea advanced was that the horse and figure be the work of two different artists, each an expert in his line.

The committee held an exhibition of the submitted designs after the decision had been made in favor of Miss Anna Vaughn Hyatt. The photographs of her work attracted more attention than any others. The visitors and her fellow-artists were deeply impressed by her design and returned to it again and again.

Most artists who have painted or modeled Jeanne d'Arc have represented her either as a more or less ungainly peasant girl, or as a conventional angel. Miss Hyatt's statue shows the face of a healthy young girl who has heard something—has seen something—that the world will never know. The spiritual quality is there, the human sympathy, the appealing tenderness, permeating the whole composition. It is the reflection of the soul in the body.

As to the details of the statue, the committee, primed by their years of study, think they can tell the right from the wrong and, as far as is possible five hundred years afterward, they consider these correct. Time cannot lessen the inspiration of her life, but it has lost for us some of the actual details.

Appeals to armor experts gave the discouraging information that there is not in existence a complete suit of armor of Jeanne d'Arc's period. And this is not to be wondered at when we remember that all France was harried by war; that armor was very expensive, and was altered, refitted, and made over for wearer after wearer; and that later, when it went out of fashion, it was melted up and the metal sold by weight.

All we can find out about armor of that time is from the study of contemporary sculptures, in stone or wood or bronze, and tracings from old tombs. Aided by many drawings from these sources, Miss Hyatt worked out the details; and now, for the first time in all her sculptured life, Jeanne d'Arc is given armor not only artistic, but historically correct.

Some statues of her give the impression of a suit of armor set up on the horse, with no one

inside. Here, Jeanne is really riding her horse; she is there, inside the armor. To achieve this, the figure was first carefully modeled, and the armor added afterward.

"No, I have not always been interested in Jeanne d'Arc," said Miss Hyatt recently. "That is true of more than one member of the committee. My work is not the result of years of hero-worship and study of her character, till the statue just *had* to be done. I first became interested in her from reading Mark Twain's book. You remember it—the story supposed to be written by her page." (How Mark Twain became interested is already known to readers of the last December number of *ST. NICHOLAS*.)

"Then I read Lamartine, too. His 'Life' shows her, more than any other I know, as profoundly spiritual. Only her religious fervor could have enabled her to endure so much physically—to march three or four days with almost no sleep; to keep alert and vigorous while the strongest men in the company became irritable and half sick. But a great soul with a great purpose can make a weak body strong and can keep it so; and hers was one of the greatest in all the world.

"I did not want to model her in a fighting attitude. I thought of her as she went into her first battle. You remember the story of her 'Voices' telling her she would find a sword hidden behind the altar in the little church of St. Catherine at Fierbois? I wanted to model her speaking to her saints, thanking them for the sword, and showing them the uplifted hilt in the form of a cross."

Jeanne's sword, too, had a story. It was said to have belonged to Charlemagne. At St. Catherine's they knew nothing about it when Jeanne's messenger went for the sword. But search was made, and it was found buried back of the altar and covered with rust. They polished it and made for it a splendid sheath of crimson velvet. The citizens of Tours gave another scabbard of cloth of gold. But Jeanne, meaning to carry the sword in battle, laid these showy coverings aside and had a plain leather one made. She would not have the blade sharpened, saying that she would never kill any one. Indeed, once only did she use it, and then to strike a wrong-doer with the flat of it.

Jeanne d'Arc was not only a great general and the savior of her country; she was all that was pure and fine, noble and lovely. With her, love of France was not a sentiment, it was a passion. A slender girl in her first young bloom, in her hand the sacred sword that shall sever the bonds of France, this statue represents to all the world the spirit of patriotism.



Extra! Extra!
Important News!

THRILLING NEWS FOR THE FOREST FOLK. DRAWN BY L. J. BRIDGMAN.

THE BOYS' LIFE OF MARK TWAIN

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Author of "Mark Twain, a Biography," etc.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SOLDIER

WHEN he reached Hannibal, Samuel Clemens found a very mixed condition of affairs. The country was in an uproar of war preparation; in a border State there was a confusion of sympathies, with much ignorance as to what it was all about. Any number of young men were eager to enlist for a brief camping-out expedition, and small private companies were formed, composed about half and half of Union and Confederate men as it turned out later.

Missouri, meantime, had allied herself with the South, and Samuel Clemens on his arrival in Hannibal decided that, like Lee, he would go with his State. Old friends, who were getting up a company "to help Governor 'Claib' Jackson repel the invader," offered him a lieutenantancy if he would join. It was not a big company; it had only about a dozen members, most of whom had been schoolmates, some of them fellow-pilots, and Sam Clemens was needed to make it complete. It was just another *Tom Sawyer* band, and they met in a secret place above Bear Creek Hill and planned how they would sell their lives on the field of glory, just as years before fierce raids had been arranged on peach orchards and melon patches. Secrecy was necessary, for the Union militia had a habit of coming over from Illinois and arresting suspicious armies on sight. It would humiliate the finest army in the world to spend a night or two in the calaboose.

So they met in secrecy at night, and one mysterious evening they called on girls who either were their sweethearts or were pretending to be for the occasion, and when the time came for good-by the girls were invited to "walk through the pickets" with them, though the girls did n't notice any pickets, because the pickets were calling on their girls, too, and were a little late getting to their posts.

That night they marched through brush and vines, because the highroad was thought to be dangerous, and next morning arrived at the home of Colonel Ralls, of Ralls County, who had the army form in dress parade and made it a speech and gave it a hot breakfast in good Southern style. Then he sent out to Colonel Bill Splawn and Farmer Nuck Matson a requisition for supplies that would convert this body of infantry

into cavalry—rough-riders of that early day. The community did not wish to keep an army on its hands, and were willing to send it along by such means as they could spare handily. When the outfitting was complete, Lieutenant Samuel Clemens, mounted on a small yellow mule whose tail had been trimmed in the paint-brush pattern then much worn by mules, and surrounded by variously attached articles—such as an extra pair of cowhide boots, a pair of gray blankets, a home-made quilt, a frying-pan, a carpet-sack, a small valise, an overcoat, an old-fashioned Kentucky rifle, twenty yards of rope, and an umbrella—was a fair sample of the brigade.

An army like that, to enjoy itself, ought to go into camp; so it went over to Salt River, near the town of Florida, and took up headquarters in a big log-stable. Somebody suggested that an army ought to have its hair cut, so that in a hand-to-hand conflict the enemy could not get hold of it. There was a pair of sheep-shears in the stable, and Private Tom Lyons acted as barber. They were not sharp shears, and a group of little darkies gathered from the farm to enjoy the torture.

Regular elections were now held—all officers, down to sergeants and orderlies, being officially chosen. There were only three privates, and you could n't tell them from officers. The discipline in that army was very bad.

It became worse soon. Pouring rain set in. Salt River rose and overflowed the bottoms. Men ordered on picket duty climbed up into the stable-loft and went to bed. Twice, on black drenching nights, word came from the farm-house that the enemy, commanded by a certain Colonel Ulysses Grant, was in the neighborhood, and the Hannibal division went hastily slopping through mud and brush in the other direction, dragging wearily back when the alarm was over. Military ardor was bound to cool under such treatment. Then Lieutenant Clemens developed a very severe boil, and was obliged to lie most of the day on some hay in a horse-trough, where he spent his time denouncing the war and the mistaken souls who had invented it. When word that "General" Tom Harris, commander of the district, formerly telegraph operator in Hannibal, was at a near-by farm-house, living on the fat of the land, the army broke camp without further ceremony. Half-way there they met General Harris, who

ordered them back to quarters. They called him familiarly "Tom," and told him they were through with that camp forever. He begged them, but it was no use. A little further on they stopped at a farm-house for supplies. A tall, bony woman came to the door.

"You 're Secesh, ain't you?"

Lieutenant Clemens said: "We are, madam, de-

and rolled out of a big hay-window into the barn-yard below. The rest of the brigade seized the burning hay and pitched it out of the same window. The lieutenant had sprained his ankle when he struck, and his boil was still painful, but the burning hay cured him—for the moment. He made a spring from under it; then, noticing that the rest of the army, now that the fire was out,



THE "ARMY" HAS ITS
HAIR CUT.

fenders of the noble cause, and we should like to buy a few provisions."

The request seemed to inflame her.

"Provisions!" she screamed. "Provisions for Secesh, and my husband a colonel in the Union Army. You get out of here!"

She reached for a hickory hoop-pole that stood by the door, and the army moved on. When they reached the home of Colonel Bill Splawn, it was night and the family had gone to bed. So the hungry army camped in the barn-yard and crept into the hay-loft to sleep. Presently somebody yelled "Fire!" One of the boys had been smoking and had ignited the hay.

Lieutenant Clemens, suddenly wakened, made a quick rotary movement away from the blaze

and seemed to think his performance amusing, he rose up and expressed himself concerning the war, and military life, and the human race in general. They helped him in, then, for his ankle was swelling badly.

In the morning Colonel Splawn gave the army a good breakfast and it moved on. Lieutenant Clemens, however, did not get farther than Farmer Nuck Matson's. He was in a high fever by that time from his injured ankle, and Mrs. Matson put him to bed. So the army left him and presently disbanded. Some enlisted in the regular service, North or South according to preference. Properly officered and disciplined, that *Tom Sawyer* band would have made as good soldiers as any.

Lieutenant Clemens did not enlist again. When he was able to walk, he went to visit Orion in Keokuk. Orion was a Union Abolitionist, but there would be no unpleasantness on that account. Samuel Clemens was beginning to have leanings in that direction himself.

CHAPTER XVII

THE PIONEER

HE arrived in Keokuk at what seemed a lucky moment. Through Edward Bates, a member of Lincoln's cabinet, Orion Clemens had received an appointment as territorial secretary of Nevada, and only needed the money to carry him to the seat of his office at Carson City. Out of his pilot's salary his brother had saved more than enough for the journey, and was willing to pay both their fares and go along as private secretary to Orion, a position which promised something in the way of adventure and a possible opportunity for making a fortune.

The brothers went at once to St. Louis for final leave-taking, and there took boat for "St. Jo," Missouri, terminus of the great Overland Stage Route. They paid one hundred and fifty dollars each for their passage, and about the end of July, 1861, set out on that long, delightful trip, behind sixteen galloping horses, never stopping except for meals or to change teams, heading steadily into the sunset over the billowy plains and snow-clad Rockies, covering the seventeen hundred miles between St. Jo and Carson City in nineteen glorious days.

But one must read Mark Twain's "Roughing It" for the story of that long-ago trip—the joy and wonder of it, and the inspiration. "Even at this day," he writes, "it thrills me through and through to think of the life, the gladness, and the wild sense of freedom that used to make the blood dance in my face on those fine overland mornings."

It was a hot August day when they arrived, dusty, unshaven, and weather-beaten, and Samuel Clemens's life as a frontiersman began. Carson City, the capital of Nevada, was a wooden town with an assorted population of two thousand souls. The mining excitement was at its height and had brought together the drift of every race.

The Clemens brothers took up lodgings with a genial Irishwoman, the *Mrs. O'Flannigan* of "Roughing It," and Orion established himself in a modest office, for there was no capitol building as yet, no government headquarters. Orion could do all the work, and Samuel Clemens, finding neither duties nor salary attached to his position,

gave himself up to the study of the life about him and to the enjoyment of the freedom of the frontier. Presently he had a following of friends who loved his quaint manner of speech and his yarns. On cool nights they would collect about Orion's office-stove, and he would tell stories in the wonderful way that one day would delight the world. Within a brief time Sam Clemens (he was always "Sam" to the pioneers) was the most notable figure on the Carson streets. His great bushy head of auburn hair, his piercing, twinkling eyes, his loose, lounging walk, his careless disorder of dress invited a second look even from strangers. From a river dandy he had become the roughest clad of pioneers—rusty slouch hat, flannel shirt, coarse trousers slopping half in and half out of heavy cowhide boots, this was his make-up. Energetic citizens did not prophesy success for him. Often they saw him leaning against an awning support, staring drowsily at the motley human procession, for as much as an hour at a time. Certainly that could not be profitable.

But they did like to hear him talk.

He did not catch the mining fever at once. He was interested first in the riches that he could see. Among these was the timber land around Lake Bigler (now Tahoe)—splendid acres, to be had for the asking. The lake itself was beautifully situated.

With an Ohio boy, John Kinney, he made an excursion afoot to Tahoe, a trip described in one of the best chapters of "Roughing It." They staked out a timber claim and pretended to fence it and to build a house, but their chief employment was loafing in the quiet luxury of the great woods or drifting in a boat on the transparent water. They did not sleep in the house. In "Roughing It," he says:

It never occurred to us, for one thing; and besides, it was built to hold the ground, and that was enough. We did not wish to strain it.

They made their camp-fire on the borders of the lake, and one evening it got away from them, fired the forest, and destroyed their fences and habitation. In a letter home he describes this fire in a fine vivid way. At one place he says:

The level ranks of flame were relieved at intervals by the standard-bearers, as we called the tall dead trees, wrapped in fire and waving their blazing banners a hundred feet in the air. Then we could turn from the scene to the lake, and see every branch and leaf andataract of flame upon its banks perfectly reflected, as in a gleaming fiery mirror.

He was acquiring the literary vision and touch. The description of this same fire in "Roughing

It," written ten years later, is scarcely more vivid.

Most of his letters home at this time tell of glowing prospects—the certainty of fortune ahead.

Two months later, in midwinter, the mining fever came upon him with full force.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE MINER

THE wonder is that Samuel Clemens, always speculative and visionary, had not fallen an earlier victim. Everywhere one heard stories of sudden fortune—of men who had gone to bed paupers and awakened millionaires. New and fabulous finds were reported daily. Cartloads of bricks—silver and gold bricks—drove through the Carson streets.

Then suddenly from the newly opened Humboldt region came the wildest reports. The mountains there were said to be stuffed with gold. A correspondent of the "Territorial Enterprise" was unable to find words to picture the riches of the Humboldt mines.

The air for Samuel Clemens began to shimmer. Fortune was waiting to be gathered in a basket. He joined the first expedition for Humboldt—in fact, helped to organize it. In "Roughing It" he says:

Hurry was the word! We wasted no time. Our party consisted of four persons—a blacksmith sixty years of age, two young lawyers, and myself. We bought a wagon and two miserable old horses. We put eighteen hundred pounds of provisions and mining tools in the wagon and drove out of Carson on a chilly December afternoon.

The two young lawyers were W. H. Clagget, whom Clemens had known in Keokuk, and A. W. Oliver, called *Oliphant* in "Roughing It." The blacksmith was named Tillou (*Ballou* in "Roughing It"), a sturdy, honest man with a knowledge of mining and the repair of tools. There were also two dogs in the party—a curly-tailed mongrel and a young hound.

The horses were the weak feature of the expedition. It was two hundred miles to Humboldt, mostly across sand. The miners rode only a little way, then got out to lighten the load. Later they pushed. Then it began to snow—also to blow, and the air became filled with whirling clouds of snow and sand. On and on they pushed and groaned, sustained by the knowledge that they must arrive sometime, when right away they would be millionaires and all their troubles would be over.

The nights were better. The wind went down and they made a camp-fire in the shelter of the

wagon, cooked their bacon, crept under blankets with the dogs to warm them, and Sam Clemens spun yarns till they fell asleep.

There had been an Indian war, and occasionally they passed the charred ruin of a cabin and new graves. By and by they came to that deadly waste known as the Alkali Desert, strewn with



LIGHTING THE FUSE. "'ONE WEEK OF THIS SATISFIED ME. I RESIGNED,' WAS SAM'S BRIEF COMMENT."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the carcasses of dead beasts and with the heavy articles discarded by emigrants in their eagerness to reach water. All day and night they pushed through that choking, waterless plain to reach camp on the other side. When they arrived at three in the morning, they dropped down exhausted. Judge Oliver, the last survivor of the party, in a letter to the writer of these chapters said:

The sun was high in the heavens when we were aroused from our sleep by a yelling band of Piute warriors. We were upon our feet in an instant. The pic-

ture of burning cabins and the lonely graves we had passed was in our minds. Our scalps were still our own and not dangling from the belts of our visitors. Sam pulled himself together, put his hand on his head as if to make sure he had not been scalped, and with his inimitable drawl said: "Boys, they have left us our scalps. Let us give them all the flour and sugar they ask for." And we did give them a good supply, for we were grateful.

The Indians left them unharmed, and the prospective millionaires moved on. Across all that two hundred miles to the Humboldt country they pushed, arriving at the little camp of Unionville at the end of eleven weary days.

In "Roughing It" Mark Twain has told us of Unionville and the mining experience there. Their cabin was a three-sided affair with a cotton roof. Stones rolled down the mountainside on them; also, the author says, a mule and a cow. The author could not gather fortune in a basket as he had dreamed. Masses of gold and silver were not lying about. He gathered a backload of yellow, glittering specimens, but they proved worthless. Gold in the rough did not glitter, and was not yellow. Tillou instructed the others in prospecting, and they went to work with pick and shovel—then with drill and blasting powder. The prospect of immediately becoming millionaires vanished.

"One week of this satisfied me. I resigned," was Sam's brief comment.

The Humboldt reports had been exaggerated. The Clemens-Clagget-Oliver-Tillou millionaire combination soon surrendered its claims. Clemens and Tillou set out for Carson City with a Prussian named Pfersdorff, who nearly got them drowned and got them completely lost in the snow before they arrived there. Oliver and Clagget remained in Unionville, began law practice, and were elected to office. It is not known what became of the wagon and horses and the two dogs.

It was the end of January when our miner returned to Carson. He was not discouraged—far from it. He believed he had learned something that would be useful to him in a camp where mines were a reality. Within a few weeks from his return we find him at Aurora, in the Esmeralda region on the edge of California. Here the Clemens brothers owned 1650 feet of mining ground. He had come down to work it.

It was the dead of winter, but he was full of enthusiasm, confident of a fortune by early summer. To Pamela he wrote:

I expect to return to St. Louis in July—per steamer. I don't say that I *will* return then, or that I shall *be able* to do it—but I *expect* to—you bet. . . . If nothing goes wrong, we'll strike the ledge in June.

He was trying to be conservative, and farther along he seems to think it necessary to caution his sister not to get excited.

Don't you know I have only *talked*, as yet, but proved nothing? Don't you know I have never held in my hands a gold or silver bar that belonged to me? Don't you know that people who always feel jolly, no matter where they are or what happens to them—and who cannot, by any possibility, discover any but the *bright* side of a picture—are very apt to go to extremes?

Whereupon he soars again, adding page after page full of glowing expectations and plans such as belong only with speculation in treasures buried in the ground—a very difficult place indeed to find them.

His money was about exhausted by this time, and funds to work the mining claims must come out of Orion's rather modest salary. The brothers owned all claims in partnership, and it was now the part of "Brother Sam" to do the active work. He hated the hard picking and prying and blasting into the flinty ledges, but the fever drove him on. He camped with a young man named Horatio Phillips, at first, later with an experienced miner, Calvin H. Higbie, to whom "Roughing It" would one day be dedicated. They lived in a tiny cabin with a cotton roof, and around their rusty stove they would paw over their specimens and figure the fortune that their mines would be worth in the spring.

Food ran low, money gave out almost entirely, but they did not give up. When it was stormy and they could not dig and the ex-pilot was in a talkative vein, he would sit astride the bunk and distribute to his hearers riches more valuable than any they would dig from the Esmeralda hills. At other times he did not talk at all, but sat in a corner and wrote. They thought he was writing home; they did not know that he was "literary." Some of his home letters had found their way into a Keokuk paper and had come back to Orion, who had shown them to an assistant on the "Territorial Enterprise" of Virginia City. The "Enterprise" man had caused one of them to be reprinted, and this had encouraged its author to send something to the paper direct. He signed these contributions "Josh."

He received no pay for these offerings and expected none. He considered them of no value. If any one had told him that he was knocking at the door of the house of fame, however feebly, he would have doubted that person's judgment or sincerity.

His letters to Orion in Carson City were hasty compositions, reporting progress and prospects or calling for remittances to keep the work going. On April 13 he wrote:

Work not begun on the Horatio and Derby—have n't seen it yet. It is still in the snow. Shall begin on it within 3 or 4 weeks—strike the ledge in July.

Again, later in the month:

I have been at work all day, blasting and digging in



"AROUND A RUSTY STOVE THEY WOULD PAW OVER THEIR SPECIMENS."

one of our new claims, "Dashaway," which I don't think a great deal of, but which I am willing to try. We are down now ten or twelve feet.

It must have been disheartening work, picking away at the flinty ledges. There is no further mention of the "Dashaway," but we hear of the "Flyaway," the "Annipolitan," the "Live Yan-

kee," and of many another, each of which holds out a beacon of hope for a brief moment, then passes from notice forever. Still he was not discouraged. Once he wrote:

I am a citizen here and I am satisfied, though 'Ratio and I are "strapped" and we have n't three days' rations in the house. I shall work the "Monitor" and the other claims with my own hands.

"The pick and shovel are the only claims I have confidence in now," he wrote later; "my back is sore and my hands are blistered with handling them to-day."

His letters began to take on a weary tone. Once in midsummer he wrote that it was still snowing up there in the hills, and added: "It *always* snows here I expect. If we strike it rich, I've lost my guess, that 's all." And the final heartsick line, "Don't you suppose they have pretty much quit writing at home?"

In time he went to work in a quartz-mill at ten dollars a week, though it was not entirely for the money, as in "Roughing It" he would have us believe. Samuel Clemens learned thoroughly what he undertook, and he proposed to master the science of mining. From Phillips and Higbie he had learned what there was to know about prospecting. He went to the mill to learn refining, so that, when his claims developed, he could establish a mill and personally superintend the work. His stay was brief. He contracted a severe cold and came near getting poisoned by the chemicals. Recovering, he went with Higbie for an outing to

Mono Lake, a ghastly, lifeless alkali sea among the hills.

At another time he went with Higbie on a walking trip to the Yosemite, where they camped and fished undisturbed, for in those days few human beings came to that far isolation. Discouragement did not reach them there—amid that

vast grandeur and quiet the quest for gold hardly seemed worth while. Now and again that summer he went alone into the wilderness to find his balance and to get entirely away from humankind.

In "Roughing It" Mark Twain tells the story of how he and Higbie finally located a "blind lead" which made them really millionaires until they forfeited their claim through the sharp practice of some rival miners and their own neglect. It is true that the "Wide West" claim was forfeited in some such manner, but the size of the loss was magnified in "Roughing It" to make a good story. There was never a fortune in "Wide West" except the one sunk in it by its final owners. The story as told in "Roughing It" is a tale of what *might* have happened, and ends the author's days in the mines with a dramatic touch.

The mining career of Samuel Clemens really came to a close gradually, and with no showy climax. He fought hard and surrendered little by little without owning, even to the end, that he was surrendering at all. It was the gift of resolution that all his life would make his defeats long and costly—his victories supreme.

By the end of July the money situation in the Aurora camp was getting desperate. Orion's depleted salary would no longer pay for food, tools, and blasting-powder, and the miner began to cast about for means to earn an additional sum, however small. The "Josh" letters to the "Enterprise" had awakened interest as to their author, and Orion had not failed to let "Josh's" identity be known. The result had been that here and there a coast paper had invited contributions and even suggested payment. A letter written by the Aurora miner at the end of July tells this part of the story:

My debts are greater than I thought for. . . . The fact is I must have something to do, and that *shortly*, too. . . . Now write to the "Sacramento Union" folks, or to Marsh, and tell them that I will write as many letters a week as they want, for \$10. a week. My board must be paid. Tell them I have corresponded with the N. Orleans "Crescent" and other papers—and the "Enterprise."

If they want letters from here—who 'll run from morning till night collecting material cheaper? I 'll write a short letter twice a week, for the present, for the "Age," for \$5.00 per week. Now it has been a long time since I could n't make my own living, and it shall be a long time before I loaf another year.

This all led to nothing, but about the same time the "Enterprise" assistant already mentioned spoke to Joseph T. Goodman, owner and editor of the paper, about adding "Josh" to their regular staff. "Joe" Goodman, a man of keen humor

and literary perception, agreed that the author of the "Josh" letters might be useful to them. One of the sketches particularly appealed to him—a burlesque report of a Fourth of July oration.

"That is the kind of thing we want," he said. "Write to him, Barstow, and ask him if he wants to come up here."

Barstow wrote, offering twenty-five dollars a week—a tempting sum. This was at the end of July, 1862.

Yet the hard-pressed miner made no haste to accept the offer. To leave Aurora meant the surrender of all hope in the mines, the confession of another failure. He wrote Barstow, asking when he thought he might be needed. And at the same time, in a letter to Orion he said:

I shall leave at midnight to-night, alone and on foot, for a walk of 60 or 70 miles through a totally uninhabited country. But do *you* write Barstow that I have left here for a week or so, and, in case he should want me, he must write me here, or let me know through you.

He had gone into the wilderness to fight out his battle alone, postponing the final moment of surrender—surrender that, had he known, only meant the beginning of victory. He was still undecided when he returned eight days later and wrote to his sister Pamela a letter in which there is no mention of newspaper prospects.

Just how and when the end came at last cannot be known; but one hot dusty August afternoon in Virginia City, a worn, travel-stained pilgrim dragged himself into the office of the "Territorial Enterprise," then in its new building on C Street, and, loosening a heavy roll of blankets from his shoulder, dropped wearily into a chair. He wore a rusty slouch hat, no coat, a faded blue-flannel shirt, a navy revolver; his trousers were tucked into his boot-tops; a tangle of reddish brown hair fell on his shoulders; a mass of tawny beard, dingy with alkali dust, dropped half-way to his waist.

Aurora lay one hundred and thirty miles from Virginia. He had walked that distance carrying his heavy load. Editor Goodman was absent at the moment, but the other proprietor, Dennis E. McCarthy, asked the caller to state his errand. The wanderer regarded him with a far-away look and said absently and with deliberation:

"My starboard leg seems to be unshipped. I 'd like about one hundred yards of line; I think I 'm falling to picces." Then he added: "I want to see Mr. Barstow or Mr. Goodman. My name is Clemens, and I 've come to write for the paper."

It was the master of the world's widest estate, come to claim his kingdom!

HOW A BOY SECURED A UNIQUE AUTOGRAPH OF MARK TWAIN

BY VICTOR ROSEWATER

READING from ST. NICHOLAS to my own children the story of Mark Twain's boyhood days has brought vividly to mind an experience I had with this great American humorist when I was a boy.

At the age of sixteen, I spent the winter of 1888 in Washington serving as a page in the United States Senate, my special duty being to attend "the card door." This meant that I was the messenger who plied between the entrance to the famous Marble Room and the floor of the Senate to let the senators know when callers wished to see them and to return whatever word was to be conveyed. In this capacity, by exerting myself to be accommodating and hunting up the senator in cloak-room or committee-room, instead of merely reporting that he was not in his seat, I could earn the thanks of the visitor and also of the senator, if only I used a little sound discretion as to whether it was a visitor he really wanted to see.

It happened that the question of a new copyright law was being pressed upon Congress that winter, and all the most noted American authors were eager to have the way opened for international copyright in order that their rights might be protected when their books were published in other lands.

Among those who waited on the lawmakers in this connection were Edward Eggleston, of "Hoosier Schoolmaster" renown, and Thomas W. Knox, whose stories of boy adventure had thrilled me many times. But when a day or two later a thick-set man with bushy red-brown hair, drooping, sandy moustache, deep set eyes, and beaming countenance came into the reception-hall and asked to see one of the senators, I was

thrown into a state of excited expectancy. For had I not read "Tom Sawyer"? And did I not at once see in the face before me a strong resemblance to the portrait of the author of that stirring and delightful narrative from which not even summons to meals could pull me after once beginning to read it?

Yes, it was Mark Twain himself, though that was not the name he gave, and at his request I brought out one after another of those whom he wished to meet him and to have listen to what he had to say.

Having finally accomplished his object, so far as he could for the moment, he started to leave, but halted with a kindly look to thank me for my help. By that time, of course, I had fully regained my self-composure, and, whipping my autograph-album out of my pocket (all the Senate pages were gathering autographs of famous people whenever opportunity offered), I said,

"Can't I have your autograph, sir?"

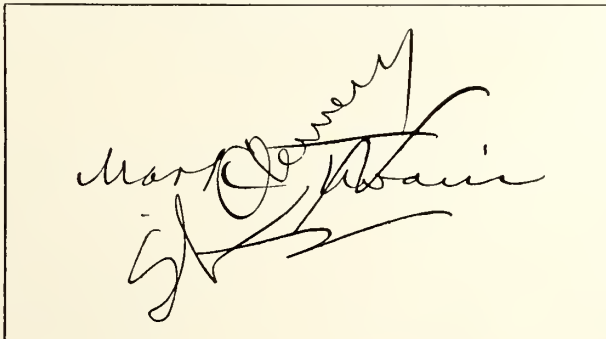
"Why, of course," he replied, following the word with the deed, and handing back the book, still open to let the ink dry, showing on the page the simple writing "Mark Twain."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, unable to conceal my half disappointment. "You have another name. Please, sir, I want your *real* name!"

The remark seemingly struck a sympathetic chord. He took the album again and added "S. L. Clemens" across the first signature.

"There," he said, with a merry twinkle in his eye; "now you have both my names in twain."

So far as I have been able to ascertain, mine is a unique Mark Twain autograph in the dual rôle of literary man and of—just himself.



THROUGH THE STORM

BY MARY WOODBURY CASWELL

A BOY and girl, Jack and Kathleen Markham, were swinging along on snow-shoes over the sparkling floor of a northwestern prairie. The thin crust on the snow was hard enough to reduce the labor of snow-shoeing to a minimum, and the biting air flushed their faces, of which the likeness sufficiently proclaimed their relationship without the brotherly frankness of the boy's comment:

"Look out, Kathleen! Slow up a little; you're a great traveler all right, but no girl, or boy either, can strike that gait and keep it up for long."

The girl smiled as she reduced her speed, and then bent to look at a faint track on the crust.

"There's your coyote, Jack," she said. "The middle toe is gone."

"Miserable little brute!" was his wrathful response. "I might as well have left him in the trap. Of course he's half starved, and still he'd rather run away and live on what he can steal than come back and be fed."

"'T is his nature to," absently replied Kathleen, as she looked at the clump of hemlocks they were approaching. "Oh, Jack, won't you please get me some of those upper branches that are n't broken? I want a lot to trim the house for Christmas."

"Oh, bother!" he exclaimed. "Do I have to get off my snow-shoes and climb up in that jungle this cold day?"

"You don't *have* to; but if you do, we'll get out the chafing-dish and cook all the evening if you like."

"This is shocking!" groaned the boy. "Flat bribery!" Then he briskly demanded, "Creamed oysters?"

"A gallon."

"Nut fudge?"

"A peck!" was the impressive answer.

"All right—that's my price. Another good man gone wrong!" and he tore off his snow-shoes and scrambled up toward the best branches, where he broke off the feathery ends and showered them down on Kathleen as she stood with outstretched hands. She made an exceedingly pretty picture, so much so, indeed, that the matter-of-fact fraternal mind was impressed.

"You look stunning, Sis. Better get a green party-dress. Here, hold still a minute," as he broke a larger branch. "I'll throw this so the end won't hit you, and it will make a regular

opera-cloak," and he tossed it with accurate aim. But in doing so he overbalanced himself, and Kathleen, with a scream, saw him sway, catch vainly at the limbs, and fall on the snow, or rather into it. She held her breath as she rushed to him, but after all, she thought, it was hardly possible for any one to be seriously hurt by falling through the thick foliage of a hemlock into four feet of snow. Though she was startled, she really expected to hear his infectious laugh and a merry comment on his grace and agility; but he lay ominously still, and she saw to her horror that the unexpected had happened.

His head must have struck a limb as he fell, for there was a cut from which the blood was slowly oozing, and he was quite unconscious. She slipped her hand inside his coat and found that his heart was beating, and then, though faint with terror, she bound up his head as well as she could with their two handkerchiefs, drew him over on the hemlock boughs to keep him from the chill of the snow, and pulled off her coat to lay over him, wondering desperately what she could do. She must leave him and go for help; and yet, though home was hardly half a mile away, her heart stood still as she thought of the coyote track. If Jack's old pet was near, others might be; and indeed she believed the brute they had fed would be as likely as another to attack his master. How could she leave him? And still, what would become of him if she did not? The only alternative that she could think of was to make a fire of the hemlock boughs on the side of the wood that could be seen from home, in the hope that some one would come to investigate, though she realized miserably that, even if it was seen, the chances were that it would simply be taken as evidence that she and Jack were enjoying a lark of some kind.

Their establishment consisted only of an unimaginative hired man, a maid-servant, Christine, and their old nurse, Norah, who had long been used to having the children, as she still called them, absent for hours in the wildest weather, while their father, though he was proud of and indulgent to them, seldom worried about anything but his own health. Indeed he had an abiding faith in their ability to take care of themselves, which had been fully justified till now.

Kathleen was at her wits' end; but as she turned, the tears running down her cheeks, to try the poor resource of a fire, she was greeted by a

gruff voice inquiring stolidly, "Boy hurt?" and, turning, saw an old French half-breed trapper, who had been interesting to her and Jack on account of possessing the only dog-team in that part of the country. He had been much ridiculed

in this winter of deep snow, when the heavier draught-animals were useless, and their owners, if they wished to go abroad from their isolated claims, had to do so on snow-shoes or skis, seeing, perhaps, old Peter luxuriously riding over the snow behind his light-footed team.

His name may have been Pierre to begin with. It had been hardened into its present uncompromising form by Anglo-Saxon neighbors; and, whether from the same cause or not, his disposition was as far as possible from that of the lightsome *voyageur* of song and tale, having, in fact, reverted closely to the original Indian type. However, no cultured heir of all the ages could have been more welcome to Kathleen.

"Oh, Peter!" she cried; "I was never so glad to see any one in my life! Can you take Jack home on your sled?"

Peter considered a moment, then briefly directed, "You get on sled; hold boy," and assisted in the transfer, his benevolence possibly made active by the memory, and hope, of sundry satisfying meals enjoyed in the Markham kitchen. He then shod himself with Jack's discarded snow-shoes, and, taking his place at the head of the leader of his team, started.

Kathleen's relief had left her faint, and the sled having no superfluous room, she confidently expected to fall off; but her strength quickly came back, and so skilfully and rapidly did Peter pilot his equipage, that soon they were safely at their own door.

Norah and Christine came out in surprise that changed

to fright when they saw Jack's helpless form and bandaged head, but Kathleen was herself again.

"Speak quietly," she said; "we won't disturb Father if we can help it. Peter, will you please help them carry Jack up to his room? I'll watch the dogs"; and she stood by them till he came back.



"HIS HEAD MUST HAVE STRUCK A LIMB AS HE FELL,
AND HE WAS QUITE UNCONSCIOUS."

by his more advanced neighbors, who had risen to the dignity of the ownership of a forlorn mule or horse, but he stubbornly clung to his primitive means of transportation, on the ground that, as he did no farming, he did not need a team to plow with, and for all other purposes preferred his dogs. His choice seemed a peculiarly happy one

"Now Christine will give you a lunch and find some scraps for the dogs," she began, but he interrupted her, declining refreshment for the first time in her acquaintance with him.

"No, Peter go home. Goin' be big snow; come eat some day pretty soon," and he departed with great expedition, pocketing the silver that Kathleen gratefully offered him.

Looking at the sky as she turned to go in, she saw the heavy clouds that had come up so quickly, and the fine flakes that had already begun to sift down, and realized that Peter's haste was wise.

"I must start Ole to the fort for the doctor," she thought as she ran upstairs to help Norah. They soon had Jack safely in bed, but with no sign of returning consciousness.

"I can't make it out," said Norah. "That is n't such an awful bad cut, and he ain't hurt anywhere else, but he just don't come to. I guess Peter 'd better go and fetch the doctor."

"Peter would n't stay," said Kathleen. "Ole must go over."

"Gracious me!" sharply exclaimed the old nurse, "Ole 's gone to see his mother, and your father told him he need n't come back till morning!" The women stared aghast at each other.

But Kathleen spoke with decision. "Then I must go. If I were here, I could n't do anything for Jack that you can't do, and Father need n't know anything about it. He 'll have supper in his room, as usual, and you must n't even tell him that Jack is hurt, if you can help it. I hope I 'll be back by the time he comes into the library."

But Norah shook her head. "You must n't try to go over with those crazy broncos. There 's a blizzard coming up if ever I saw the beginning of one, and it 's not fit for you to be out."

"No," said Kathleen, quietly, "I sha'n't try to drive the horses. I 'm going to walk. It is n't a mile and a half, and the stage-road is well broken now. I 'll sling the snow-shoes over my shoulder, so that I can put them on if it snows and drifts enough to spoil the road; and I 'll take the closed lantern, and the compass and a revolver." And then, as the nurse looked unconvinced, she blazed out: "Do you think I 'd stay at home and let Jack die without help? And can any one else go—you or Father?—and Christine would sit down in the first drift and announce, 'I die, I die!' And she probably would die! No, I *must* go!"

Norah had not been with Kathleen sixteen years for nothing. She knew that when that young person, ordinarily biddable and sweet tempered enough, "took the bit in her teeth," she was "ill to guide," and she now concluded to

hold her tongue. Then, too, she was bitterly anxious about Jack.

"He does need the doctor, bad," she reflected; "and Kathleen will get over there if any woman that ain't an Indian can."

So she helped the girl make her few preparations, and held the door open as she stepped eagerly out into the storm.

It was dark already. The snow was falling thickly, and the wind was rising.

"It is n't a blizzard yet," said Kathleen, brightly, "and see, Norah, the wind is straight behind me. That will make it easy to walk, and the road won't drift as it would with the wind blowing from either side. Take good care of Jack, and I 'll have the doctor here in two hours," and she quickly walked away. The house with its out-buildings and then the hemlocks would shield her from the wind at first, but there would be three quarters of a mile to go over the open prairie. She knew it would be a hard pull, but instead of fear she felt a wild exultation at being out in the night, doing something to help her merry, loyal playmate. Her delight in their out-of-door amusements since they had come to the West had more than once led her father laughingly to say that he believed she must have some forgotten Indian or Gipsy ancestor from whom she had inherited the wild strain in her blood, and she began to think to-night that it really must be so, for she was conscious that, even beyond her overmastering desire to bring aid to Jack, she felt a mad response in every vein to the swirl of the wind above the trees, and a proud assurance that she could get to the fort safely, no matter how hard it snowed. Even if it became a blizzard, she *knew* she could crouch and crawl, if necessary, to reach her goal as tirelessly as any Indian, escaped from his captors, would push on to his home.

Suddenly she was sure that she heard a soft sound of a different quality from her own foot-fall or the wind sweeping through the hemlocks. She turned, and, coming out of the shelter of the trees, she saw an ominously wolfish form against the snow. Her hand went quickly to her revolver, but in another moment she laughed outright.

"Jack's coyote again," she said. "Come here, Modoc; you may go with me if you want to."

It seemed at first as if the prowling beast were inclined to accept her invitation, for he silently glided along in front of her while the woods sheltered them; but as they passed these and the full fury of the snow-laden wind struck them, he stopped, shook himself, and prudently retired to cover again.

"Good night!" called the girl. "Come home to-morrow and I'll give you some bones!" Then she steadied herself for the real work that lay before her.

As she had foreseen, the wind, being directly in line with the road, cleared the track of the new snow rather than drifted any into it, and, blowing from behind her, assisted her progress,

avoid a swamp. Twenty rods ahead were thick hemlocks again, part of the belt that began near her own home and curved in a half circle between them and the fort. At the turn she realized for the first time on what a night she was abroad. The driving snow struck the side of her face and stung and blinded her, and there was no sign of a path to be seen among the drifts.



"HE SILENTLY GLIDED ALONG IN FRONT OF HER WHILE THE WOODS SHELTERED THEM."

though it more than once made her stagger. But she went on with an odd sense of freedom. A line of Kipling's that Jack liked to repeat came into her head, and her feet moved lightly to its rhythm:

"And the Northern Lights come down o' nights
To dance with the houseless snow."

Fantastic ideas drifted through her mind. "The Northern Lights being unavoidably detained," she idly thought, "I am the fortunate substitute at this ball; but I should call the wind, instead of the snow, my partner; no—I am dancing with the snow, and the wind is the music. It certainly quite carries us away,"—as a stronger blast almost lifted her from her feet, for its force was constantly increasing.

The road was still good, however, and her exhilaration grew as she hurried on till, in what seemed to her a very short time, she reached the spot where the road turned at right angles to

She turned her back to the storm again as she put on her snow-shoes, and drew her cap farther over her eyes. Then she slowly fought her way in the direction of the dark wall that was often entirely hidden, but which meant shelter for the quarter mile of its width. She would have said that it was hours before she reached it, for the wind seemed to be continually pressing her to one side with invisible but irresistible hands; but at last she was safe in its protection. She leaned against a tree-trunk for a minute or two to recover her breath, and then went on confidently for some time till the outline of the track she was taking and the unfamiliar position of the trees made her stop suddenly and look around with the dawning conviction that in her struggle with the wind she had failed to enter the woods at the right point and had been following one of the natural aisles made by the trees, by which every wood-wanderer, sooner or later, is deceived.

Her first feeling was of wrath, pure and simple. "To think that I should play such a tender-foot trick!" she thought. "Now what shall I do? Much good my compass is! It will get me straight east out of the woods, but when I get out, how am I going to tell whether the fort is north or south of me? Anyway, I 'll go on through. It would n't be any easier to find the right track if I went back, and perhaps I 'm not so far out of the way but that I can see the lights when I get to the other side."

So she opened the lantern, looked at her compass, and then went on till the belt of trees was crossed. Then she strained her eyes eagerly to see the fort, but there was no light or sign of life. The snow drifted down, heavily, relentlessly, in the lee of the woods, but beyond them, where the wind struck it, it whirled, plunged, and fled before the furious blast. The contour of the rolling prairie was strange to Kathleen, and resembled in no way the familiar slopes and hollows of the country near the fort, while there was absolutely nothing to show her in which direction she ought to go.

But she was not long in deciding. "I must follow the edge of the woods south for a quarter of a mile, and then, if I see nothing that looks natural, I must come back and go as much farther north. I surely can find the fort that way, if I have to go back and forth all night. But what will Jack do in the meantime? And how frightened they will be about me!" The thought spurred her to instant motion, but as she started south, she heard a low whine, and near her, between the closely growing trees, she again saw a familiar outline, fawning in the most apologetic manner. Kathleen's gaze was one of blank amazement.

"What in the world—why, Modoc, is that you?"

Another whine seemed to indicate an affirmative answer.

"Why, then, it was n't you I saw before. You 'd never have crossed the prairie in the storm—though of course you could have come around through the trees. I suppose you could easily make more than three times the ground that I do."

Still she was incredulous and puzzled. The coyote had done some queer things in the way of tracking and following them in the brief period when they had considered him domesticated, but that had been more than a month ago, and they supposed that he had forgotten by this time whatever feeling of intimacy and confidence he might have learned, though all the old settlers agreed that never before had any one made so much of a success in taming one of his supposedly untamable tribe.

The coyote whined again, and, looking back at the girl, started north, then stopped, and, Kathleen was sure, waited for her to follow. She shrugged her shoulders. Did he mean to try to induce her to accompany him to the home of one of his numerous relatives? She was by no means sure of the friendliness of his intentions, but concluded that she might as well follow him, for the quarter of a mile she had allowed herself, in that direction as well as the other. She could keep in sight of the open country, and at worst she had her revolver, while at best—she suddenly remembered that some of the cooks at the fort had reported having seen an astonishingly tame coyote occasionally skirmishing around their scrap-pails, and she began to hope that that might be his destination. So she followed him for much more than a quarter of a mile, till he turned to the open, and, lifting his head, gave voice to a low howl. Looking in the direction in which he was headed, she began to see something familiar in the dim outlines she was facing. As she peered intently through the almost opaque whiteness, her eyes caught a faint glimmer of light, and she knew that she was only a short distance from the fort.

It was with a very grateful heart that she turned to Modoc, but that enterprising animal had disappeared without waiting for any acknowledgment of his eminent services.

Afterward, when Kathleen told her tale of the strange guide who had led her to safety, she was greeted with derision and incredulity among those who claimed to have an intimate acquaintance with the coyote family. One old resident of the country voiced the unanimous opinion of his clan when he said: "Now, Miss Markham, if that critter kept along with you for a ways, it was just because he was looking for you to freeze. There ain't no good in a coyote!" But all their lives Jack and Kathleen believed that it was simple loyalty and gratitude to those who had once saved him from the jaws of a wolf-trap that brought him to his friend's aid.

As Kathleen came out of the lee of the hemlocks, she found that the storm had undoubtedly reached the blizzard mark. It was harder work now to go forward than when the road had first turned, but the occasional gleam of light that reached her served both to encourage and guide her, and though she was panting for breath when she at last reached the door of the old army-surgeon, she felt little exhaustion. When that gentleman himself opened the door, and she saw his astounded face as he recognized her, she almost laughed.

"Why, Kathleen, child," he ejaculated, seizing

her hand and drawing her in at the door, snow-shoes and all, "where did you drop from this terrible night? Where 's Jack?"

"Jack 's had a bad fall, and is unconscious," she answered; "and I 'm here to ask you please to come to him at once."

"Of course," said he, "but not on snow-shoes, thank you,—and do you mean to say that you came alone?"

"Not entirely. Jack's coyote was with me at times, and a splendid escort he was."

"Well!" gasped the amazed doctor, "I don't see how you ever got over here alive. What on earth was your father thinking of to let you start out?"

"He did n't know I was coming—but, oh, Doctor, *do* come back with me as soon as you can!"

"Surely I will, but I need more of an escort than a coyote. We 'll have a sleigh and two horses, and two soldiers to manage them. I 'll have them ready in five minutes," he replied, as he went to the telephone to give directions, and then asked minute questions as to Jack's injury, nodding at Kathleen's answers with a reassuring smile. "We 'll soon bring him round all right. Don't worry."

The journey back in the teeth of the wind took much longer than the walk to the fort. The stalwart soldiers who led the team had to throw blankets over the horses' heads before they would face the storm, and there were deep drifts to be trampled down ahead of them. Twice they lost the road and wandered out on the prairie where the wind had scooped deceptive hollows that looked like traveled paths, but which ended in impassable mountains of snow.

But at last they reached the friendly shelter of the hemlocks, and in a few minutes were at the house. Jack, very much alive and animated, was the first to greet them.

"Kathleen Markham," he said severely, "I 'd like to pummel you! and I hope Dad will! It 's about time for him to come down to the library,

and you can do the explaining. Did you suppose a little crack on the head was going to hurt *me*? There never was a girl like you, Sis!" he added



"THERE NEVER WAS
A GIRL LIKE YOU, SIS!"

in a different tone as he hurriedly and rather shamefacedly bent to kiss her, having ascertained by a backward glance that the doctor had turned to speak to his father, who had just come from his room.

"Now, Kathleen, I 'll fire up the chafing-dish and let 's have those creamed oysters!"

GRANDPAPA'S WATCH

My grandpapa's watch is heavy and round,
And goes with a *tick, tick, tick*;
And one little hand is awfully slow,
And one little hand is quick.
It 's a funny old watch, with a case of gold,
And winds with a little key,
And Grandpapa says, when I 'm ten years old,
He 's going to give it to me.

L. Blackledge Lippmann.



The Master MAKES A BARGAIN

*Being the Fourth of the
Wonder-Box Stories*
by Will Bradley

ONE fine day the Master of Black Arts came stepping into Noodleburg. He was looking for a servant. Yes, the master had his eye here, there, and around the corner, as the saying goes, for a likely-looking lad to go traveling with him.

Master Jacob was sitting on the front stoop of his mother's house, whistling a merry tune and thinking 't was fine weather for fishing.

"Good day to you, Jacob," said the master.

"Good day, sir," said Jacob.

And how would Jacob like to go traveling?

Oh, that would n't be so bad, thought Jacob, but where was the gentleman going?

"Oh, just over the hills into the next town yonder."

And see, if Jacob cared to go, there were fine sights and good wages to be had into the bargain.

"And what might the wages be?" That was

what Jacob would like to know, for he was a good stout lad, and had to be earning a penny or two as the days jogged along.

They were good wages the master had to offer, and that was sure and certain. Listen: for three days the master would serve Jacob, and he might have all he could wish for; after that—well, after that Jacob was just to serve the master, and go errands, and help at this, that, and the other; and all the time he was to wear good clothes, have enough to eat, and a warm seat in the corner by the fire.

Well, those were pretty fine wages, and no mistake about that! Yes, Jacob would be glad to

strike such a bargain. So they shook hands on the matter, and set forth on their travels.

When it was evening, they came into the great town over the hills and went to the inn, where the master ordered a good dinner and the best of everything.

"Now I am traveling with Luck as a way-fellow," thought Jacob, when he had cleaned the last crumb from off his plate and had pushed his chair back from the table. But that is the way a lad always feels after he has tucked away a good meal. As for the master, he just chuckled; for you see, he knew how to spread thick honey on a crust, and not in the way luck does it, either.



"MASTER JACOB WAS SITTING ON THE FRONT STOOP OF HIS MOTHER'S HOUSE, WHISTLING A MERRY TUNE AND THINKING 'T WAS FINE WEATHER FOR FISHING."

Next morning Jacob was for taking a walk about the town. Had he any wish for the master to grant? No, not yet. He was just for seeing what kind of a house it was where Herr Mayor lived. Oh, as for Herr Mayor's house, why, that was only over the way yonder. Jacob would have no trouble finding it. And while he was gone, the master would wait right there in the inn. If Jacob should want anything, why, here was a little horn, and all that need be done was just to blow three blasts.

Now when Jacob came to Herr Mayor's house there was Gretchen, Herr Mayor's daughter, picking roses in the front garden—as good a sight as was to be seen in all that town.

Toot! toot! toot! Jacob blew upon the horn; and sure enough, there was the master coming around the corner!

"See, Master," said Jacob, "I would like to marry Herr Mayor's daughter."

"Well, Herr Mayor would never consent to Gretchen marrying a poor lad like you, Jacob, so that is not to be thought of." That 's what the master said. Then he took the little tin horn and blew three blasts, and, at the third blast, they were in a beautiful house with servants to wait upon them and everything as fine as might be.

Now Jacob was for starting off at once to see Herr Mayor, so he put on a fine suit of silk and velvet, and a hat with a great plume. Then he buckled on a beautiful sword, and, mounting a fine mottled horse which the servants brought, was soon clattering down the street.

Herr Mayor was seated in the garden, puffing away at his long-stemmed pipe.

"Good day, sir," said Jacob.

"Good day," said Herr Mayor.

Would Herr Mayor give his daughter to Jacob for his wife? That was what Jacob had come to see about.

"*Prut!* Out upon him!" Herr Mayor would not hear any such talk as that.

But listen: Jacob had a fine house around the corner, with servants and horses, and a bag of gold dollars upon the shelf.

Well, if that was so, Herr Mayor might think about it. And now, how would Jacob like to stay and have dinner?

Jacob did n't say no to *that*, you may be sure!

Just then, in comes Gretchen with a great basket of roses. Only one look did she take at Jacob; then she cast down her eyes, and all of the color in the roses jumped right up into her cheeks, so it was very easy to see how the wind was blowing in *that* quarter. No strange matter was that, either, for a finer lad than Jacob was not to be met with every day.

After dinner was over (and a fine dinner it was, too) Herr Mayor was ready to talk over that matter of the marrying. It was all right and good for the lad to have a fine house, and horses, and servants, and a bag of gold dollars on the shelf, he said; all that would come handy when they set up housekeeping. But—there were other lads with fine houses in the town, and any one would be glad of a lass like Gretchen. So Herr Mayor had said once and again that the lass was only to marry such a lad as would fetch him the Pewter Tankard from the Red House in the Black Valley over the hill yonder.

When Herr Mayor said this, he thought he would be rid of Jacob, and no mistake, for it was no common tankard they had over there in the Red House. No, that was a tankard worth the having, I can tell you! It was full to the brim of good brown ale, and no matter how much a body might spill or drink, why, the tankard would never be empty, but always have a good draught to quench one's thirst on a hot day.

But Herr Mayor knew nothing of that bargain Jacob had made with the Master of Black Arts.

Off Jacob started then, and no sooner was he on the other side of his own door, than *toot! toot! toot!*—there were the blasts tumbling out of the little tin horn.

"What can I do to serve you now, Jacob?" said the master.

Oh, Herr Mayor said so and so, and so and so; and Jacob could n't have Gretchen until he fetched the Pewter Tankard from the Red House in the Black Valley over the hill yonder.

"*Humph!*" and the master began to rub his nose. That was a task Herr Mayor had set them, and no two words about that. But it might be done. Jacob was just to sit in the corner and wait.

Then the master went to where there stood a copper brazier in which were a few live coals, and he drew forth from his pocket a little silver vial and shook from it three white crystals. These he let fall into the brazier. Immediately a great white mist arose. Into this mist the master leaped, and immediately he was changed into a great eagle which went flying through the open window, over the tree-tops, and away off towards the hills.

Over the hills the eagle soared, and there before it was the great Black Valley, and in the midst of the valley was the Red House.

Now the Red House was so named because within it there was always burning a mighty fire; so that not only through the windows, but also through the walls, there was always to be seen the red, glowing heat.

When the eagle drew near to the Red House,

the air became so hot that it might go no further. So it alighted upon the ground, and, looking about among the moss and leaves, found a tiny red berry. This it ate; when lo, it changed into a little gray mole!

house. Then it drifted away and was soon resting on a hilltop on the very rim of the valley.

After that, it was only the work of a moment for the master to change again to an eagle. Then, with the tankard grasped in its great claws, over



"JUST THEN, IN COMES GRETCHEN WITH A FINE BASKET OF ROSES."

Into the ground the mole burrowed, and went on and on, until by and by it was right beneath the house. Then it poked its nose up through the ground, and there it was, right in the fire, and smoke began to arise from the burning hair upon its back. Then, quick as a wink, the master transformed himself from the mole into the smoke and went sailing up through the red flames within the house until he was in the topmost room of the topmost tower, and there, in the very heart of the blaze, stood the Pewter Tankard! Then the smoke put out its arms, and grasped the tankard, and bore it up, up, up, until it was far above the

the hills it soared, and presently was back in the house with Jacob.

By this time it was evening, and when the master had again assumed his own shape and Jacob had the tankard, there was nothing to do but to wait until to-morrow before going to see Herr Mayor.

So passed one of the three days in which the master was to serve Jacob, and but two remained.

On the morrow Jacob sent two of his servants to Herr Mayor's house with the Pewter Tankard, and might Jacob come and marry Gretchen? That was what the servants were to ask Herr Mayor.

Well, Herr Mayor was good and glad to get the Pewter Tankard, and that was the truth. But Jacob could not have Gretchen yet. No, Herr Mayor would n't, would n't give up Gretchen just for a Pewter Tankard. If Jacob was bent on having the lass, he was just to fetch Herr Mayor the White Pipe from the Yellow House that was in the Green Valley over the hills yonder.

This time Herr Mayor was surc it would be the end of Jacob. For the White Pipe was a famous one, and no matter how much one puffed at the long stem, why, there was always a good smoke left in the bowl, and the troll who lived in the Yellow House was n't one to part with such a treasure easily.

And now would the master get Jacob the White Pipe? That was what Jacob had to ask when the servants brought back Herr Mayor's message.

Well, that was another hard task, but it might be done. Jacob was just to sit in the corner and wait again.

Off went the master, and pretty soon he came to the bank of a stream. Then he poked around until he had found a good handful of clean white sand. This he threw into the air right above the stream; and when it came down, there he was, changed into a beautiful silver fish, which no sooner touched the water than away it darted like a swift flash of sunlight.

Down the stream the fish swam, and by and by came into a broad lake in the heart of the Green Valley. In the midst of the lake was an island, and on the island was a queer Yellow House.

Now when the master in the form of the silver fish came to the lake, there was the troll sitting on a rock before the house, fishing. Then the master caught at the line and gave it a twitch; and immediately the troll began to tug and pull, until presently there was the silver fish flopping upon the bare rock.

After that, it was n't long until the troll had the fish up to the house and on the table in the kitchen. Then he went out to get some faggots, for he was n't going to waste any time before he had a fine fish like that frying on the fire for his dinner.

As soon as the troll was out of the door, the master opened his eyes and looked about—and there was the White Pipe hanging over the mantel. Quick as a wink, he changed into a long-legged stork, and then he could barely reach the pipe with the tip of his bill.

Just then the troll came in with the faggots and that was like to have been the end of the master. For no sooner did the troll see the stork with the pipe in its bill, than down tumbled all of the faggots but one, and with this in his hand

and a wild yell upon his lips he went after the bird as fast as his legs could carry him.

But the master was too quick for the troll, and now he changed into a black cat, bounding between the troll's legs and out through the doorway before there was any chance of having his bones rapped with the faggot.

After him came the troll. But now when the master reached the rock, he gave one leap into the air, and, when he struck the water, there he was a silver fish again.

Well, after that it was a long swim back again; but at last the master reached that place where he had entered the stream. So there he took his own form again and was soon back in the house where Jacob was waiting for him.

By now it was evening again; and so the second day had passed, and only one day remained.

On the morrow Jacob did n't send any servants with the White Pipe to Herr Mayor. No, he just tucked it under his arm, and presently, *rap, tap, tap*, might he see Herr Mayor? Yes, he was told, Herr Mayor was before the fire in the big hall.

And now Jacob had come for Gretchen. See, here was the White Pipe. And yesterday he had sent Herr Mayor the Pewter Tankard. What had Herr Mayor to say in the matter now?

Of course Herr Mayor had to hem and haw a bit, but in the end it came about that Jacob was to have Gretchen. For now that Herr Mayor had a good pipe that would always be full, and a tankard of good brown ale always a-simmering on the hearth, why, he could think of no more to ask for. As for Jacob, well, he was n't the kind of a lad that would take no for an answer. So everything was made ready for the wedding which was to be held that very evening.

When Jacob got that word from Herr Mayor, he was as gay as might be, and he went back and ordered this, that, and the other from the master, until there was never a thing a body might think of that was n't to be found somewhere about the house. All day he was whistling, and singing, and trying on his fine clothes, and never once did he think of that bargain he had made with the master. This might not be said of the master, though, and already he had begun to chuckle and count the hours, for on the morrow he would have Jacob whistling a new tune.

Such a fine wedding as that was would take many a page to tell of. But this you must know: the table was loaded down with all manner of good things to eat, there was singing and dancing, and never a soul there but thought he had never had such a fine time before.

While all this was going on, the master was sitting at home in the corner.

Then the clock struck nine.

"Aha!" said the master. "I will just take a bit of a stroll over to Herr Mayor's house, and see how matters are going with my servant Jacob." And he chuckled when he thought how the lad had but three hours more of freedom.

"Ten!" struck the clock at Herr Mayor's house, and there was the master, dressed like a servant, grinning and laughing, and counting the hours—one—two—three—just as they were being struck by the clock.

Eleven o'clock! And this time the master was grinning quite dreadfully, and calling "One! Two! Three!" after each stroke.

By and by it was just on the tick of twelve! Never had Jacob seen such a look as that which was then on the face of the master!

"One!" struck the clock. "One!" cried the master. "Two," struck the clock. "Two!" cried the master.

Then Jacob began to think of his bargain, and that the three days were almost over. My, how he did wish that servant would n't count the hours and laugh so fendishly!

"Ten," struck the clock. "Ten!" cried the master. "Eleven," struck the clock. "Eleven!" cried

the master with his face grinning more dreadfully than ever.

And now Jacob could stand it no longer.

"Out of my sight!" he cried. "Out of my sight! I wish we may never see you more!"

"Twelve!" struck the clock—but it did n't strike before Jacob had uttered his wish, and for three days the master was to serve Jacob and grant his every wish—that, you remember, was the bargain they had made.

How the master did yell when he heard that wish! And now he was a servant no longer, neither was he the fine gentleman that had come that other day into Noodleburg. No, he was now a great ugly creature with horns upon his head and one foot like the hoof of a horse. Out of the window he leaped, and up the street he ran, and such a noise as he made was like to wake the whole town.

Well, after the wedding, Jacob and Gretchen went to live at Jacob's house, and there they were as happy as might be. As for the master, the last they ever saw of him was when he leaped out of the window of Herr Mayor's house, and a lucky matter that was for Jacob and Gretchen, and no mistake.



SAVED BY A CAMERA

BY FELICIA BUTTZ CLARK

CHAPTER VI

FACING DEATH!

WITH white face and trembling hands Cyrus sought out Jack, slumbering on an old moss-covered bench under a great sycamore tree.

"It 's gone, Jack—gone!"

"What 's gone?"

"My passport and my clothes. Some one took them. It 's the same fellow that ate the bread and butter and drank the tea," he added, with conviction.

"There was n't a soul for miles around. Dogs ate it," repeated Jack, stubbornly; but he was troubled in mind as he followed Cyrus back to the empty suitcase. To lose a passport here, where this heathenish war was raging, was about equivalent to losing your life.

"It 's gone, sure!" he said, investigating for himself.

Bitter sarcasm forced Cyrus to say, "Dogs took it!"

"Oh, I say, Cy!" began Jack, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder. "I don't know where your passport 's gone; no doubt you 're right; somebody stole it. But we 'll pull through somehow. It 's up to us to go on to Paris, and get another one at the American Embassy there. I know the ambassador and we 'll have no trouble."

"It 's between here and Paris that there 's danger," suggested Cyrus, a little comforted.

"Oh, we 'll be all right," said Jack, but he was n't dead-sure himself; and if he had known that the little imp of misfortune was still on their heels, he would have felt even less confident.

With very little petrol to spare, they started off. All went well till nine o'clock that night. Then, in the very loneliest part of the country, in the darkness, with a cold wind blowing—the long-suffering motor stopped.

"Out of petrol!" suggested Cyrus, gloomily, from the baby-carriage.

Jack looked over his machine, tried to start it, failed and groaned. "Busted!" he described briefly. "Can't budge her."

The little imp behind them stood up and laughed—horridly, meanly. But the boys never knew he was there.

"Busted," repeated Jack. "Now what 'll we do?"

It was then that Cyrus came to the rescue. He alighted from the baby-carriage.

"Let 's push her," he said cheerily, and began to whistle an air from "The Merry Widow."

Cyrus was not by any means as jubilant as he appeared. Home and mother seemed more precious than ever, and never before had they been so far distant. Why, oh why, had he been such a fool as to—

"It 's going to rain again," said Jack; "another thunder-storm, and not a place to take shelter. What shall we do?"

Cyrus stopped pushing and leaned on the powerless cycle. Although well made, it was unusually ponderous and weighed like lead. Athlete as he was, he felt ashamed to acknowledge that he was almost at the end of his strength.

It was strange that in this emergency Cyrus, the unadventurous, the one who was in most danger because he was without a document to prove that he was a United States citizen and claimed the protection which was his right, was the stronger of the two. Jack asked his advice and looked to him for guidance. Jack, too, was dead beat. His young face was drawn and white, there were dark circles around his eyes. Cyrus noted this with a new sense of responsibility. In his inmost soul, Hale had feared that he himself was really a coward. He had felt no longing to plunge into the midst of that battle waging over yonder between the French and Germans; he had had no craving for danger. He forgot that the brave man is not the one who rushes into danger, but the one who meets it calmly when need be.

And neither was Jack a coward—far from it. He was more reckless than Cyrus, and he was not to blame that he had lost his nerve just for the moment. It was a bad situation. They were tired, needed food, it was raining, and there was no prospect of shelter. The continuous booming of the great modern cannon reminded them that they were not far from the horrors of war.

"I can see lights down yonder. If we push on, Jack, we 'll get there in an hour," said Cyrus.

"And what shall we find? Friends or enemies?"

"Friends, we hope," Cyrus replied cheerily.

"You have no passport."

"Well, I may as well face it now as ever. We 've no more food, Jack old fellow; we 're tired out and must rest, and it 's beginning to pour. Come on, let 's try it!"

It took grit to reach that group of lights. Step

by step, each one harder than the last, sinking into mud, splashed by rain, their clothes torn by branches, pushing the heavy cycle, on they went. And after not less than three hours of toil, scarcely speaking a word, they finally came within the circle of what was a military encampment.

"Halt!" said the first sentry.

They were only too glad to halt. Cyrus would not have minded much if they had shot him on the spot. The "darling boy" felt that he would give his fortune for a pile of straw to sleep on and a crust of black bread for his supper.

"Your papers," demanded the soldier, holding out his bayonet in an unpleasant way.

Cyrus and Jack were too far gone to mind a little thing like that.

Jack gave his passport. The soldier looked at it and handed it back with a grunt.

"Yours, please?"

This to Cyrus. He shook his head.

"He has n't got any passport," explained Jack.

There was a moment of surprised silence. Cyrus marveled that he was not more frightened.

"Walk before me!" came the order. And they walked, with the feeling that a naked bayonet was within an inch of their backs.

From this soldier they were passed on to another, and then to others, ever nearing the circle of light and the clustering tents. They pushed the cycle between them.

At the entrance to the largest tent stood two guards. Silently they led the lads inside, motioning them to leave the motor-cycle in the hands of a soldier. Here the lights were so dazzling to their tired eyes that Jack and Cyrus could not see, at first, who was in the tent. A dignified man in the uniform of a French general was seated by a table, studying a map. Other officers were near him. They all looked keenly at the young Americans, and their gaze was none too kindly.

Spies were the torment of the French army. Everybody seemed to have gone crazy over spies. They were found everywhere. And now here were two more suspicious characters—Germans, no doubt. Suspicious characters they looked, indeed. Cyrus had a long scratch on his face from a vicious briar; he wore no hat; and



"THEY WALKED WITH THE FEELING THAT A NAKED BAYONET WAS WITHIN AN INCH OF THEIR BACKS."

his hair, grown scraggy, was disordered. Jack's clothes, none too good at the beginning, were torn in several places and were thick with mud. One eye was half closed with a swollen lid, caused by something—an insect's bite, perhaps. His New York friends would have disowned this disreputable fellow entirely. He looked to be a low-down rascal, fit for any deed.

"Do you speak French?" asked the general, sternly.

Cyrus was fascinated by the way he sharpened a pencil as he spoke. To his dying day, he would never forget that one little side-incident.

"I do," said Jack.

"What 's your name, and where do you come from?"

"I am Jack Henderson, from New York."

The general examined him sharply. There was the glimmer of a smile on his firm lips.

"Have n't seen New York lately, have you?"

"Came over just before the war and got caught here."

"Plenty of chance to get home if you 'd wanted to," was the quick reply.

"Did n't want to." Jack spoke before he thought. He knew he had made a break.

Like lightning came the question, "*Why* did you stay here?"

Jack determined to make a clean breast of it. The general looked kind.

"To tell the honest truth, I wanted to see all I could."

"And so you ventured down here into the thick of danger, you idiot," said the general, calmly. "Where 's your passport?"

Jack produced it, and it was examined.

"It looks all right, but it lacks one important thing and that 's your photograph."

"Nobody said I needed my photograph on it. It 's mine, all right."

"It 's a new law. Only three days old."

Things seemed to be going well. The general was jovial, willing to believe what Jack said, acknowledging that the passport was his—when the bolt fell, as was inevitable. He turned his attention to the silent Hale.

"Where 's your passport, my lad?"

"I don't know," answered Cyrus.

The general's face darkened. He gave Cyrus no time to explain, and in perfect English made a few forcible and threatening remarks.

"There 's no time to fool with you!" he said angrily. "Tell me your name quickly, and exactly what your business is here. And tell the truth, or your life is not worth that!" He snapped his fingers.

Cyrus felt that the quicker he spoke the truth under these very painful circumstances the better it would be for his personal safety. But the truth had a very strange and startling effect.

"My name is Cyrus Hale."

"What!" exclaimed the general, rising to his feet and letting forth a string of French which made the air fairly alive with lightning. "Cyrus Hale! There can't be two Cyrus Hales, and one

passed through here two days ago, on his way to the frontier. He was a newspaper correspondent, he said, and his passport was in good order, —lacking the photograph, of course, as it had been issued in Rome before the order came."

He stopped suddenly in front of Cyrus, who really began to enjoy the situation. It savored of the dramatic. A moving-picture show was nothing to it.

"Now tell me, you young scamp, which is Cyrus Hale, you or the other one? Tell quick, or we 'll make short work of you!"

"I am Cyrus Hale."

"And how am I to know it? What proof have you? The other one said that was *his* name and *he* was from New York. He spoke as good American as you do. Show me the proof!"

"He *is* Cyrus Hale," interrupted Jack.

"Your word does n't count. You may be in league. We 've had fellows in here before, carrying American passports, who were German spies. Where is your proof?"

Cyrus was dumb. Where *was* the proof that he was himself? He had not one line of writing, not one document to verify his statement. The general felt that he had been made a fool of, and nothing makes a man whose nerves are already on edge so angry as to know that he has been fooled. It should not happen again.

"That fellow who passed himself off as me," he began eagerly, "must have been the one who stole my passport. It was in my suitcase, strapped on the back of the motor-cycle, and Jack and I went up to the top of the hill to watch the battle through our field-glasses, and the man, whoever he was, stole my passport and my clothes,"—the general's face relaxed again; he smiled grimly, noting Cyrus' dilapidated condition,—"*and* he drank our tea and ate our bread and butter, and—"

"That will do," responded the general, blandly. "It 's a tough story. If you can prove it between now and to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, all right. If not—well, we 've no time to waste. Take the young men away!"

The general turned to his map again. He was very tired. The day had been hard, and to-morrow would be worse. Yet he was a just man, though sorely tried with spies on every hand, and he was indignant that the other man calling himself Cyrus Hale had been allowed to go so easily. Dealing with spies was brutal work, and these lads—*he* had a son twenty years old fighting somewhere up yonder in northern France.

"I wish I knew whether the boy's story is true," he thought, tracing a line with his pencil. "Yet if he has no proof, things must take their

course in the morning. We can lose no time, and we are surrounded by dangers. Poor lads! poor lads!"

Cyrus and Jack were very silent when they were left alone in the tent on the borders of the camp. Soldiers were all about them. They had been searched, but nothing had been found of

on the ground. Outside, the soldiers were talking. Jack went to sleep at once, for he was thoroughly exhausted, and tired Nature asserted herself in spite of danger and fear.

Cyrus could not sleep. He wondered that he was not more frightened. Did men always feel so calm when death faced them? If he had no



"'THERE 'S NO TIME TO FOOL WITH YOU!' HE SAID ANGRILY."

any consequence. The cycle had been brought into the tent, together with their bags, and in their presence an officer had taken everything out of the latter. With a sinking heart Cyrus saw them carry away the films to be developed. He remembered that he had photographed an aeroplane and the French cavalry. His doom was sealed, that was sure, for how could he *prove* that he was Cyrus Hale? He had n't even a letter—a paper with his name on!

The empty camera had been left on a chair, doubtless forgotten. Jack thrust the few clothes and toilet articles into the bag. They did not speak together except for an occasional whisper.

Once Jack said: "Never mind, old chap. We're together!" And Cyrus squeezed the hand his friend held out. Side by side they lay down

proof to give the general in the morning, at eight o'clock he and Jack, his faithful friend, would be shot as spies.

There was something hot on his face when he thought of his mother. She would grieve. He would like to have seen her again—to have felt her kiss and the soft touch of her hand—

Jack stirred and Cyrus crept closer to him. He remembered that God was not far off—and then—he fell asleep.

At dawn the birds in the trees forgot that they had been alarmed the day before by the booming of cannon; they forgot the grim sights they had seen, the sounds of pain and struggle, and they began their soft morning song. The dew lay on the grass and moss beneath the trees. The sun arose as calmly as if there were no war.

In the camp there was commotion and life. The general, after three hours' sleep, was at work in his tent. All were preparing for the day.

In the little tent, guarded by the soldiers, the two boys slept on, their hands tightly clasped, one in that of the other. Their dreams were not sad, for they smiled in their slumber as if there were no war and no death.

CHAPTER VII

A FEW LINES OF WRITING, AND THEIR VALUE

THINGS looked bad for Jack Henderson and Cyrus Hale on that September morning when the birds were singing and tiny spiders were calmly weaving their webs on the grass.

The films found in Cyrus's suitcase had been developed. They were now spread out before the general on the table where the map had been before. He looked at them gravely, even sadly. He had liked those boys. They reminded him of happy days not far behind him, hot days of July in the garden of his château on the River Loire when his own sons were with him. Now—

"Spies they are!" said the major, sternly. "Shall we never get rid of them—with their stolen American passports? See! there is one of our *aéroplanes*. These are our cavalry. These photographs were to be sold to the enemy."

"They look like Americans," mused the general. It was hard to do his duty. Those boys—so young—so strong—with good faces; they *could* not be spies. And yet he dared run no risks.

"So did that one who passed through here day before yesterday with Cyrus Hale's passport!"

The taunt in the major's voice galled the general to irritation. Either he had been fooled by the handsome young man who spoke such good English and had succeeded in passing the lines without the slightest difficulty, or he was fooled now. There could not be *two* Cyrus Hales. One or the other was an impostor. It is not pleasant, nor conducive to the dignity of a general to be tricked.

The general rose.

"We have no time to lose, Major. If the lad has any proof whatever that he is the real Cyrus Hale, I have given my word—they go free. Have a guard accompany them to the Swiss border, explain the fact that one of these young gentlemen has no passport, and see that they are admitted without difficulty. We owe this to the great nation whose citizens they claim to be and whose passport one of them carries. If there is no proof, they die! I leave it to you."

The general lit a cigar and walked away, feel-

ing that he had delegated a very disagreeable task to the major, who was a hard man and did not flinch from disposing of spies. As to himself, the general wished that he had no heart. If they really were spies, they deserved the fate which, among all nations, is meted out to these secret enemies. But the general more than half believed their story, and thought they were out for a boy's lark not realizing the danger they were in. They must have proof, however. The general was not a praying man, but at that moment he appealed unconsciously to the Father in Heaven that he would provide a means of escape for those two thoughtless, boyish captives.

Yes, it looked bad for Cyrus and Jack. They acknowledged it themselves, and were very quiet, watching the minutes fly on their watch-faces.

The soldier brought them food, but they could not eat. They sat down in the rough chairs, very still, thinking.

"I'm sorry I brought you to this by my carelessness, Jack," said Cyrus.

Jack turned shining eyes upon him.

"Old chap, don't say a word! We're together. I got you up here on this fool's errand. I ought to have known better. This war is too serious. But I'm not afraid to die, if we must. It almost seems—Cy—as if we were dying for our country." His voice broke. "You don't think that, by any means, anywhere, you may have a scrap of paper, a letter—" Cyrus shook his head.

"I left everything in Rome."

Just then the major, accompanied by two soldiers, entered the tent.

It was exactly ten minutes to eight o'clock. Ten minutes of life, of sunshine—and then?

The major was in a hurry. He firmly believed that these were two German spies passing as Americans. This had happened several times in the last month. It would be less frequent now that passports must have photographs on them. He must make short work of this. There were weightier matters on hand to-day.

"Are you ready?" he said, sternly. "Have you found any proof of your identity?" He addressed Cyrus. "If you have, you go free. The general so orders. If not—there's no more to be said."

"I alone!" exclaimed Cyrus. "Shoot me, but not my friend. Let him go free. He has his papers. If you cannot believe my word, shoot me, but let him go free."

"If he dies, I die," said Jack, firmly, stepping to Cyrus' side.

There was a glimmer of admiration in the major's hard eyes. Bravery appealed to him. A spy was a sneak; he hated them.

Five minutes to eight o'clock.

He felt a strange desire to help these boys to escape.

"Only five minutes!" he said, briefly. "Let 's make one more search."

Feverishly they went through pockets, looking under linings, inside Jack's cap. Nothing!

Then he sprang forward and grasped Cyrus's hand.

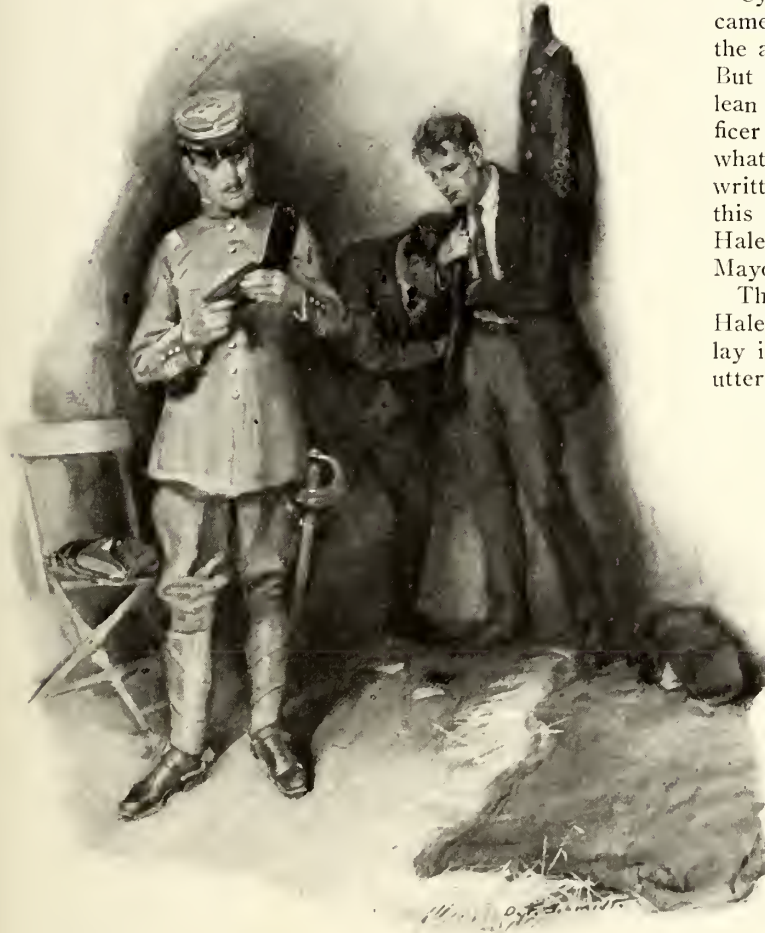
"Your camera has done you good service, my boy!" he said. "It has saved you!"

The two soldiers, muskets in hand, stood as still as if they had been made of wood, but their eyes were bright with interest and even joy.

They were new at their business, and the plight of the two lads had strongly impressed them.

Cyrus moved his lips, but no sound came from them. The relief from the awful suspense was too sudden. But Jack had strength enough to lean forward and read what the officer at Culoz, without a thought of what value his act might bear, had written on the paper: "Allow to pass this camera, belonging to Cyrus Hale, American citizen. Pierre Mayon, Chief of Police, Culoz."

There was a dull thud, and Cyrus Hale, for the first time in his life, lay in a dead faint on the ground, utterly unconscious.



"HE OPENED THE CAMERA AND HIS EYES CAUGHT A BIT OF WHITE PAPER."

The minutes were passing. Cyrus grew white, and Jack felt faint. Life was beautiful. It was hard to lose it this way—to be shot as a despicable spy!

The major took up the empty camera. He opened it, and his eyes caught a bit of white paper. Eagerly—for he had taken the lads' cause really to heart; they did not act like spies—he read it.

THE day that followed was never forgotten by Jack and Cyrus. There was no time to attend to them, or to carry out the general's orders and have them taken to the Swiss frontier.

Jack, in his jubilation, had drenched Cyrus with water and he had soon revived. Being strong and young, the danger went into the past, and the fact remained that they were having a tremendous experience. They passed along the trenches, where the soldiers were loading and re-loading their rifles and firing with precision. Some of them were whistling as they reloaded their weapons. Shots were all around them, bullets went over their heads, but Jack and Cyrus were not afraid. They were most breathlessly interested and enthusiastic. Into a hollowed-out niche in the earth they crept. As they could not help, they must not hinder; and from this vantage point they watched and cheered.

As the day went on things grew more serious. The major, who had smiled at them so kindly

when he discovered the writing in the camera, was wounded, falling heavily, for he was a large man. Jack and Cyrus crept slowly toward the place where he lay. It was dangerous, for the bullets were coming swiftly, fiercely, a veritable hail upon the ground.

The fascination of war was upon the two Americans and they did not feel afraid.

The major was alive when they reached him. "Water!" he breathed—the first cry of the wounded.

Jack supported his head while Cyrus crept back between the fallen men and snatched up a canteen lying in the trenches.

At the risk of his life, he went back again, forced open the major's lips and poured a few drops of water, not fresh but brackish in taste, into his mouth.

The officer opened his eyes and looked gratefully into the boy's face.

"Could we carry him?" asked Jack, breathlessly.

"We 'll try."

Bullets whizzed by them, but they heeded them not.

Little by little, they crept toward the trenches, bearing the heavy burden of a half-unconscious man. Very gently they laid him down in a place of safety.

For three days Jack and Cyrus stayed in the trenches with the soldiers. There was nothing else for them to do. They dared not try to go on to the frontier, for there was always that grim firing-line over yonder.

For three days neither they nor the blackened, grimy soldiers had any food; but the latter fought on heroically. Instinctively Cyrus knew how to help those that were suffering. He assisted the few Red Cross doctors and nurses—only too few—to care for those who were wounded. He learned to bandage, and to dress wounds, to lend a hand everywhere.

Strange to say, he liked it; and into his soul came a great determination: when he had finished his course at Princeton, if he ever got back to the dear old place, he would study to be a surgeon, and he would try to alleviate suffering.

As a curious coincidence, Jack, too, chose his future profession on this same battle-field in southeastern France. He had intended to enjoy himself, live on his income, and have lots of fun. Things seemed different since he had faced death on that bright morning. Life was earnest, and must be lived earnestly. He would work, but in a way that would please him. America had to be protected. Some one must serve in her army. Jack determined to go to West Point

and become an officer in the Army of the United States.

JUST one week later two young men, wearing garments bought in Geneva, clad afresh from head to foot, from immaculate hat to stylish shoes, emerged from the station in Rome. They carried brand-new suitcases, also from Geneva, and umbrellas purchased in the same place.

When they had appeared at the finest shop in the Swiss city by the lake, and requested everything from underwear to overcoats, from neckties to soap, the salesman had gasped.

Two more forlorn-looking tramps he had never seen. Their faces and hands were clean,—they had washed them in the station with yellow soap,—but nothing else was clean about them. Their clothes were blackened and torn; their shoes were broken where brambles had caught in the leather. Cyrus had no hat. Not one thing had they brought with them from the scene of battle, except their own precious bodies, the tattered clothes that covered them, and the precious, empty camera. Cyrus intended to keep it forever.

The salesman looked them over. He perceived the gentlemen under the guise of the tramp.

"*Oui, Messieurs,*" he said politely.

In an hour they emerged, transformed, and smiled at each other in glee.

"Now for the barber!" they said.

And thus, clean, refreshed, clothed, they came to Rome, and in the auto-bus were carried to the Quirinal Hotel.

Cyrus paused a moment to make an inquiry before going to his room, which he had stipulated must have a bath attached.

"Is Mr. Hutchinson still here?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. and Miss Hutchinson are here, but leave to-morrow for Naples, whence they sail on Friday for America on the *Duca d'Aosta*."

"Thank you," replied Cyrus, allowing himself to be conducted to the elevator and borne upward. Then he said, firmly, "I 'll go too."

When he came in to Cy's room half an hour later, Jack had decided to follow his friend's example.

"I 'm for home!" he exclaimed, ardently. "The old country 's good enough for me, and I 'll embrace that old girl, the Goddess of Liberty, when I see her. But I say, old chap," he buttonholed Cyrus, "what do you say to not telling what 's happened; at least, not right away? It was n't so awfully creditable for us to be such fools. What do you say?"

"I 'm agreed," said Cyrus.

Their passage was engaged on the *Duca*

d'Aosta, and Cyrus went to the American Embassy to get another emergency passport, one which would carry him safely through the dangers of the mighty deep to that blessed shore where there was peace, and where passports were no longer needed.

"There 's a letter here for you, Mr. Hale," said the secretary.

"What the dickens—" began Cyrus, when he saw the blue German stamp. "Who 's writing to me from Germany?"

He tore open the letter. It was signed Otto, Baron Thurnstein.

Cyrus whistled.

This is the letter which he read:

My dear Mr. Hale:

Under separate cover, I am returning to you your passport, for which I cannot thank you enough, as it saved my life.

"He 's got a cheek!" pondered Cyrus.

How I got it, you can doubtless imagine. I stole it. I was a prisoner of war, and by means of it I had the pleasure of escaping alive. I sincerely trust that it did not cause you any inconvenience to part with your credentials,—

"Humph!" muttered Cyrus. "Oh, no! No inconvenience at all, Herr Baron!"

—but that you were able to prove your identity as an American. My mother came from Vermont. I 've got your blood, you see, so you 'll forgive me, will you not? And if you come to Germany, and I 'm alive when this awful war is over, I 'll give you a week of such hunting as you never enjoyed in your life if you 'll come and visit me at Castle Thurnstein, where you will be most cordially welcomed by,

Yours very truly,

OTTO, BARON THURNSTEIN.

P.S. I am so glad that *your* nose is straight. Mine is n't, but the officials did n't observe it.

THE END.

"I 'll be—jiggered!" exclaimed Cyrus. "But when this war is over, I *will* go to Castle Thurnstein and have a big blow-out. I hope he 'll be living," he added more gravely.

After all it was Jack who gave the whole thing away. It was while they were on the ocean with Rob and Ruth Hutchinson. It was bright starlight and a glorious night. The foamy waves were flashing with gleams of phosphorus, and they all sat in a corner sheltered from the wind.

"Remember that night when we thought we should be shot in the morning, Cyrus? About two o'clock, and we got up and looked out through the rip in the tent-canvas and saw the stars shining as brightly as they do to-night."

"When was it? Tell about it!" Ruth pounced on them at once, and the story came out.

Cyrus was annoyed. What would a girl like Ruth Hutchinson think of a fellow who could be such a fool as to run into needless danger? He wandered off by himself to the stern of the boat and stood gloomily watching the waves fall away from the great steamer. A girl hates and scorns a man who is n't brave, and he would have liked to stand well with Ruth.

Hearing a little movement, he turned and found himself looking down into the girl's face. The light shone full upon her, and her eyes, blue as violets, were very bright.

"I 'm proud of you for being so brave, Cyrus. Jack told us all about it, how you tried to get them to shoot you and let him go free."

Cyrus felt himself grow very red.

"It was all rot—all that Jack said," he murmured. But he was comforted.

Ruth Hutchinson was a very nice girl indeed.

HIS SECRET GRIEF

(A Jingle)

BY JACK BURROUGHS

THERE was a thousand-leggèd worm
 Who had a thousand feet;
 His step was dignified and firm
 And fell with measured beat.
 He lived in very simple style,
 His troubles they were few;
 He faced those troubles with a smile,
 As cheerful persons do.

And yet, one secret grief had he
 That weighed upon his heart—
 Each morning he arose at three
 To get an early start:
 With button-hooks on every hand,
 He 'd don, by two's and two's,
 Five hundred pairs of stockings, and
 Five hundred pairs of shoes.

TUCKED IN

BY ALICE CROWELL HOFFMAN

THE moon man has a great big cloud
To cover o'er his head;
The crocus has the soft, brown earth
Tucked round it in its bed.

The wheat-fields sleep 'neath blankets white,
Of fleecy, downy snow;
The little bugs have been wrapped up
A long, long time ago.

The caterpillar cuddles close
In his soft silk cocoon;
He 's sleeping now so he can be
A butterfly next June.

The little garter-snakes have crept
In holes down in the ground;

They 're sleeping there through winter's cold
All safe and snug and sound.

The turtle 's way down in the mud,
Safe in his horny shell;
I would n't like a bed like that,
But it suits him quite well.

And all the honey-bees that buzzed
Around the summer flow'rs
Have snuggled close within the hive
To spend the winter hours.

When mother tucks me in at night,
I listen to the storm,
And I am glad as I can be
That all my friends are warm !



WASH-DAY

BY E. W. KEMBLE

WHEN Mammy does her washin',
I wash my dolly's clo'es;
Jes' how dey git so grimy,
De land er goodness knows.

I sops 'em in de water,
Den swishes roun' de suds,
An' w'en I gets 'em ironed,
Dey 'll look like bran' new duds.

But 't won't be long, I reckon,
Dey 'll stay so nice an' smart;
De way dat chile gets mussy
Jes' breaks her mudder's heart.

But maybe when I hugs her
An' squeezes her so tight,
De color runs—Ma says it do,
An' my ma 's allus right !

THE SAPPHIRE SIGNET

OR, THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-up House"

CHAPTER X

ALEXANDER TAKES HOLD



TWO afternoons later all the girls were gathered in the parlor promptly at three, but Alexander had not yet put in an appearance. He attended the public school, which did not dismiss as early as high school, and he would probably be at least three quarters of an hour late, as he was usually kept in for misbehavior. During his absence, the girls discussed him eagerly.

"Do you know," vouchsafed Corinne, "I think he is the *cleverest* little rascal, and so comical that I want to laugh whenever I look at him! How is it I've never seen him before?"

"Why, the explanation is," answered Bess, "that he never stays in the house afternoons if he can possibly help it. He 's always out running the streets or playing baseball in the vacant lots. But the other day it was cold and damp, and Sarah discovered that he had a bad sore throat and insisted that he stay indoors. He 's rather afraid of Sarah, though he does tease her frightfully. That 's why he was around trying hard to annoy us—he had n't anything else to do!"

"Well, he 's a little trump, anyway!" insisted Corinne. "And did you ever hear such a glorious collection of slang!"

"Is n't it *awful!*" sighed Margaret. "Mother is terribly worried about him and the way he talks. And yet she can't help laughing, herself, sometimes, at the funny things he says. Really, he often seems to be speaking in some foreign language that I can't understand a word of!"

"What does he mean by 'dope,' anyway?" mused Corinne. "I can't imagine, unless it 's 'news' or 'information.' You just have to *construe* his remarks, as you do the Latin! I think we 'll have to get a dictionary of slang if he keeps on like this!"

"But, oh, what *do* you suppose he is finding out!" exclaimed Margaret. "What can he possi-

bly know that can have anything to do with our secret?"

"You never can tell!" said Bess. "He goes snooping around this neighborhood in all sorts of places, and talks with all sorts of people. Perhaps he *has* stumbled on something, though I have my doubts. But here he comes now!"

Alexander entered the house, slamming the basement door and singing at the top of his high sweet voice:

"On Richmond Hill there lived a lass,
More bright than May-day morn!"

After a preliminary scuffle and dispute with Sarah in the kitchen, probably over the question of cake, he came galloping upstairs, and burst in upon them with a military salute and:

"Hullo, pals! Do I have to give the high sign and the grand salaam?"

"Never mind that!" laughed Corinne. "Hurry up and tell us about this wonderful thing you know. We 're crazy to hear!"

Alexander was visibly flattered, and drew a chair to the group by the fire, with an air of great importance.

"Well, it 's this way," he began. "It hit me all of a sudden the other day, that I had the dope on something that might be right in your line o' goods. But I was n't sure, and I wanted to nail it. Now I *have* nailed it—and it 's O.K.!"

"Tell us, quick! Quick!" cried Margaret.

"Hey! put on the brakes a minute, kid!" he commented. "If you go so fast, you 'll bust your speedometer! Do you know where McCorkle's stable is?"

All but Corinne nodded. For her enlightenment, he explained: "It 's around on Varick Street between Charlton and Van Dam, on this side of the way."

"It 's a funny old place, is n't it!" interrupted Margaret. "Sarah sometimes wheels me past it. The building looks awfully ramshackly. But what about it? Surely it can't have anything to do with *our* affair!"

"Just you douse your sparker and save gasoline!" chuckled Alexander. "Shows how much you know about things! You *needed* a man on this job! As I was going to say, I know Tim Garrity pretty well—he has charge of the horses.

We 're pretty good pals, and he gives me a whole lot of interesting dope, off and on. Last summer he told me something that stuck in my crop, but I did n't think of it again till the other day. Then I thought I 'd go and nail it for certain, before I told you kids, and I got him to reel it off again yesterday. It 's the dope, all right! I saw it myself!"

"For gracious sake, Alexander, don't keep us in suspense another minute!" implored Corinne. "Tell us quick!"

"All right! Now I 'm going to shoot! You remember telling me about the theater that old house was turned into? Well, Tim once told me that the stable was built right over where an old theater had stood,—on the very foundations,—and in the back, where the stalls are, you could see a part of the old stage, the paintings on the beams, and frescoes—he called 'em! He was quite proud of it!"

The listening four were now sitting up straight and tense. He went on:

"I did n't pay much 'tention to it at the time. Did n't interest me! Rather be talking about baseball! But the other day, after all you told me, I fell for it again. Yesterday I went round and made him tell me all over again and show it to me, too. I guess we 've hit the trail, kids! It was there, all right! Funny old gilt do-dabs, and you could just make out the shape of the stage, curved, the way they have 'em in the theaters now."

He stopped, and every one drew a long breath.

"Alexander, you are certainly a trump!" sighed Corinne. "This is the best discovery yet. But I 'm surprised that the site of the house should be on Varick Street. Most books said it faced on Charlton."

And Bess added her say:

"This is certainly awfully interesting, but I 'm blest if I can see how it 's going to be of the slightest *help!*"

"Say, you 're what us baseball fans call a bone-head," and Alexander chuckled derisively. "I 'll bet Corinne 's fallen for it already, without being told!"

"I confess, I don't see *just* how it helps," admitted Corinne, "unless—unless—there 's some part of the old, original house left."

"That 's the line o' talk!" shouted the boy, triumphantly. "I knew you 'd hit the bull's-eye if any one did! There sure *is* something of the old house left, and that is—the *beams* that supported the cellar ceiling! They make the foundation of the stage!"

This time Alexander certainly scored a sensation.

"The beams—the *beams!*" cried Margaret. "Then there must be the one that had the secret hiding-place in it!"

"Now you 're talking!" remarked Alexander.

"But did you *see* it? Can you get *at* it?" demanded Corinne.

"There 's where Central cuts you off! I examined the thing carefully, and got Tim to tell me all he knew. But we found that the stable only went part of the way through the old cellar of the house; the two ends are cut off and underground—or at least they 're behind the side walls of the stable. Can you beat it?"

"Then we can't get at it after all!" wailed Margaret, disappointed all the more keenly for the high hope that had been raised.

"Nope! We just can't get at it—as things stand now!"

"Is n't there *any* way you can think of, Alexander?" demanded Corinne. "Think what we might find in that secret nook—gold, jewels, papers of great value,—oh! this is exasperating! Can't you think of *some* way?"

Alexander, however, only appeared to lapse into deep reverie.

"I have n't showed you my whole line o' goods yet!" he confessed, after submitting them to an interval of soul-satisfying suspense.

"You have n't—what?" echoed Corinne uncertainly.

"Told you—all—I know!" he translated obligingly.

"Well, for goodness sake, go on! How you do tease!"

"Here it is: in a few weeks they 're goin' to begin to widen Varick Street and put a subway through."

They only gazed at him, after this statement, in uncomprehending bewilderment.

"You don't get me yet?" he went on. "Well, that means they 're going to do a good deal of altering."

Still they appeared unenlightened.

"Gee! but you four are *thick!*" he cried at last. "The only way they can widen it is by tearing down all the houses on one side. And that 's just what they 're going to do on *this* side! McCorkle's stable has got to go. Now are you on?"

"Then—then—" stuttered Corinne.

"*Then* we can get at the secret beam!" announced Alexander in triumph.

CHAPTER XI

ALEXANDER SPRINGS A SURPRISE

It was with impatience indescribable that the members of the Antiquarian Club awaited the

demolition of McCorkle's stable. Now that Alexander had enlightened them as to the approaching changes in Varick Street, the girls watched with absorbing interest the slow, gradual approach of the house-wrecking throng which had sometime before invaded the upper portion of the street. For weeks they had been passing unheeded the frenzied scene of tearing down, digging up, and general destruction that had suddenly changed peaceful Varick Street into an unsightly heap of ruin and scaffolding. It had meant nothing to them, so absorbed were they in their own affairs. And now they found, quite to their amazement, that it was going to have a very direct bearing on these same affairs!

House by house, block by block, it drew nearer. Every day that was pleasant enough for Margaret to be out she commanded Sarah to wheel her past the work of demolition, much to Sarah's disgust, who infinitely preferred the quiet, sunny, unobstructed walks of peaceful Charlton Street. Then, before turning the corner homeward, Margaret would beg to be wheeled past McCorkle's stable, at which she would gaze hard and rapturously as long as it was in sight. This also deeply annoyed and bewildered Sarah.

"Bedad!" she would exclaim impatiently, "it does beat me what ye see in that dur-rtly owld rookery! 'T is fit only fur th' scrap-heap, and ye look at it as if it was hung wid diamonds! What 's got into ye these days, Margie macushla! 'T is that quare Corinne gur-rl that has bewitched ye!"

Margaret could easily see that Sarah was very, very jealous of her new friend, so she would say nothing, but only smile her slow, mysterious little smile. "That queer Corinne girl!" had indeed bewitched her, and had brought into her pain-ridden, colorless existence something worth living for! But this, of course, she could not admit to Sarah.

At last, one cold, blustery afternoon, the twins burst in with the exciting information that the house-wrecking had actually commenced on their own block, up at the King Street corner. After that the interest became concentrated and intense. And by the time the little old dormer-



"'YOU COULD JUST MAKE OUT THE SHAPE OF THE STAGE.'"

windowed shanty on their own corner was leveled to the ground, they had reached the tiptoe of excitement.

Fully two weeks before this McCorkle's stable had been vacated and left ready for its destruction. And since then Alexander had spent much time crawling around its foundations and examining it in every nook and cranny.

When the little building next to it came down, and the day before the stable was to have its

turn, the Antiquarian Club held an important meeting, called at the request of Alexander.

"This is going to be ticklish business!" he announced; "getting at that beam, I mean. And I ain't so sure it 's going to pan out all right, either. Good thing to-morrow 's Saturday, so I can be on the job all day. But I 've been laying my pipes pretty slick! I 've got on the soft side of a lot of those workmen, and the night-watchman loves me as if I was his little nephew Willie! It 's the night-watchman I 'm depending on most. He 's agreed to let me in there to grub around any night I want—so long as I don't do any damage. But, see here, you kids! Don't be setting your hopes on me getting at anything to-morrow, 'cause more 'n likely they won't touch the foundation before next week!"

The next day saw the demolition of McCorkle's stable. It being Saturday, the Antiquarian Club was able to be present in full force (on the opposite side of the street) to see it go. Margaret's chair was wheeled by the twins and Corinne in turn. But Alexander, across the street in the danger-zone, gyrated, imp-like, up and down the sidewalk and was twenty times ousted from imminent peril by the half-indignant, half-laughing workmen.

Piece by piece the boards and bricks fell, story by story the old building came down, till at last it was level with the very sidewalk, and carts began to remove the debris. Then was visible the strange thing that Alexander had long before told them about.

"See! see!" he cried, running across to them and pointing back excitedly. "There it is! Did n't I tell you so?" And looking toward the back, they could plainly discern the queer, curved outline of the old stage, with a few cracked and tarnished bits of gilt cornice still clinging to it.

"But when are they going to reach the beams underneath?" demanded Margaret, in an excited whisper.

"Not before Monday! At least, they can't get to uncovering the ones *we* want before then. The rest are almost bare now."

"Oh! *how* can we wait till Monday!" wailed Margaret.

"I gave you the tip we might have to!" admonished Alexander. "You 're entirely too light and speedy! You ought to go into the house-wrecking business yourself—then you 'd see!"

The interval between Saturday and Monday seemed simply interminable to every one of the five. On Sunday, Alexander spent much time haunting the ruins, Corinne was obliged to be in her own home, Mrs. Bronson was visiting a sick friend, and Margaret and the twins, left alone,

whispered together most of the day about the impending event.

"What *do* you suppose we 'll find in that beam?" Margaret would inquire for the hundredth time.

"Probably nothing!" Bess would reply, for she was always inclined to look on the dark side of things.

"Oh, that 's not *possible!*" Margaret would retort. "I think it may be some important papers. I don't much expect there 'll be gold, or jewels, or anything of that kind. But just suppose it was the *sapphire signet!*"

"Do you know, dear," said Jess, once, "I 'd be pretty well satisfied if we even found just the *hole!* That would show, at least, that Alison's account was correct, and we had worked things out right, so far."

"Yes, but it would n't help us out any with solving the mystery," objected Margaret. "When do you suppose it will be get-at-able, anyway?"

"Alexander says he 's going to be there before school in the morning, and again at noon, and in the afternoon too. He says he 's almost tempted to play hookey and be there all day! But I told him Sarah and Mother would have a fit if he did! The club is to be all together here in the afternoon, and he 'll come right in and tell us the minute he discovers anything."

"Would n't it be simply awful," moaned Margaret, "if any one got in ahead of us and looted the place in the beam!"

"Alexander does n't think that likely," declared Jess. "I asked him about that, too, but he says it 's probably so well concealed that nobody would think of such a thing—unless the beam were to be chopped up, and that won't happen for a good while yet."

So they were all forced to possess their souls in patience till Monday afternoon. Then, with fast-beating hearts, the girls gathered in the Charlton Street parlor. Alexander, of course, was not with them, and they did not expect him for some time. But, to their utter amazement, he strolled in about three-thirty, hands in his pockets, whistling "The Lass of Richmond Hill" as unconcernedly as though this were not the day of days for the Antiquarian Club!

"Good gracious, Alexander, what 's wrong?" demanded Corinne.

"Wrong? Nothing at all! Everything O.K., A, number one!" he replied airily.

"But why are n't you over at the stable as you said you 'd be?"

"Oh, I did n't think it worth while!" he answered indifferently, ambling over to gaze out of the window.

"But Alec!" cried Margaret. "Have you gone back on us like this? And after all you said! And you seemed so interested, too! I just can't believe it of you!" Her great, beautiful gray

"Well, just unhand me, and sit down, and I'll tell you all about it! Saturday night I was crawling round a bit after the work was all over, and only the night-watchman there. I found that the two beams on this north end were really pretty well uncovered, in spots, and what was left over them could be easily scraped off. It was mostly dirt and loose mortar. I did n't have time to do anything that night, but I gave the watchman the tip that I'd be back the next night and poke around a bit. He likes me, and he thinks I'm collecting wood to build an Indian wigwam in that vacant lot on Hudson Street. And us fellers *are* building one, too, so it's no lie!" Alexander, to do him justice, was scrupulously truthful.

"So I beat it out, last night, after borrowing the twins' door-key, so I would n't have to wake up that lallypaloozer, Sarah, when I came in. Of course I took a chance of not striking the right beam,—it might be the one at the south end, for all I knew. However, I doped out the one I thought it was, shoveled off the bricks and mortar softly, so 's not to attract attention, and measured off ten feet from the *west* end with a tape-line. You know the kid, Alison, said the steward stood about ten feet from the wall of the house, along the beam.

"Then I opened my big-bladed pocket-knife and poked and poked and poked around it, top, bottom, and sides. But never a sign of an opening did I find. After I'd been at the job about an hour, I gave it up and scooted for the *east* end of the beam, and began the same thing all over. Nothing doing for about half an hour! Then all at once, my blade slipped into a crack! I gave a hard pull, and—jumping Jupiter!—there I was! The thing came open like a door on a rusty hinge, and there was a hole about a foot and a half long!

"You bet I did n't do a thing but shove my hand in and feel all around in the hole! I did n't dare even to light a match, for fear a cop might see me. Just then, all of a sudden, the watchman called out softly that the roundsman was coming and I'd better beat it while the going was good! I just had time to duck off that beam, crawl along the darkest side of the wall, and sneak out as the roundsman came along and stood talking to the watchman, as he always does, for about fifteen minutes. I got into the house all hunky,—and that's why it ain't any use for me to be there this afternoon!" he ended abruptly.

"But, Alec, what did you *find*? Did you find *anything*?" demanded the four in one breath.

Alexander nodded impressively. "Yep! I found something all right!" Then he suddenly took an



"I POKED AROUND IT, TOP, BOTTOM, AND SIDES."

eyes filled with sudden tears, and Alexander, turning from the window, observed it.

"Aw! turn off the weeps!" he exclaimed gruffly, but contritely. "Can't you all take a bit of kidding? It *ain't* worth while for me to be over there any more—because I've found the beam already—and explored it!"

At this astonishing revelation they sprang upon him literally in a body—all but Margaret.

"Oh, Alec! You *did* n't! When? Tell us all about it? What did you find? How did you do it?" The questions rained thick and fast.

object from under his coat and laid it carefully in Margaret's lap.

"I found *this!*"

CHAPTER XII

THE MYSTERY UNRAVELS FURTHER

It would be useless to attempt describing the mingled sensations with which the Antiquarian Club (all but Alexander) bent to examine the latest "find." The twins, however, drew back in a moment with a disappointed air and the disgusted query:

"Is *that* all! What in the world is it?"

It certainly was neither gold nor jewels, nor, apparently, important papers of any sort, and their interest waned at once. It *was* paper of some kind—dirty, mildewed, stained with time, and nibbled freely by mice. But it bore no resemblance to the state documents, laden perhaps with impressive seals, that the twins had vaguely expected to behold, if, indeed, the find took that shape at all. But Margaret and Corinne had been turning it over carefully. All of a sudden they uttered a simultaneous little cry:

"Oh, girls! Don't you know what it is?"

"No!" declared the twins.

"Why—the *other half of the diary!*"

Then indeed did the twins give way to belated exultation in which Alexander joined, for of course he had already discovered this.

"Yes, it certainly is!" reasserted Corinne, examining it more closely. "The book was evidently torn in two, and this half concealed in the beam,—but for what earthly reason I can't imagine! I wonder if Alison put it there herself?"

"D' ye see anything queer about the first page?" inquired Alexander, mysteriously. They bent again to examine it. The first page was the most worn and stained and torn and least decipherable of all, because it had been unprotected. There were the same characters of the cipher, only very dimly discernible. But written diagonally across it, evidently with something black and dull, possibly a piece of charcoal or charred wood, were a few words in English. They were so faint that they might have been taken merely for the traces of dark stains or smudges had not one examined them closely.

"Shall I put you wise to what they say?" suggested Alexander.

"Oh, do!" they all cried.

"Well, here it is: 'I am now assured you are a spy. This proves it. I can make naught of it, but will hide it securely. Later I will denounce you.' Would n't that jar you, now!"

"Who *do* you suppose wrote it?" demanded Corinne.

"Could it have been Alison?" suggested Margaret. "Maybe she meant it about the steward."

"That 's *my* guess!" echoed Alexander.

"But why did she write it in English, and with this charcoal or whatever it is? And why did she hide it in that beam? And why was the diary torn in two?"

"You can search me!" Alexander remarked, shrugging his shoulders.

"Would n't it be a good idea to find out by translating the rest?" quietly suggested Bess, the practical. "No doubt she 'll say something in it that will put us on the right track."

"Good business!" chuckled Alexander. "You 've got *some* sense in that bean of yours, kid!"

"I don't understand you!" retorted Bess, coldly. She thoroughly disapproved of his slang, and was never amused by it as the rest often were.

"I should worry!" he responded unconcernedly, and turned to Margaret. "Could n't you dope out a bit of it now, kiddie? You 've got the goods to do it with."

"No," interrupted Corinne, looking at her watch; "it 's getting late, and I must go. Let 's give Margaret a couple of days to work it out, and then we 'll have a grand old meeting and solve the whole riddle—I hope!"

Much as they longed to know the whole story at once, it was obvious that Corinne's suggestion was most sensible. But before they separated, they unanimously voted "Aye!" to another matter—that the discovery of the contents of the secret beam was the most satisfactory thing that had happened so far!

Two days later they gathered around Margaret, keen for the exciting revelations that they felt sure were awaiting them. Margaret had resumed her sphinxlike attitude of mystery and would reveal no clue to what she had discovered. When they were settled and quiet, Alexander remarked:

"Go ahead, kid! Shoot! Get it off your mind!" And smiling indulgently on him, Margaret began:

"You remember where we left off in the other half of the journal—a sentence just stopped in the middle. It was this:—'For Madame M. will accept naught from him and—' Now, on this first page, she completes it. And, by the way, I had the *worst* time puzzling out that first page! It was so stained and faded and torn. Sometimes I was n't even sure I was getting it right. But I guess now I have it correct. She goes on to finish:

"—yet I scarce could tell him so. He must have guessed my predicament, for he only smiled and said it was of no moment. An she would not care for it, I might keep

it for myself. 'T was rarely kind in him. I long to tell him about myself, but I dare not—not yet.

“Then comes a break. Now she says:

“His lady did pass me to-day, walking in the garden; and since the high shrubbery screened us, I curtsied deeply to her. I scarce dare notice her when any of the household are by. She looked at me long, then spoke me fair, asking had she not met me before she came here. I answered, yes, the day her coach broke down on the road last year, and I helped to hold the frightened horses while 't was mended. She did thank me anew, and asked me what it was I was about to tell her then, when Madame M. had dragged me suddenly away. I replied that I dared not repeat it there, but would seek some chance to speak with her alone when we did have more time and were not observed. Then I heard footsteps approaching, and I fled quickly away.”

“Wonder what it could have been that she was trying so hard to tell Lady Washington!” sighed Corinne. “This does n't grow any *less* mysterious, apparently! Go on, Margaret!”

“Another break, then she says:

“I have at last learned what is this wicked plot—”

“Good business!” ejaculated Alexander.

“'T is through Mistress Phœbe I found it out. She has a lover who is one of *his* life-guard, and this lover she has had cause to suspect is not entirely loyal to *him*. Last night she did ply him with overmuch good malt brew, and in his befogged state she did get him to babble the secret. Oh, it is a vile scheme! They are planning to deliver the city out of *his* hands. But that is not the worst. They seek first of all to murder *him*, and in some underhand, cowardly fashion. The manner of it is not decided yet. Phœbe tells me her lover will remember no word of what he said to her last night in his cups. But she intends to watch him right closely. When she has learned the manner of the plotted murder, *he* must be warned.”

“Is n't this exciting!” exclaimed Corinne.

“Bully! Hot stuff!” agreed Alexander.

Margaret continued: “Now, another entry.

“I have confided my story to Phœbe. She is well to be trusted, I feel. She has promised to help me in my need. I am becoming right fond of Phœbe. Corbie was here last night to see the steward. They are both in the plot, we feel sure. After Corbie left, the steward descended to the cellar. I did not dare to follow—I could only guess that he went to his secret hiding-place.

“Now, another space. Then:

“Phœbe had news to-day. Last night she did again muddle her lover with much strong drink. And she did get him to confess that the plot is near completion; that if all goes well, 't will be put in action four days from now. He also did acknowledge that they intended to put *him* out of the way by poisoning something he ate. But he knew nothing more definite. Phœbe says she dares not thus befuddle him again. It is too dangerous, as he has shown that he suspects he

is babbling and has asked her since many searching questions, to which she pretends guileless ignorance. We must watch him. What if we should not be able to foil him and his vile conspirators!

“Madame M.'s health does not improve. Nay, she has dropped so low that 't is feared she will not live. Her physician did bleed her yesterday, but 't was of no avail. She recognizes me, but she will have naught to say to me. In fact she is too weak to utter a word. I am right sorry for her and grieve that she cannot forgive me, though I have done no real wrong. I have sometimes thought she must know of the plot, the vile plot that is to be enacted in this house. But Phœbe declares she is innocent of that. Deep as her hatred may be, she would never wink at such a crime.”

“Well, that settles *one* question, anyhow!” interrupted Corinne. “Do you remember how we discussed that?”

“Yep! that was the day I butted in!” commented Alexander, in whimsical recollection. “Fire away, kid!”

Margaret continued:

“Phœbe and I do despair of discovering by what means they plan to carry out the plot. She dares no longer question her lover when he is under the influence of wine. Nor does she yet dare denounce him, lest the other conspirators escape unharmed. It would be premature to do so till we know the exact facts. I have told her of the steward and his secret hiding-place in the wine-cellar. If we can do naught else, we will rifle that some time when he is away. Perchance there may be information in it.

“Then, here 's the next entry:

“It is midnight, and on the morrow the plot will be consummated. I write this in much fear. Perchance it will be the last I shall ever have opportunity to write. If such be the case, and my relations in Bermuda do ever find this trunk and the diary in its false bottom, and should they be able to decipher it, I want them to know that I, Alison Trenham,—”

“*Trenham!*” shouted the listening group. “Hurrah! at *last* we know her full name! That 's dandy!” Margaret gave them little heed and went on:

“—do grievously repent my folly in ever leaving my peaceful home; that I beg Grandfather to forgive me if he can, and wish Aunt and Betty to know that I love them always. Also, that H. and his uncle were little to blame for their part in what happened before we left Bermuda, and that I do not regret giving my assistance, for it was a noble cause, even though our government did not approve.

“To-night, Phœbe and I did raid the steward's secret hiding-place. We waited till he had gone out, about ten o'clock, and from his actions we made sure that he would be away long, for he went straight to Corbie's tavern. But even so, we took a terrible risk. Once in the cellar, our work was not difficult. I pointed out the location of the spot, and we opened the beam as I had seen him do. But our amazement was great when we found naught in it. He must have removed every belonging, and that right recently. We were just about

to turn away when Phœbe declared she would look once more, and she felt all about in it carefully. Her search was rewarded, for far back in a crevice was stuck a small folded note.

"We read it by the light of the candle, not at first



"I CAN WHISPER HIM A WARNING NOT TO EAT OF IT."

daring to take it away. It was from the governor, and said that on the morrow a dose of poison should be put into a dish of peas prepared for *him* at his noonday meal. The poison would have no effect under an hour. In the meantime, word should go forth, and the fortifications would be seized. Everything was in readiness. That was all. The note had plainly been forgotten by the steward when he removed his other papers. We dared to keep it, on a second thought, since he would probably think he had lost it elsewhere, if he missed it at all. So we took it away with us.

"Our plans are all laid. Phœbe will herself be in the kitchen to-morrow at noon, and no doubt either her lover or the steward will place the poison in the dish. Then I am to pass through the kitchen at a certain moment, and Phœbe will request me to carry in the dish

and lay it before *him*. As I do so, I can whisper *him* a warning not to eat of it, saying I will explain later. If Phœbe herself did this, she would be suspected at once, for she never goes into the dining-room to serve.

But she will choose a moment when no retainer of his happens to be in the kitchen, and send me with it instead. God grant that the plan do not go wrong. *He* will suffer, and our own lives will be in great danger should we fail or be discovered.

"We have arranged that, when I go to him later to disclose what we know, I shall also tell him my own story and throw myself on the protection of him and his good lady. For I fear it will then be no longer safe for me to remain here as I am now. That is all. God has us in His hands. I await the morrow with untold trembling.

"Should it be thought strange that in writing this journal I have given few *names* and so made the identities hard to guess, I must explain that I have ever been in great fear of this being discovered—nay, even deciphered. I bethought me that the fewer names I used, the less incriminating this might be to myself and all concerned. As I read it over now, I feel that it was but a poor makeshift, at best. However that may be, I trust that it may some day get back to my dear ones in Bermuda, should aught evil befall me. *They* will understand.

"The hour grows late and I must retire, though I feel little able to sleep. But one thing more I must disclose ere I bring this journal to an end,—the hiding-place of the sapphire signet. Should it befall that I never return to my home nor see my relatives again, it would be only right that they be informed where the jewel may be found, and that I meant no evil in taking it from Grandfather. Also, I do earnestly beseech any soul who shall perchance sometime long in the future find and decipher this record,

that he or she will search for the signet in the place that I have indicated. And should they find it still there hidden, I pray that they will make an effort to return it to any of my family or connections who may still exist.

"I have concealed the sapphire signet in—"

Margaret came to a dead stop. "Girls—and Alexander—that's absolutely *all* there is!"

So tense had been the interest that they could not believe their ears when Margaret made this announcement. Alexander was the first to recover his power of speech. Thumping the floor indignantly, he delivered himself thus:

"Suffering cats! *Can* you beat it!"

(To be continued.)

FEBRUARY 30TH

BY CLARENCE LUDLOW BROWNELL, F.R.G.S.

LEAP-YEAR never comes oftener than once in four years, and sometimes only once in eight years, so February usually has to be content with exactly four weeks and not a day over. Calendars never give more than twenty-nine days to the second month of the year, and it seems as if the whole world must believe that February never can have more than twenty-nine days.

But it can. It can have thirty. I know enough people to fill a large school-house, each one of whom has lived thirty days in February. Among these people are many distinguished army and navy officers, several statesmen and financiers, engineers, school-teachers, and other famous folk.

I knew these people as fellow-passengers. We were together on board ship coming from Yokohama, Japan, to Honolulu, and on to San Francisco. We were crossing from the Eastern Hemisphere into the Western, out on the Pacific Ocean, where, according to the maps, lies the 180th meridian, just half-way around the world from Greenwich, England.

All school-children know that it is from the famous observatory at Greenwich that people who make geographies measure degrees of longitude, or distances east and west.

So we, on the opposite side of the earth from Greenwich, were sailing, or steaming, east toward the sunrise. Now it is the custom of the masters of vessels crossing the Pacific Ocean to do a curious thing. Both the thing they do and the way they do it are curious, for what they do going east is exactly the opposite of what they do if they are going west, though they do it at the same place. As most of you know, *to keep their calendar dates right*, they *drop* a day out of their lives and out of the lives of everybody on board the ship, passengers and crew alike, if they are going west; but they *add* a day to the lives of every one, and give each person on board an extra day to live, if they are going east. Sea-captains are the only persons who can do this, and they can do it only on the Pacific Ocean.

Your teachers and school-books have told you why they have to drop or add a day when they reach the 180th meridian.

Even sea-captains could not increase or lessen the number of days their passengers and crews may live, were it not for the fact that the earth revolves. If the earth did not revolve, or rather if it turned around slowly, very slowly, say once a year, the same side of the earth would be al-

ways toward the sun. Consequently, one side would have daylight all the time, and the other side would have night all the time.

Probably, under such conditions, no sea-captain would think of disturbing our almanacs. But the earth turns rapidly, so rapidly that people living on the equator are carried round at the rate of a little over one thousand miles an hour. And so, you see, if one of these people wished to keep on the sunny side of the earth all the time, he could do it by getting into a flying-machine—supposing that that machine could travel *at the rate of one thousand miles an hour*—and steering due west.

Some day, perhaps, machines may travel through the air at that rate, and perpetual sunshine will then be possible if the flyer will only keep above the clouds and lay his course *with* the sun (or *against* the turning of the earth). By doing this, he will be home again with the sun, having gone the whole way round the earth without seeing the sun set. So it will seem to him that he is back on the same day he set out.

It will not seem so, however, to the people he left at home. They will have seen a sunset and a sunrise since the flyer started—a day has gone and a new day has come. It is the “next day” with them, though the “same day” with the flyer. And so, if he keeps a diary and wishes his dates to agree with those of the people who stayed at home, he must skip a day, just as the sea-captains do who go from San Francisco to Yokohama.

Supposing, however, that the flyer flew east instead of west, that is, suppose he laid his course in the direction in which the earth revolves and traveled toward the sunrise. Then he would see one more sunrise than the stay-at-homes would see. His diary would have one more day recorded in it than the diaries of those who remained behind would have; and to make its dates with theirs, he would have to double up a date or put in an extra day, just as sea-captains add a day when coming east.

By common consent of sea-going peoples the 180th meridian, on the opposite side of the world from Greenwich, is the line—quite an imaginary line, of course—where the dates are adjusted. Our good ship happened to come to this line on the twenty-ninth of February. As we were going east from Yokohama to Honolulu, there was nothing to do but write in our diaries, *February 30th*.

But when would a baby born on board that day have another “birthday”?



THE CABLEWAY ON THE RIO PINTO.

ON THE BATTLE-FRONT OF ENGINEERING

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Managing Editor of "Scientific American," and author of "With Men Who Do Things"

CHAPTER IV

JIMMY DOYLE'S STORY

JIM and Jack were walking down Main Street. The Antelope Siphon repairs were finished, and they were back in Los Angeles looking for work again.

"Have we got to wait for a cyclone to blow us another job?" asked Jack.

Jim Doyle grinned. "Mebbe!" he said. "Or, it might be an earthquake this time."

Just then he was nearly knocked off his feet by a tremendous thump on the back. "Hello, Jim!" cried a husky six-footer. "Hain't seen ye in five years; what yer working at here?"

"Presarve me from me friends!" exclaimed Doyle, as he slung around to meet his assailant. "Och, but ye 're powerful hearty with yer fists, Kelly! I thought it was the earthquake we were just talking about."

The big man laughed.

"Ye never can tell how yer friends are going to greet ye," continued Doyle. "Look at this lad now," turning to Jack. "He looks harmless

enough; but how do ye suppose he showed his pleasure at seeing me? Why, by throwin' a bucket o' water at me an' then buryin' me under a car-load o' sand. It would have killed me if I had n't clapped my mouth to a joint in the water-main I was calkin'."

"Oho!" exclaimed the big man. "So you 're the hero I read about in the 'Frisco papers last month, are ye?"

"Ye don't mean to say it got into the papers!" ejaculated Doyle.

"Sure thing! On the front page."

"Huh!" Jim grunted. "Well, that 's the feller that done it. Shake hands with me friend Kelly, Jack," said Doyle.

Then they began to talk about the work they had been doing. Doyle was saying that they had just finished the biggest aqueduct in the world, without bothering to explain how little of the work they had really done.

"Oh, ye have, have ye?" answered Kelly. "Well then, ye 'd better tackle the biggest electric power-plant in the world next. I jest come from there to look for somethin' more interesting."

"What power-plant do you mean?"

"Why, have n't ye heard of the Big Creek plant? They are going to use the highest head of water on record, and send the 'juice' they make all the way to this town—240 miles, at 150,000 volts, the highest voltage ever used for sending electricity acrost the country."

"Is there any job for us there?"

"Should n't be s'prised. Come on in," turning toward a saloon, "and let 's talk things over."

Jim Doyle shook his head. "Nothin' doin'," he said. "I 'm on the water-wagon now."

Kelly stopped aghast. Then he winked at Jack and burst out into a loud laugh. "Ye got me that time, Jim. Ye 're up to yer old tricks. I thought ye really meant it at first."

"But I *do* mean it," persisted Doyle.

"What!" gasped Kelly; "that sand got inside yer head, eh?"

"No, it wa'n't the sand as did it, but just a young feller like this Jack, here. I can see his face now, all red with the glow o' the bonfire, peering at me through the black night, with the waters of the Rio Pinto up to his chin an' tryin' to tear him loose from the bit o' rock he was clingin' to, an'—"

Kelly shook his head at Jack and tapped his forehead sadly. "Cheer up, Jimmy," he interrupted. "Where do ye live? I 'll drop around to see ye sometime."

Jack gave him the address, and the big man shambled down the street.

"What were you saying about the face out in the water?" questioned Jack, consumed with curiosity as to the mystery of Jim's reform.

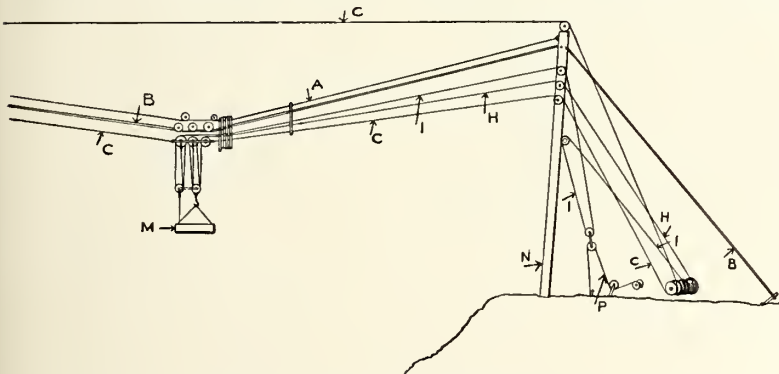


FIGURE 1. HEAD-TOWER AND CABLES.

A, button-rope; B, B, main cable; C, C, C, C, conveying-rope; H, H, hoisting-rope; I, I, I, dumping-rope; M, skip; N, head-tower; P, skip-tipping rope. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Oh, I 'll tell ye all about that to-night. But now we must be hunting up a job."

That evening, after dinner, Jack prevailed upon Doyle to recount the thrilling experience that had made such a marked change in his life.

"It was down on the Rio Pinto, in Brazil," he began. "You remember I left the Thunder River job early in the spring, when I took the first

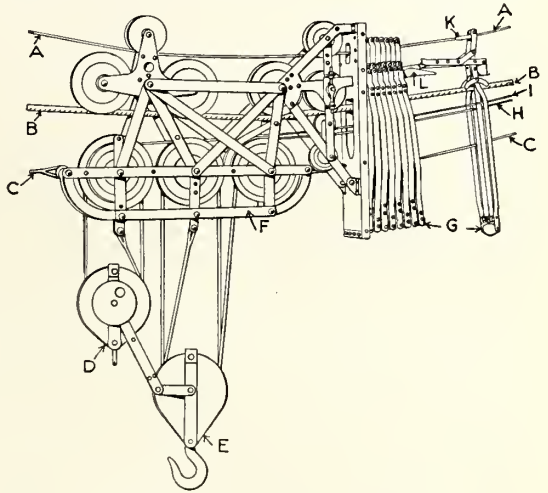


FIGURE 2. A CABLEWAY CARRIAGE.

A, button-rope; B, main cable; C, conveying-rope; D, dumping-block; E, hoisting-block; F, carriage; G, fall-rope carriers; H, hoisting-rope; I, dumping-rope; K, button; L, horn.

train east. Well, after awhile I got to New York, an' there a friend of mine put me wise to this job down in Brazil. When I got to the Rio Pinto, I found there was n't a dozen white folks, an' the rest was picked up from all over the world—a lot of 'em black as the ace of spades, but there were Portuguese, Italians, Indians, even Chinese, an' one feller was an Arab—Ali something-or-other. We called him Ali, for short. The job was to build a dam across the river, an' an ugly stream it was, plumb full of boulders that split open the water an' made it boil an' foam an' swirl, an' many o' the rocks was just covered enough to rip the bottom off a boat. But pshaw! no boat could sail down that stretch o' river; no canoe, even, had ever tried to shoot them rapids.

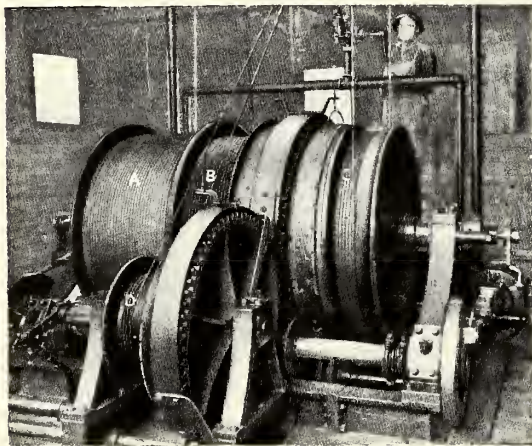
"They was buildin' a big flume to carry the water past the place where the dam was to be—about as big as the flume at Thunder River. The only way to get acrost the river to the work on the other side from the camp was to walk up-stream about two miles to a bridge. But when I got there, they had stretched a cableway acrost to carry the materials."

"A cableway?" interrupted Jack. "What 's that?"

"Why, a wire cable stretched acrost the river, with a skip hangin' from a carriage that runs on the cable."

"A carriage?" queried Jack.

"Yes; a set o' wheels that run along on the cable, an' the skip hangs down from 'em. There



INTERIOR VIEW OF HEAD-TOWER ENGINE-HOUSE.
A, hoisting-drum; B, dumping-drum; C, conveying-drum;
D, tipping-drum.

is a conveyin'-rope to pull the carriage along the cable out to where you want it."

"How do you push the carriage back again?"

"Push it?" laughed Jim. "Say, but ye 're thick-headed to-night, Jack! Here—give me a piece o' paper, an' I 'll draw ye a picture of it."

(Jim was not much of a draftsman, and his sketch was very crude, but it served the purpose. The reader can probably follow his explanation better by looking at Figures 1 and 2.)

"Ye see, the conveyin'-rope is endless," explained Jim. Then, with good Hibernian logic, he proceeded to explain that the two *ends* of this *endless* rope were fastened to the carriage. "One end," he said, "is fastened to the for'ard end of the carriage; then the rope runs acrost the river over a sheave on the tail-tower and comes back to the head-tower. From there it runs down into the engine-house, takes a few turns about the conveyin'-drum on the engine, an' runs back over the head-tower to the hind end of the carriage. When the conveyin'-drum runs one way, it pulls the carriage by the hind end; an' when it runs the other way, it pulls the carriage by the for'ard end. That 's simple, ain't it?"

"Yes, I see," said Jack.

"Well, then," continued Doyle, "there is another rope for hoistin' an' lowerin' the skip.

This runs from the hoistin'-drum over a sheave on the head-tower an' out to the carriage. There it runs down through a pulley-block that the skip is hooked onto. [See Figure 2.] So, by workin' the hoistin'-drum, the skip can be raised or lowered. One end of the skip is held up by another block an' a rope that runs to a drum alongside the hoistin'-drum. This is the dumpin'-drum, which is really part of the hoistin'-drum, the hoistin' an' dumpin' sections bein' separated only by a flange. Now these sections bein' the same size around, the two ropes are paid off at the same speed, keepin' the skip level. But there 's a lot o' slack in the dumpin'-rope, an' the slack is taken up by a sheave on the end of another rope that 's wound on another drum, an'—"

"Hold on there!" cried Jack. "You 're getting me all twisted. How many drums are there now?"

"Only four—one to move the carriage back an' for'ard, one to hoist an' lower the skip, one for the dumpin'-rope that 's fastened to one end o' the skip, an' a little feller that puts in a bit of extra pull on the dumpin'-rope an' tips the skip, dumpin' the load. Ain't that simple?"

"Yes, I guess that 's clear enough," agreed Jack. "I think I know about cableways now."

"Oh, do ye?" exclaimed Doyle. "Well, I have n't told ye about the most important part yet. Ye see, a cableway has to run acrost a purty big span sometimes. This span down on the Rio Pinto was only 850 feet, but they do run up to 2000 feet an' over. With a long span, the hoistin'- an' dumpin'-ropes might sag so much that they 'd weigh heavier than the skip, an' then you could n't lower the skip at all. So they have hangers, for holding up the ropes, all along the cableway; they call 'em fall-rope carriers. A lot of these carriers set on a 'horn' that sticks out from the hind end o' the carriage. The carriers are all threaded on a rope above the main cable, but the eyes the rope is threaded through are not all the same size. The one nearest the carriage has the biggest eye, an' the next is a shade smaller, an' so on. Now, on this rope there are buttons of different sizes to match the eyes on the carriers. When the carriage runs out from the head-tower, pretty soon it comes to one of them buttons that passes through all the carrier-eyes except the last one. So the button catches that carrier an' pulls it off the hook. The next button, a little ways off, being a little bigger, catches the next carrier, an' so on, until the carriers have been spread along the whole cableway. When the carriage comes back, the horn picks up the carriers one by one."

"And these carriers support the ropes?" asked Jack.

"That 's the idea! The cable an' the ropes pass through the carrier," went on Doyle. "When it slips off the horn, it rests on the button-rope, an' the lower part of the carrier has three long slots with a sheave at the bottom of each slot for the conveyin'-, hoistin'-, an' dumpin'-cables to run on."

Jim Doyle stopped as though he were all through talking.

"Go on," urged Jack. "I want the story."

"Oh, yes! As I was sayin'," he began again, "when I got to the Rio Pinto, the engineer was down with a fever an' they needed some one to work the cableway engine. Well, I chucked a bluff that I 'd been an engineer once an' could take charge of that engine. Of course I had never handled a cableway engine before; but engines is pretty much alike, an' I soon got the hang of this machine. So I got the job of tendin' the cableway, and Al, being a bright feller, if he *was* a heathen, was my helper.

"At first they would n't let the men ride acrost on the cableway, not trustin' me an' fearin' I might make a mistake an' dump 'em into the river; but after I had been at it a week an' they found out how careful I was, they let the men go acrost; but they always had a white man in the skip to see that them furrin fellers did n't lose their heads.

"Things went along all right without a hitch for two weeks. Then somethin' happened. It all come o' tryin' some o' the native liquor; I don't know what they put in it, but it 's the worst stuff ye ever tasted. I 'd never 'a' thought o' drinkin' it if there was anything else to be had; but I took some that afternoon. It went to me head, all right, but I thought I could stick it out till night. Well, the whistle blew, an' I begun takin' the men acrost. Things went all right until it come to the last load. It was dark by that time. You know down in the tropics, when the sun sets, there is n't any twilight—it gets dark right away. Well, I got the signal to haul the load over, an' I got 'em started. I could just make 'em out in the dark. Then somethin' queer come over me. I thought I saw the signal to lower, an' I paid out the hoistin'-rope. They was right in the middle of the river. The chief engineer himself

was on that skip. I heard him shout somethin' to the men. He was tellin' 'em to hold on to the chains, because the skip might tip over when it hit the water; at the same time he took out his pocket-han'kercher' an' waved the signal to hoist. I was too fuddled to know what I was doin', an' I pulled the dumpin'-lever. Al came runnin' up just then; he knew what was the trouble with me, an' pushin' me out o' the way, he jammed



"'THEN SOMETHIN' CAUGHT MY EYE OUT IN THE RIVER.'"
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the levers back again. He was too late, though; the skip had dumped just as it struck the water, an' it turned clean over, leavin' the men hangin' to the chains like wasps. Al hoisted them up clear of the river an' then hauled them over to shore.

"But one young feller, a Portugee, had n't been quick enough to catch the chains an' was carried off down-stream, yellin' fer help. Nobody thought he could keep alive a minute in that

boilin' water, but he kept hollerin' away. I ain't got a clear notion of just what happened, but I remember hollerin' back to him that I was comin', an' I run down the river. I was in no fit condition to run, an' first thing I knew, I had fallen into the river meself an' was swept off me feet. That sobered me; but before I could get out, I ran my head plumb ag'in' a rock."

Jim paused and stared vacantly into space.

"Don't stop!" urged Jack, impatiently.

"Oh yes! When I come to," Jim continued, "I could n't imagine what had happened. There was a big fire acrost the river, an' a gang of men dancin' around it, an' playin' leap-frog, an' squat-tag, an' all such fool stunts. One feller was playin' a tune on a banjo, an' another was dancin' a jig. I could n't make it out at all! They looked likeimps in the red light o' that fire. I saw Al among 'em an' a lot of the rest of the fellers. Then somethin' caught my eye out in the river. It was a head stickin' out of the water. Yes, sir, it was the Portuguee! He was holdin' on to somethin' out there in the river, but the water was up to his neck an' doing its best to carry him off. I found out afterward that he 'd happened to run astraddle of a hidden rock, an' he hitched fast to it. He was all right if he could only keep hold o' the rock.

"It was Al as had found him, an' he built a fire, first on my side o' the river just to hearten up the lad, an' then, because the Portuguee was nearer the other side, he got a gang of men to run up-stream an' around over the bridge to the other side. Then he got up a sort o' vorderville show to take the lad's mind off himself an' keep up his nerve. There wa'n't no chance of savin' him that night. The best they could do was to keep up his courage till mornin'. All night long the men kept up their pranks, jokin' with the Portuguee an' tryin' to make him laugh. I can never forget his face lit up by the glow o' the fire, the angry river beatin' against him an' tryin' to wrench him from the rock. It 's good the water was warm. He could n't have held on an hour in cold water, like Thunder River, even in summer-time. I just set there an' watched him for hours."

"Why did n't you go over to the other side?" asked Jack.

"Well, as matter o' fact," replied Doyle, "I thought it would be healthier for me to stay on me own side o' the river. So I just set there, an' set there, watching that face in the water. An' I was bein' cured o' drink. Yes, sir; I ain't ashamed to say it. I vowed, if he ever come off alive, I would never touch another drop o' liquor. But I could n't figure how in the world they was

ever going to get him to shore, even after the night was over.

"That night was the longest night on record. The minutes was hours, an' the hours was months, while the Portuguee clung there with only his head out o' the water, an' the fellers on the bank kept the fires an' their stunts goin'.

"A little while before sunrise I stole back to camp to see what was doin'. As I crep' around a rock, I saw they had another fire there an' a gang of men was workin' at somethin'. Pretty soon I made out they was buildin' a scow. 'A fine chance there is o' sailin' this river in that scow,' I said to meself.

"All of a sudden the sun rose, an' it was day before ye knew it. I looked down the river, an' there was the Portuguee still holdin' fast. One look at that mad river an' I knew that no scow would stand a ghost of a show; but I said to meself if any one had to risk his life, I was the man, seein' I made the trouble in the first place. Mr. Carter, the chief engineer, was there overseenin' the work. I run up to him an' I says, 'If anybody is going in that boat, I am!' As soon as they seen me, they all made a rush for me, an' they 'd 'a' tore me to pieces in no time if Mr. Carter had n't druv 'em off. 'I dunno what your plan is,' I says to him, 'but I want to be in on it, no matter how dangerous the job.'

"'Good,' he says, 'I 'll take ye for the first volunteer. Jump into that boat.'

"An' then there was a wild stampede, an' the whole crowd rushed for'ard again. At first I thought they was comin' for me, but, would ye believe it, they was *all* volunteerin', an' Mr. Carter had to drive 'em back with a pick-handle.

"'I only need two more men,' he says. 'No quarrelin' now! Time is precious.'

"Al come pushin' up just then, and said he must be one o' them, an' the Portuguee's brother would n't listen to stayin' behind. Then Mr. Douglass, the assistant engineer, said there must be at least two white men in the boat, an' he 'd go along, while Mr. Carter tended the cableway engine—"

"The cableway engine?" queried Jack.

"Yes," explained Doyle; "the scheme was to carry the scow out to the middle of the river on the cableway an' lower it into the water. At the stern of the boat there was two lines, one from each corner, fastened to the conveyin'-rope o' the cableway. Al had to tend one of them lines, an' I tended the other. Mr. Douglass stood at the bow watching for boulders, an' tellin' us to let out on this line an' then on that. An' then he would signal to Mr. Carter to haul us to the right or to the left a bit, so as to get around

this rock or that one. It was ticklish navigatin', I can tell yer! We had to go a good ways downstream an' there was danger o' being swamped any minute. The waves looked pretty big out there. Twice we nearly went over. The last

"When we got back to land, I went straight to the boss an' give up my job.

"'We need you, though,' he says, 'an' after this lesson I think you 'll be keepin' straight.'

"'I ain't going to touch another drop of liquor,'



"'WE SWUNG AROUND AGAINST A SHELVIN' ROCK.'"

time was just as we reached the shipwrecked lad—an' his brother was trying to haul him into the scow. Al got so excited he dropped his line, an' we swung around against a shelvin' rock. But I stepped on the rope before much of it had paid out, an' Al soon pulled us around straight again.

"Well, we got the boy into the scow all right, but it come near being too late. He fainted dead away. His brother worked over him while the rest of us navigated the boat over to shore. But the poor chap did n't come to for over an hour.

I said, 'but I don't expect you to believe it; an' as long as I 'm here you 'll be afraid o' me. You can use Al; he knows as much about this engine as I do.'

"So I packed out of there that very day an' took ship back to New York."

"And have n't you touched a drop since then?" asked Jack.

"Never a drop," declared Jim Doyle, proudly. "I see that face out in the water, an' I just lose all heart fer the stuff."



AT A POSTAGE-STAMP SHOW

BY M. E. BÜHLER



BEHOLD the passports of a speech
That binds all nations into one,
From where the arctic headlands reach,
To jungles of the southern sun!

On these, all history prints its page;
And as the empires fall and rise,
The record of each changing age
Is graven in a hundred dyes.

Here some new government has birth;
And here is lost some glorious cause;
And from the utmost ends of earth
Are gathered customs, legends, laws!

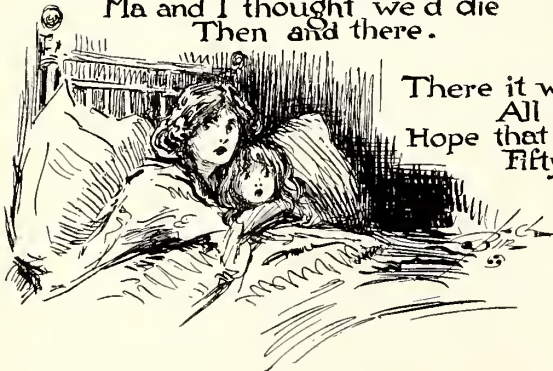
They come from lands of fire and snow,
And islands of the farthest sea;
Like wind-swept autumn leaves that blow
About the earth continually.

And as time gathers into sheaves
The ripened years, like golden grain
Beneath the drift of falling leaves,
The steadfast nations yet remain.



1
Once a rat ate my hat -
That is right!
Heard him gnaw my best straw
One whole night.

2
Thought 'twas some burglar come.
Such a scare!
Ma and I thought we'd die
Then and there.

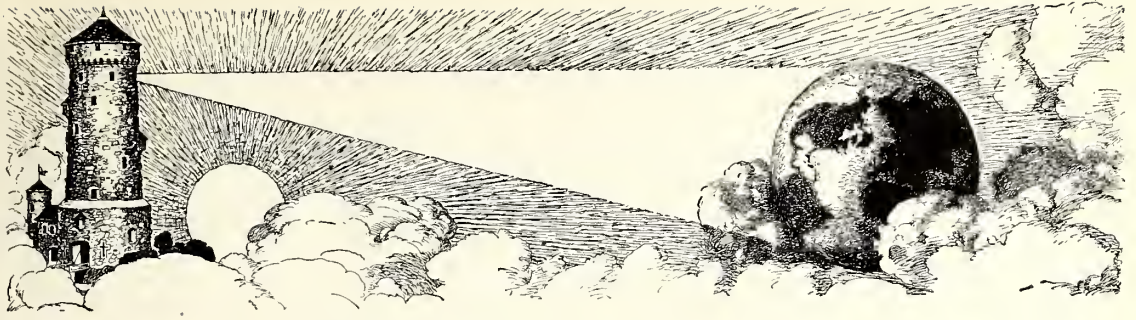


3
My best hat - think of that! -
Used for food!
Rim and crown all went down.
Bet 'twas good!

4
When 'twas day, ma said, "May,
'Twas a rat!
Just come here. Dear, dear, dear,
Your best hat!"

5
There it was - ribbons, straws,
All in bits!
Hope that hat gives that rat
Fifty fits!





THE WATCH TOWER

BY S. E. FORMAN

Author of "Advanced Civics," "A History of the United States," etc.

CONGRESS PREPARING FOR ACTION

LAST month the attention of our readers was called to the heavy work which lies before Congress this winter. During December and January it spent most of the time in preparation for this work. The introduction of bills began as soon as the session opened, and, within a few days, more than three thousand measures were introduced. Bills are introduced by individual members, very often at the request of an outsider; and the member may be opposed to the very bill which he introduces. For it is no trouble to introduce a bill. In the House of Representatives a member does this simply by dropping it into a receptacle, called the "hopper," because it is the place where a bill starts on its long journey through the legislative mill, a journey that does not end until it has passed through both houses of Congress and has been signed by the President. It then becomes a *law*. But all the bills that are dropped into the hopper do not pass entirely through the mill; thousands of them proceed a little way and are then lost. Bills are taken from the hopper and distributed, each finding its way to its appropriate committee.

It is in the committee-rooms that most of the serious work of Congress is done. There are more than fifty House committees, and more than seventy Senate committees. A member of the House of Representatives usually serves on two or three; a senator serves on seven or eight. So when a visitor to the halls of Congress finds only a handful of members in their seats, he should not think that our legislators are remiss in their duties, for the absentees are scattered about in the committee-rooms of the Capitol and the great office-buildings, busily engaged in the preparation of bills. Among the important committees are those on appropriations, foreign relations, the currency, military affairs, naval affairs,

commerce, agriculture, manufactures. The most important of all is the House Committee on Ways and Means, for this is the one which has control of bills for raising revenue to support the National Government. Some of the committees consist of only three or four members, but many of them have more than twenty, and are, therefore, bodies of very respectable size. They meet in spacious and attractive rooms, and carry on their work in the presence of large audiences. The work of every committee, whether large or small, is to decide upon the bills that are to be presented on the floor of Congress. When considering a bill, the committee gives a hearing to the public and allows friends of the bill to speak in its favor, while opponents are allowed to speak against it. At these hearings any citizen who wishes to be heard is allowed to speak, providing there is sufficient time to hear him. And citizens make good use of this privilege. At every session of Congress thousands of men and women from all parts of the country visit Washington for the purpose of appearing before the committees of Congress. Public officers as well as private citizens appear before the committees. Members of the cabinet, generals, admirals, and other high officers go and present their views. Sometimes even a member of Congress will appear before a committee of which he is not a member and speak in favor of, or against, some bill which is under consideration. So the committee-room is a place where discussion is very full and free and open. After the hearings have been held and the members of the committee have discussed the measure, a vote is taken; if a majority of the committee is against it, it is reported *unfavorably*; that is, it is "killed in committee." And that is the fate of many a bill, for thousands of the bills that go into the hopper never get any farther than the committee-room. If a majority of the committee believe that Congress ought to have

an opportunity to vote upon a bill, it is reported *favorably*, and is placed upon the *calendar*, which is a kind of catalogue or register of bills. What happens to bills after they reach the calendar is a story which need not be told here, except to say that many of them are never heard of again.

So it was in the committee-rooms that Congress did much of its work during the opening weeks of the present session. The hearings before the committee on military affairs and the committee on naval affairs were the most impor-

chief justice and eight associate justices, sits at Washington and passes judgment upon all questions of law and of fact that are appealed to it and that properly come before it. One of its most important duties is to decide whether a law of Congress or of a State legislature is in harmony with the Constitution of the United States or is contrary to it. When the Supreme Court finds that a law is in conflict with the Constitution, it declares that law unconstitutional, and therefore null and void. For the Constitution



Photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

COMMITTEE ON MILITARY AFFAIRS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

tant. Both those who are in favor of a larger army and navy and those who are opposed to the policy of greater preparedness were well represented, for in January Washington was overflowing with men and women who came to the city either to urge upon Congress the necessity of providing for greater defense or to persuade it that such a course is unnecessary and dangerous. Week after week the two committees listened to the views of one prominent person after another, but January had passed before either had taken action. Strong efforts were made by the friends of preparedness to speed up the wheels of the legislative machinery, but without success. In the committees and also on the floor of Congress things moved along in a provokingly quiet and leisurely manner. Yet, in spite of this, every one knew there were lively times ahead.

THE INCOME TAX DECISION

WIDE-AWAKE Americans take a deep interest in the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. This great tribunal, which consists of a

itself is the supreme law of the land. When a law has been declared unconstitutional, it has been blotted out—it no longer exists. No one can claim any right under it, or be punished for disobeying it. Since the organization of our National Government in 1789, the Supreme Court has pronounced thirty-three acts of Congress and more than two hundred State laws to be unconstitutional.

In January the Supreme Court rendered a most important decision in reference to the national income tax. Several persons objected to paying this on the ground that the law of Congress which imposed it was unconstitutional. These persons brought suits to test this question, and the cases were carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, which decided that the income tax law is constitutional. So those bringing the suits, and all other persons taxable under the law, will be compelled to pay such taxes.

This decision marks the end of a long struggle. For many years there has been a fight for and against a national income tax. In 1894 Congress passed a law imposing such a tax, but the

Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional. The only remedy was to pass an amendment to the Constitution which would give Congress the power necessary to impose the tax. In 1913, after many years of agitation, this amendment—the Sixteenth—was secured. Under the authority of the new amendment Congress promptly passed the present income tax law, the one which the Supreme Court has just decided to be constitutional.

The decision has great importance, because it removes from the minds of members of Congress all doubt as to their power to tax great incomes according to an ascending scale of rates—the greater the income the greater the rate. The present law taxes incomes in this way, but, before the Supreme Court had spoken, Congress was not perfectly sure that the law was constitutional. Now that they are convinced of that fact, they are beginning to talk of raising the rates on the larger fortunes. Already there are proposals in Congress to tax incomes of more than \$1,000,000 at a rate as high as fifty per cent. Under the present law, incomes of \$1,000,000 or more are taxed at a rate of about seven per cent. Thus it may turn out that the decision will be followed by a law which will greatly increase the tax bills of those who have enormous wealth.

IN THE WORLD OF LABOR

THE new year began with great activity in the world of labor. All over the country workingmen were asking for higher wages or for shorter hours, and in numerous instances they were getting what they asked for. In no case was there a reduction of wages, but in hundreds of cases there was an increase. It is estimated that in December and January more than 1,000,000 workers received the benefit of an increase in earnings.

The most significant fact in the labor world at present is the demand of the workingmen for shorter hours. To employers, a demand for shorter hours means the same thing as a demand for higher wages. If an employer has in his shops forty mechanics working on the ten-hour plan at four dollars a day, his daily pay-roll is \$160. If he changes to the eight-hour day, he must employ fifty men in order to get the same amount of work done. And he must pay these fifty men four dollars a day, for it is not proposed by the workingmen that the reduction in hours shall be accompanied by a reduction in wages. With the shorter hours, therefore, the daily pay-roll of this employer would jump from \$160 to \$200, an increase of twenty-five per cent.

Roughly speaking, this is what a change from the ten-hour to the eight-hour plan means.

In January there was set on foot the most far-reaching demand for an eight-hour day that has ever been made in the United States. The leaders of the four big railroad-unions announced that the engineers, firemen, conductors, and trainmen on all the railroads of the country would be asked to vote upon the question as to whether or not they should make such a demand. At the end of the month the railroad men were voting upon this question, and the balloting showed that the sentiment was overwhelmingly in its favor. If the employers agree to this, the working-day of nearly 400,000 trainmen will be changed from ten hours to eight. The total sum paid annually to these 400,000 men is now about \$400,000,000. If their demand is granted, the railroads will have to pay about \$500,000,000 for the same service. That is to say, about \$100,000,000 more than they are now paying. How will the railroads meet this extra expense? It can only be done in one of four ways: they can reduce the wages of the men outside of the train service—about 1,400,000 in number; they can pay the stockholders of the railroads a lower rate; they can spend less money for maintaining and improving the railroads; or they can charge higher rates for freight and passengers. In the past, the railroads have met extra expenses by the last method—they have charged higher rates. The shippers and travelers of the country have recently been called upon to meet one increase in rates. Are they to be called upon presently to meet another? This doubtless is the question the country will have to face if the trainmen are granted the eight-hour day.

THE GREAT WAR

DURING January the reports telling of the progress of the Great War read very much as they have been reading for many months past. From Flanders and France, where about 3,000,000 Belgians, British, and French face about 1,500,000 Germans, there came accounts of slight advances made now by one side and now by the other, but at the end of the month the deadlock was unbroken. This remarkable deadlock—and surely the thing is well named, for it has been fraught with the death of untold numbers—has existed for nearly a year. The long line of five hundred miles, which marked the western front of battle at the beginning of 1916, was practically coincident with the line which marked that front at the beginning of 1915. In the east it was much the same. There the Russians were pressing

upon the Teutons, but pressing them so lightly and slowly as not to cause them much alarm. Looking over the entire field of the war at the beginning of February, one could sum up the situation very well by saying that the Allies had the Teutons fully *hemmed in*, and that the Teutons had the Allies fully *hemmed out*. But one thing was taking place that seemed to have real significance, and a significance that did not bode well for the Allies: the Teutons were becoming the masters of new territory and bringing new peoples under their dominion. In January they brought Montenegro under their power, and they forced Albania to give up her resistance. Three independent kingdoms,—Belgium, Serbia, and Montenegro,—and one principality, Albania, are the fruits of conquest which eighteen months of fighting have brought to the Teutons.

Among the very important war events of the month was one which occurred not on the field of battle but in a law-making body. On January 27th the English Parliament passed the Military Service law. This law provides for the compulsory service of practically all subjects of Great Britain who are unmarried and are fit for military duty. Heretofore, the ranks of the British army have been filled by men who have come forward and offered their services of their own free will. But as the Great War progressed and the need for soldiers became greater and greater, it was found that many able-bodied men would not offer their services ("slackers" they are called), although they were the very kind of men the country needed. It was to reach these "slackers" that the Military Service law was passed. Any man now liable under the law to perform military duty will be summoned to the ranks, and if he does not respond to the summons, he will be regarded as a deserter and will be punished as such. There was strong opposition to the law while it was on its way through Parliament, and it was seriously denounced by large numbers of working-men. But now that it has passed, it seems that it will be upheld quite generally by the British public. The leaders in government affairs believe that the new law will enable Great Britain to throw the whole force of the nation against the enemy. In adopting the policy of

compulsory service Great Britain has only followed the example set by most of the nations of the world. Germany, Austria, France, Russia, Italy, all have compulsory military service. Under this compulsory plan the soldier does not *go* to war; he is *sent* to war.

GOOD ROADS AND BAD ROADS

MEN who are not yet very old can remember when the United States was a country of bad roads. Twenty-five years ago it was only in the neighborhood of towns and cities that the roads were good. With the coming of the bicycle, how-



ROAD-BUILDING.

ever, our roads, in about 1890, began slowly to improve, and with the coming of the automobile a few years later they began to improve very rapidly. The movement for better roads has gained strength year by year, and to-day the time does not seem to be far distant when the United States will be a country of good roads.

But an enormous amount of work will have to be done, and a vast sum of money will have to be spent, before our roads will be as good as they ought to be, or as good as the roads of most European countries actually are. There are in this country nearly 2,500,000 miles of public roads. Of this total, about 250,000 miles consists of improved, surfaced roads. So, for every mile of good roads we have eight or nine miles of bad ones. In some of the States the proportion of improved roads is much greater than this. In Massachusetts more than half, and in Indiana nearly half, of the public roads are surfaced.

Since one mile of good macadam road costs anywhere from \$3,000 to \$10,000, it will require billions of dollars to put all our roads in good condition. Yet, costly as good roads are, the people are meeting the expense in a free-handed manner, and are spending each year more than \$250,000,000 on roads. This is about half as

visits the locality and supervises the construction of a short stretch—a few hundred yards or a few miles—of road built in a manner that best suits the needs of the community. This serves as an object-lesson for the local road-builders. In the building of these object-lesson roads the Office furnishes the engineer, but the local community furnishes all materials, labor, and supplies.

While Uncle Sam is already doing a great deal for road improvement, many believe that he is not doing enough—that the National Government should furnish money not only for the supervision of road-building, but also for the actual construction. Accordingly, in January, the House of Representatives voted in favor of a bill appropriating \$25,000,000 for roads,



GOING TO SCHOOL OVER A
BAD ROAD.

much as is spent for public schools, but it is money well spent, for good roads are among the most valuable assets of a nation.

In the work of road improvement Uncle Sam is lending a helping hand. For more than twenty years there has been maintained in the Department of Agriculture an Office of Public Roads. In this Office there are altogether about three hundred persons, among whom are many engineers and road experts, working in the interest of good roads. For the support of the Office, Congress appropriates about \$500,000 annually. The work of the Office is almost entirely educational in character. Men are sent out not to build roads, but to show others how to build them. Any community in any State desiring instruction in the art of road-building may, upon request, secure from the Office of Public Roads the services of an expert road engineer. The expert



ROLLER-SKATING TO SCHOOL OVER A GOOD ROAD.

the money to be distributed to the States according to population. If this bill meets with the approval of the Senate and becomes a law, there will be in every State an activity in road improvement such as the country has never seen, for the appropriation will enable Uncle Sam to do fifty times as much for the roads as he has done hitherto by maintaining the Office of Public Roads. Will the Senate give its approval to the bill?



NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

REDSTART AND WARBLERS.

BIRDS AS TRAVELERS

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN

Curator of Ornithology, American Museum of Natural History, New York

THE BIRDS' TIME-TABLE

WHEN we consider the great distances some birds travel and the dangers they encounter by the way, it is remarkable that they usually arrive on time.

That the daily trips to and from the roost should be made regularly is not surprising. The birds have only a short way to go, and they leave soon after daybreak and return just before dark. But when, year after year, the bobolink, the Baltimore oriole, the midget humming-bird, many warblers, and other birds arrive from journeys thousands of miles in length on exactly or nearly the same day, we ask how they can possibly be so prompt.

In order to answer this question we must know something about the birds' time-table. Any one who has studied the birds about his home for many years can make a time-table giving the dates of arrival and departure of all the migratory birds which visit him.

In this time-table we shall notice that the early birds—those which come in March—are much

less prompt than the later ones—those which come in May. This is because the weather of March is so much more uncertain than that of May. In some years, near New York City, snow covers the ground and the ponds are frozen almost until April. In others, the snow melts and the ice disappears before the middle of March. But by May 1, the weather is more settled. The first week in May of one year is much like the first week in May of another year.

So it follows that the exact time of the arrival of the birds is more or less dependent on the weather. It is not the weather which induces them to come. What can the Baltimore oriole in Central America know about the weather near New York City? Not a thing. He leaves Central America without regard to the weather there or any other place. But his journey may be delayed by bad weather or hastened by favorable weather. If, therefore, he finds the weather of one year much like that of another year, he is apt to reach the same place at about the same time year after year. Sometimes, encouraged by an unusually mild period, birds come so far ahead of their usual time that they are trapped by the sudden return of cold weather. Then, if they do not retreat, they may suffer for lack of food.

I have seen geese on the coast of Texas migrating northward in large numbers, urged onward by a warm wave. The next day, to my sur-



RUBY-THROATED HUMMING-BIRDS.

prise, they all came flying back. But the day following that, a severe "norther" suddenly arrived. The geese had evidently encountered this storm and were driven back by it. Observations of this kind lead us to believe that birds are not such good weather prophets as they are commonly supposed to be.

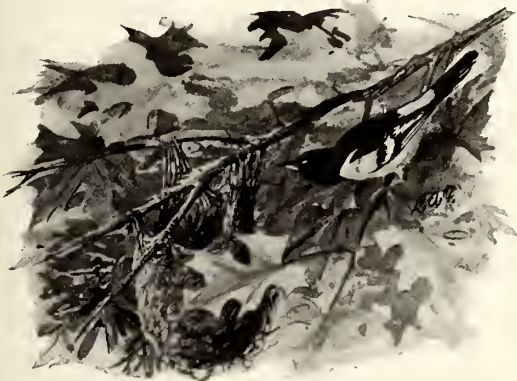
The first birds to come in the spring are, generally speaking, the last ones to leave in the fall. In early March we look for robins, grackles, and red-winged blackbirds, and there will be additions to the ranks of the song-sparrows and blue-birds that have passed the winter here. These birds will remain until November or even early December.

When the frost leaves the ground so that the woodcock may probe for his favorite fare of earthworms, this great-eyed snipe of the woods will appear; and he may stay with us until frost seals his hunting-ground.

Almost as soon as the ponds, lakes, and rivers open, ducks will be seen upon them. In the fall many ducks remain until they are actually "frozen out" by the ice, which forces them to go farther south.

THE BIRDS' PROCESSION

Now none of the birds I have mentioned makes a very long journey. Robins, grackles, redwings,



THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

and woodcocks do not leave the United States, and the greater number of ducks winter within our boundaries. In fact, all these birds may be found as far north as Virginia.

They, therefore, are in the first rank of the vast army of birds which begins its northward march in the early spring. They may not start any sooner than the bobolink in southern Brazil, but they have so much shorter journeys to make that they get here first.

What a marvelous army it is! Four or five

thousand miles separate the advance-guard and rear-guard. Between them are untold myriads of migrant flycatchers, warblers, vireos, thrushes, and other birds. Some are already under way,



THE DUCKS ARRIVE.

some are waiting the call to "fall in," but all in their proper season will take up the march, and at their due date reach their destination.

Let us take a position, say near New York City, and watch this vast army pass. If we were in Washington, we should see it about a week earlier; while in Boston it would be a week later.

It is a joyous day when first we hear the martial music of the grackles and redwings and the cheery salute of the song-sparrow. Not a bud has broken, not a blade of grass grown. The birds bring us the earliest news that spring is near.

Soon we shall hear the fiving of the meadow-lark and the musical whistle of the fox-sparrow; while those who know its haunts may hear the strange twilight song and see the sky-dance of the woodcock.

Late in the month, when in some warm place gnats are floating in the sunlight, the phoebe, earliest of flycatchers, will be there to devour them. In early April the chant of the field-sparrow, the bright, ringing notes of the vesper-sparrow, and the gurgling, glassy call of the cowbird will be added to the music of the feathered band. With them will be chipping- and white-throated sparrows, myrtle-warblers, tree-swallows, and hermit-thrushes.

Thus far the army has advanced rank after rank in orderly array. All the birds in it have come from their winter quarters in the southern United States, but about April 15 the barn-swallow appears. He is the first bird to reach us from tropical America. Like an aerial scout he dashes ahead of the slower columns. A little later he is

joined by the cliff- and bank-swallows. Then, if we are so fortunate as to have purple martins as tenants, we may expect to hear them chattering happily about the houses we have offered them as homes.

Some morning, about April 25, when we open our windows to the warm sun-rays, the house-wren will greet us with his merry little trill. He is bobbing in and out of a bird-house—perhaps the very one he nested in last year.

A catbird sings from the heart of a lilac-bush, while from the topmost branch of some tall tree the brown thrasher, in loud, ringing notes, tells us that he is home again.

That evening we may hear the twittering of chimney-swifts, just back from Central America,



BOBOLINKS IN THEIR SPRING DRESS.

and see their bow-and-arrow-like forms sailing about overhead.

The army now is moving rapidly and with closed ranks. Company after company hurries by; others stop to camp with us. It is an exciting time for us on the lookout. Sharp indeed are the eyes and keen the ears that see and hear all that is to be seen and heard. Between May 7 and 12, when the migration is at its height, as many as 140 different kinds of birds have been seen by one person on one day. This was at Oberlin, Ohio, a place through which many birds pass. For we learned in the last number of *ST. NICHOLAS* that there are certain lines of flight, or highways, which are followed by birds in their travels. On the Atlantic coast it is rare to see more than one hundred different kinds of birds in a single day during migration.

The first days of May will bring the rose-breasted grosbeak, Baltimore oriole, and scarlet tanager, all famous color-bearers. Then we may look for the great warbler cohorts. These active little wood-sprites are the most beautiful and the most numerous of the members of the great feathered army. Over thirty different kinds and an incalculable number of individuals will march

by us. How few people know that every year we are visited by these gems of bird-life! Although among the smallest members of the army, as a family they make the longest journeys. The greater number spend the winter in the tropics and the summer in northern New England and Canada. But in spite of their size and the great distance they travel, they closely follow the timetable. Generally it will tell us within a day or two when to expect them.

The warblers form the rear-guard of the army. After May 20, few migrants will arrive, and in early June only stragglers will be seen.

From the beginning, if we have watched closely, we shall have noticed several things. First, we shall have found that the male bird comes before the female. Remember that all the redwings in the early March flocks had red shoulder-marks; that the grackles were all large and glossy, that the cowbirds had brownish heads and shining bodies. When the male and female are alike in color and cannot therefore be distinguished, remember how often our attention has been drawn to a newly arrived bird by its song. Since the female rarely sings, we may safely say that any bird we hear singing is a male; and thus we know, even when he is colored like his mate, that the male is the first to come.

With the earlier birds the female does not come until a week or ten days after the male. The male redwing, for example, returns to the marsh in which he and his mate lived the year before, and calls his *kong-quer-ree* many times before she hears him and comes to choose a nesting-place.

Then we shall also see that while many birds march on to more northern homes, others break ranks and make their homes with us. These the



BARN-, TREE-, BANK-, AND CLIFF-SWALLOWS.

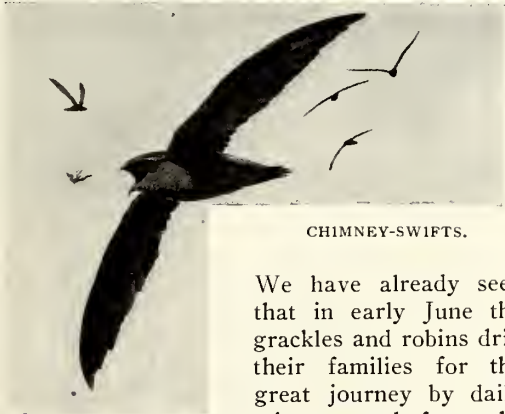
ornithologist calls "summer residents," while those that pass onward are "transient visitants."

By June 1, the invading hosts have taken possession of the country. Some have settled in the north; but from the Gulf of Mexico to the shores of the Arctic Ocean, no place is without some members of the great army.

Where in the winter all was silent, we now hear the sweet voices of many birds. How peaceful they seem as they build their nests and rear their young! But in truth they are valiant fighters; for this bird army has come to protect us from our insect enemies. All summer long they will carry on constant warfare against the caterpillars, cutworms, weevils and other harmful insects, which, if they were not preyed on by birds, would destroy our crops.

RETURNING TO THE WINTER HOME

No sooner has the invasion ended than preparations for the retreat to winter quarters begin.



CHIMNEY-SWIFTS.

We have already seen that in early June the grackles and robins drill their families for the great journey by daily trips to and from the roosting-place. In July the young swallows are given their lessons; and late in that month the bobolink actually begins his southern migration. By August 20 the retreat is well under way, and from that time until September 30 our woods are again thronged with traveling warblers, vireos, fly-catchers and other birds. Most of them have changed the bright uniform of spring for a duller coat, and we may find it difficult to recognize them.

In October they will be followed by the juncos and tree-sparrows; and in November, if food be scarce at the North, we may hope to see cross-bills, redpolls, and even pine-grosbeaks. All these late arrivals will stay with us until spring. The ornithologist calls these "winter visitants."

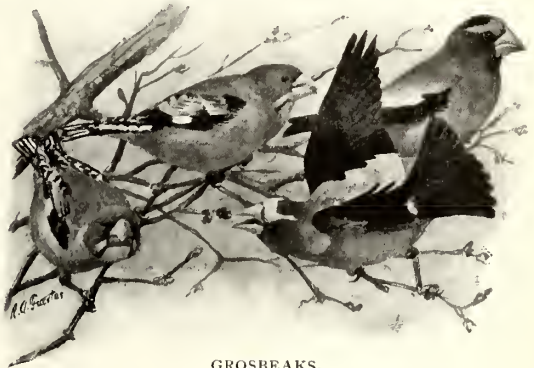
Birds like the golden plover and the turnstone, which have to cross two thousand or more miles of ocean and are not believed to alight upon the water, cannot, of course, rest by the way. But the warblers and other small birds, which migrate chiefly over land, evidently rest for several days after making an all-night flight. During this time they may travel a little by day, as they hunt insects from tree to tree; or if they have happened to come down into some small piece of woodland, such as is found in city parks,

they may remain in the same place until they are ready to continue their journey.

While they are waiting, they may be passed by other birds of their own kind; and while these birds are resting somewhere on ahead, they may in turn fly on ahead of them. An individual bird may therefore fly four or five hundred miles in one flight, but, because of these rests between flights, the species to which it belongs does not make anything like this rate of speed.

Professor Cooke's studies for the Biological Survey at Washington have told us more about the speed at which the bird army advances than we knew before. Thus he has found that for the first month of their northward journey robins make an average advance of only thirteen miles a day. The next ten days they go forward at double this pace. Then, as the season becomes rapidly warmer, the rate rises to fifty and soon to seventy miles a day. This increase in speed does not mean that the robin flies faster, but that its rests are shorter.

The same authority tells us that, when traveling from the Gulf of Mexico to Minnesota, black-poll warblers average only thirty to thirty-five miles a day, but before they reach Alaska, they have raised this rate to two hundred miles a day. So while the journey of one thousand miles from the Gulf of Mexico to Minnesota takes thirty days, the twenty-five hundred miles from Minnesota to Alaska is made in half that time.



GROSBEAKS.

Like flowers and trees, birds are closely dependent on the weather. How little change there is for weeks after the first skunk-cabbage is seen, or the first pussy-willow blooms! Then as the days grow warmer, the woods are suddenly filled with flowers and the trees thickly covered with leaves; and with them come the birds.

From this glance at the birds' time-table, we have learned that nearly every month in the year has its bird travelers. This is one of the reasons why the study of birds is so interesting. There is

always something happening in the birds' world. Some one is coming or some one is going. We are continually greeting old friends or making new ones.

Will it not add greatly to our pleasure to know where they have been and whither they are bound?

AN ARCH MADE OF A WHALE'S JAWS



In the beautiful Alameda Gardens of Gibraltar stands a curious archway made of the two jawbones of a whale. Although a whale's throat is hardly larger than a man's head, the jaws are huge—a fact that is graphically shown by the photograph which we print herewith.

SPRUCING UP A BATTLE-SHIP

You boys watch ships with interest. Clean and graceful and mysteriously outward bound, they cannot help fascinating a boy's mind. But did you ever stop to wonder what the part of the ship that is under water looks like? Or did you just imagine that it was as immaculate as the deck? Indeed it is not. Instead, it is as whiskered as Santa Claus. The "whiskers" are barnacles and all sorts of long slimy marine growths, which must be "shaved off" every so often. But the razor has never been invented that would

shave something that is 25 feet under water. So what do they do? They put the ship into a huge dry-dock, run the water out until the great hull is completely exposed to the air, and then scrape it. Often, as well as the cleaning, repairs to the propeller or other underwater machinery are needed. The large vessels of the Navy are docked every six months, and it is also considered good business economy to dock fast merchant-ships and transatlantic liners very frequently, as the marine growth may retard the speed of a ship one half.

Dry-docks have been built of stone, wood, and concrete. Concrete is considered the best material. The dry-dock looks like a tremendous bath-tub, and the bottom has to be very strong to support the weight of the great ships. One end is closed by a sort of barge, or caisson, which, when floated into position and filled with water, sinks down into grooves in the sides and bottom of the dry-dock and separates the dock from the water outside.

Getting a battle-ship or ocean liner into one of these dry-docks is a real feat of engineering skill. First the water is pumped out of the caisson. This so lightens it that it rises out of the grooves in the dock and can be floated out of the way of the incoming ship. Then the tugs tow the ship



A BATTLE-SHIP IN DRY-DOCK.



THE CAISSON THAT CLOSES THE ENTRANCE OF THE DRY-DOCK.

into the dock very slowly, many thick ropes, called hawsers, being carried over the side to winches on the dock. The ship is finally brought

to a stop with the center line or keel of the ship exactly in the center line of the dock. The caisson is then towed into place and water pumped into it until it settles down into the grooves in

ally rises, the caisson is floated away from the entrance, and the busy little tugs take the ship in tow and run her alongside of a near-by pier.

There she is, safely out of dry-dock, and looking just as she did when she went in. But the captain will chuckle, and tell you that it is not for vanity but efficiency that his ship "gets shaved."

MARY EMERY SMITH.



A CONCRETE DRY-DOCK 750 FEET LONG.

the dock, thus making it water-tight. Then huge centrifugal pumps begin to pump out the water, while the ship slowly sinks into a sort of cradle prepared for her on the bottom of the dock. Each ship requires a different cradle. As the water gets lower and lower, workmen shore up the vessel by using timbers which keep it from toppling over. When only a foot or so of water is left in the bottom of the great concrete tub, it is great fun to watch the workmen trying to catch the fish which were imprisoned when the caisson slipped into place, and which swim around trying to escape.

Undocking is a reversal of the process just described. The water is allowed to run into the dock through holes in the caisson, the ship gradu-

ally rises, the caisson is floated away from the entrance, and the busy little tugs take the ship in tow and run her alongside of a near-by pier. There she is, safely out of dry-dock, and looking just as she did when she went in. But the captain will chuckle, and tell you that it is not for vanity but efficiency that his ship "gets shaved."

HOW AN AUTOMOBILE WAS CONVERTED INTO A LOCOMOTIVE

PROBABLY the only automobile in the world that performs the duties of the regulation steam-locomotive, is at a mine in Shafter, Texas, where it is used to haul ore-cars.

Steel flanges, to permit of the wheels running on tracks, were substituted for the rubber tires. Then sprocket-wheels were keyed to the ends of the rear axle, and larger ones fastened to the rear wheels, the ratio of these sprockets being three to one.

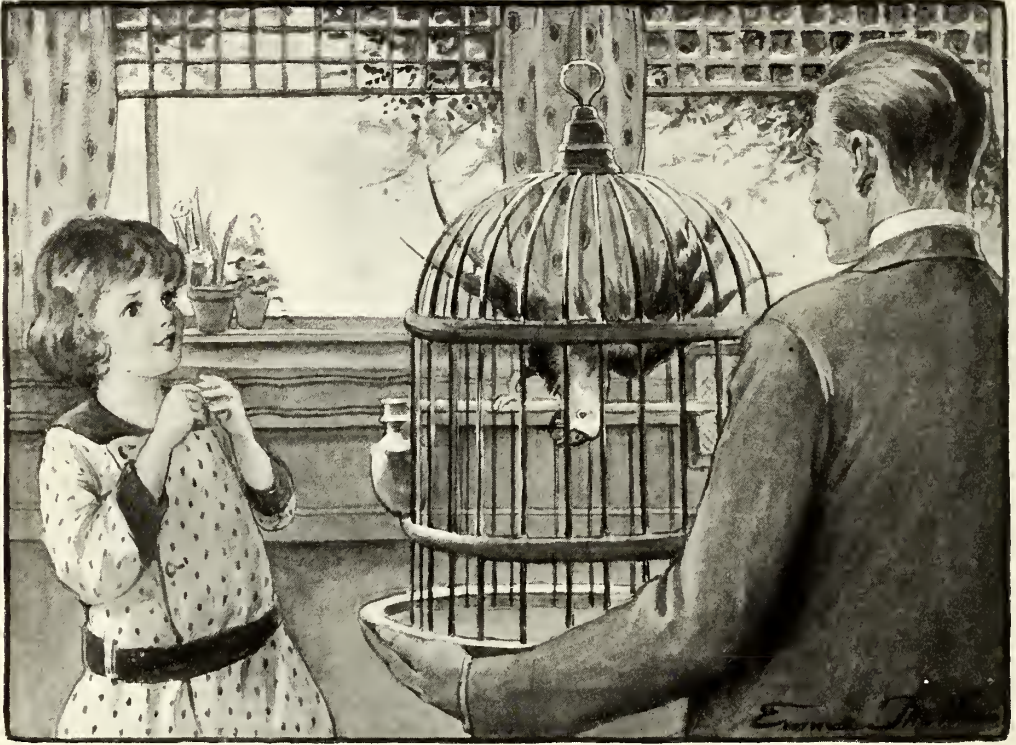
After these changes had been made it was found that the auto-locomotive was capable of hauling quite easily three loaded ore-cars, with a total capacity of 16,500 pounds. Its use also resulted in a considerable reduction in running expenses, as, on four and one half gallons of gasoline and one gallon of lubricating oil, the motor travels eighteen miles each day with loaded cars, and hauls the empty cars back the same distance.

ROBERT H. MOULTON.



THE AUTOMOBILE LOCOMOTIVE PULLING A TRAIN OF ORE-CARS.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



"HE TOOK ME HOME AS A BIRTHDAY PRESENT TO BETTY."

BETTY'S PARROT TELLS HIS STORY

BY ETHEL M. PEYSER

I OFTEN wonder how a little girl would like to belong to a bird. I am a bird myself, and I belong to a dear little girl named Betty. So I know how it feels for a bird to belong to a child. What puzzles me is how it would feel if things were turned about, and if children belonged to birds! I sit on my perch and think about this for hours at a time; but I never find any answer. A cage is a very small place to think things out in.

Since I can't decide how you would like to belong to a bird, I'm going to try to tell you how I happened to belong to Betty, and about a bird's life in a cage.

Long ago I used to live in the most wonderful forest you ever saw. It was in a far-off country called South America. The trees were so high and so thick that, if you lay on your back on the ground and looked up, you could n't see the blue sky at all; you could see only the green branches of trees. We parrots lived in the tops of these high trees. You can't think how nice it was up there in the sunshine! For in South America the sun is warmer than in North America on the Fourth of July, which is probably the hottest day you ever heard of!

We lived in big families. It was just as though all your uncles, and aunts, and cousins, and your mother and father, and *their* mothers and fathers all lived together. And when we were at breakfast in the tree-tops, we all chattered and shrieked at once; so that we made more noise than you ever heard of at all the Christmas dinners you ever went to!

In my forest in South America, bananas grow wild, as blackberries do up here; and there are, besides, all sorts of queer fruits with names so long that you could n't say them without practising. We used to find one of these fruit-trees, and there the whole family would have breakfast. My, but it was jolly!

And then one day I was caught by a hunter. He had set a trap to catch me, and as I was a very young parrot and knew no better, I hopped right into that trap! The hunter shut me up in a tiny cage and took me on a long journey in a boat, until at last we came to what he called a city. There he left me at a shop to be sold. All this time I was very cross and unhappy. You see, I did n't like the cage, and I missed the lovely forest and the sunshine in the tree-tops. I spent the whole day grieving, and I bit and snapped at every one who came near. I suppose I should n't have, but I did.

Then one day a tall man with a gray mustache came into the shop and bought me. This man was Betty's father; and he took me home as a birthday present to Betty. As soon as I got to know Betty, I was happier. She was so good to me, and she seemed to understand that birds have real feelings. Betty gave me a name. She called me Jocko. I don't know whether that is a nice name or not, but I like it because Betty gave it to me.



"SOMETIMES BETTY USED TO DRESS ME UP IN HER DOLLS' CLOTHES."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

For the first time since I was trapped by the hunter, I began to chatter once more. Then Betty wanted to teach me English. It took her a very, very long time. She had to say the same words over and over and over. You see, your language is very hard for us birds! At last I could say: "Pretty Jocko! Pretty Jocko!" Betty was so happy that she jumped up and down and clapped her hands. Then I learned to say: "Morning, Betty! Feeling well this morning?" And just doing what Betty liked seemed to make me happier.

Betty loved pets. She had a big, fat, sleepy cat, and a tame pigeon, and a mischievous squirrel. She used to punish us by shutting us up in her closet if we quarreled with each other, so that we soon learned to get on happily together. I am sure Betty loved me best, because I was the only one of her pets that could talk to her in her own language; the cat could only purr; the pigeon could only coo; the gray squirrel could only chatter; but *I* could say: "Morning, Betty! Feeling well?" I was very proud of that! I guess *all* parrots look proud when they can speak English—a hard task even for people!

Betty did n't care much for dolls; you see, she had so many live pets that she had her hands quite full taking care of us. Sometimes she used to dress me up in her dolls' clothes. I did n't like that! I thought my bright feathers were far finer than any stupid dolls' clothes.

One day I had a horrible adventure! I shall never forget that day. You see, Betty used to let me out of the cage quite often. On this day, as usual, I was sitting on the porch, perched on the railing, when along came Betty's new nurse, and she frightened me by shaking a broom at me! Afterward, she said that she had only wanted to drive me back into my cage; but I did n't know that then! And I was so frightened that I flew up into a tree. I found that I did n't feel at home in a tree any more. I had lived so long in a cage! So I flew from tree to tree, getting more and more frightened all the time, and more and more tired. I realized that I was lost, because I could not find Betty's house with the gray chimneys.

Night came—all dark and cold—and I was hungry and shivering. I longed for Betty's warm room where my cage hung; and I longed for my seed-cup, full of nice seeds. And dear Betty! Would I ever see her again? Or would she get some other parrot to take my place?

In the morning, after the longest night in the world, a man came and climbed the tree where I sat. I was too stiff with cold to try to fly away. The man caught me by throwing an old coat over my head, and then he took me home to Betty. Dear Betty! She had been crying because she thought I was lost. She took me in her arms and kissed me, just the way your mother kisses you, and I was as glad to get home as she was to have me.

When I was in the cage, I used to think that it would be pretty nice to get out in the tree-tops once more. But now I found that, after you have lived for a long time in a cage, you forget how to live in trees. And these trees were so different from the trees in my South American forest. There were no juicy fruits here, and it was so cold and so lonely.

But all this happened a long time ago, and I have never flown away from home since that day.

You see, I learned then that, when you are in a strange land, the very best thing that can happen to you is to belong to a kind little girl.



CHOOSING A TRADE

BY CAROLINE HOFMAN

WHEN I'm a man I mean to keep
A little candy store,
And I'll give the sweets in handfuls
To the children at the door.

I'll never, never frown at them
When they only have a penny,
Nor toss it roughly in a drawer
And give them scarcely any;

I'll bow to them politely,
And inquire, "Well, how is Jane?"
And I'll ask them in to help themselves,
And say: "Please call again!"



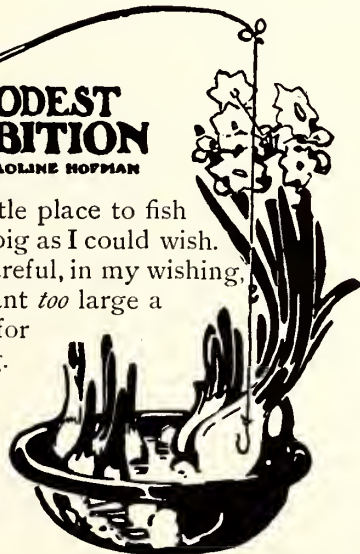
Michael Robinson 1917



MODEST AMBITION

BY CAROLINE HOFFMAN

I FIND a little place to fish
Is just as big as I could wish.
Only I'm careful, in my wishing,
Not to want *too* large a
place for
fishing.



The St. Nicholas League MARCH



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY ROBERT MARTIN, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

In glancing through some old files of the League pages not long ago, we chanced to find as the opening rhyme for March, 1903, these lines:

"Blow, blow, ye winds! Blow loud, blow long—
The storm's huzza, the winter's song;
Come over sea and hill and plain
And blow us back the Spring again!"

And in the competition for March of the very next year, this verse headed the introduction:

"In the oozy marsh is a leaf of green,
And a rift of blue in the skies of gray,
While the wind unceasingly blows between
To blow old Winter away!"

So, it seems, if March responded in each of these years as the blustery old month was respectfully—and poetically—requested to do, the wind blew the Spring *back* in 1903, and blew the Winter *away* in 1904! This year,

we are not so particular. It may follow either plan, according to its own sweet will, and we shall be satisfied, provided only that Spring arrives at a date reasonably near to schedule time! By the way, that "blow us *back* the Spring again" is a faulty line that ought never to have been written. Of course, you all know why. So we apologize for reprinting it, and anyhow—April first is on the way!

Meanwhile, here is something more important than any weather, past or present, namely: a goodly list of Prize-Winners, and page after page of stories, verses, drawings and photographs, every one of which is a credit to its sender and to our beloved League. Some of the best prose contributions received this month have come from the younger members, which is good to see—for think of the years still remaining to them in which they can continue to write for us! And, pictorially, the month's exhibit contains a number of remarkably fine drawings and photographic scenes.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 193

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Elizabeth Clark** (age 13), New York.

Silver badges, **Cyrus B. King** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **Frances Brown** (age 13), Pennsylvania; **Gertrude Nelson** (age 12), California; **Barbara W. Burks** (age 12), California; **Catharine Carr** (age 12), Rhode Island; **Elsbeth McGoodwin** (age 14), Illinois.

VERSE. Silver badge, **Miriam Simons** (age 14), Wisconsin.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Lucile Sanders** (age 13), Canada; **Janet W. Campbell** (age 15), New York; **Helen Davies** (age 17), Minnesota; **Bessie Doogue** (age 15), Massachusetts.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Madelaine Ray Brown** (age 17), Rhode Island.

Silver badges, **Alice Warren** (age 14), Illinois; **Marion Whiteside** (age 13), Oregon; **Katherine Thomas** (age 14), Maryland; **Kathryn R. Eckbert** (age 11), Pennsylvania; **Elizabeth W. Graves** (age 16), Connecticut; **Gardner Leonard** (age 10), New York.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Edith Brooks** (age 16), Illinois; **Richard S. Angell** (age 10), South Dakota.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Elizabeth Rodgers** (age 17), New Jersey.

MY STAR

BY MIRIAM SIMONS (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

BRIGHTLY a silver light she shed on me.
I watched it as I drifted out to sea.
My native land sank slowly into mist.
Bright gleamed the water, by the soft moon kissed.

Down that moon-path I drifted; watched my star,
Which beckoned to me, calling, "Here they are—
All things thou pinest for, fame, honor, gold!"
I followed down the moon-path, bright but cold.

The things I wished for now are turned to dust,
Fame dead, the honor cold, the gold is rust.
My star, I turn to thee. Where is my rest?
"Return to thine own homeland. That is best."

AN EVENING I HAVE ENJOYED

BY ELIZABETH CLARK (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won January, 1916)

IN our family it is the custom to give each child a party on his ninth birthday. My brother's birthday comes in the summer, when few of his friends are at home.



"A TRAVEL PICTURE." BY ALICE WARREN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Therefore he asked to have his party during the winter or spring.

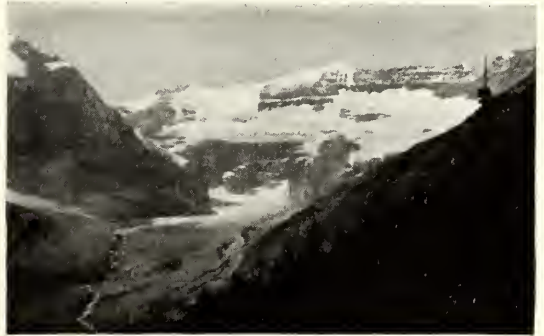
Our radiopticon afforded a novel form of entertainment, and the invitations requested each boy to bring a few of his favorite post-cards.

Previous to the occasion, my mother and I cut out and pasted on cards some colored advertisements from the advertising pages of *St. Nicholas*.

Only the pictures were shown, as these cards were for a contest in which the names of the products pictured were to be guessed. The cards were numbered, and cards with corresponding numbers and blank spaces were prepared. A prize of a box of candy was offered.

The first thing the boys did after laying aside their wraps was to come into the parlor and drink several glasses of lemonade, which I served.

Then the gas was turned out and the pictures shown



"A TRAVEL PICTURE." BY MARION WHITESIDE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

in order. As each one was thrown on the sheet, the boys wrote what advertised product they thought it was. A hard picture was one of three badges, which represented grape-nuts. One boy, who got only one article wrong, won the prize.

Then we showed the postal cards the boys had brought.

Later in the evening, ice-cream and cake disappeared very rapidly, and soon after the boys went home.

AN EVENING I HAVE ENJOYED

BY CYRUS B. KING (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

WE all sat around the big blazing camp-fire, from which the flames mounted almost twenty feet into the sky.

We were camping in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming; and as it was our last night in camp, we agreed to have a big fire.

All of us had collected wood from five o'clock that afternoon for the fire.

We sat on logs we had hauled in from the woods.



"A TRAVEL PICTURE." BY KATHERINE THOMAS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

After seeing that the horses were safely picketed, we all got around the fire.

As we were sitting there, we piled dried pine-needles on the fire, which made the sparks fly almost thirty feet into the air.

It was a grand sight from the woods: the great big

crackling fire, with nine people sitting around it, and the pure white tents glowing in the light of it. On all sides loomed the great Teton Mountains, hardly distinguishable in the dark.

The only noise that broke the silence was the occasional howl of a coyote, a snort of one of the horses, and the steady crackling of the fire.

I would rather spend an evening around a camp-fire in the real woods than in a theater.

THE STAR

BY MARGUERITE TJADER (AGE 14)

I AM the North Star,
Gleaming forever
Over the distant haunts of men.
In the chill midnight,
Far in the Northland,
Guide I the traveler's wandering steps.
And in the Arctic Seas,
Tho' the fierce storms rage,
I am the sailing craft's tireless guide.
So I shine onward,
Faltering never,
Until my Maker's voice bids me rest.



ST. NICHOLAS

"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY LUCILE SANDERS, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

THE STARS

BY ANNETTE AUSLANDER (AGE 15)

SWEET eyes of Heaven, do you not drop tears,
And tremble sadly when you but behold
The tumult of our earth, the bloody spears,
The blasphemings, the tragedies untold?

Dear forms of light and love, in somber shroud,
You weep at this; or do I seem to see
Through my own blurred eyes, as through a cloud,
A vision of the good that is to be?

Eternal sentinels of Faith and Hope
And Truth, despite the lies and lusts of men,—
Oh light the ways where Hate and Blindness grope!
Oh bless us with the Peace of God again!

AN EVENING I HAVE ENJOYED

BY FRANCES BROWN (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

I LIKE excitement. Perhaps that is why I enjoyed, so much, the evening I shall tell about.

"I am going to stay up all night with Uncle Rob tonight in the hay-loft, while he watches for the bear," my twelve-year-old brother Tom announced one evening at supper.

"Then I am, too," I said coolly.

Tom looked at me scornfully.

"Girls can't watch for bears," he said.

"I don't care. Uncle Rob promised that I could see that bear," I said. And then a dispute followed, which was interrupted by Father, who said I could go.

In spite of the fact that I was n't wanted, I thoroughly enjoyed the walk to Uncle Rob's after supper through the snow, though Tom walked in moody silence on the other side of the road.

Uncle Rob laughed when he found what I intended to do, and we went out to the hay-loft, where we settled ourselves comfortably in warm blankets near the open window, where we could see the beehives in the orchard.

Uncle Rob and Tom were soon sound asleep and snoring, but something kept me awake. Presently, just as I was dozing, I heard a beehive fall to the ground, and I jumped up. Uncle Rob and Tom still slept, and



BY GARDNER LEONARD, AGE 10.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY KATHRYN R. ECKBERT, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELIZABETH W. GRAVES, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)

"A TRAVEL PICTURE."



BY RUTH HARRISON, AGE 14.



BY MARGARET GRIFFITH, AGE 17.



BY HOBART ADAMS, AGE 13.



BY HORTON H. HONSAKER, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)



BY DORIS G. POWELL, AGE 15.



BY ROSAMOND THOMAS, AGE 11.



BY JOSEPHINE RAMAGE, AGE 16.

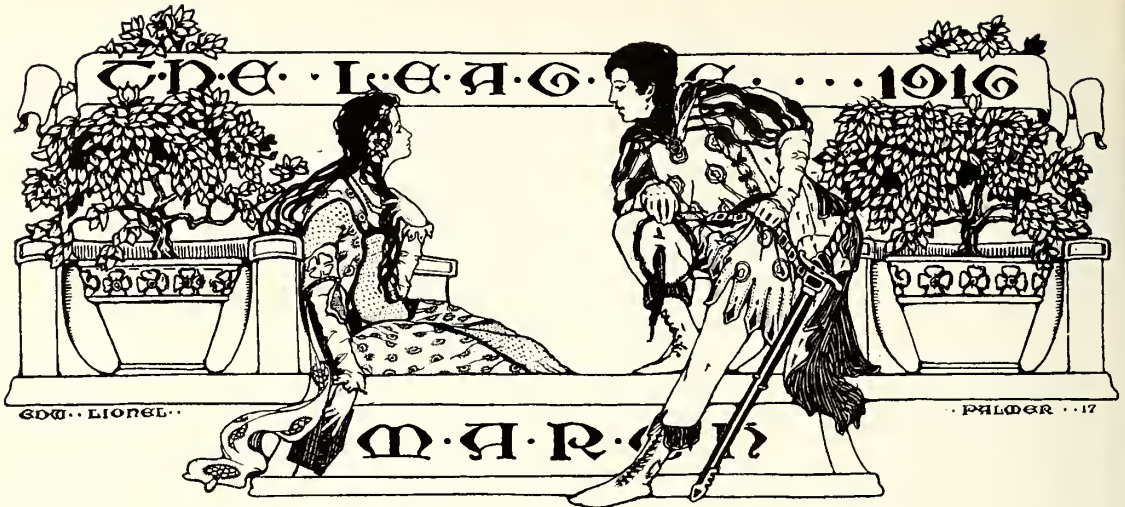


BY SAMUEL R. SPIKER, AGE 12.



BY MADELAINE RAY BROWN, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MARCH, 1914.)

"A TRAVEL PICTURE."



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY EDWARD L. PALMER, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

I crept up closer to the window and looked out. It was moonlight, and I could plainly see the bear facing me. How I wished that I could shoot!

But I called Uncle Rob, who shot the bear, and Tom slept through it all.

A little later, I received a beautiful bearskin rug for my room, with Uncle Rob's compliments to the girl who caught the bear; for he insisted that if I had not awakened him, he never could have shot it.

AN EVENING I HAVE ENJOYED

BY GERTRUDE NELSON (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

It was the evening of my twelfth birthday, and Grandfather and I were sitting alone by the great fireplace in the library. It was so quiet that even the soft ticking of the mantel clock seemed loud, and it made me feel lonesome and depressed, for no one else was home—even Mother or Daddy; they were at the seashore having a lovely time.

And then the good time we had last year came back



"A TRAVEL PICTURE." BY NANCY JAY, AGE 15.

to me, with Mother, Daddy, Louise and Jack, and Grandmother. Louise and Jack, who were engaged last year, are married now, and Grandmother has passed away.

"Well, my girl," said Grandfather, trying to be cheerful, "this is rather different from last year, is n't it?"

I nodded, not feeling inclined to talk. He broached one more subject, and then, seeing I still said nothing, relapsed into silence.

The fire flickered and almost went out, so I rose and put more wood on. Hardly had I seated myself again when the door-bell rang. I did not care who or what it was, being much engrossed in my own thoughts, till I heard some one approaching.

And who should it be but Mother and Daddy!

I, being too astonished to speak, could only embrace them both. They explained that they had come one day ahead to surprise Grandpa and me, knowing we would be lonesome.

And so we talked on and on, just as a family would. Daddy giving us some presents they had brought. And every one seemed to grow dearer to me than ever on that evening

that I most enjoyed. All my gloom and depression were gone, and I felt I was the happiest girl in the world.

As I went to bed that night, I realized that as far back as I could remember, *all* my clouds had been lined with silver, though I had anticipated none of them. I learned a lesson that night.



"A DECORATION." BY DOROTHY HUGHES, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE STAR

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

THE last pale glimmer in the wak'ning sky,

All touched with threads of rose and pearly gray,

Night leaves her last sweet star to shine good-by,

Amid the dawning radiance of day.

STARS

BY SARAH F. BOROCK (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

As I was walking up the hill with pretty Alma Brown,
Young Tommie Dodd upon his sled just then came
rushing down.

I was not quick in stepping back; the next thing that I
knew

Was, I was rolling down the hill, then staring at the
blue.

I lay there on the snowy mead, I made no move to rise,
But wonderstricken gazed upon the marvels 'fore my
eyes.

For tho' 't was day, upon the sky there danced large
twinkling stars,

Green Jupiters, two purple moons, a red, revolving
Mars;

The seven Pleiads, brilliant, gay, tripped with exquisite
grace;

The two Bears marched, the Dipper dipped, the North
Star left his place.

Just then I heard a scornful laugh, sweet Alma walked
away.

I slowly rose, those gorgcous stars I saw no more that
day.

And now sweet Alma's look is cold, she spurns me from
afar.

And now, if you would make me wroth, why, then, just
mention "star."

AN EVENING I HAVE ENJOYED

BY CATHARINE CARR (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

"COME over to our house at seven to-night," Etta Ross
said to me one afternoon. She was a northern girl and
had only lived in Georgia a year. Her only brother was
in the North, and she missed him a lot. As she said, it
was quite a jump from a Maine farm to a Georgia



"A TRAVEL PICTURE." BY ALICE LEE THOMAS, AGE 12.

plantation, and Etta soon grew homesick after the novelty
wore off.

A few days before, there had arrived two great
piano-boxes for Miss Etta Ross from Robert Ross of
Maine. As you may suppose, every one at school was
curious.

Bob, her brother, had written that as she could n't
come north he would send the North to her.

Promptly at seven o'clock I reached Etta's house. On

the large piazza was a crowd of the neighborhood girls
and boys. In a moment Etta appeared and led us to a
large unused building without any floor. There were
several square holes cut in the sides for windows.

Etta invited us to enter and we did.

The floor of packed earth was covered with hay, there
were small shocks of corn ranged round the walls (one
for each child), and the place was lit with a dozen jack-
o'-lanterns. We were given husking pegs and set to
work, the object
being to see who
could get the most
red ears.

We all liked
the novelty. My
brother won the
first prize,—seven
red ears,—and a
little girl of nine
won the booby
prize, for her
ears were all
white. The first
prize was a scare-
crow made of an
ear of corn with
the husks on, and
the booby prize
was a corn plant
growing in a hol-
lowed-out pump-
kin. We all
thought that the
booby prize was
better than the
first prize.

For refresh-
ments we had
little jugs of
sweet cider, three
days old, and
enormous pieces
of mince and pumpkin
pies. After that came roasted
chestnuts and great fall apples.

That *was* an evening I enjoyed.



"A TRAVEL PICTURE." BY WALTER P. YARNELL, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

AN EVENING I HAVE ENJOYED

BY BARBARA W. BURKS (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

I HAD always lived in a little Missourian town, so I was
very much excited as at six o'clock one evening I stepped
gingerly up on the platform of the Los Angeles Limited.
A black porter with brass buttons all down his
coat of spotless white showed us to our section.

We had just got settled when a colored waiter stood
at the door and called, "First call foh dinnah," over
and over.

We went into the dining-car and ate and ate. The
train joggled so that Bud spilled soup all over himself!
We had all sorts of good pickles, and olives, and cake.

Then we went back to our car, but I hardly knew it!
Some of the seats were just as we had left them, but
curtains hung before some of them, and through the
cracks you could get glimpses of beds all made up with
white sheets and blankets.

It was n't late, but Papa called the porter, and, as I
live, he took a key from his pocket and pulled down a
big piece from the wall. Then he pulled the plush seats
apart, and put sheets and blankets on both of them!

Mother put Bud to bed, but I went out to the observation-car and looked out of the window a while.

Finally, I went back to bed. Behind the curtains I discovered a little brass thing that would pull out, and there was a cunning little electric light!

It shone right down on the little horsehair ring Edith had given me a few hours before, and, as I looked at it, a little lump almost came to my throat; but I looked out of the window at the pretty moon that had always looked through the window at me in my little bed at home, so I felt happy again. So I nestled down and thought about all the pleasant evenings I have had in my life—Edith's party, the moonlight picnic, and ever so many others, but I decided that none of them had I enjoyed more than this first evening on the train.

AN EVENING I HAVE ENJOYED

BY ELSBETH MC GOODWIN (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

"Yes 'm, it shore was de finest weddin' I eber hab went to; and de bride, well she was beyond description, she done look so lubly.

"Did I enjoy myself? Well, I shud say. Why, ever'body 's talkin' about how I was de belle of de ball, an' dat ol' yaller merlatta were so jealous of me, she could n't see straight. I don't keer though.

"And de refreshments, dey was simply scrumptious; de wedding cake was as big as a room. Dey got it at Meyer's. Lots o' people thought Maria was awful silly to buy a cake, when she could make one jest as well; but Maria said dat she wanted it count o' de little bride and groom and a cupid standin' on top o' de cake, because she thought it was so stylish.

"Den at de end we all sang some songs, 'Where de



"A TRAVEL PICTURE." BY W. HALSTED TAFT, AGE 14.

THE STAR

BY ELEANOR JARVIS CUSHMAN (AGE 9)

FROM the sky one night A star looked down Upon the streets Of Bethlehem town.	The shepherds rose From off the ground, By light of the star Their way they found.
And shepherds watched With wondering eyes That star with Questioning surprise.	It stopped before. A lowly shed Wherein the Christ-child Had His bed.
And from the heaven An angel came And said: "Ye folk Of Bethlehem	And there they entered, And adored The new-born Babe, Their Christ and Lord.
Follow the star For I will tell A King is born. Come wish Him well!"	And ever since That star has unfurled A heavenly light To light the world.

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 K. Gaylord
Mary I. Fry
Mary P. Bray
Virginia M. Allcock
Helen A. Morgan
Ruth B. Aikman
Elena G. Savelli
Esther J. Lowell
Gladys Funck
Jane A. Linn
Sherwood C. Bain
J. Wright
Dorothy Ormsbee
Virginia Gould
Florence H.
Nightingale
Emilia Marturet
Elizabeth Powell

Marion C. Lewis
Robert May
Ruth Brindze
Viola Black
Louise
Pappenheimer
Agnes Nolan

Sam Robinson
Heien Goodell
Dorothy Nelson
Fanny M. Rosenman
Ada P. Folwell
Henry S. Rogerson
Ann Phelps
Eveline La Mont
Mary G. Howard
Martha Syson
Janette Howard
William D.
Richmond
Margaret Grim
Margaret Tool
Olga Marturet

PROSE, 2

Ragnhild, Dalsgaard
Ellen Porter
Helen Farrer Hyde
Dorothy Marshall
Constance E. Hartt
Edith Nelson
Charlotte Milsner
Margaret Seymour
Jean Orinda Hallett
Goldie Davis
Agnes B. Wells
Dora Sussman
Ruth D.
Brandenstein
Ida Esner
Harriet Felsenthal
Irene Shlivek
Jeanne B. Lowry
Eliza Anne Peterson
Vera A. Fowler
Anna H. Glicenstein
Leona Dixon
Mary Stuart
Agnes MacDonald
Phyllis K. Kett
Walter Hanlon
Hilda Doon
Courtenay
Carolyn Lowmun

VERSE, 1

Llewellyn Wilcox
Charlotte D.
Vanderlip
Phœbe Wilson
Mary R. Evans
Jessie M. Thompson
Elizabeth Rodgers
Marcella H. Foster
Margaret Whitlock
Susan A. Frazier
Holly Wilcox
Louise Sanford
Samuel A. Nock
Barbara G. Frost
Jean F. Black
Christina Phelps
Edith V. Simonds,
2nd



"A DECORATION." BY JANET W. CAMPBELL, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Rivers Meet,' 'Wash Me and I Shall Be Whiter than Snow,' an' so fo'th.

"Next day der was a long account o' de weddin' in de paper same as white folks has. It said somepin' about Hymen bein' there, but I thinks it must 'a' been a misprint, as I did n't see any Mr. Hymen.

"Yes 'm, I shud say I *did* enjoy myself!"

League members are reminded that the silver badge must be won before the gold badge can be awarded.

Eleanor Peters
Mary Sumner
Benson
Margaret C. Bland
Yvonne Smith
Lena Becker
Freda Armstrong
Hannah Ratisher
Mary Lockett
Cora Louise
Butterfield
Pamela Burr
Margaret M. Wallace
Jessie Hughes
Kathryn Annette
Lyon
Elizabeth Whitney
Laurence B.
Goodrich
Janet Brown
Laura D. Orrok
Elizabeth Stamps
Oscar Kaplan
Philipp S. Page
Elizabeth Marion
Farwell

June M. Cochran
Helen A. Johnson
Marie Nelson
Otto Tennigkeit
Francis Bartlett
Marian Allard
William H. Savin
Lida Raymond
Katherine Young
John Asher

Dorothy Bogart
Grace A. Moore
Hazel Russell
Elbert Dalton
Nancy Robinson
Louise Porter
Esther S. Ely
Vera Burke

Clarence E.
Weinland
Emily Louise
Billings
Maude Olive Ross
Verdi E. B. Fuller, Jr.
Oscar K. Rice
Joanna Holbrook
Jeanette Mack
Barbara Potter

PUZZLES, 1
Grace Miller
Richard Boyd
Sam Churgel
Armand Donaldson

PUZZLES, 2
Grace B. Murray

George A. Morton
Irving Johnson
Homer Ulrich
Harryette M.
Zinmerle
Curtis Dupree
Philip Jones
Catherine Dorris
Consuelo Miller
Richard W. Frost

DRAWINGS, 2

Verdie E. B.
Fuller, Jr.
Emily L. Billings
Maude O. Ross
Oscar K. Rice
Joanna Holbrook
Jeanette Mack
Barbara Potter
Deborah Wald
Louise Wolf
Rowland H. Gass
George Kass
Randall E. Clark

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Virginia Lee Rust
Mary B. Gage
Elizabeth Kimball
Marian Wenrich
Edith Culver
Elizabeth B. Bray
Jane Wright
Parker B. Newell
Gordon MacDougall
Adaline E. Wheeler
Martha Buell
Wendell S. Clampitt
Miriam Helfman
C. Everett Rhodes
Rosalie Bell
Elizabeth Milne
Ann Goodhue
Virginia Needham
Howard R. Sherman
Mildred W. Bolles
Lolita Stubblefield



"A HEADING FOR MARCH."
BY HELEN DAVIES, AGE
17. (SILVER BADGE.)

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Margaret Eckbert
Gertrude Mathewson
Cornwall Spencer
Joanna Eckstein
Arthur H. Emerick
Sarah Schoenberger
Marion West
Isabella Childe
Margaret L. Chase
Margaret Gabel
Walter P. Stokes
Dorothy Sommers
Barbara Stanton
Stanley T. Dingman
Charles W. Dingman
Patricia Acres
Louise S. May
Alice M. Trebout
Margaret Phillips
Frank T. Baldwin
Marie Frances Boas
Katherine Coolidge
Edward Gaertner
William W. Smith
Clarence S. Fisher
Dorothy Dyer
Elizabeth Sanderson
Eunice P. Carter
Sally Robbins
Virginia H. Mason
Gretchen Rugh
Richard Loewenstein
Marie Puchner
Margery
McCullough
George D. Gammon
Elsie Brewer
Frank T. Baldwin
Moreau Crosby
Lucy Pomeroy
Robert R. Andrews
Gertrude Craven
Anna Neave
Margaret E. Cushing
Katherine F. Small
Mary Lytle
Frances Ellis
N. M. Argabrite, Jr.
Barbara Prosser
E. A. Throckmorton
Nathalie G. Nelson
Ernest Nieckan
E. Frances Jennings



MARCH

"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY BESSIE
DOOGUE, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

DRAWINGS, 1

Gertrude Parmelee
Muriel W. Curtis
Penelope Pope
Hubbard
Elizabeth Hoisington
Naomi Brackett
N. Wright

Eleanor Macy Evans
Alden W. Jones
Betsy Lowe
Gladys Smith
Anna M. Horner
Morrison Marsh
Verly Lea Barnes
Vera C. Chapman
Gerald H. Loomis

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 197

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. 197 will close **March 24** (for foreign members **March 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **St. NICHOLAS for July**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "When School Is Over."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Brave Deed."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Where I Have Good Times."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Fisherman's Luck," or a Heading for **July**.

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 "Middle-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.

No unused contribution can be returned *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—and must state in writing—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; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

THE "Christmas Ship," sent in 1914 by the children of America to those of the countries at war, showed how strong is the tie that links the children of all nations into a great world-family. ST. NICHOLAS, therefore, willingly prints the following appeal of the Franco-American Committee for the Protection of the Children of the Frontier.

SINCE the beginning of the war, the Comité Franco-Américain pour la Protection des Enfants de la Frontière has cared for over two thousand children and now has over a thousand in its various depots. Applications from authorities at various points along the front are constantly received by the Committee, requesting it to receive many more children. To enlarge the scope of the work, the Committee must secure an assured income for many months to come. As nearly as can be estimated, six dollars will pay the expenses of a child for a month.

Remember that these children are absolutely destitute, homeless, mostly orphaned of either father or mother, and sometimes of both, separated from every familiar association. Remember, also, that they are the coming generation of their countries and that they must be saved. In helping them, you are helping the future.

The Committee is also making arrangements so that these children are receiving industrial and other education, and some of the older boys are already getting to work. When one has seen these children one cannot possibly forget it. The difference between the little, pinched faces that arrive at the distributing centers and the round, happy expressions that one sees within a very few weeks, is exceedingly touching and very gratifying.

Contributions may be sent to Frederic Coudert, Treasurer, 2 Rector Street, New York.

FLUSHING, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to tell you how perfectly wonderful you are—if you don't already know it.

It has rained ever since I woke up this morning, and I came home from High School feeling very blue, bored, and cross. For a while I just moped around with no ambition whatever; but a little while ago I heard the door-bell ring, and perhaps you can imagine the change in the atmosphere when you were handed to me.

I have had you for years and each year I enjoy you much better.

Wishing you many, many more years of success, I am
Your devoted reader,

ISABEL McCORD.

AMERICAN LEGATION,
THE HAGUE, HOLLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written to you, but now I thought it was time that I should write to you and tell you how much I like you. You really don't know how excited I am when you come! I thought "The Lost Prince" a beautiful story, it was so exciting. I liked "Peg o' the Ring," too.

I sent for your Poster-Stamp Album, and I think it is perfectly lovely. I love to collect the stamps, too.

I have a darling little dog. His name is Teddy. He has no tail and big ears that stick right up; he is very pretty. Shall I tell you how he got such big ears and no tail? Well, this is how it happened:

This breed of dog is called the *Schipperje*, meaning "Little Skipper." This breed began on the canal-boats. When the captain, or skipper, would go down to the cabin to rest, he would leave this little dog on deck to watch for robbers. He wore his tail off sitting down watching for robbers, and his ears grew big listening! Is n't that queer?

Your devoted reader,

KATRINA VAN DYKE (age 10).

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading your interesting "Nature and Science for Young Folks" I was reminded of a certain picture I took of one of my friends. I was using



a strange camera and opened the shutter twice by accident, thus getting a double picture.

Many people have thought that it looks almost like two people.

Yours truly,

BARBARA BATES.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four months now, and I love you very much. I have always wanted to subscribe to your magazine and have it come in a wrapper with my name on it. I hope that in years to come I shall always have you.

We live near the Public Library and they have all the old bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, which I enjoy reading very, very much.

I am glad I am only ten, because, if I were twelve or older, it would be nearer to the time when I should have to step out of "The League," leaving room for others.

Your magazine seems to have something in it for every one in the family, from myself to my brother of eighteen, and even Mother and Father find interesting articles in it. Mother thinks that in any magazine for children that she has ever read she cannot find such a good choice of stories as you have.

Wishing you a prosperous future, I am

Your devoted reader,

MARION RAPKIN (age 10).

OMAHA, NEB.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It seems such a long time since my first own copy of you was placed in my hands, but nevertheless I have never lost interest in you for a minute. If I am not mistaken it was thirteen years ago the 29th of October, my birthday, when my grandmother gave you to me, and every year following until 1909 or 1910. Now you come to my cousin from the

same source, Grandmother, and I always read his copies.

Your new serial of "The Boys' Life of Mark Twain" is great, and I hope every reader will not fail to read and enjoy it.

I have kept all my magazines and some day I hope to have them bound. We have a few bound volumes of the old "Wide Awake," which are fine reading too.

I just *must* write to let you know I still enjoy you, although not a subscriber any more.

With best wishes for your success in the future,

Very sincerely yours,

BLANCHE DEUEL.

P.S. I might add my age, which is twenty-two.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had you as a birthday present since 1911, and I think you are quite the best going.

The school I go to is up north in St. Andrews, Scotland. It is a public school for girls, run on practically the same lines as a boys' school, and a very good one at that.

We have four huge playing-fields, and eight houses with about thirty-two girls in each, so you see, the school is quite large. In the very early times, when St. Margaret was queen of Scotland, our house and grounds used to be a monastery, and the great walls are still standing, with niches where small statues of the saints used to be put.

When monasteries were done away with, our house became a boys' school, then a private house, and now it is a girls' school!

The old, old chapel the monks used is still standing, but it has no roof, and the Council won't let us use it.

Wishing you a long, long life,

Your affectionate reader,

S. L. MOLLIE BRISCOE (age 16).

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Near our summer home in New Hampshire is this very queer apple-tree. The trunk has been split in two by lightning. One part bends



down and touches the ground, while the other part bends in the opposite direction.

Each part is hollow, giving the tree a very odd and fantastic appearance.

Every year it bears fruit and has a wealth of foliage like any ordinary apple-tree.

Sincerely yours,

ALICE HOLCOMBE.

BETHLEHEM, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a picture of the actors of the play "Everychild," which was published in ST. NICHOLAS, as presented by some relatives, my broth-



ers and sister, and myself. With recitations and piano solos, followed by this play, we entertained a large parlor-audience at my grandfather's home. We were especially interested in this play, because it was written by a college friend of my mother.

The part of *Everychild* was taken by my father's little sister, twelve years old, and the parts of *Joy* and *Service* by my twin brothers, ten years old.

While in another town at my uncle's home we repeated this play on a lawn, and, with other cousins, added a second play, "The Crowning of the May Queen," also published in ST. NICHOLAS. This was very picturesque with its many colored costumes, but we did not succeed in getting a good photograph.

We now have a third engagement, for we have been asked by the Junior Sunday-school, of Millersville, to save our costumes and repeat both plays at our next summer's vacation for the benefit of their work.

We all enjoy ST. NICHOLAS and are eagerly awaiting the next number. In almost every home we visit we find this interesting magazine.

Your faithful reader,

CAROLINE R. STEIN (age 14).

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken ST. NICHOLAS for four years, and you do not know how much pleasure it gives us. My mother used to take it when she was little.

I am a sick boy, so I count the days until my favorite magazine comes. I have tried many others, but find none as nice as ST. NICHOLAS. Not only I like it, but the whole family adores it. I am so sorry that "Peg o' the Ring" and "The Runaway" stopped, as they were my favorite stories then.

Your most interested reader,

WM. D. RICHMOND (age 12).

CEDAR GROVE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: How much pleasure you have given me in the five months I have taken you! The stories, "Nature and Science," and oh, everything are just splendid. "The Lost Prince" and "The Boarded-up House" were simply fascinating. When you came this month, I said to myself: "Now, I am not going to read you all at once, but save a little for every day and

see how long it lasts." How long do you suppose that I kept the resolution? Two days!

With many good wishes for a long life, I am,

Your interested friend,

EDNA WOOD.

MADRID, SPAIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One of these snapshots was taken in St. Moritz, Switzerland, during the winter, showing a spill from a toboggan on a snowy day. The other was taken at the seaside in San Sebastian, which is on our northern coast and not very far from the frontier between Spain and France. It is one of our most beautiful watering-places, and the royal family comes here in summer.



I am Spanish and eleven years old.

Your faithful reader,
TOTO D'ALIAGA.

BOULDER, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for eight years, beginning when I lacked two months of being five years old, and have not missed a number since. I did n't take very long to fall in love with ST. NICHOLAS from cover

to cover, and, though I have moved many times since I first began taking you, it has followed me to every home, and now I should feel lost without it.

I liked and like all the stories, but none come up, in my opinion, to "The Lass of the Silver Sword," "The League of the Signet-ring," and "The Lost Prince." The latter I have read until I almost know it by heart. There is only one—no, two—flaws. First, it was not *all* in one copy of ST. NICHOLAS. Second, I don't see how two smart boys like *Marco* and *The Rat* could help knowing or guessing that *Marco* and *Loristan* were heirs to the throne, especially after the scene in the cave. Otherwise I can't find anything wrong.

When ST. NICHOLAS comes, I feel like covering the date on the calendar with red ink. I read the serial stories first, then the other stories, then turn to the

front and read *everything* in it. I lately have become a member of the "League" and enjoy the competitions very much. I sometimes think, when I read the Letter-box, that ST. NICHOLAS would swell to the dimensions of a freight-car with pride.

I live just at the foot of the Rockies, in a little town of about 12,000 inhabitants. The State University is here; because of it and because we are so near Denver, we have a great many things we would not otherwise get. The "Trojan Women" was played here, and I enjoyed it greatly.

With many hopes that you will live as long as I do, and longer, I remain,

Your interested reader,

ELIZABETH M. FARWELL (age 12).

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I did have a dog, named Cutie; he was a fox terrier, but he was too rough and tried to chew everything up that he could. So Mother changed him for a French poodle, and my aunt said all he needed was a platform and four wheels, to make him a toy lamb.

Your interested reader,

MARY FAIRCHILD (age 11).

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A friend has been sending you to me for the last four years, and I want you to know how much I enjoy your stories. My favorite ones are "Dorothy, the Motor-girl," "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "The Runaway," "The Lucky Stone," and I think "The Lost Prince" is one of the best stories I have read. I also enjoyed "The Boarded-up House" and "Peg o' the Ring." My little sister Carol, who is six years old, enjoys the stories for very little folk.

All winter long we had great numbers of soldiers passing by every day on their way to drill, but now they have left for their war stations it seems very quiet. All my cousins who are old enough are away. We have only been here for a short time; before, we lived in Greenock. It was much nicer there, overlooking The Firth of Clyde and the Cowal Hills. I have been across the Atlantic once, visiting friends in Philadelphia. I should have liked to have visited New York, but it was so hot we had to be taken to Atlantic City, then into the country, and from there home.

Your interested reader,

PATTY A. GUNSON.

DOWNIEVILLE, CAL.

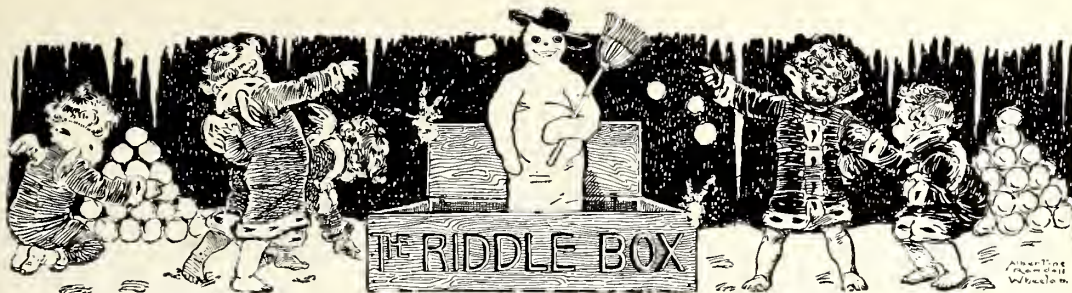
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received you for a Christmas present this year, and I eagerly await the coming of each copy. I find the solving of the puzzles very entertaining and instructive.

Sometimes on Friday evening or Saturday morning with my gun and often with a chum I take a hike to my father's mine, six miles north of here. On my last trip there was enough snow to permit me to have a ride of three miles' delightful grade on snow-shoes.

During one of my visits my father and I walked to the top of Fur-cap, a peak of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, from which we obtained a good view of Mount Lassen, then in eruption. There have been eighty-two eruptions since the crater first opened in May. On March 20 it was in violent eruption for nine hours. Great quantities of ashes fell at Volta and Manton, fifteen miles from its base. The atmosphere as far as Redding, forty-two miles distant, was thick with volcanic ashes.

Yours truly,

CARROLL WINROD (age 11).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Charles Darwin. Cross-words: 1. Chasms. 2. Hearth. 3. Always. 4. Repeat. 5. Labors. 6. Easily. 7. Sorrow. 8. Dearth. 9. Armory. 10. Radius. 11. Warden. 12. Incise. 13. Nettle.—**CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.** Washington.

TRANSPPOSITIONS. Amerigo Vespucci. 1. Glean, angle. 2. Blame, Mabel. 3. Cleat, eclat. 4. Anger, range. 5. Choir, ichor. 6. Organ, groan. 7. Notes, onset. 8. Stave, Vesta. 9. Deuce, educate. 10. Boast, sabot. 11. Caper, pacer. 12. Lunar, ulnar. 13. Nacre, crane. 14. Peach, cheap. 15. Kunic, incur.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Do it now. Cross-words: 1. Ladle. 2. Whole. 3. Faith. 4. Catch. 5. Dance. 6. Gnome. 7. Cower.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Let us stand by our duty fearlessly and effectively."

A MUSICAL ZIGZAG. Mendelssohn. Cross-words: 1. Mozart. 2. Sestet. 3. Tenors. 4. Rondos. 5. Carmen. 6. Handel. 7. Deciso. 8. Basses. 9. Chopin. 10. Choral. 11. Number.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 24 from Elizabeth Rodgers—Elizabeth Lee Young—Claire Hepner—Katharine H. White—Dorothy Wilcox.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 24 from Marshall A. Best, 9—Nancy Hough and Angeline Garrison, 9—Helen H. McIver, 9—Winifred Walz, 9—Eleanor Purdon, 6—Morton Milsner, 6—Katharine Charlebois, 5—Anna Winslow, 5—Ignatius Vado, 5—Whitney Ashbridge, 4—Helen Marshall, 4—Anna S. Larner, 3—Eunice Jackson, 3—Jane B. Walden, 3—Julia Bryant Paine, 3—Florence Noble, 3—Jacob Vogel, 2—Richard C. Boyd, 2—Elizabeth Ferguson, 1—Judith Marvin, 1—Ellery L. Allen, 1—James L. Norie, 1—John W. Bethell, 1—Greta Best, 1—Frances Lloyd, 1—Gwendolyn Longyear, 1—Ada H. Beckman, 1—Gordon Newell, 1—George Laimbeer, 1.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of fifty-five letters, and form a quotation from the writings of William Penn.

My 18-26-34-11 is a small loaf of bread. My 16-4-38-30 is a circle of light. My 1-5-55-49-41 is a simpleton. My 21-32-52-45-8-54 is illiberal. My 12-43-25-6 is the early part of the day. My 51-40-14-47-20 is irritable. My 29-36-23-44-24 is an indentation. My 2-17-33-53-27-31 is a kind of tea. My 42-39-19-10-37-50-13 is a figure having nine sides and nine angles. My 22-3-9-46-7-28-42-15-48 are adversaries.

WILLIAM PENN (age 12), *League Member*.

PI

HEWN lilw Breaso vige su cepea?
Ro sha terniw genids a easle
Rof thornea thonm fo strof,
Lagvine grinsp ot ayp het cots?
Rof ti semes eh listl si ink,
Hoghut sit gripsn.

A MARCH ACROSTIC

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell a single word; another row of letters will spell another word. These two words, when read in connection, name an event of national importance.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Danger. 2. Spherical. 3. Applause. 4. To rub hard. 5. Likeness. 6. Something given or

A DWINDLING WORD. Wheat, heat, eat, at, T.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. L. 2. Car. 3. Labor. 4. Robin. 5. Rivet. 6. Negus. 7. Tunic. 8. Sided. 9. Cedar. 10. Daw. 11. K.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Spartans, Leonidas. Cross-words: 1. Scornful. 2. Appeared. 3. Dragoons. 4. Mournful. 5. Positive. 6. Podocarp. 7. Lausanne. 8. Studious.

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. Drama. 2. Regal. 3. Agile. 4. Malar. 5. Alert. II. 1. E. 2. Tar. 3. Tired. 4. Earl-dom. 5. Redan. 6. Don. 7. M. III. 1. Domes. 2. Oceau. 3. Merge. 4. Eagle. 5. Sneer. IV. 1. E. 2. Sac. 3. Strap. 4. Ear-drum. 5. Carat. 6. Put. 7. M. V. 1. Games. 2. Atoll. 3. Moose. 4. Elsie. 5. Sleet. VI. 1. E. 2. Ant. 3. Added. 4. Endures. 5. Terse. 6. Dee. 7. S. VII. 1. Roman. 2. Ovate. 3. Maple. 4. Atlas. 5. Neese. VIII. 1. E. 2. Ant. 3. Augur. 4. Engines. 5. Tuned. 6. Red. 7. S. IX. 1. Gases. 2. Arena. 3. Sepoy. 4. Enode. 5. Sayer.

admitted. 7. Each. 8. Pertaining to one's birth. 9. Veracity. 10. An Asiatic country. 11. Permit. 12. A climbing plant with ropelike stems.

IDA CRAMER (age 13), *Honor Member*.

CHARADE

WRITE me but once, and I am known
For deeds of splendid daring;
Write me but twice; then am I shown
For savage deeds preparing.

MARION AMES (age 16), *League Member*.

A DOZEN JACKS

EACH question may be answered by a word or name beginning with the word "Jack." Example: which Jack is a child's game? Answer, Jack-straws.

1. Which Jack ate with his fingers and made a great discovery thereby?
2. Which Jack paints the window-panes on cold mornings?
3. Which Jack can do many things?
4. Which Jack is popular the last day of October?
5. Which Jack could eat no fat?
6. Which Jack is the woodland minister?
7. Which Jack do children toss into the air?
8. Which Jack do boys carry in their pockets?
9. Which Jack is waiting to spring at its owner?
10. Which Jack belongs to the crow family?
11. Which Jack was not the father?
12. Which Jack had a liking for climbing?

DOROTHY WILCOX (age 17), *Honor Member*.

WORD-SQUARE

1. A LANGUAGE of Europe. 2. A large body of water. 3. To oppose by argument. 4. A dressing for puddings. 5. To go in. GRACE WALKER (age 15), *League Member*.



To each of the seven objects in the above picture may be prefixed a common little noun of three letters. When the prefix is added, what are the seven words?

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, from the upper, right-hand letter to the lower, left-hand letter, will spell the name of a country we love.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. A country of Africa. 2. One of the United States. 3. A seaport of Belgium. 4. One of the United States. 5. A city of Saxony. 6. A country of South America. 7. The capital of one of the United States in which a "Cotton Exposition" was held thirty-five years ago.

RUTH BROWNE (age 14), *League Member*.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a story that appeared in ST. NICHOLAS; another row of letters will spell another ST. NICHOLAS story. Both are by the same author.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. To prate. 2. A mark of punctuation. 3. Consequence. 4. Animals. 5. Flattened at the poles. 6. Takes as one's own. 7. A harvesting machine. 8. Part of a churn. 9. An instrument or machine of war. 10. Devotedly. 11. Not perused. 12. Individual. 13.

- Fixed customs. 14. Beginning. 15. To unravel. 16. A thoroughfare. 17. A church festival.

RICHARD S. ANGELL (age 10).

CHANGED HEADS

EXAMPLE: I am a sound. Change my head and I become, in turn, a hard substance, solitary, the fruit of the pine and to sharpen. Answer, Tone, bone, lone, cone, hone.

I. I am a small animal. Change my head and I become, in turn, a horse, to shave off, unusual, unadorned, the price of passage, a weed, and merchandise.

II. I am a tree. Change my head and I become, in turn, a beverage, to dig for metal, a climbing plant, a straight row, to eat the principal meal of the day, and exquisite.

III. I am a carriage. Change my head and I become, in turn, a sailor, need, a big bundle, a frame, to support, a nail, and a bag.

ANNE H. WHITNEY (age 12), *League Member*.

MIXED ACROSTIC

- * . o . o CROSS-WORDS: 1. Income. 2. Mineral particles of wood or coal after combustion. 3. A memorial. 4. To sing softly. 5. To lift.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials (indicated by stars) will spell a word often heard, while the letters indicated in the diagram by o's may be so arranged as to spell two words which also are often heard.

HUBERT BARENTZEN (age 16), *Honor Member*.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

S	H	S	P	H	A	M	T	K	I
S	A	K	E	H	T	L	E	G	N
U	N	E	R	B	E	L	U	L	E
L	A	M	A	C	U	I	J	R	A
O	O	C	T	A	S	C	A	A	R
I	R	A	R	P	U	J	E	S	C
A	N	D	E	O	L	D	N	M	Y
Y	N	C	L	E	I	O	A	B	E
T	O	L	L	T	O	E	R	E	L
N	A	O	E	H	T	M	O	N	I

BEGIN at a certain square and move to an adjoining square, similar to the king's move in chess. In this puzzle, however, the moves are to be made horizontally or perpendicularly—never diagonally. Each square is to be entered but once, and the path must be followed continuously. The answer will spell the name of a poet and some of his most famous works.

EDITH BROOKS (age 16), *League Member*.

Here's a real strength-builder—

A pure wholesome soup, delightful to taste and full of substantial nourishment. You only need try it once on your table to realize why this is so.

Only the choicest of materials—and these prepared in the most attractive and digestible form—are combined in

Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

We use carefully selected medium-sized ox tails—the best for this purpose. All the strengthening properties of these meaty marrowy joints are blended in a rich tomato purée together with diced carrots and yellow turnips, barley, celery and other vegetables. And added to this is a delicate flavoring of our specially imported Spanish sherry.

Why not order some of this nourishing Campbell "kind" from your grocer *now*, and enjoy it *to-day*?

Your money back if not satisfied.



21 kinds

10c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

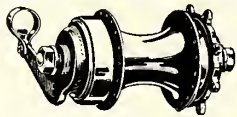
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

No "Movie" Like a Bike

A Bicycle for boy or girl is the easiest "Mover" in the world. And for grown-ups, too—

It will carry you safely to play, school or work if it is equipped with the

NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE



The Brake that brought the Bike back

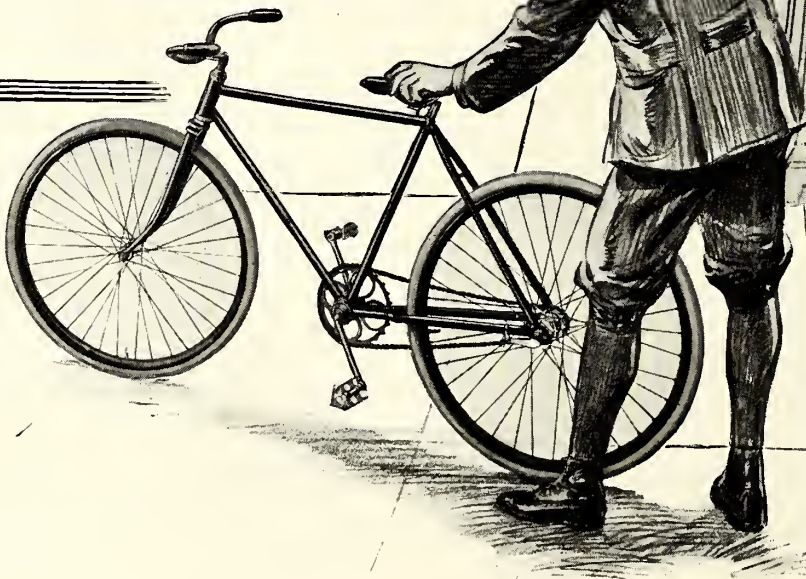
—that makes your wheel a part of yourself, for you can control it in an instant.

If you insist upon a New Departure Coaster Brake being placed in your New Bike, half the work of pedalling is already done for you—all the fatigue is gone—and your pleasures are doubled.

Free to Live Boys!—We will send you a gold-plated "Joy Boy" stick-pin if you will give us the name of your nearest bicycle dealer.

The New Departure Manufacturing Co.

105 Main Street, Bristol, Conn.





Cook or No Cook, Anybody can Do That.

Although the Kewpie Cook,

"Whose apron hangs before his legs,
Is most expert with ham and eggs,"

he can make a Jell-O dessert as beautifully as if he had never done anything else.
Wag the Chief or the Carpenter could do it alone. For

JELL-O

doesn't have to be cooked. All that is necessary is a package of Jell-O, a pint of boiling water, and somebody to put them together.

And nothing else that is so delicious can be bought for anything like the Jell-O price—10 cents. While nearly everything has gone up in price, the cost of the big Jell-O dessert is as low as ever.

Put up in seven pure fruit flavors: Raspberry, Strawberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate, each 10 cents at grocers'.

A tightly sealed waxed paper bag, proof against moisture and air, encloses the Jell-O in each package.

A beautiful new Jell-O Book telling of a young bride's house-keeping experiences has just been issued. It has splendid pictures in colors and will interest every woman. It will be sent to you free if you will send us your name and address.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.



This is the package

The Centerpiece at Breakfast



It's the Flowers

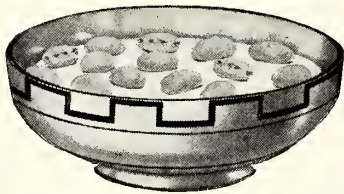
Says the lady of the house. What would breakfast be, at any season, without blossoms on the table?

It's the Fruit

Says the man. The fruit, the eggs and the coffee. And many men, they say, make a centerpiece of the newspaper



But the Children



to a unit, agree on Puffed Wheat. That is proved wherever people try it. With cream and sugar, or in bowls of milk, Puffed Grains are their breakfast bonbons.

Look at those floating bubbles.

Each is a grain of wheat puffed to eight times normal size. Each is flimsy, airy, crisp. Each is a toasted tit-bit, flaky and fascinating, yielding an almond flavor.

Think of serving such bits by the bowlful—dainty food confections. Children revel in such things, of course.

Puffed Wheat	Except in	12c
Puffed Rice	Far West	15c
Corn Puffs—Bubbles of Corn Hearts—15c		

Puffed Rice, like Puffed Wheat, is whole grains with every food cell exploded. This is done for ease of digestion—to make every food atom available. That never was half-way done before this process was invented.

Add to all the delights that hygienic fact.

You'll agree, we believe, that these three cereals should largely be served as Puffed Grains.

There are no other like foods in existence.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers



The Real Fun of It Is

that you and your children can have the best kind of a good time outdoors—stay as long as you may, and yet be free from *chapping or windburn*; no injury to your complexion, if you apply just enough

Hinds HONEY AND ALMOND *Cream*

to moisten the skin, before going out and again on returning indoors. It quickly soothes and heals face and hands when they have become chapped or irritated through neglect.

Hinds Cream is used the world over by attractive women who have found that it *does* keep the skin soft, clear and girlish—imparting a gratifying tone of fresh, vigorous skin-beauty. Try it this winter and enjoy an improved complexion.

Let us send you booklet and liberal samples. Enclose 2c stamp for postage.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price.
Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

Do not take a substitute; there are dealers in every town who will gladly sell you Hinds Cream without attempting to substitute.

A. S. HINDS **242 West Street, Portland, Maine**

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 10c and 25c. Trial size 5c postpaid.





His Favorite Remedy—

These days physicians prescribe Home Billiards to keep the whole family *rolling in health!* All that the doctor calls for now is to take his own medicine on the Brunswick "Baby Grand." This brings 33 carom and pocket billiard games. Year-round sport that banishes brain fog, aids digestion and *puts new blood into folks who work all day!*

Send for our catalog at once, and see the sport that thousands of parents and boys are having.

**BRUNSWICK HOME
Billiard Tables**

\$27 Up—Pay 10c a Day

Whether mansion or cottage—there's a grown man's Brunswick made to fit your home.

Brunswick "Grand" and "Baby Grand" are genuine San Domingo mahogany richly inlaid.

Our "Quick Demountable" can be set up in a jiffy anywhere, and taken down quickly when not in use.

"Convertible" Brunswicks serve as perfect dining and library tables when not in play for carom or pocket billiards.

Scientific Qualities

Every Brunswick is a scientific table with ever-level billiard bed, celebrated Monarch cushions—life! speed! and accuracy! Why be content with a toy billiard table when *10c a day buys a genuine Brunswick!*

30-Day Trial, Balls, Etc., FREE!

Complete High Class Playing Outfit included without extra cost—Rack, Markers, Balls, Cues, Cue-Clamps, Tips, Chalk, expert book of 33 games, etc.

Accept our home trial offer and let the Brunswick win every member of the family. Factory prices, easy terms, and all Brunswick Home Tables shown in our handsome color-book—"Billiards—The Home Magnet." *It's FREE.* Write or mail the coupon today.

This Brings Billiard Book FREE

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. (514)
Dept. 31-A, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

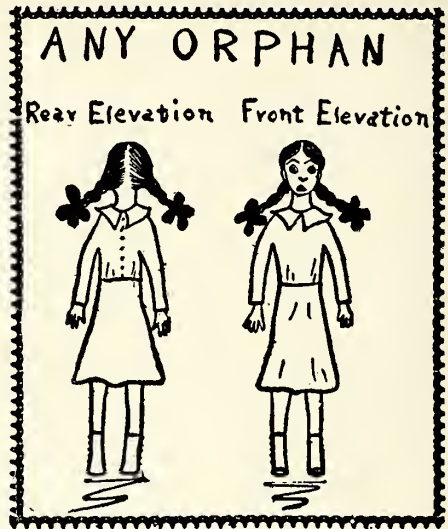
Send free, postpaid, your color-book—

"Billiards—The Home Magnet"

and tell about your free trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....



My only name is Judy,
I've no other name at all.
I'm just a little orphan,
A Daddy-Long-Legs doll.
If YOU will be my mother,
And love and hold me tight,
You'll help another orphan
To be tucked in bed at night.
And to find a really mother,
Which she has n't now at all,
Let me be your little Judy,
Your Daddy-Long-Legs Doll.

There is a book "Daddy-Long-Legs," you know. Jean Webster wrote it. And there is a play "Daddy-Long-Legs." Jean Webster wrote *that* too. She also wrote a sequel, "Dear Enemy," which has been published by The Century Co.

Now come "Daddy-Long-Legs" dolls, and every doll that is sold goes to help place some homeless child in a real home with a real mother and father, through the State Charities Aid Association.

Daddy-Long-Legs doll dressed, with postage **60c.**

Daddy-Long-Legs doll dressed, without postage **50c.**

Daddy-Long-Legs doll patterns for clothes for the dolls, with postage.....**10c.**

Of course you want to help. You can find out all about it by writing to

DADDY-LONG-LEGS

**State Charities Aid
Association**

105 E. 22nd St.
New York City



When Tiny Feet Grow Up

they will show the result of early training. If the little feet are put into tight-fitting, ill-shaped non-supporting shoes, the grown-up child will have ill-shaped, troublesome feet.

It is your duty to safeguard your child's feet. Start now and have your child wear

The Coward Shoe

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."

and you will train your child's feet to be shapely and sound.

Coward Shoes for children are specially designed to give helpful support and free play to the muscles of the foot and ankle. They prevent "flat-foot," strengthen weak ankles and induce the child to walk correctly.

Then, too, Coward Shoes give unusual wear. They are made of the best leathers, yet they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

Send for our New Catalog

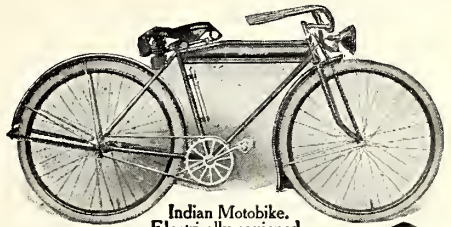
SOLD NOWHERE ELSE

JAMES S. COWARD

262-274 Greenwich St., N. Y.

(NEAR WARREN STREET)

Mail Orders Filled



Indian Motobike.
Electrically equipped.
Price \$40. Other models
\$25 to \$40. All prices F.O.B. factory.

Just Like a Motorcycle!

YOU have the style lines, the electric light, the whole snappy motorcycle appearance when you own an Indian Motobike—one of the family of

Indian Bicycles

The Electric Model has an Indian Gasoline Tank style of battery container, an electric light with reflector, double forks, long braced handlebars—the real motorcycle effect.

It's a dandy! And like all the Indian bicycles is known as the "Big Indian's Little Brother."

The chap who belongs to the Indian Bicycle tribe is just as proud as the big fellows who ride the Indian Motorcycle. He knows his mount is Indian-built through and through. He knows it is the BEST—just as the Indian Motorcycle is the BEST.

If you are going to ride a bicycle be a leader—be an Indian rider—belong to the Indian Tribe—ride under the Indian nameplate—and be safeguarded by the Indian Guarantee.

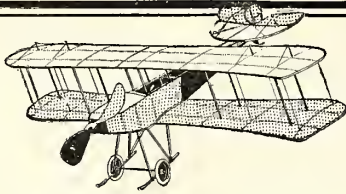
Sold by Indian Dealers all over the United States

Our beautiful new 1916 Indian Bicycle Catalogue tells all about Indian Bicycles. Write for your copy. It's free.

HENDEE MANUFACTURING CO.

849 State St. Springfield, Mass.

(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World)



It Flies!—This Perfect Model of U.S. Government Aeroplane

Every patriotic ST. NICHOLAS reader should have one of these wonderful flying 3-foot Model Aeroplanes. This type of machine is known as the Curtiss Military Tractor. It is used by our country and also by England who is now employing it in the GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

This "Ideal" Model is $\frac{1}{2}$ the size of the actual man-carrying machines. You can have piles of fun flying and racing it.

You can easily build this aeroplane with an "Ideal" Construction Outfit. This Outfit includes all parts, substantially made, and plain, easily understood instructions for assembling. When built according to our simple directions, we guarantee the "Ideal" Curtiss Military Tractor to rise from the ground by its own power and FLY! Complete outfit delivered, all charges paid, only **\$5**

Sold by toy, sporting goods and department stores. Ask to see "those Ideal Aeroplanes." If your dealer can't supply you, send your order to us.

Get our 50-page *Aeroplane Book*, containing full information about other "Ideal" models, parts, etc., 5c. postpaid.

IDEAL AEROPLANE & SUPPLY CO.

84-86 West Broadway

New York City



THE BOOK MAN

"THERE are such things as Fairies . . . millions and millions of lovely little people, as beautiful as flowers and butterflies. They can do all the things people want to have done, and find all the things that are lost, and turn pumpkins into golden coachmen, and . . ."—*Queen Silver-Bell.*

I WONDER if there are any of my readers who have not made the acquaintance of "The Lost Prince," the beautiful romance by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett that ran as a serial in ST. NICHOLAS last year? I suppose there are a few new members of the ST. NICHOLAS family whose bad luck it was to miss it in the magazine, and who have not seen it in the fine, gold-embossed costume in which it has made its bow as a book. The many, many boys and girls who made friends with Marco and the Rat month after month in these pages will be very happy to know that they have had a tremendous success in the world outside. Thousands and thousands of people have bought their story, and the newspapers have not been able to say enough nice things about it. "A story for young people of all ages, from ten to a hundred, the very essence of youth and romance," says one; "a fantastic, thrilling story for all kinsmen of Peter Pan," says another; "so lovably human," says a third; "so much rattling good adventure," says a fourth, and so on, and so on!

Ever so many grown-up people have bought and read the book, of course, for, just as the newspaper says, Mrs. Burnett appeals to all ages. But it is of children and for children that she writes with the greatest delight and charm. "I always remember the little creature I once was," she said on one occasion—and that explains a great deal.

So I wonder if all my readers know those fascinating fairy-story books by Mrs. Burnett, the "Queen Silver-Bell" series. Queen Silver-Bell says there are such things as fairies, and she really wrote the stories herself, pretty much; Mrs. Burnett says so. Of all the delightful tales for the young in heart by this beloved author, no others are quite so deliciously whimsical as these in which Queen Silver-Bell tells all about how she lost her temper, and, to prove to mortals that there really

When Mother Needs Help



Every mother of twins who has enough milk for one baby only, faces a serious feeding problem. It is advisable to give each baby three breast feedings daily, supplementing these with three bottle feedings—for a little mother's milk is better than none. Thousands of mothers who could not nurse their babies have brought them safely through the dangerous first year with

Gold Borden EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK THE ORIGINAL

For nearly sixty years "Eagle Brand" has been successfully used as a baby food. It received the only Grand Prize awarded on condensed milk at the recent San Francisco Exposition. Remember that "Eagle Brand" is pure, rich milk—not only a food for babies, but an everyday household necessity. Use it in cooking. *Send the coupon today.*



Borden's Condensed Milk Co., St. N. 3-16
138 Hudson Street, New York.
Please send me the booklets I have checked..... "Baby's Welfare,"..... "Baby's Biography,"..... "Borden's Recipes."
Name.....
Address.....

THE BOOKMAN—Continued

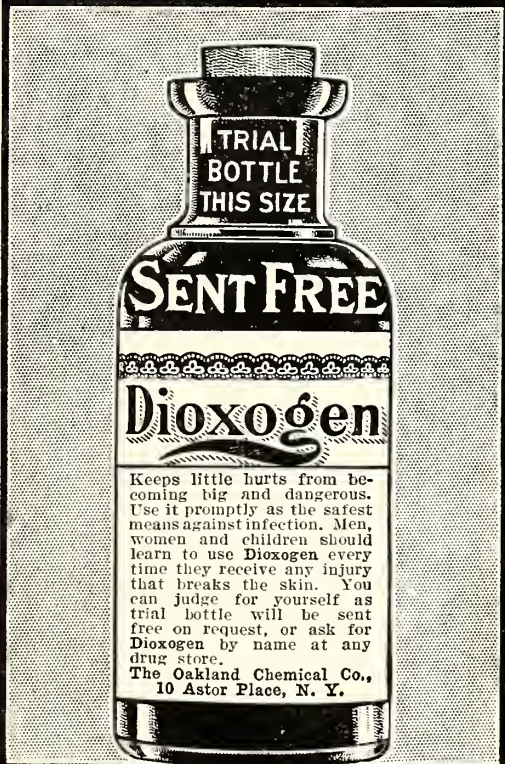
are fairies, sets out to write of their funny, pretty, helpful pranks and doings.

There are four of these exquisite little blue-bound books, and each has twenty lovely pictures in color by Harrison Cady, and the price of each is just sixty cents, and they are published by The Century Co. First comes "Queen Silver-Bell," the one you ought to begin with, because it tells not only *how* and *why* the Queen lost her fairy temper and the terrible things that happened in consequence, but also of How Winne Hatched the Little Rooks. Then there is "The Cozy Lion," an altogether delightful bit of nonsense—only think of a cozy lion!—and then "The Spring Cleaning," which is all about little Bunch and the dear Primrose World and the beautiful Primrose Day party. All of it goes straight to the heart of every child.

The fourth and in some ways the very best of all the stories is "Racketty-Packetty House." This particular house, as you might guess, is a dolls' house, and it's no wonder that Mrs. Burnett has been able to make a dolls' house so interesting, because she actually has a very splendid one of her own. In the living-room of her summer home at Plandome, Long Island, she has a large cabinet, nearly four hundred years old, partitioned off into little rooms which she has furnished with great care. The miniature furnishings are all copies of originals that Mrs. Burnett has admired, and the drawing-room presents an appearance that is impressive indeed. The cabinet is tenanted by so many dolls, collected by Mrs. Burnett in the course of her travels, that she says she has really forgotten the number. And the children whom she invites to explore this treasure-house are critics whose verdict she heeds far more than that of the book reviewers. "Racketty-Packetty House" is the story—Queen Silver-Bell of course tells it—of a delightful family of lovable children and two families of dolls—dolls as real as if they were real people and ever so much more interesting than most people.

And no wonder, for Mrs. Burnett can make any story interesting and she can make a story out of anything or nothing: for instance, as she said once, a fly on the ceiling—where it came from, how it reached there, its journeys, its adventures; or the ivy that creeps silently up the wall and one day peeps into your window. There is no such magic teller of tales for children now writing, and the fairy-stories whimsically put into Queen Silver-Bell's mouth prove it yet again.

The Bookman



TRIAL BOTTLE THIS SIZE

SENT FREE

Dioxogen

Keeps little hurts from becoming big and dangerous. Use it promptly as the safest means against infection. Men, women and children should learn to use Dioxogen every time they receive any injury that breaks the skin. You can judge for yourself as trial bottle will be sent free on request, or ask for Dioxogen by name at any drug store.

The Oakland Chemical Co.,
10 Astor Place, N. Y.



EVERY baby's mother
Should do the same as mine—
Buy Baby Midget Garters.
They certainly are fine.

Baby needs the comforts
That grown-up folks enjoy,
So take home Midget Garters
For your little girl or boy.

Baby Midget
HOSE SUPPORTER

Velvet Grip

10 CENTS SOLD EVERYWHERE 10 CENTS
OR SENT POSTPAID
GEORGE FROST CO., Makers, BOSTON



BOYS, here is a small collection of Five of the Finest Fordhook Vegetables—

Burpee - Quality Seeds that Grow

For 25c we will mail you one packet each of the following famous Fordhook Vegetables. They are just the varieties to give you a start in your vacation garden and will be a means of showing you how you may earn some easy money for that baseball that you have been wanting for so long.

No other small collection would quite so complete the requirements of the boy's garden.

Burpee's Golden Bantam Sweet Corn, the earliest and best first early.

Burpee's Black-Red Ball Beet, remarkable for its regular form, deeply colored flesh and fine, sweet flavor.

Burpee's Earliest Wayahead Lettuce, the earliest really butterhead variety.

Chalk's Early Jewel Tomato, the earliest really first-class tomato in the family garden.

Burpee-Improved Bush Lima Bean. The pods are truly enormous in size, borne abundantly and well filled with delicious beans.

We will also include a regular 10c packet of our Fordhook Favorite Asters that you may have flowers in your garden.

It will be to your advantage to send for *The Fortieth Anniversary Edition of Burpee's Annual*, the Leading American Seed Catalog. It is the best ever, beautifully colored covers and inserts. Mailed free. Write today and please mention this publication.



W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Burpee Buildings Philadelphia

St. Nicholas' "String-Around-the-Finger" Column.



TO REMIND ME

of the things I need. Sometimes we want things when we see announcements in ST. NICHOLAS—and then forget before we get them. This column is so I won't forget. I will put a cross in front of each thing in which I am interested—and take this column or my ST. NICHOLAS with me when I go to the store. Then I will be sure of getting the very things I want.

When I want more information about things I will write to the advertiser or just put a cross in front of the names below and send this column with my name and address to ST. NICHOLAS, 353 Fourth Ave., New York City.

FOODS

- Mellin's Food.
- Baker's Cocoa.
- Campbell's Soup.
- Jell-O.
- Quaker Oats.
- Borden's Condensed Milk.
- Beechnut Peanut Butter.
- Maillard's Confections.
- Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.

TOILET ARTICLES

- Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.
- Dioxogen.
- Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder and Cream.
- Pond's Extract.
- Fairy Soap.
- Ivory Soap.
- Colgate's Tooth Powder and Cream.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

- Harper's.
- Century.
- St. Nicholas.

WEARING APPAREL

- Coward Shoes.
- Velvet Grip Hose Supporter.
- Holeproof Hosiery.

GAMES AND TOYS, ETC.

- New Departure Coaster Brake.
- Brunswick Home Billiard Table.
- Daddy-Long-Legs Doll.
- Indian Bicycle.
- Ideal Aeroplane.
- Schwarz Toys.
- "Poster Stampus."

OTHER THINGS

- Overland Automobile.
- Burpee Seeds.
- 3-in-One Oil.
- John Lewis Child's Seeds.
- Roche's Herbal Embrocation.
- Columbia Phonograph.

Name

Street

Town..... State.....

**Five
Colors & Gold**

The Presidents of the US



in Poster Stamps and unusual book with short story of their lives for 25c. Write for folder & receive one of this set free

Franklin Bittner
14 West 29 St. New York

**Boys and Girls
JOIN
The Poster Stampus**

Send 25c. (stamps accepted) and receive handsome Member's button and 50 new advertising stamps. In addition you will receive a packet of stamps every 60 days for a year free.

Our collection of advertising stamps comprises the very latest issues and are distributed to our Members.

Try for the prize album; write and we will tell you how to win one.

If you are a collector of Poster Stamps send name, address and 2c. stamp and you will receive free packet of beautiful stamps.

"POSTER STAMPUS," 1115 East 15th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



Countless generations of American marksmen bred your boy's natural craving for the new.

DAISY

Pump Gun

50-Shot Repeater **\$3.00**

Other Daisy Air Rifles 50c to \$2.20

At all Dealers, or direct from Factory

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

The Happy Daisy Boy

BEGIN to prepare now for your children's future. A few parents enter their children on the registers of certain schools as soon as their children are born.

A great many make plans for their children's education years in advance.

This foresight is necessary in some instances because a few fine old schools take only a very limited number of pupils, and, as a rule, they have a long waiting-list.

Of course you know you owe your children a good education—the best you can give them.

A boarding school education will broaden their views of life and quicken their knowledge of things they should know, better than any other way.

BOY SCOUTS—ALL BOYS —TRY 3 IN ONE FREE

"Attention!" We want every Boy Scout and every other boy in America to give 3-in-One a good hard test, *absolutely free.*

Write *to-day* for a generous free sample and the valuable free 3-in-One Dictionary. 3-in-One has been for over 17 years the leading bicycle oil. It makes all bearings run much easier and prevents wear—cuts out all dirt and never gums or clogs. It cleans and polishes, prevents rust on all metal parts.

3-in-One is also the best gun oil. It oils exactly right, trigger, hammer, break joint—cleans and polishes barrels, inside and out; polishes the stock like new, too.

Always use 3-in-One on your ice and roller skates, fishing reels, scroll saws, golf clubs, cameras and every tool you own. A few drops do the work. 3-in-One will keep your catcher's glove soft and lasting, also prevents rust on your catcher's mask.



3-size bottles at all good stores: 10c, 25c and 50c. (The 50c size is the *economical* size.) Also in patent Handy Oil Cans, 3 1/2 ozs., 25c. Write for the free sample *to-day.*

3-in-One Oil Co.
42QG. Broadway, New York



**Spring is Coming!
Be Prepared!**

Outdoor Games, Sporting Goods, Velocipedes, Bicycles. Garden Tools, Floral Baskets, Pails and Sprinklers. Bird Houses, Books on Flowers, Gardening, Birds, etc.

Write for particulars

F. A. O. SCHWARZ
303 Fifth Ave. at 31st St., NEW YORK
Established 1862

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE



CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

UBANGI-CHARI-CHAD

IS N'T that an awful-looking name? And does any reader of Stamp Page own a stamp from there? And where is it?

The stamps of the Middle (Moyen) Congo now come surcharged with the above title, or, as it is in French, "Oubangui-Chari-Tchad." (See the left-hand stamp in our heading.) There seems to be some doubt as to the real meaning of the surcharge. One report is that these stamps are for the use of French troops operating along the Ubangi River against some German African Colony. This probably is not the true meaning of the surcharge. It probably signifies a wider separation between the Middle Congo Colony and the settlements in the Chad region adjacent to or under control of the French authorities who have headquarters at Bangui. Possibly this latter region is to become a full-fledged Colony, with administrative offices of its own, instead of being under the Middle Congo officials.

NEW ISSUES

AT last we are able to illustrate the new stamps from New Zealand, bearing the head of King George. The design somewhat resembles the old



design of the first stamp issued—the "penny black" of Great Britain. The set is neat in design, and the colors are very pretty. Apparently the

authorities expect a large sale for them among collectors; we can think of no other reason for the wide range of values. There is no one penny in the set, however. The colors and values are as follows: ½ d., green; 1½, gray; 2, purple; 2½, blue; 3, brown-violet; 4, orange; 4½, green; 6, rose-carmine; 7½, red-brown; 9, light olive-green; one shilling, vermilion. There also comes from New Zealand a half-penny, surcharged with two stars, and the words "WAR STAMP." This probably is an additional tax upon letters, similar to the tax stamp in Canada. We illustrate the half-penny, both with and without the surcharge. We also illustrate three stamps from a new series for Mexico. The general design is similar in all the stamps, but the central designs, or portraits, vary. The illustrations of the

2, 3, and 4 centavos, at the head of this page, give a good idea of the different stamps.

THE TOUGHRA

RECENTLY one of the readers of Stamp Page sent us a Turkish stamp, similar to the one which we illustrate this month (see the right-hand stamp of our heading), and asked the meaning of the curious symbol in the center. This intricate and mysterious device is the "toughra," or signature of the sultan. It is said to owe its origin to Sultan Murad I, who was unable to write his name. We quote from an article in "What Philately Teaches," as follows: "He [Murad I] signed imperial decrees by dipping his fingers in ink and placing them on the documents with three fingers close together and the little finger and thumb extended. In the course of time this was adopted, and, so to speak, consecrated, as the signature of the sultan. It was also elaborated and arranged to form a written phrase, while preserving in a general way its original form. The toughra contains certain characters which are permanent, and minor ones which change. The latter are the names of the sovereign and his father." The article from which we quote then goes on to explain the mystic significations which in course of time have become associated with this toughra. We should be glad to quote it entire did space permit, for it is very interesting to all stamp-lovers. Those who own "What Philately Teaches" would do well to look up this article and read it carefully.

A WORD OF WARNING

ST. NICHOLAS is starting a campaign to enroll as many as possible of its readers on the list of stamp-collectors. The benefits which accrue to a child from stamp-collecting need not be touched upon here. They are many and obvious. It is a well known fact, however, that many who begin collecting enthusiastically do not continue. And one reason for this is that in the beginning they are not sufficiently careful in their purchases; they place quantity before quality. Later on, when they realize better the requirements of a collection, they become dissatisfied with what they have accomplished and give up collecting in disgust. The beginner does not realize what should be considered in a specimen for his collection. He has no standard of comparison. To a great extent there is no help for this. Only experience will guide him. But a few general rules can be of assistance to him; if he follows these rig-

(Concluded on page 27).

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

IT is so named because here every *St. Nicholas* reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. Mention *St. Nicholas* in writing them and be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as that of parent, teacher or employer as reference. Be sure to get permission first. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with *St. Nicholas* advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.

DIME SETS

Big Value for Little Money

- | | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 11 U.S. Postage 1873-88 | 10 Greece | 10 Philippine Is'ds |
| 4 Angola | 6 Hayti 1904 complete | 12 Portugal |
| 4 Australian Kangaroo | 20 India | 4 Roumania |
| 2 Benadir | 20 Italy | 15 Rumania |
| 15 Canada | 20 Japan | 15 Russia |
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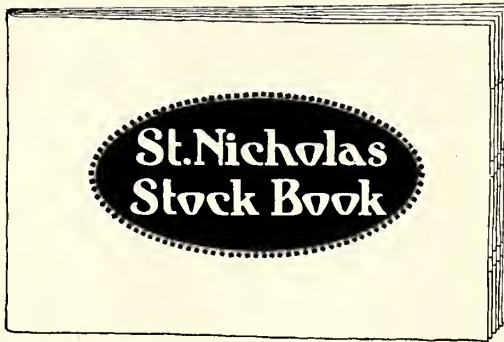
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THE EDGEWOOD STAMP CO., DEPT. S., MILFORD, CONN.

(Concluded on page 27).

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(Less than half actual size)

INVALUABLE for Postage and Poster stamps, magazine clippings, etc. Size $3\frac{1}{4}$ " x $5\frac{1}{2}$ ". Contains 4 pages, 3 pockets per page, arranged to hold over 400 stamps. Cover design in purple and orange.

Put It Up to Dad

THERE are lots of interesting things about stamp collecting which many well-read grown-ups don't know. For instance, that advertisements are printed on the back of U. S. stamps (see Feb. ST. NICHOLAS Stamp Page). Just to show Dad that the money he gives you to spend on stamps is increasing your knowledge of geography, history, etc., get him in a corner after dinner some night and ask him if he can tell you on what stamps the following questions are answered:

1. What is Mauritania?
2. What animal has web feet, duck's bill, and fur?
3. What stamp was issued by England and Germany jointly, and when?
4. What foreign country issued a stamp picturing George Washington on it, and why?
5. What stamp issued in 1887 showed the Panama Canal route?
6. What stamp shows Columbus using a telescope, and what is queer about it?

If he passes his examination with a mark of over 50%, you may be sure you have a most remarkable Daddy. After this he should n't mind letting you have 10 cents for a stock book in which to keep duplicate stamps. Fill out and send the slip with the proper amount, and with your stock book we will send the answers to the above questions, together with illustrations of the stamps, if you want them.

Dear St. Nicholas Stamp Directory,
353 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Please send me the ST. NICHOLAS Stock Book. Enclosed is 10 cents in stamps to cover cost. I will be glad to have you send me the answers to questions.....

Name

Address

Age.....

(For answers alone send 2c. stamp.)

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(Continued from page 24.)

idly at first, he will avoid some of the mistakes of the ordinary uninstructed novice. Establish for yourself a standard of excellence. Live up to your standard. Put no stamps in your collection which are not up to your standard. This should bar out at once all torn or damaged stamps. Avoid also all stamps which are not fairly well centered—that is where the outside margins vary in width very materially. Heavily canceled stamps spoil the looks of your pages. There is an experiment which any beginner may try; one which will be an object-lesson, and also help him to establish his standard. Ask Father to bring home from the office for a few days all of the stamps which come in on the day's mail. Now turn to some page in your album, no matter which one, and place one of these stamps on each of the vacant spaces, noticing the effect. See which stamp looks the best; discard the poorer ones, the dull-colored, heavily canceled, smudged, or torn copies. Then start in again with another lot of specimens and note the difference. Do this several times, and you will learn much about the effect produced by imperfect stamps. Make it a rule not to buy a stamp which is below your standard. Remember that no matter how low a price is asked, the stamp is not cheap for you personally if it lowers the general standard of your collection. Keep this in mind always, and you will never get tired of, or disgusted with, your stamps.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

QTHE descriptions of French stamps for which you ask would take up this page for many months. In determining the catalogue number of the Napoleon heads, notice the inscription—*Repub. Franç., Empire Franç., and Empire Français*, also the perforation, and you will have no difficulty. Of the imperforate stamps with head of the goddess Ceres, in the first type (engraved) the chaplet of wheat-sheaves projects far in front of her forehead; while in the second type (lithographed) it barely projects at all. Between the first and third types, the perforations and the size of the lettering will help you. **Q** The picture on the one-mark value of Germany represents the General Post-office at Berlin; on the two-mark, the picture typifies the union of North and South Germany; on the three-mark is the unveiling of a statue at Berlin, a memorial to William I; the five-mark stamp represents the present emperor, William II, delivering an address. **Q** St. Martin is pictured on the Belgian stamps for the Brussels Exhibition of 1896-97. Here he is represented as victorious over the dragon and over Satan. Again, in the several charity series of 1910-11, he is represented as dividing his cloak with the beggars. **Q** The head which appears upon Argentine (Scott No. 176) is that of President Sarmiento, and was issued in commemoration of his birthday. **Q** The postage-due stamps of the Netherlands and her colonies may be identified by their color. Those of Curaçoa are always green; of the Dutch Indies, carmine; of the Netherlands, blue (or ultra-marine); and of Surinam, lilac. **Q** The picture upon the Crete stamp (Scott No. 39) represents the landing of Prince George of Greece at Sude—the annexation of Crete to Greece. The stamps were printed in London. **Q** The two figures upon the French stamps of 1877 represent Peace (on the left) and Commerce (on the right).

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

(Continued from page 25.)

COMPLETE set Dutch Indies '06 or Antwerp Expos. '94 free with my list of spls. for 2c. post. Fine approvals at 1 to 5c. net. Refer. pl. M. NEEL, 880 CLARKSON AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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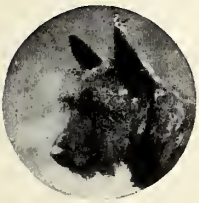
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Hurrah for coloring! Maps, drawings, etc., etc. All colors at your stationery store or write us for free color chart. Philadelphia.

I BUY HUNDREDS of insects, butterflies each summer at 5c. to \$7.00 each, for museums, art work, if properly fixed.

Men, women, send 2c. stamp for details telling all.

Sinclair, Box 244, D-96, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE PONY SEASON

SPRING is here, and with spring come thoughts of the summer vacation now so near at hand. All of you boys and girls want to get out of doors, and there is nothing quite so good as a pony or dog to keep you out in the fresh air. Think of the fun you could have with a Shetland pony or companionable dog—think of the drives in your pony cart down shady lanes or the gallops across open country.

Better send in your order to-day, either to one of the ST. NICHOLAS advertisers or direct to the Pet Department, and you will be sure to have the best vacation you ever had.

Ponies from \$75.00 to \$250.00. Dogs not under \$20.00 (except where so advertised).

ST. NICHOLAS PET DEPARTMENT, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City

The Pet I want to know about is.....
Dog, Cat, Pony, Bird or other Pets

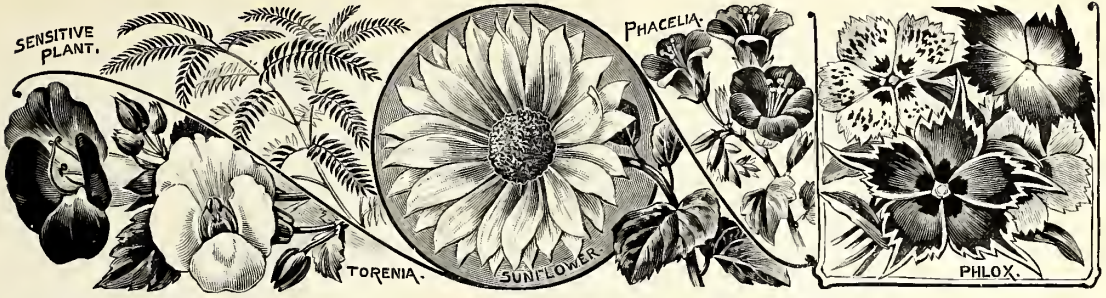
Breed preferred.....
Shetland, Welsh, etc.

The Price I am willing to pay.....
(Not under \$20.00 for Dogs)

My name is.....

I live at.....
Street, Town and State

Parent's signature.....
(approving)



SEEDS and BULBS For School Children

Superior Flower Seeds (50 sorts)....At 1 and 2 cts. per packet
Superior Vegetable Seeds (40 sorts)...At 1 and 2 cts. per packet
Best Flowering Bulbs (30 sorts).....At 2 and 3 cts. each
 Also Strawberry Plants, Asparagus Roots, Privet, Paper Flower Pots, Resurrection Plants, Pot Plants, Iris, Lawn Grass, etc. **ALL AT 2 OR 3 CENTS EACH** when supplied to Schools or Clubs of School Children.

All Select, New, and Highly Improved Varieties

The demand for inexpensive seeds, plants and bulbs for educational and experimental purposes among school children is now so general that we have organized a department to meet this want with seeds and bulbs of some of the new and highly improved varieties, at 1, 2 or 3 cents each.

By this means we hope to encourage school children in their quest for knowledge and experience in Horticulture and to introduce our superior seeds and bulbs into new homes.

Teachers or representatives of Civic bodies, women's clubs, etc., are invited to apply for illustrated list of varieties, which also contains full instructions for ordering.

We will send as many copies as can be used to advantage among the pupils of any school.

In writing ask for School Children's List of Seeds and Bulbs and name the number you can use to advantage.

Address

THE SCHOOLMATE Monthly Magazine

Official Organ of the School Garden Association of America
Special 10-cent Offer to School Children

THE SCHOOLMATE, inspired and named by John Burroughs, Dr. Clara Barrus, and John Lewis Childs, is now a year old, and is meeting with a great reception. From every quarter come letters of warmest praise and appreciation for the little magazine which was started primarily for children, but which has delighted and charmed adults as well. It is just what children have long needed, not only for its entertaining qualities, but for stimulating their love for nature and gardening, birds, beasts, insects, wild flowers, etc.

It is full of garden helps and is the official organ of the SCHOOL GARDEN ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA. It also gives its readers Stories, Travel, Adventure, Sports and Pictures. The editors and writers, among whom are John Burroughs, Luther Burbank, Dr. Clara Barrus, C. G. Childs, Lora S. LaMance, John Lewis Childs, L. W. Brownell, and many others, are all specialists in their line.

The *Subscription Price* is only 25 cents a year for single subscriptions, but to get it introduced in the schools, and to families where there are children, it is offered in clubs of twenty or more (to be sent to one address each month for distribution), at only 10 cents a year.

Sample Copies Free; Address

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Inc., School Garden Department
 FLORAL PARK, NEW YORK

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH \$1.00

The Tele-Set—telegraphs two ways for a distance of many hundred feet and more if sufficient wire and batteries are used. The outfit includes instruments for two stations with keys and sounders, Morse Code Chart, Miniature Telegraph Blanks, full instructions and enough wire to start experimenting. Works with any dry-cell or door-bell battery.

Send 4c. for catalogue.

THE ELECTRO-SETCO., Dept. 230,
 1874 East Sixth St., Cleveland, O.

30 Days FREE TRIAL
 and freight prepaid on the new 1916 "RANGER" bicycle. Write at once and get our big catalog and special offers before buying.

Marvelous improvements. Extraordinary values in our 1916 price offers. You cannot afford to buy without getting our latest propositions. WRITE TODAY.

Boys, be a "Rider Agent" and make big money taking orders for bicycles and supplies. Get our liberal terms on a sample to introduce the new "RANGER." Tires, equipment, sundries and everything in the bicycle line half usual prices.

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. F-15 CHICAGO

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCAATION FOR HOOPING-COUGH OR CROUP

The celebrated effectual remedy without internal medicine. For 120 years this remedy has met with continued and growing popularity. Bronchitis, Lumbago, and Rhumatism are also quickly relieved by a few applications. No increase in price.

W. EDWARDS & SON
 157 Queen Victoria Street, London, England

All Druggists, or E. FOUGERA & CO., Inc.
 90 Beekman Street, New York

What Camp Will You Attend This Summer?

Within the last few weeks ST. NICHOLAS has been flooded with requests from boys and girls and parents in all parts of the United States for information and advice about summer camps. This indicates that a large number of ST. NICHOLAS readers will be benefited by spending their vacations camping.

Some of the boys and girls who wrote us did not know where the camps are located. A great many went to camps last summer, but wish to go to different camps next summer.

In the January ST. NICHOLAS you saw a letter from a girl who attended a certain camp last summer in which she explained what a remarkably good time she had and what a great help it had been to her. Several ST. NICHOLAS readers

asked for the name of this particular camp, which was promptly supplied.

Those of you who go to camps for the first time have a wonderful treat in store. There will be many things to occupy your time and thoughts, such as swimming, tennis, basket-ball, base-ball, and dancing, besides in some camps many useful and artistic things are taught, but best of all you will come into daily contact with boys and girls from all parts of the country, and this will be good for you.

If you have not yet sent in a coupon, we suggest that you fill it out soon and send it in so that you can be fully informed about the various camps in ample time.

This information does not put you under any obligations whatever.

For information, fill out, cut out, and mail this coupon

Did you attend a camp last year?

If so, which and where?

What section would you prefer?

What is your age?

Name

Address

St. Nicholas Camp Editor
353 Fourth Ave., New York City



Photographs from an article on "The Summer Camp" by Mary Harrod Northend in June, 1915, Century. Reproduced by permission of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Camps and Schools

CAMP CHAMPLAIN

An Ideal Summer Camp for Boys on Lake Champlain. 23d Year opens June 30th. Special attention to safety and comfort. Waterproof tents and floors. Two motorboats. Rowboats; canoes. Fishing, swimming, baseball, tennis, all land and water sports. Trips to Adirondacks, Green Mountains and Montreal; also numerous short hikes. In charge of experienced college graduates. Tutoring if desired. Large Assembly Hall, with piano, games, etc. Best of food and plenty of it. Camp physician. No mosquitoes or malaria. Long distance phone. Number limited. References invariably required.

Illustrated booklet.

WM. H. BROWN, 307 West 70th Street, New York City.

CAMP RUNOIA FOR GIRLS

Belgrade Lakes, Maine. Tenth Season.

Eighty acres, one mile lake shore. Land and water sports. Horseback riding. Tutoring. Experienced counselors. Booklet.

Miss Pond and Miss Weiser, Prospect Hill School, 324 Mt. Prospect Ave., Newark, N. J.

In Quaint Old Tolland, Conn.

SUMMER CAMP

for limited number of girls from ten to fifteen under the supervision of trained teachers of French, Physical Training and Arts and Crafts. Folk Dancing on the Green. Tennis, basketball and out-door sports suitable to the age and strength of the girls under competent direction. Terms moderate.

Address Tolland, % ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, for full information.

VERMONT, Northfield.

WUTTAUNOH

A camp for school girls. Limited to 30. A booklet tells the story. PROF. E. A. SHAW.

OHIO, Cincinnati, 1325 Cypress St.

BOOTHBAY CAMP, Bath, Maine

Mature Councilors, Complete Equipment, Cabins and Tents, Salt and Fresh Water. Representatives in Boston; New York; Cleveland; Columbus, O.; Macon, Ga.; Louisville; and other cities. Booklet. A. R. WEBSTER.

NEW YORK, BROOKLYN, 169 Columbia Heights.

SILVER LAKE CAMP

In the Adirondacks

Ideal life for girls; Horseback Riding, Swimming, tennis, baseball, jewelry work. For catalog address THE DIRECTOR.

CAMP WINNAHKEE

ON MALLETT'S BAY

Lake Champlain, between the Green and Adirondack Mountains.



An Ideal Camp for the Mental and Physical Improvement of Girls. In charge of experienced directress and councilors, who share in sports and daily occupations. Large bungalow with all improvements, sleeping porch, or tents. Nature study, woodcraft, manual training, swimming, boating, fishing, horseback riding, tennis, under competent direction and chaperonage. Trips to points of interest. Unimpeachable references required. All expenses \$200, including fares. Booklet from

WM. H. BROWN, 307 West 70th Street, New York City.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, Asquam Lake.

CAMP ALGONQUIN

In the foothills of the White Mountains. *The camp* for boys who love nature and a wholesome, active, outdoor life. For circulars, address EDWIN DEMERITTE, Director, 815 Boylston St., Boston, Massachusetts.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington (Suburbs).

National Park Seminary For the higher education of young women. Extension courses of two years' collegiate work above high school. Thoroughly equipped departments of Home Economics, Floriculture, Arts and Crafts, Music, Painting, Dramatic Art, systematic study of the National Capital. Illustrated book on request to Registrar, Box 178, Forest Glen, Md.



Mrs. Marshall's School for Little Girls

A home-like boarding and day school for girls under fifteen, affording an abundance of healthful recreation and play in rural surroundings with elevating companionship.

Booklet free on request.

Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

The

Prophylactic

is the

ONE Tooth Brush in universal use today—everywhere





"Where's my
BEECH-NUT
PEANUT BUTTER
 sandwich gone to?"

BEECHNUT PACKING COMPANY
 CANAJOHARIE, NEW YORK

Maillard

Bonbons
Chocolates



*For all occasions
 Maillard's confec-
 tions are appropriate
 and welcome. Per-
 fection in quality,
 purity and flavor.*

*Your purchases will be
 packed ready for safe
 delivery and shipped to
 any address, on request.*

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street

New York

"As entertaining as a novel."—*Reedy's Mirror*

PLEASURES AND PALACES

by

Princess Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich
 (Eleanor Calhoun)

The intimate, piquant reminiscences of an American girl who went to Europe to win fame and fortune, who was made much of by royalty and the notable people of her time, and married a prince from a far-away land.

"'Pleasures and Palaces' lives up to its title. The author, as actress and afterwards as princess, had ample opportunity to taste pleasures and to enjoy palaces, for at all times her art and her personal charm caused the doors of the noble and interesting to open wide to her.

"Royalty and genius were alike gracious to her, and her personality, frank but kind, won her way into charmed circles. There was scarcely a man or woman of note in her time she did not meet, and her friendships with them were lasting."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"She relates her stage and social adventures with great gusto. . . . The book gives one an impression of the American girl strolling professionally between double lines of cosmic personages standing at attention. . . . It is the most exclusive, and, at the same time, the most inclusive, autobiography which has ever appeared."—*London Post*.

"Miss Calhoun's experiences were those of a very young woman, and as her life led her to Paris and elsewhere on the Continent its interest deepens and the narrative flows with a stronger volume of intelligent perception and ripper judgment of men and customs. Her book exemplifies well the merits of the study of mankind as a useful occupation for all minds. She saw hosts of interesting people under circumstances favorable to their fair and comparative valuations; her record is both valuable and fascinating."—*New York Evening Sun*.

Fifty full-page illustrations
Price \$3.00 net

Sold everywhere. Published by

THE CENTURY CO.

353 Fourth Avenue

New York City

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION, No. 169

Once more the Judges were forced to work overtime in order to correct the letters of all those who accepted Alexander's challenge and sent in answers to his composite picture puzzle. And just for the benefit of that modest young man, we want to announce right here that, as usual, you St. NICHOLAS boys and girls fooled Alexander completely.

The photograph was craftily designed with several hidden pitfalls to trap the unwary among you. We could hear you say, "Oh, how easy this looks!" which is exactly what Alexander wanted, because he knew it would make you over-confident and that generally means mistakes. That was probably why so many of you thought that the article pasted on wrong side out was a King Air Rifle instead of a Remington. If you had been cautious, you could have discovered that the printed type of The Import Sales Co.'s ad. was on the back of the King Rifle and so would have showed plainly, whereas the reverse side of the Remington Rifle is the same dark color as the Pond's Extract omnibus picture. Lots of you overlooked the gauntlet gloves worn by the stooping boy on the right, and never guessed that they were taken from the kid coasting down page 63 on his new Flexible Flyer. Alexander chuckled a good deal over this.

We won't keep you waiting any longer, so here are the winners:

One First Prize (\$5.00).

Nellie Hagan, age 16, Ohio.

Two Second Prizes (\$3.00 each).

Dorothy H. Crowell, age 16, Massachusetts.
Ernest Earnest, age 14, Pennsylvania.

Three Third Prizes (\$2.00 each).

Ruth Barcher, age 16, New York.
Winifred Walz, age 13, New York.
Caroline Wilmerding, age 12, New York.

Ten Fourth Prizes (\$1.00 each).

Lucy Lewis Thom, age 15, Maryland.
Marian Johnson, age 14, Connecticut.
Robert Bonniwell, age 12, Pennsylvania.
Margaret Rigg, age 13, Washington.
Cambron Tracy, age 10, Kentucky.
Theodora Pleadwell, age 10, District Columbia.
Doris Barr, age 14, California.
Elinor Sutton, age 12, Massachusetts.
Kathryn Forler, age 12, Michigan.
Hamilton Shields, age 13, Vermont.

Honorable Mention.

Karl Leach, age 12, Pennsylvania.
Milton Jewett, age 11, Indiana.



Betty's Letters--2

February 12
Dear Dr. Lyon's Co.:-

I couldn't make up my mind which

I liked better...T.P. or this
D.C. So I asked my dentist and he said, "It's a matter of taste, Betty." And I said, "But both taste so good!" So which one shall I use?
Your friend, Betty!



Dr. Wm. Lyon & Sons, Incorporated

ESTABLISHED IN 1845
DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER DR. LYON'S PERFECT DENTAL CREAM
540 WEST 27th STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Feb. 14, 1916.

Dear Betty:-

Use whichever you like best. One isn't a lot better than the other. They are just different. Lots of people use Dr. Lyon's perfect Tooth Powder in the morning and Dr. Lyon's perfect Dental Cream at night. In the long run Dr. Lyon's perfect Tooth Powder is the better, but some people prefer Dr. Lyon's perfect Dental Cream because they think it is handier to use. Either used twice daily makes your mouth feel fresh as a rosebud.

We needn't tell you that using "Dr. Lyon's" regularly keeps your teeth well, because you know that it does. You never have tooth-ache, do you?

Well, we must close now. We hope you will write again, soon. And talk to Dick about taking care of his teeth! He will thank you for it when he finds how pleasant the "Dr. Lyon's" habit is.

Miss Betty St. Nicholas,
Everywhere,
U.S.A.

Faithfully yours,

Wm. Lyon

Business Manager.

Dr. Lyon's

PERFECT

Tooth Powder

OR

Dental Cream

Send 2c. to-day

for a trial package of either DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER or DENTAL CREAM. There's enough to last for nearly two weeks. See what fun it really is to brush your teeth with dentifrice that you like—that tastes as good as it looks.

I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc. 533 W. 27th Street
New York

ADVERTISING COMPETITION

No. 171

THIS is the famous checker-board puzzle which has had the dignified Judges almost standing on their heads for the last ten days—but then the Judges know by this time that what is hard for them is usually pretty easy for ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls.

At any rate, when you have put the correct letters in the black squares, these squares (reading downwards from top to bottom) will spell the name of a great general in ancient history whose name has often been mentioned in ST. NICHOLAS advertising competitions. Note, however, that the last 2 letters of his name are in the same horizontal line (8), as you can see in the diagram.

When you have filled out the black squares properly, proceed to the white ones and (using the letters discovered in the black squares as clues) try to discover the other 7 letters in line No. 1 (reading from left to right—horizontally across the page). When found they will spell one of the principal

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
1						■		
2					■			
3		■						
4				■				
5	■							
6							■	
7		■						
8			■	■				

words in the name of some advertiser or his product in the February ST. NICHOLAS. Do the same with the other 7 horizontal columns and the puzzle will be solved. You will then note that there are 8 names in all, each having exactly 8 letters. When you have discovered these names each of the 64 squares will be filled. After filling them in on your ST. NICHOLAS diagram, copy the correct diagram *neatly* and send that to ST. NICHOLAS.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

Be sure to comply with all these conditions if you want to win a prize:

1. Make out your corrected diagram.
2. Write a letter having exactly 200 words in the body, telling all the outdoor sports, if any, which you take part in, and those you enjoy the most. You will find a list of them given below for your convenience. If you ever use sporting goods and can remember the name and address of the store where you generally trade, or if you know the name of the manufacturer who makes the sporting goods, please put their names down. This, however, is NOT required. The prizes will go to those whose answers are correct and whose letters give the most interesting and entertaining information. Remember that this time we do not want you to draw on your imagination in the slightest; rather give only the facts. In awarding the prizes, consideration will be given to neatness in writing, correctness in spelling, grammar, punctuation, and selection of words.

Camping, Tennis, Golf, Riding, Swimming, Shooting, Motoring, Base-ball, Foot-ball, Hockey, Basket-ball, Squash, Skating, Roller Skating, Bi-

cycling, Canoeing, Sailing, Boxing, Archery, Tetherball, Bowling, Lawn Bowls, Croquet, Skee-ball, Pin-ball.

3. In upper left-hand corner of your paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition, 171.
4. Submit answers by March 20, 1916.
5. Do not use a lead pencil.
6. Address answers:

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 171
ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE,

353 Fourth Avenue,
New York City.

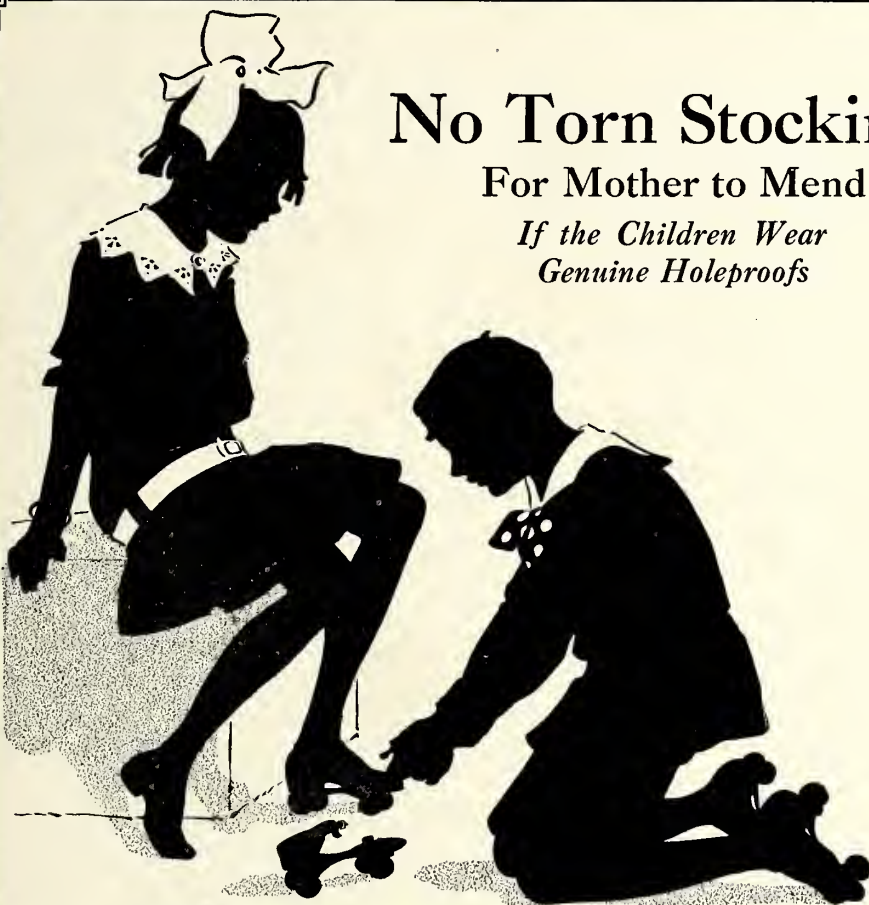
7. There will be 16 prizes awarded: One First Prize of \$5.00; Two Second Prizes of \$3.00 each; Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 each; and Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1.00 each.

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 to St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

No Torn Stockings

For Mother to Mend

*If the Children Wear
Genuine Holeproofs*



Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN. WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Pay only \$1 for a 3 months' supply of Children's Holeproof Stockings that are guaranteed to wear without holes or tears all that time.

Six pairs at \$2.00, guaranteed 6 months.

An exchange ticket comes in every box so you can get *new hose free* if any pair fails within the time named.

Holeproofs are *doubly* reinforced where wear is greatest.

Thousands of mothers are rid of the bother of darning, and they save nearly half on the little folks' hose besides.

That's because Holeproofs wear about twice as long as average stockings.

Try the cotton Holeproofs for your children—get the fine lisle or pure silk for yourself and the men folks.

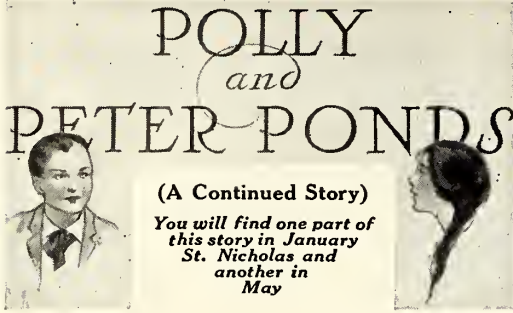
Children's, 35c; 3 Pairs for \$1.00
Women's, 35c and up
Men's, 25c and up

Don't be induced to accept any other guaranteed hose and have the trouble of replacing them later. Insist on the *genuine* Holeproofs—they nearly always *outwear* the guarantee. You can tell them by the Holeproof trademark on the toe—look for it. We ship direct, postpaid, if your dealer can't supply you. Write for free book about Holeproofs and the names of local Holeproof dealers.



HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.
LONDON, CANADA LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

Reg. U. S.
Pat. Office, 1906
[755]



OF course Molly should n't have had a "spread" in her room so late at night. But Molly just naturally likes to break rules, and so it happened that one night when all the lights were supposed to be *out* and every girl snugly tucked *in*, cries of "Fire! Oh! Quick! Oh! Help! Fire!" startled teachers and pupils alike—and created such an alarm and fright and uproar that the school has n't quite recovered yet.

Someone had upset the candle. To escape its tiny flame, those nearest jumped away and someone upset the chafing dish. Before Polly

had smothered the fire with a heavy steamer rug, her hands were badly burned.

But the teacher sent Molly for the

POND'S EXTRACT

bottle, and in no time at all Polly's hands were well wrapped in bandages saturated with Pond's Extract. The terrible pain soon disappeared, and after soaking the cloths every fifteen minutes for an hour and then repeating the process next morning, Polly's burns were practically a thing of the past.

Something more pleasant happened next morning to make Polly forget her burned hands, and Pond's Extract had a part in that too. Amid a tense silence in chapel, the principal announced that Polly's essay on the subject "Alike but Different" had won *first prize!* Polly has a friend who is a printer, and when he heard of it he printed it for her and illustrated it just as you see it down below—and presented her with copies so she could send it to her friends.

(Of course you know the basis upon which the prize was given was more the way Polly expressed her thoughts rather than what she actually said, though *we* think the latter is more important. We think she looked *frequently* in her dictionary, don't you?)

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream—
Cold Cream—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY

131 Hudson Street

New York

"Alike but Different"

AN ESSAY

By Polly Ponds

MANY things which are alike are, nevertheless, quite different.

People who look alike are found, upon acquaintance, to be quite different in character.

The same thing is true of inanimate objects. Things which at first glance, or without thinking, appear similar are recognized as utterly dissimilar when one probes beneath the surface.

As an example, consider such everyday things as those the Pond's Extract Company makes, i.e., Pond's Extract, Vanishing Cream, Tooth Paste, et cetera.

Pond's Extract is of the very highest quality; its purpose is to alleviate soreness caused by bumps and bruises. *Pond's Vanishing Cream is of the very highest quality;* its purpose is to make smooth and lovely complexions. *Pond's Tooth Paste is of the very highest quality;* its purpose is to cleanse and purify the teeth and the mouth in a pleasant and thorough manner.

So we find that these three products, while very much alike in their uniform high quality, are, nevertheless, completely unlike in purpose.

Approaching the subject from still another side, we know that there are many other products similar in *purpose* to each of these three. Yet how different are these three in *quality* and *service!*

From this example or comparison, taken from practical every-day life, it is evident that things may be "Alike but Different."

POND'S EXTRACT CO.'S TOOTH PASTE

"Of the very highest quality, it cleanses and purifies the mouth and teeth in a very pleasant manner."



POND'S EXTRACT

"Of the very highest quality, it alleviates soreness, caused by bumps and bruises."





Copyright, 1916, Kellogg
Toasted Corn Flake Co.



HE clear-skinned, keen-eyed, athletic boy of today is fully alive to the wonderful *flavor* of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. He misses this flavor in the imitations of Kellogg's.

It is a remarkable fact that there is no storage space at Kellogg's. Each day's production is shipped crisp from the ovens in the Kellogg WAXTITE package—that keeps the fresh, good flavor in and all other flavors out.

He wants the Original Toasted Corn Flakes — with their crisp, fresh-from-the-oven taste—and you can leave it to him to get them.

W. K. Kellogg



IVORY ADVENTURES



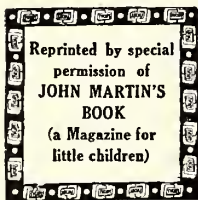
:: THE MAN IN THE MOON ::

UP sailed your IVORY bubble with its brave and tidy crew. Up, up beyond the mountain tops into the sky so blue. At last it bumped two laughing stars, then bobbed away and soon hooked good and fast upon a horn that stuck out from the moon. The bubble gave an awful tilt and scared our heroes stiff. Bob bumped his head on Betty's foot and sat on little Gnof. Yow gave a meow and Snip a growl, then with a sidewise tip, the crew was dumped upon the moon right from their bubble ship. When they regained their wits enough to stop and look around, they were amazed to find themselves not standing on the *ground!* The moon was made of glass and tile, all sky-marked, streaked, and stained. It looked as if 'twere never washed, excepting when it rained.

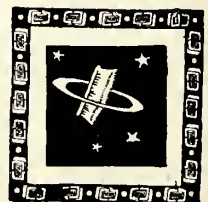
Gnof said, "I've often noticed from the earth, how far from bright that old moon was, so now's the time for us to set it right. But first let's find the Moon's old man. He must be here about." So with a hearty yell or two, our heroes roused him out. The poor old soul was bent with toil, his hands were hard and rough. Groaned he, "I scour *all* the time, but still it's not enough. The work I do is far too much for *one* Man-in-the-Moon. These spots upon my satellite will cause my ruin soon. I've scrubbed for twenty million years and at my present speed, to make a really first class job, two million more I'll need."

It's useless quite, to tell you how our heroes went to work, for even down to Snip and Yow, no one of them would shirk. With sponge and brush and cloth and mop, they IVORIED old Moon's sides, till he was clean as any pin, and shining bright besides. Man-in-the-Moon just jumped with joy so glad was he and grateful; a spotty moon had always been to him extremely hateful. Then Betty said, as Snip and Yow both gave a cheerful sneeze, "No one will ever say again your moon is made of cheese. Farewell! Good luck! Now we must go. We've solved your problems knotty. Use IVORY SOAP whene'er your Moon is dingy, dull or spotty."

*If IVORY SOAP can clean the moon and make it brilliant too,
Just think what IVORY SOAP can do for mother and for you.*



IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS  **99⁴¹/₁₀₀ % PURE**



Overland

TRADE MARK REG.

MODEL 75
\$615
Roadster 1903
7 x 6 Tourer



Its Completeness Won Instant Success

Never before has any model been such a complete and instantaneous success.

Small wonder, really.

For never before has there been so complete a car at anywhere near so low a price.

It stands out alone—boldly—conspicuously—unapproached—a powerful five passenger touring car *complete* for only \$615.

Note that word “complete.”

That means electric starter and electric lights, electric horn, magnetic speedometer—in fact every necessary item. Nothing is lacking. There are *no* extras to buy.

Note that the motor is the very latest *en bloc* design—the last word in fine engineering.

Note that the tires are four inch size. Many cars costing more have smaller tires.

Note that the rear springs are the famous cantilever type. Many bigger, more expensive cars are nowhere near as easy riding.

Note the headlight dimmers—the electric control buttons on steering column—demountable rims and one man top—all big features—high-priced-car features.

And it is a perfect beauty—snappy, stylish, speedy.

No wonder there's a rush to possess the car the world has been waiting for.

But that means quick action on your part in order to get a prompt delivery.

Don't delay—get your order in today.

Remember it comes complete—only \$615.

Catalog on request. Please address Dept. 637

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

“Made in U. S. A.”



Reproduced from the model restoration by Charles W. Gilmore, Assistant Curator of Fossil Reptiles, in the U. S. National Museum, Washington, D. C.

A Lesson in Preparedness

Stegosaurus—the plated lizard—whom you see above, has a fine lesson in preparedness for to-day, though he died some eight million years ago.

He did not care for his teeth and all his 15 feet of spiny length and his armored hide did not save him. His teeth gradually weakened from eating ferns and toadstools instead of the tougher branches he formerly fed on, which helped to cleanse his teeth as he chewed.

In the course of time he became what we call a weakling, and then, like all weaklings, he could not fight the battle of life. He was overwhelmed by stronger reptiles and by his own weakness, and finally every Stegosaurus was gone. There are only fossils to show that they ever existed.

This may seem rather fanciful as a reason why you should use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream twice every day—but the lesson is there. Your dentist or your doctor will tell you how necessary care of the teeth is—and how splendid a dentifrice Colgate's is.

It cleans the teeth thoroughly and safely and the flavor is so delicious that you enjoy its twice-a-day use

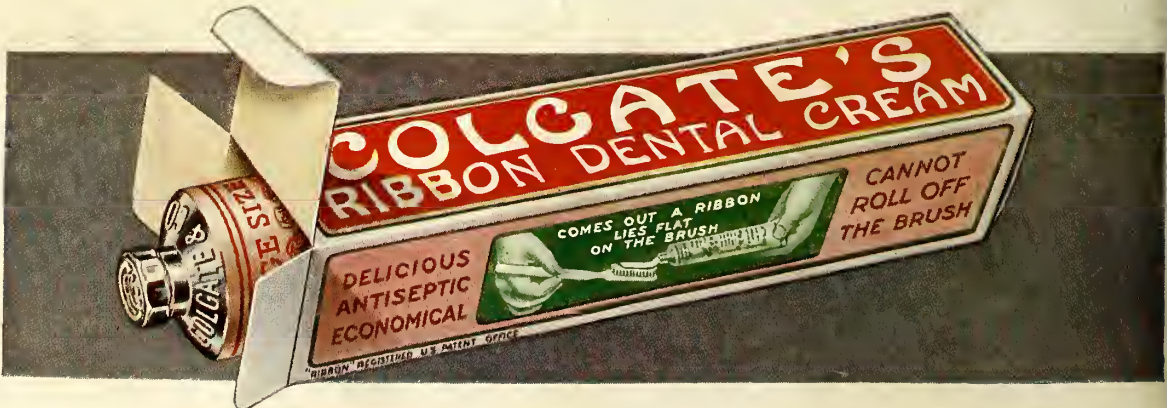
Be prepared—use Ribbon Dental Cream and know

Good Teeth—Good Health

Sold everywhere—or a trial tube sent for 4c. in stamps

Colgate & Co. Dept. 60, 199 Fulton Street, New York.

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined



ST NICHOLAS



APRIL 1916

Buy a
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for Easter

“Swift’s
Premium
Ham
or
Bacon”





Why — is Pears' Soap
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and Hospitals throughout the
world;—Why is

Pears' Soap

the inevitable choice whenever the
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at a moderate price?

Because — Pears is recognized
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soap that it is possible to produce at any
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ing—particularly fine for sensitive skin in
any climate. Its unusual lasting quality and
low price make Pears most econom-
ical for daily use.

We want you to know Pears,
for to know this delightful soap is
to use it—take advantage of our
special trial offer now.

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in boxes, or by the single cake at 15c.

Pears' Glycerine Soap at 20c.

Pears' Perfumed No. 1 Tablet at 30c.

Pears' Otto of Rose at 75c.

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of 4c (stamps) to cover postage
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Agent, 523 Canal Street, New
York, U. S. A.

"All rights secured"

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST



The purity of the choice materials of which it is made commends Fairy Soap for toilet and bath. It leaves a most refreshing sense of cleanness, whether used in the bath or for the hands and face.

FAIRY SOAP

For toilet and bath

produces a quick, creamy lather in hard or soft water. No finer soap has ever been made.

The oval floating cake fits the hand and wears uniformly—retaining its convenient shape down to the thinnest wafer.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"



5¢

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In the United States and Canada, the price of THE ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE is \$3.00 a year in advance, or 25 cents a single copy; the subscription price elsewhere throughout the world is \$3.60 (the regular price of \$3.00 plus the foreign postage, 60 cents). Foreign subscriptions will be received in English money at 14 shillings, 6 pence, in French money 18 francs, in German money 14 marks, 50 pfennigs, covering postage. We request that remittances be by money order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. All subscriptions will be filled from the New York office. The Century Co. reserves the right to suspend any subscription taken contrary to its selling terms, and to refund the unexpired credit.

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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The MAY Number of

ST. NICHOLAS

will contain two additional articles on a subject that is already beginning to loom large in the minds of young folk—outdoor life and the summer camp; and one of them will describe in detail **"A HOUSE-BOAT CAMP FOR BOYS,"** with diagrams and full instructions by which even inexperienced boy-craftsmen can build the entire structure themselves and at very small expense. There will also be a story of a camp in the woods which shows how bravely and successfully one youngster rose to an emergency and proved himself a real hero.

Then, too, there will be an admirably told narrative for girls, entitled **"MERRY'S CASE,"** ending joyously in a tent. Its main incidents are of the outdoor variety, and they are of a kind to make every girl reader proud of the young heroine.

Another notable feature will be found in the serial **"On the Battle-Front of Engineering,"** by A. Russell Bond, Managing Editor of *"The Scientific American"* and author of **"With Men Who Do Things."** Though cast in the form of a continued story, each month's chapters of this narrative really deal with one or two separate achievements of American engineers. Each instalment therefore is virtually complete in itself, and every one of them is of a nature to appeal strongly to boys, and even to grown-ups, of a mechanical or an adventurous turn of mind. In the May number Mr. Bond will describe **"RIGHTING A MILLION-BUSHEL GRAIN ELEVATOR,"** an engineering feat that had its full share of both risks and difficulties (as the accompanying photograph indicates). The story of how the task was met and conquered is thrilling in its way, and adds another laurel to the marvels accomplished by those resourceful men whose achievements make us almost ready to declare that nothing is impossible to American ingenuity and enterprise.



It is hoped that room may be found in the May number for another set of stories by Arthur Guiterman, similar to those printed in the January number. Since the publication of that

argosy of Oriental wit and philosophy, set forth in inimitable style, numerous letters have poured in, all voicing the entreaty: **"Please give us more about AKBAR AND BIRBAL!"**

Albert Bigelow Paine, in the May instalment of his **"BOYS' LIFE OF MARK TWAIN,"** will tell among other interesting experiences of how the great humorist first adventured into the lecture field; of the trip which produced his famous **"Innocents Abroad,"** and of an incident on the homeward voyage that was destined to affect his whole after-life. Abounding in characteristic humor as they do, these chapters grow more and more delightful, and ST. NICHOLAS boys find each latest instalment even more entertaining than the accounts of **"Tom Sawyer"** days.

Several interesting travel sketches, including **"The Wonder-Land of Arcady"** (Greece) and **"In the Cities of Salt,"** are scheduled for early numbers; and announcement will be made next month of a set of special papers relating to athletic sports, each written by an expert, which cannot fail to bring joy to all young readers of the magazine.

Why not join the St. Nicholas family now? Use this coupon to get in, if you are not already a member.

THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Gentlemen: Please find enclosed \$3, for which send ST. NICHOLAS for one year, beginning with the May number, to

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Address

(St. N.—16-4)

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So it isn't any wonder that now THE ABINGDON PRESS is so successful that it has to publish more and more of the kind of things you like to read. Here are a few of the latest books. We shall send you a catalog of the others if you want it.

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CHICAGO BOSTON PITTSBURGH
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ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 172

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

ONCE there was a fisherman who fished for Letters of the Alphabet instead of Fish of the Sea. He fished in the four ponds which you see below. When the day was over he found that all the letters had been laid out on the shore in such an order that they spelled a sentence of four words which every ST. NICHOLAS reader will recognize as a true statement. The first word is one that every ST. NICHOLAS reader thinks of on the first of every month.

See if you are as good a fisherman. "Catch" the letters and fish them out. If you place them in the right order you will find that the letters from each pond spell a complete word. You know at a glance that the letters in Pond No. 3 spell "aRe."


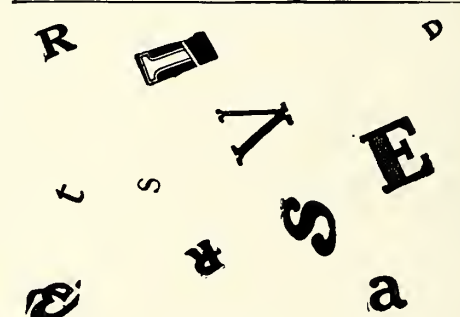
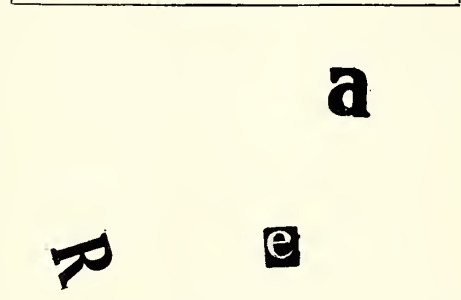
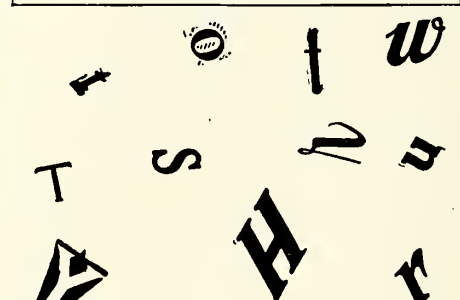
(You see from this example that a "capital" letter may come in the middle of a word. So form your words without regard to whether they are properly capitalized or not.)

When you have obtained the complete sentence, see

if you can find out from what *advertisements* in the March ST. NICHOLAS each letter was taken.

Then write down the complete names of all the *advertised products* from which each letter was taken, writing them in the order in which they appear in the sentence. In the first word there are two letters the same, i.e. "s." Take as your first "s" the one that is in "Blaisdell" on advertising page 30 of the March ST. NICHOLAS. Then the first *name* on your list will be "Blaisdell Paper Pencils." Do you see how it goes? We will tell you one more letter. The "u" in Pond No. 4 is letter No. 28 in your sentence and the name from which it was taken is "Burpee-Quality Seeds" on advertising page 22. The rest are easy to find—perhaps.

In examining the letters in the four ponds disregard entirely the color of their backgrounds, consider their outlines only.

<p style="text-align: center;">POND No. 1</p> 	<p style="text-align: center;">POND No. 2</p> 
<p style="text-align: center;">POND No. 3</p> 	<p style="text-align: center;">POND No. 4</p> 

RULES AND REGULATIONS

Be sure to comply with all these conditions if you want to win a prize:

1. Write down the sentence which you form by rearranging the letters printed above. Under this write the names of 36 products advertised in the March ST. NICHOLAS.

2. Write a letter telling truthfully whether or not your family owns an automobile, and if so, please give the license number (including the State) and tell what "make" your car is. If your father owns more than one car give the same facts about each.

If your family has no motor car you may tell us what make of machine *you* would choose if you got the chance; or if you are not interested in automobiles let us know why.

Remember! YOUR CHANCES OF WINNING THIS COMPETITION ARE EQUALLY GOOD WHETHER OR NOT YOU OWN A MOTOR CAR. But in case two or more correct answers are received, the prizes will go to those whose answers are correct and whose letters (giving the correct

information referred to above) are most interesting and entertaining.

3. In upper left-hand corner of your paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition, 172.

4. Submit answers by April 20, 1916.

5. Do not use a lead pencil.

6. Address answers:

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 172,

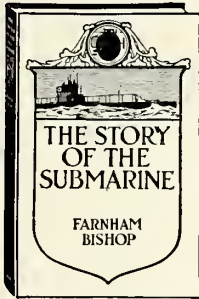
ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE,

353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

7. There will be 16 prizes awarded: One First Prize of \$5.00; Two Second Prizes of \$3.00 each; Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 each; and Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1.00 each.

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 to St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

Of Special Interest for Boys



The Story of the Submarine

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Author of "Panama, Past and Present"

A FULL account of the history and achievements of the most spectacular war machine of modern times—the submarine. The book is authoritative and yet written in an easy, non-technical style. It is completely illustrated with drawings and photographs showing the development of the submarine idea from a little boxed-over rowboat of 1620 to the long, sleek, gigantic underwater monster of to-day.

More credit is due to the inventive genius of America for the development of the submarine than to that of any other nation; and the author recounts the romantic labors of Robert Fulton, who was prouder of his submarine plans than of his steamboat, and of Simon Lake, John P. Holland, and others.

Though the submarine began its slow growth over three hundred years ago, it actually destroyed a ship without destroying itself for the first time during the present war; and the author gives a timely resumé of the submarine's activities up to date, with an indication of how far it has already fulfilled expectations—and what it may accomplish in the future.

"Well packed with interesting data."—*New York Evening Sun.*

"One of the most complete books of its kind."—*St. Louis Republic.*

"Mr. Bishop has treated in intelligible fashion and with the aid of many pictures a subject in which the boys of the present day are unquestionably interested. . . . A very interesting and instructive book for either man or boy."—*New York Herald.*

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"The Mary Frances Housekeeper"*

In the simplest possible words and style, and in the most fascinating kind of story, The Mary Frances Garden Book *actually teaches* children how to grow all their favorite flowers and vegetables—how to prepare the soil, how to plant the seeds, how to plant bulbs, the names of parts of flowers, how plants grow by fertilization and reproduction, how to guard against insect enemies, how to care for growing plants, how to make a hotbed, what flowers and vegetables are best for children's gardens, etc., etc., and gives an outline of each month's work for a year. It gives the little reader a more intelligent knowledge of the processes of Nature, and of how to direct them in gardening, than the majority of grown people possess. It also instills a love and appreciation of plant and animal life, and of all Nature.

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Examination

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book at your expense in five days.

Name.....
Address.....
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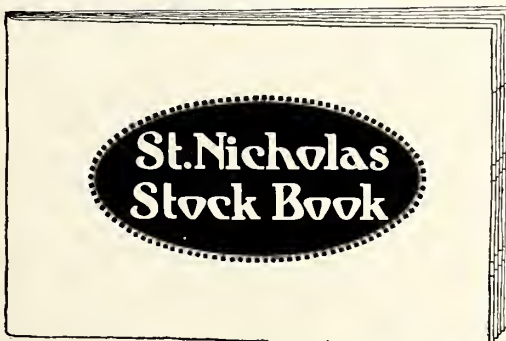
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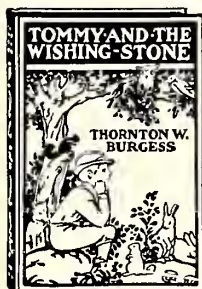
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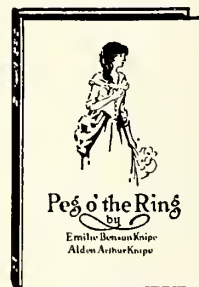
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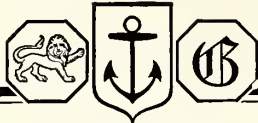
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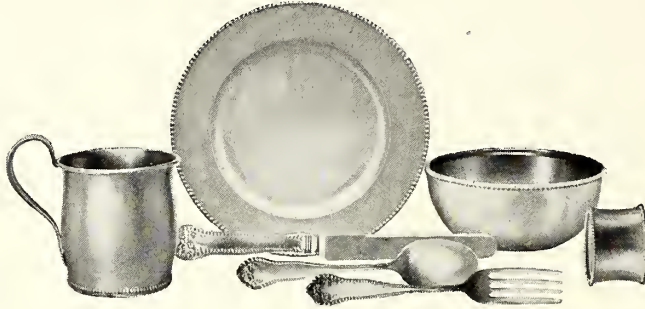
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1564-1616

William Shakespeare

April 23



WHEN SHAKESPEARE WAS A BOY.

ST. NICHOLAS

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WILL SHAKESPEARE, STAR OF POETS

BY JOHN BENNETT

Author of "Master Skylark: A Story of Shakespeare's Time"

ON or about the twenty-third day of April, 1564, in the sunshiny town of Stratford-on-Avon, was born Will, first son of John and Mary Shakespeare, poet, player, and play-writer; and on the twenty-sixth of April he was baptized in the parish church.

Stratford was a not unimportant provincial market-town, with a vigorous provincial life of its own. It lay, under the shadow of blue-wooded hills, among groves and streams and open fields, with reminders everywhere of its past in the shape of stately old buildings, formerly belonging to its college and its guild; in the midst of an agricultural country, with inclosed orchards and meadows, where boys pilfered apples and harried the cows; and with fields, alternately tilled land and fallows, and wide streams as bright as silver meanders.

Not far off was the wilder and wooded district known as the Forest of Arden, where Guy of Warwick and Heraud of Arden pursued the bristling boar.

The boy, imaginative, lovable, sensitive, passionate, grew up as one with a natural gift of story-telling. About him, in the early twilight, his boyhood comrades gathered in a ring, around some horse-block, or low wall, or old tree root, or group of alders overhanging a grassy place above some smooth, gravelly bar; or in the tall grass under a hawthorn, each lying snug in his form, likes hares; while he told them tales, enchanted and marvelous, like the adventures of Sir John Mandeville, of giants and anthropophagi, or cannibals, and of "men whose heads do grow

beneath their shoulders," of mountains of glass, and castles of brass frowning down on glassy seas; or comical anecdotes, rather broader than anecdotes ought to be, such as were known to farmer-boys in a cruder age than ours; or high romances of olden times, antique ballads, familiar and merry, like "Adam Bell and Clym o' the Clough,"—filling them full, and embroidering them with threads of gold out of his own glowing fancy.

So they lay, listening, dreaming together the long, long thoughts of youth—of coming successes and battles, and of great deeds they all should do, some day, somewhere, somehow; and Will, to outdo them all.

Great dreams must have been his, of great deeds: for, as a lad's life is the measure of his strength, so a lad's dreams are the measure of his soul.

So dreamed Will Shakespeare on the hills of Warwickshire, looking out across the world, southward, with dawning wonder and determination, toward London, beyond the blue hills down Oxford way, into a world as remote and mysterious as the tale he sat spinning for his comrades,—over the far blue hills to London, heart of the great round world.

There was a free grammar-school in Stratford, where Will had an education reasonably sound, though, to-day, it might be esteemed primary. It was an uncommonly good school. Walter Roche, its head-master, had been a fellow of Corpus Christi College, at Oxford; so its standards were good and high. I will not assume to

say that Will studied; perhaps he was no zealous student; we are told "his classics were weak."

John Shakespeare, Will's father, a glover and produce-dealer, was burgess of the corporate town of Stratford, dealt in barley, timber, farm produce, skins, and wool, and he bred the calves from which he later took glove-skins—a glover's is a particular trade and calls for skilled handiwork. John owned two houses in Stratford; one was his wool shop. He was passing well-to-do, and of some prominence among his neighbors.

Just a year after Will was born, John became alderman, then high bailiff, of Stratford, which added to him the dignity of justice of the peace. He thenceforth was known in the little town and in all corporate documents as "Mr. John Shakespeare," which distinguished him from the cobbler. In token of his risen estate he assumed a coat of arms. John Shakespeare had now become eminent, and was one of two chamberlains to whom the town's finances were intrusted.

But when Will was thirteen, John Shakespeare's

longer attended service in the parish church for fear some process-server there might hand him a warrant summoning him to court: he was written down *recusant*.¹ Actions for debt against him were sustained in the local courts; when they tried to levy on his effects, no property was to be found; he was removed from the list of aldermen: Will's schooling came to an end; so do the facts.

In 1582, Will married Anne Hathaway.

THIS much we know to be true; but for some time the rest is tradition, or legend. Tradition alleges that Will had led a rather wildish youth, and that, in or about 1584, his boyhood life in Stratford came to a sudden, tempestuous close.

The legend, which you have heard often and oft, declares that he got into trouble, poaching on Sir Thomas Lucy's estates, and fled to escape prosecution.

Old legends affirm some curious things, to which wise men pay little attention; but this one ap-



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

fortunes fell away. A mortgage was put on the mother's farm, in security for a loan from her brother-in-law, Edmund Lambert, who promptly foreclosed the lien.

John Shakespeare never prospered again; his difficulties increased; he plunged deeper and deeper in debt; was more deeply drawn in by his brother; his property became involved; he no

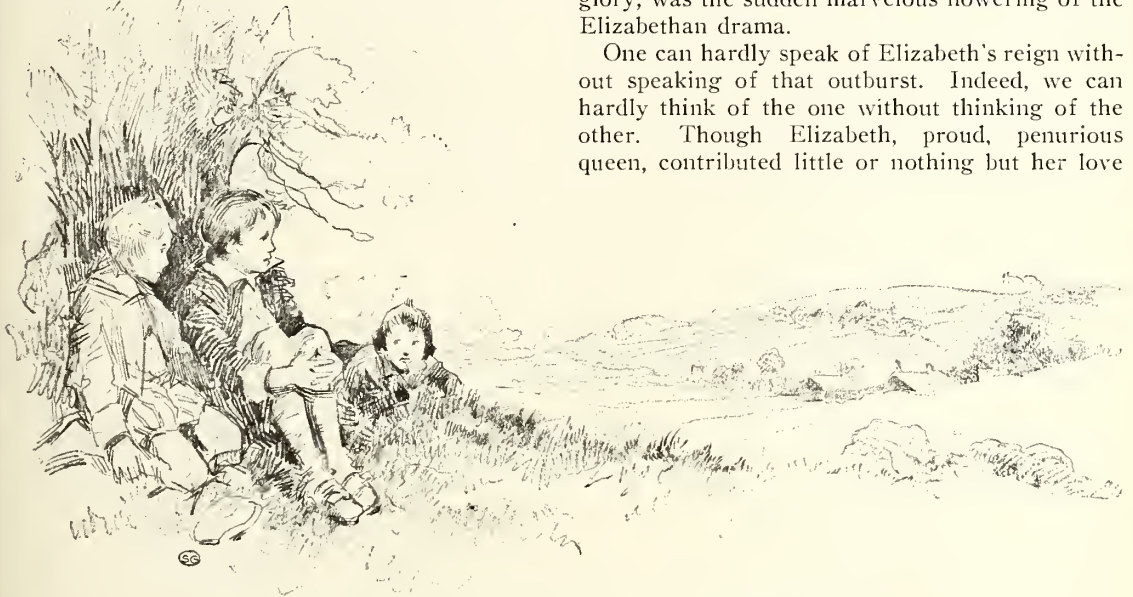
pears to be based upon facts, and I see no good reason to doubt it.

Will fled out of Stratford-on-Avon—some say into Gloucestershire, where he lived remote by Stinchcombe Hill, near Dursley.

From this time for several years his story goes

¹ The term applied to those who refused to attend the services of the Church of England.

into obscurity which the most zealous research has failed to disperse. Conjecture has not been idle—conjecture never is idle—assigning him, during these unknown years, a piebald train of



"SO DREAMED WILL SHAKESPEARE ON THE HILLS OF WARWICKSHIRE."

varied occupations: serving-man, scrivener, apothecary's clerk, schoolmaster, printer, dyer, and soldier. The soldier was likely Will Shakespeare of Rowington: Aubrey mentioned the country school. All is uncertain, and each is disputable.

And where was he during the Plague Years? Nobody knows. Some say he visited Italy, and drank of a strange, new beauty there; perhaps Denmark, or Germany, possibly both, with some wandering troupe of players.

Be that as it may, how or when nobody knows, he drifted down to London, and, hungering through the streets, sometimes found employment, legend says, holding horses at the play-house doors.

England in Elizabeth's reign was a land in which to live. The world itself was a great place then in which to be alive. It was something merely to exist in such a golden time. Danger from Spain had passed away with the treaty of Vervins. England was free indeed, and mistress of the rolling seas. Life went with the tragic glory and splendor of a dream. Common week-days rang with wonder. The age was a romantic one, and great events were stirring. The round world was opening; the New World marched before men's eyes like a marvelous pageant of empire in which England led the van.

England was Merry England as it never had been before. It was an epoch which gleams through story like a light set on a hill.

One of its greatest glories, if not its greatest glory, was the sudden marvelous flowering of the Elizabethan drama.

One can hardly speak of Elizabeth's reign without speaking of that outburst. Indeed, we can hardly think of the one without thinking of the other. Though Elizabeth, proud, penurious queen, contributed little or nothing but her love

of dramatic entertainment, her reign remains for all time the Golden Age of English dramatic art.

Now, until we come to Will Shakespeare's day, little, if any, good fellowship had shown itself on the English stage. Instead there was such bitterness, jealousy, and mutual abuse in the usage of the stage that a stop was put to all stage-play in 1589.

Then a remedy was applied which proved an antidote to the abuse: instead of a dozen companies, whose malice infected their playwrights, there were licensed but two great companies under high patronage, managed by scrupulous, upright men. These were the Lord Chamberlain's Players, to which Burbage and Shakespeare belonged; and the Lord High Admiral's Company, of which Ben Jonson was one. The first was managed by Heminge and Condell; the other by Henslowe and Alleyn.

The older race of poets and playwrights was passing away, or had already passed; but on their heels, trampling and eager, were throngs of young men, one might almost say boys just out of their teens, come up to London to seek their fortunes; some in the study and practice of law, in Gray's Inn, or Lincoln's, where the love of letters and a crop of debts alike were wont to spring; or to make a living in poesy and pamphleteering, or by writing for the stage.

The air was full of classical learning, perfumed with French and Italian art. And London was full of hot young hearts, on fire with hope and ambition. The earth to them was an oyster, which they would open with their pens.

A look at a few of their names, though it may be but a partial list of those who achieved some distinction, adds a curious interest to the story:

Benjamin Jonson, Christopher Marlowe, Thomas Dekker, Samuel Daniel, Thomas Middleton, Cyril Tourneur, William Shakespeare, Anthony Munday, John Fletcher, Francis Beaumont, John Marston, Henry Chettle, Thomas Heywood, Richard Hathaway, Michael Drayton, Robert Nash, Thomas Campion, writer of song, Thomas Lodge, the lord mayor's son, and James Shirley, last, and least, of the line.

Their employers were the theaters, the court, the ancient city of London, or Bristol, or Norwich; the stationer-printers in Paul's Churchyard; the nobility; talented or otherwise amateur gentry who sought for distinction and borrowed brains. They were the brains; there were quarts of good ink; new quills on every goose; their pens were at your service!

Every form of literature which chance suggested or recommended they essayed; nothing was left untouched.

Those who wrote for the stage began, for the most part, retouching old plays, cobbling the works of men gone out of fashion, giving life to things dead or forgotten. Each, the better to further his purpose, took whatever commended itself to his fancy, wherever he found it; borrowed words, phrases, characters, plots, acts, mannerism, or style without a qualm of conscience or so much as by your leave. They plundered classic literature like pirates and bucaners. They trod the stage a flock of crows decked out in peacock's feathers; but they wore these feathers as no peacock ever did.

Transforming everything they touched in the passionate flame of youth, they gave to English drama a flood of fine second-rate plays distinguished by singular power and humor, some of them dramas of rare excellence, full of a genius narrow and strange.

They fashioned their dramas with recklessness typical of their times; of cloth-of-gold stitched with coarse green packthread; or like an embroidery of precious jewels upon a fustian vest; or like an actor, who pulls his old cloak down to hide a faded doublet, but speaks so eloquently that his listening audience forgets alike poverty, doublet, and cloak in breathless and enchanted wonder.

Some wrote of horrors; some wrote of mad-

ness; some turned the horrible into grotesque; yet alike through the horror and the grotesquery meandered exquisite, delicate thoughts. Amid visions of terror and cruelty, which disturb the mind like evil dreams, run lines of singular pathos and sweetness which forever go straight to the heart. And, suddenly, in the midst of almost unutterable terror, as for relief of unbearable strain, there falls a rippling, silvery song, sweet as a rose-tree covered with bloom; or a few lines of exquisite, enchanted prose, lovely as rose petals blown by the wind across a black pathway under one's feet.

Again, they wrote comedies coarse and low as low life in London around them; and satires full of bitter, savage fury. And again satire was travestied in good-natured mockery.

Sometimes the glory they essayed to draw goes shuffling by like a tawdry circus pageant through the dusty village street, with brass horns braying, fustian banners, a little, moth-eaten elephant, and a sick lion. Yet, ever, despite the bombast, there is a something in their lines which no well-regulated boy or girl can read without a feeling in his heart as of some great, moving spectacle, unspeakably stirring.

Over them all lies a singular likeness. Through them, persistent, over and over, amid the coarse buffoonery, through the light laughter, through the thunder of passion, rises a melody, unspeakably lovely, full of a fresh pastoral beauty, scarcely less divinely stirring than the perfect work of greater men.

Though youth is ever impatient, and genius resentful of control, they toiled and moiled together in generous rivalry, or in jealous competition, with almost incredible industry and amazing perseverance. Tom Heywood had a hand, or at least a finger, in over two hundred and twenty plays; another had forty-nine plays to his credit, of which, to-day, no one knows even the names.

They wrote post-haste, for immediate use by the playhouses and their patrons. Sometimes four of them were set together upon one piece, each supplying the part to which his peculiar talent was fitted, each achieving, with peculiar adroitness, the part consigned to his hands, and patching their differing bits together, though written in several styles, with such astonishing ingenuity that at times it is impossible to tell the one man's work from the others'. Often, together, they rose to an excellence which none had achieved alone; and, despite the conditions in which they wrought and the limitations of the stage, produced plays of an astonishing quality and unequalled fidelity to nature.

Thus, hardly aware of what they were doing,

they laid and perfected the foundations of a great national dramatic literature second to none, in volume or splendor, to be found anywhere in the world.

Some of them scarcely knew at times where the morrow should find its bread; and some of them ran through every art and throve at none; some of them were always in debt; some were often in prison.

A wonderful company of peculiarly gifted

were greater than their accomplishment; for his achievements and genius are immeasurably great.

Some of Will's fellows grew famous; and some became very near great; but some went out in the darkness, the dreams they dreamed not prophecies, but longings wild and vain.

But Will's dreams came true, which he dreamed as a boy on the hills of Warwickshire. Crowned with laurel and bay, and with the nation's acclamations, he did what many have dreamed of do-



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

men! wanderers, improvident, shiftless and thriftless, but covered with glory forever. A curious, talented fellowship of vision-creating minds, who roam in fancy forever around the Ivory Gate of Dreams.

BUT, you say, what has this to do with Will Shakespeare?

All I have written is writ of Will Shakespeare. Will was but one of this wonderful company. With them he fought for recognition; with them he watched and waited; and with them, too, in his time, he wandered hungry through the streets of London; nothing otherwise, but that his genius was greater than theirs. Hence his achievements

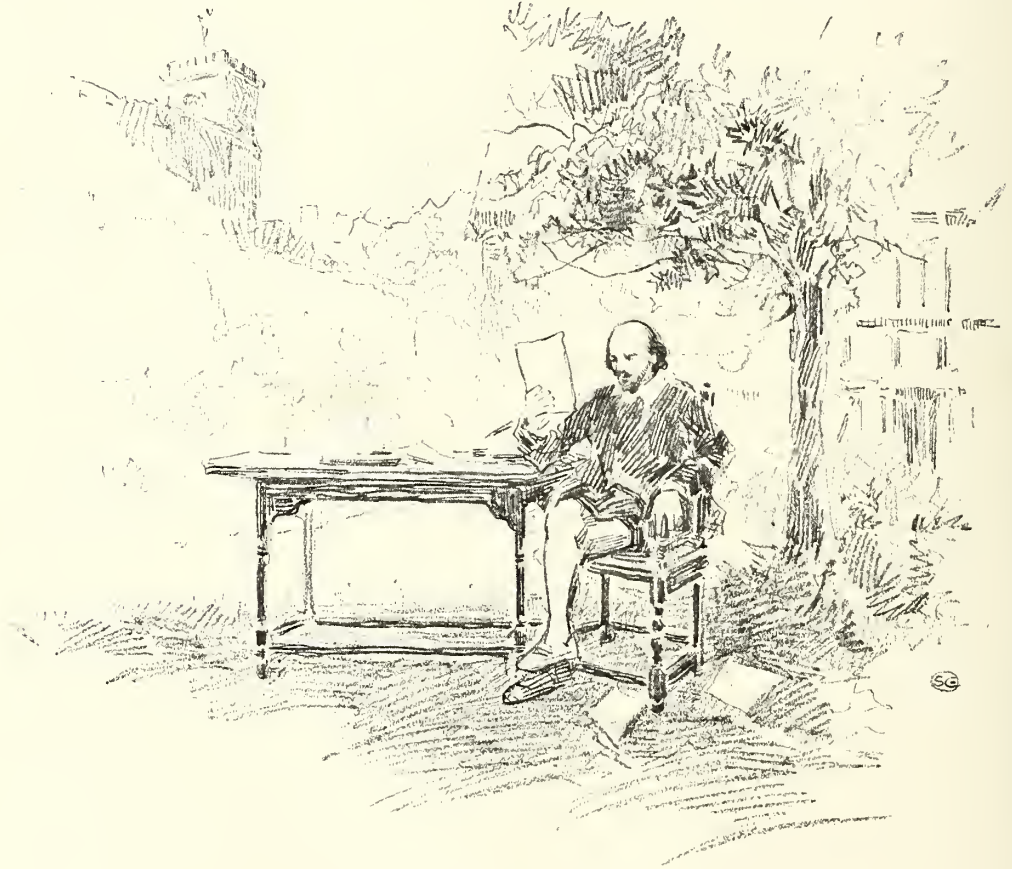
ing, but very few have done: he went back to close his days in prosperity and honor in his boyhood's home, whence he had fled, twenty-six years before, fugitive from disgrace.

He soon had emerged from obscurity, and by 1592 was justly praised as a poet of highest excellence; his one hundred and forty-two sonnets had wide circulation in manuscript years before they saw print. By 1594 he had appeared at court with the Chamberlain's Men as a leading member of that great troupe: as an actor, he played side by side with the most famous performers in England—Alleyne and Burbage, the best tragic actors, and Kempe and Pope, the best comedians of their day. He achieved great credit:

courtesy passed between the proud queen and the humble player; and, it is said, at Elizabeth's request he wrote "The Merry Wives of Windsor," that she might see *Falstaff* in love. As a writer of both comedy and tragedy he very soon led all the playwrights, to the advantage of his company and the delight of his companions. Through the turbulent quarrel known as "The War of the Theaters," when Jonson and Dekker and Marston and Chapman were breaking heads nightly in prologues, he easily held his own. Will Kempe cries in triumph, in "The Return from Parnassus": "Our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down; aye, and Ben Jonson, too!" And burly Ben Jonson himself, his most famous rival, called him the "Star of Poets." Ben knew how to admire, as well as to disdain.

For fifteen years Will was mainstay of that great company; in those years he wrote thirty plays, and created a legion of characters of infinite variety. Beyond compare he was now become the most popular playwright in England. His plays were stolen by shorthand writers, and printed without permission; plays, not his, poor things which had never so much as been refused, much less played by the Chamberlain's Men, were printed with his initials upon their title-pages to reap profit of his repute. He was the greatest of dramatists.

Will now had the honor of friendship with the most brilliant men of the time, and was on intimate terms of acquaintance with the finest minds of the age. He was on good terms with every one: from Augustine Phillips, his young co-actor,

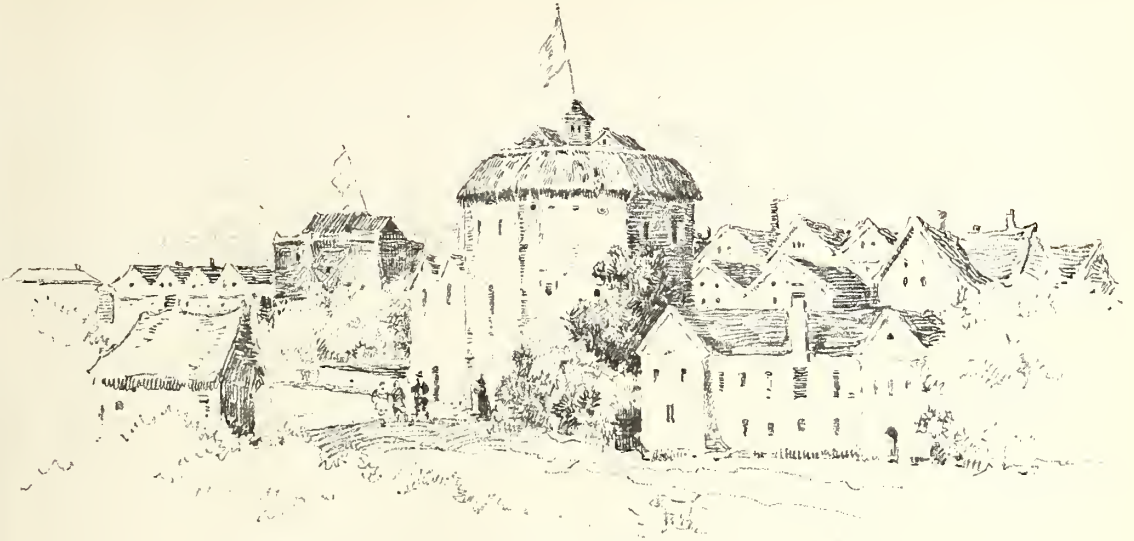


SHAKESPEARE AT "NEW PLACE."

On James's accession the Chamberlain's Men were taken under the king's direct patronage—were called the "King's Men"; their only rivals were Prince Henry's Players, once the Lord Admiral's Men. His repute was as high at the king's court as it had been at Elizabeth's.

to the Earl of Montgomery; he went often to Daniel's garden, a lovely, cloistral spot, to the seclusion of which few were admitted, and from which a world of men were locked out.

Although admittedly best as playwright and poet among them, with his fellows he was, I have



THE OLD GLOBE THEATER, IN THE LONDON OF SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

ever thought, like a wise, free, gentle-hearted boy, wearing his greatness like an old, worn coat, which no one noticed much, he least of all, and going about his business in very simple way, having a trick of being, but not too much seeming, ever the best, which put all about him quickly at ease and endeared him to every one. To be on good terms with those he excelled is certainly one of his triumphs; for that is never an easy thing for the successful man. His honest openness charmed his friends and disarmed his enemies. Of the latter he had but few, beyond old Robin Greene, perhaps, whose nose was out of joint. Even burly Ben Jonson, who laid down the law in public and private, in prologues and conversation, quarreled with every one, including his friends, and, forgetful of bread and butter, flouted Inigo Jones, ridiculed clever Dekker, sneered at Anthony Munday, fought his friend Marston, and ran poor Gabriel Spenser through and slew him in Hogsden Field, could never successfully quarrel with Will. He was Will's greatest rival, still far from success, which might very well have engendered envy, yet he said very frankly, in his bold, true way: "As for myself, I loved him, and honored him, this side idolatry, as much as any." Old jests are still preserved which indicate the intimacy between them; their combats of wit at the Mermaid Tavern lived in popular legend for years, and are like to live many more.

Will's dreams came true; out of the hurly he came triumphant. He may have held horses,—D'Avenant says he did,—but by 1596 he was a man of means and able to resume relations with the quiet town on the Avon. He made invest-

ments there; bought one of the largest old places in Stratford, with a copyhold in the lane hard by for his gardener, a farm of one hundred and seven acres in the fields of Old Stratford, with its farm-house, orchards, and gardens, twenty acres of pasture lands, with grazing-right on the common.

He restored the former dignity of his people; the Heralds' College confirmed anew the coat of arms once granted his father.

He still continued relations with London, made merry in Stratford with old friends, and kept his house in London. He had an interest in the Globe Theater, until the thatch caught fire and the Globe went up in smoke.

His income from the theaters reached six hundred pounds the year, and the purchasing power of money then was many times what it is now. In addition to this he leased the great tithes of Bishopton, Welcombe, New Stratford and Old.

Now that the pinching times were gone, John Shakespeare held up his head. No longer a cowering recusant, he attended the parish church without fear of bailiffs or processes, and ended his days in peace, a merry-checked old man, always ready to crack a joke with his famous son.

In 1610 Will Shakespeare left London for good, and entered in at his New Place. He lived there the life of a retired gentleman, on friendly, though somewhat satirical terms, with the richest of his neighbors, the Combes.

We may be sure he had in his garden the flowers he loved so well; and perhaps it was under his mulberry-tree that he wrote his last great plays.

Here, far from the tumult of the town and the

trumpeting of London's streets, and freed from their turmoil and horror, Will Shakespeare wiped away recollections of pain like sweat from a knitted brow.

Around him was beauty, pure, serene, and of lyrical loveliness; and pastoral simplicity, without sordidness or alloy; and a landscape full of God's sunshine.

He loved it as few men do.

Here died, three hundred years ago, on the 23d day of April, William Shakespeare, "Star of Poets" and greatest of dramatists.

WHAT were his achievements? And why do we call him great?

No other writer of drama has such lasting power over our laughter and tears.

Others painted a dull world; Will gave us Arcady.

Where other men draw marvelously, he gives us the life itself.

With infinite skill and infinite zest he heightens comic effect by beauty.

He left us his lyrics, faultlessly lovely, and unrivaled, yet, for melody and fancy as radiant and as pure.

With an exquisite sense of appropriateness he made of our common language structures of loveliness so consummate as to alter its usage forever.

He brought English historical drama to its perfection and to its close. When he laid down the untangled skein there was no one to take it up.

He opened to highest tragedy a range of undreamed sublimity, and with unparalleled invention created or refreshed a gallery of human types as true to nature as to art, almost endless in variety, and matchless in vividness.

His supreme gift to dramatic art is the great gift of character-drawing. In masterly drawing of character he remains unapproachable.

He used every type of humanity fit for tragic or comic art.

None ever framed a woman of prouder or sweeter stuff, or so shrewdly drew her April charm, or so woefully showed to what terror her gentleness may be turned.

None other ever so made the ghastly and appalling natural.

Or so drew the coarseness and fiendish malignity of an *Iago* side by side with *Desdemona's* gentle purity.

Or with such matchless eloquence an irresistible pathos painted the terrible, inexorable Jew.

No other so provokes us to laugh at human folly, sludder at human crime, or shrink aghast from horror; yet keeps unchanged our pity and love for fallen humanity.

With the highest secret of comic art, he discovered the sadness of laughter, and put wisdom in the mouth of fools.

In "Romeo and Juliet" he wrote the epitome of all songs or stories of youthful passion and romance that ever were told or sung.

His vocabulary is so vast, his knowledge so comprehensive, that others seem beggars who have been to a feast and come away with the scraps. His influence upon dramatic and poetical diction, as was also that of John Milton, is great beyond estimation.

Yet the greatest gift his genius shows is his knowledge of human hearts and his infinite sympathy.

There was no one like him in his day; there has been no one like him since; and we all shall live a weary while before we see his like again.

But, lads and lasses, if you would know that he is great, why, read him; if you would know why he is great, live and learn; if you would know how great he is, go, read the rest. Returning, you may catch some glimpses of that mysterious knowledge of men's souls which made him greatest among them.



STRATFORD CHURCH FROM
ACROSS THE AVON.

THE LOVE FOR THE OUTDOOR LIFE

UNCLE SAM'S CAMPING AND RECREATION GROUNDS

BY DAY ALLEN WILLEY

ONE of the most encouraging features of present-day progress is the rapidly increasing love for real outdoors—the outdoors of the woodland, the hills, the lake, and river.

For years the American boy and girl have craved the outdoor life, but they have been satisfied with baseball, tennis, swimming, running; the charm of the wilderness has been but little known except to those boys and girls who have been so fortunate as to go with father, mother, or friends into a land where the wilderness offers opportunities to study nature at first hand. But now the youngsters in city and town have begun to realize what tramping and camping means. This accounts for the formation of such organizations as the Boy Scouts—the fellows in khaki—and the Camp-fire Girls with their picturesque costumes, to whom the trees, flowers, and foliage are as friends to be cared for and cherished. It is sport for them to do as the Indians did, to live without artificial aids, lighting their camp-fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together, forming shelter-frames and coverings of boughs and limbs of trees. Not only do they thus gain health and strength, but, under the charm of the outdoors, their thoughts are uplifted. They think of the birds and animals—how they may protect them, and they know how to aid the injured human being.

To sum it up: an era has come in this country where nature's attractions have created a life that gives American boys and girls, men and women, the health and vigor that bring contentment. No country in the world has more opportunities than ours for life in the open. Our people are not huddled together, as in the crowded cities abroad. There is a vast region, especially in the far West, that is known only to the few as a great recreation park, beautiful with trees, flowers, shrubbery; where one can roam at will.

Gifford Pinchot was one of the pioneers in this movement into the open. A lover of the tree, the great firs and pines that rise hundreds of feet heavenward, to him are nature's monuments, to be preserved from ax and saw except when fully ripe for lumber. His work for conservation was crowned by the permanent preservation of the great woodlands of the West. He organized that army of heroes—the forest rangers—to check and prevent forest fires that burn

millions of these leafy giants into charred and blackened stumps. The forest service has planted with shoots a great area of burned spaces, but years will elapse before they rise into the huge living pillars that are so attractive to the summer visitor.

But the forest reservations mean far more than the preservation of our timber resources.



IN THE SEQUOIA NATIONAL FOREST, CALIFORNIA.

They are beginning to become natural parks for recreation and life in the open. Millions of health and pleasure seekers can enjoy them through the generosity of the Government, as shown by the records made by the forest service. Already the rangers have extended the hand of welcome to a large number of visitors to the national forests. In 1912 they included 231,000 campers and hunters; 190,000 guests at hotels and resorts; 1,085,000 day visitors, picnickers, and others, aggregating 1,506,000 visitors.

These guests must not only be protected by

the rangers, but they must be provided for, to some extent. The number of persons who spend their summer vacations within the national forests is increasing so rapidly, says the forest service, that the question of furnishing suitable pasturage for their saddle- and pack-animals is becoming a problem. Campers naturally seek a



GETTING BREAKFAST IN CAMP.

spot where water is close at hand and where horse feed is abundant, that their stock may not be tempted to steal away in the night in search of more attractive pasturage. In order to provide such places, the forest service must set aside limited areas from which sheep and cattle are excluded. In many instances, particularly in the State of California, the service and the stock-raisers have coöperated in constructing small pastures for the use of tourists, who have thus been enabled to give their animals choice and safe forage without any cost or inconvenience.

The aggregate acreage of forest land set aside for the use of campers is considerable, and it has appreciably reduced the amount of land available for the pasturage of sheep and cattle; but presumably the loss is more than offset by the added enjoyment of the visitors to the forests. There is this difference, however; stock-raisers pay a fee for grazing their sheep or cattle, while the campers secure their pasturage free.

A series of maps of the national forests, which will be of value to campers, hunters, and tourists, as well as to local forest users, is being issued by the forest service. On the reverse side of each sheet is printed a brief description of the national forests, an abstract of the game-laws, extracts from State fire-laws, and various statistics. Such maps have been already issued by the forest service for over thirty of the national forests, and others are in course of preparation.

All the visitors who venture into this beautiful wild are welcomed by the forest service. By the

system of trails, bridges, and roads, which forms a part of the so-called "improvement work" in national forests, the formerly pathless wilderness is made yearly more accessible. Hundreds of miles of fire trails lead to the remoter parts of the mountains, which before were known only to the bear and the bighorn, the wandering hunter or trapper. Where occasion demands, regular camping-places are established and signs placed along the way to mark the distances to the nearest camp or water-supply.

Forest officers, as public servants, are expected, when called upon, to give helpful information to all classes of forest users. Visitors' registers are in many places maintained at ranger stations along frequented routes, and the rangers keep themselves informed, in a general way, of the movements of campers. This is primarily for protection purposes, since any party may be a source of fire danger. But it is also advantageous to those who register, for it permits of messages from outside being conveyed to them in case of need. The fact, also, that each ranger station is in telephonic connection with the for-



WINTER CAMPERS, SOPRIS NATIONAL FOREST, COLORADO.

est headquarters, and through this with all other stations in the same forest and with the commercial telephone systems as well, greatly serves the public convenience.

The matter of game protection is one with which the forest service is deeply concerned. Everything possible is done to prevent the fast-disappearing remnant of our once magnificent array of wild life from becoming extinct.

Finally, the system of fire protection which the forest service maintains has the effect of rendering less hazardous the coming and going of campers, as well as of guarding the forest from ravages suffered in the past.

While the hunter seeks these forests for the sake of big game, the casual tourist or camper will look more closely at climate and scenery, at the question of accessibility and ease of travel. The great majority of people who visit the national forests have personal information, either from previous trips or from friends who have "been there before," but, by addressing the Forest Supervisor of any particular forest, one can obtain full particulars as to its availability for his purposes, while railroad passenger agents are glad to dispense information as to modes of travel, rates, and so on.

The forest service, while it provides in every way it can for the safety and convenience of the visitor to the national forests, has made certain regulations which must be observed. Most of these have to do with the problem of forest fires, which start in too many instances from ignorance or carelessness on the part of visitors. Camp-fires must be thoroughly extinguished; matches and lighted cigars or cigarettes must not be thrown about; and in general a degree of care appropriate to the importance of this question of forest fires must be exercised at all times. Forest officers in a majority of national forests cooperate with State authorities in enforcing local game-laws. So hunters and campers, while afforded every opportunity for legitimate enjoyment, must not expect to violate such laws without getting into trouble.

No formal permission or charge of any sort is made the tourist or camper unless he wishes to build a cabin or summer camp in some particular locality. Many people find it convenient to set up a home in the woods to which they can return each summer without being bothered by the hauling in of tents and camp equipment. For this privilege a permit is required, and a small annual fee, generally not over ten dollars a year.

In addition to permanent private camps, there are many hotels and summer resorts located on national forest land, and permits are required for such enterprises. To draw people to these recreation centers of the forests, the annual charge is fixed at a very reasonable amount—from ten to fifty dollars per annum. In 1915, there were over a hundred such resorts in California alone, and about seven hundred and fifty private camps and cabins in the forests of the same State.

The equipment and mode of travel to be de-



CAMPERS IN THE SHOSHONE NATIONAL FOREST, WYOMING.

ecided upon depends, of course, on the locality to be traversed and the purpose and length of the vacation. In general, saddle-horses and pack-animals—either horses, mules, or burros—are necessary, though now in many places wagons and even automobiles can be used. Recent railroad construction has opened up some of the forests that were formerly more or less inaccessible except by stage or wagon, and the work carried on by the service in constructing and repairing roads and trails within the forests tends to make their more remote regions constantly easier of access.

Thus the health, pleasure, and convenience of the wayfaring public are served through national forest administration, which is opening paths through the trackless wilderness; protecting, restoring, and perpetuating the forest growth, and aiding the States in the preservation and propagation of fish and game. The use for recreation of the national forests is recognized as one of the ways by which they are made to render their best service to the Nation.



FIG. 1. CIRRO-CUMULUS CLOUDS.



FIG. 3. CIRRUS CLOUDS MERGING INTO CIRRO-STRATUS.

HOW TO FORETELL THE WEATHER

BY ADELIA B. BEARD

If you are an outdoor girl and have lived for a time in the open, or if you intend to be an outdoor girl and to live for a time in the open, you will know how very useful weather wisdom can be to you; you will understand how much your pleasure and comfort in camp and on the trail, sailing or motoring, depend upon the weather and in knowing what kind of weather you may expect to-day, to-night or to-morrow.

Each of the various seasons of the year has its own peculiar weather, generally speaking; but every season also gives us many surprises, and the unexpected often happens. All weather signs will fail at times, but that is no token that the signs are wrong, it is simply that something has happened to prevent them coming true. For instance? rain is caused when, in some part of the country, the air is hot and full of moisture and changes occur that chill it below its dew-point;

but there are a number of things which may happen to prevent the chill reaching the hot air, and then the expected rain does not arrive. So, you see, no one can at all times prophesy with absolute certainty what face the fickle weather will decide to show to-morrow; but if you keep your "weather-eye" open to the changes about you, you may be fairly sure of what is coming.

FAIR WEATHER

If you want fine weather, look for fine-weather signs. Here are some of the most reliable, for they are based upon scientific facts:

When the sun sets in a sea of glory, that is, when the sunset sky is red, you may expect clear weather on the following day.

At night, when the moon is clear and shows clean edges, with no halo or ring of mist surrounding it, there is little danger of rain.



FIG. 2. BROKEN CUMULUS CLOUDS.



FIG. 4. CIRRUS CLOUDS.

From photographs by Professor Alfred J. Henry.

When the wind blows steadily from the west, the weather will continue fair; it very rarely rains in our eastern States with the wind in the west.

Watch the smoke from a chimney or from your camp-fire—it is a good barometer. If the smoke rises high, it means clear weather. The smoke will also show you from which direction the wind is blowing; so will a flag on an upright flagstaff.

A gray early morning, not a heavy, cloudy one,

knowledge of coming storms. We are told that spiders are especially sensitive to weather changes, and, when they make new webs, the weather will be fair; if they continue spinning during a shower, it will soon clear off.

RAIN

DON'T start on an excursion if the sky is red at sunrise, for in summer you may expect several hard, tempestuous showers; in winter there will



"IF THE SMOKE RISES HIGH, IT MEANS CLEAR WEATHER."

promises a fair day. This is well put in an old rhyme which I advise you to commit to memory if you do not already know it, for it gives the weather significance of both sunrise and sunset:

Evening red and morning gray
Sends the traveler on his way.
Evening gray and morning red
Brings down rain upon his head.

A heavy dew at night is seldom followed by rain the next day. Think of it this way and you will remember: wet feet, dry head.

If there are no clouds at the western horizon, you need not worry about others. The *cirrocumulus* clouds (Figure 1) are fair-weather clouds. The broken cumulus clouds (Figure 2) are signals of unstable atmospheric conditions.

Animals are said often to show by their actions what the weather will be, and there is reason in this. Some of them certainly have a

very likely be steady, hard rain with wind. The old rhymester knew this when he wrote:

A red morn, that ever betokened
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to the shepherd, woe to the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

There will be rain when the sun sets behind a cloud and when it rises in one. When the western sky at the horizon is a sullen gray at sunset, or is banked with dark clouds, that also means rain.

Although clouds may not threaten, look for rain when the wind blows from the east. A north-east wind usually brings a cold, steady rain which lasts several days.

If there is a ring around the moon, do not count on continued fair weather; unless some new condition arises, there will be hard rain within a day or two.

When the blue sky begins to veil itself in a

light gray mist, you may know that rain is forming overhead and will soon come down.

When the leaves of the white poplar show their silver lining, look out for rain. In the Catskill Mountains, last summer, this sign never failed us. Always, just before a rain-storm, a group of these trees, stirred by the east wind, turned their leaves in masses and seemed to become veritable trees of silver.

When the camp-fire smoke hangs low, or is driven to the ground by the wind, you may expect unpleasant weather.

A brilliant atmosphere, so clear that it seems to bring distant mountain-peaks and far-away objects quite near, betokens coming wet weather. The saying is: The farther the sight, the nearer the rain. Dazzling white clouds on an intensely



"WHEN THE SMOKE IS DRIVEN TO THE GROUND, YOU MAY EXPECT UNPLEASANT WEATHER."

blue sky often go with this clear atmosphere, and the beautiful day that seems so perfect is called by some people a weather-breeder.

As a child, I learned to distrust a too fair opening of the day, because I found that strong sunshine and a deep blue sky before seven o'clock in the morning usually brought clouds in their wake, and often, by ten o'clock, it would be raining and my outdoor Saturday spoiled. I notice that the sign still holds good, though my observations now are not confined to Saturdays.

Sometimes on a deep blue sky, among floating clouds of white, you may discover a small spot of

dark gray, a very small spot it may be; but keep your eye on that insignificant-looking little cloud—it usually means mischief. On the water it is often the herald of a sudden squall or of bad weather of some kind; on land it may mean a gusty shower if nothing worse. If it is going to be ugly, this little dark cloud will grow larger and larger until it swallows up the white clouds, spreads out over the sky, or is followed by other dark clouds—and the storm is upon you. It is best to take to shelter when you see the dark cloud growing, for such storms come up very quickly.

An evenly gray sky does not necessarily mean rain. We have many gray days when no rain falls, though sometimes the gray sky sends down sprinkling showers. A rain-cloud is called a *nimbus cloud*. The drifting, white clouds that cling to and tear themselves on the sides of the mountains are composed of heavy mist, which will generally be condensed into rain before the day is over.

Mackerel scales and mare's tails
Make lofty ships to carry low sails

seems to imply wind as well as rain, but as "mare's tails," or *cirrus clouds* (Figure 4), are usually composed of ice crystals, like the ring around the moon, we may be pretty sure of the rain. "Mackerel scales," which are *cirro-stratus clouds* (Figure 3), also indicate rain. These signs often give notice of weather some days ahead. Two days ago I noticed that the sky was streaked with mare's tails, and to-day there is a steady down-pour of rain, though but little wind.

Flies are most troublesome just before a rain, crawling and clinging in an exasperating fashion, and collecting on the outside of window-panes and wire screens. In summer, gnats, black flies, and other small insects are most annoying before rain.

THUNDER-STORMS

You may always expect thunder-storms in July and August. They usually come up in the afternoon, and, before they break, the air becomes hot and sultry. You can generally tell by the clouds when the approaching storm will be a thunder-storm. Often, on a fair day, bulbous-looking clouds will appear in the west and show white against the blue sky. They are pretty clouds and look harmless enough at first, but they are *thunder-heads*, and later you will see them slowly climbing up and growing darker. Other dark clouds arise and move toward the east, the sun is hidden, and the sky grows still darker. Then the rumbling of distant thunder is heard, light-

ning plays among the clouds, rain begins to patter in large drops, and the storm has arrived. It may be several hours after the *thunder-heads* appear before the storm reaches you, but don't count on that much time.

Sometimes the storm comes up in a densely black cloud, like a solid wall that rises until the sky is darkened as at night. Gusts of wind usually act as advance-guard, blowing the dust of street or road in clouds, and sending papers and dry leaves flying. One is often surprised to see that this wind starts in the west, but, unless the clouds blow over, you will find that the wind will suddenly change.

The safest place to be during a thunder-storm is in the house; barns are not safe; the most dangerous place is under a tree, especially an oak-tree, and it is well to keep away from running water. Do not stand at an *open* window or open door, and avoid an open fireplace; in other words it is not wise to stand or sit in a draught. A tall flagpole will attract lightning, and the interior of the woods is safer than the outskirts.

It is not so much the lightning as the thunder that frightens people, yet thunder hurts no one. When some time elapses between a flash of lightning and the following clap of thunder, the lightning is a good way off; when they come close together, it is near. If you are nervous or afraid during a thunder-storm, try to overcome the feeling. You can, you know. The danger is comparatively slight, and there is not the least use in being afraid. You can do nothing but avoid the most exposed places, and may as well enjoy the magnificence of the storm. When you can watch a mighty storm without fear, you will have interesting experiences, you will catch a glimpse of the workings of some of the tremendous forces of nature in their most spectacular form.

It is said that when sea-gulls fly landward, and are seen in large numbers on and near the shore, a storm is brewing at sea. Land-birds become uneasy and seem greatly excited before the coming of a severe storm.

WIND

When the wind is in the east,
'T is good for neither man nor beast.
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fish's mouth.
When the wind is in the north,
Prudent mortals go not forth.
When the wind is in the west,
All things then are at their best.

THE east wind, which brings rain in summer, brings snow and sleet in winter. The south wind brings a winter thaw, a spring freshet, and a hot

spell in summer. It may also bring rain at any season. The north wind, bitterly cold in winter, freezing rivers and ponds and providing good skating, is refreshingly cool in summer. The west wind—how very important the west is—brings clear, bracing weather. One is in good spirits when the wind is in the west.

Often the dark clouds, which you think are rain-clouds, carry wind, not rain. The boisterous



STORM RISING IN THE WEST—THUNDER-HEADS AT THE LEFT.

northwest wind frequently comes in on a drifting, light-colored or white cloud with dark edges.

When the sky becomes ominously dark and turns a grisly yellow and green in the west, prepare for a violent wind-storm.

CLEARING WEATHER

THE direction of the wind must change for the weather to clear after a storm. Though the rain may stop and the sun burst forth, it will not remain clear unless the wind changes. Noon is the time to look for clearing weather, though some storms pass off at sunset.

When the clouds break away on the western horizon and the sky in the west begins to brighten between the hours of twelve and one, you may safely expect a clear afternoon. Blue sky in other directions than the west cannot be counted on as a reliable sign of clearing weather. If the weather clears during the night, it will not stay clear. When the mist clinging to the mountain side rises in long streamers like smoke from signal-fires, the day will probably clear.

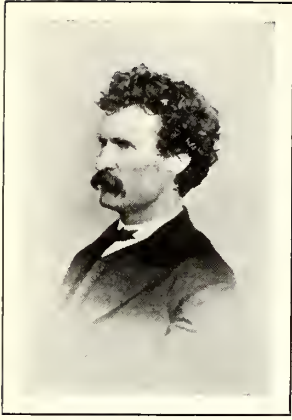
Rainbows often herald clearing weather, but not always. The following old rhyme shows that it makes considerable difference what time of day the rainbow appears:

Rainbow in the morning,—sailor's warning.
Rainbow at noon,—rain will stop soon.
Rainbow at night,—sailor's delight.

THE BOYS' LIFE OF MARK TWAIN

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Author of "Mark Twain, a Biography," etc.



MARK TWAIN IN 1865.

CHAPTER XIX

"THE TERRITORIAL ENTERPRISE," AND "MARK TWAIN"

IN 1862 Virginia City, Nevada, was the most flourishing of mining-towns. A half-crazy

miner, named Comstock, had discovered there a vein of such richness that the "Comstock Lode" was presently glutting the mineral markets of the world. Comstock himself got very little out of it, but those who followed him made millions. Miners, speculators, adventurers swarmed in. Every one seemed to have money. The streets seethed with an eager, affluent, boisterous throng whose chief business seemed to be to spend the wealth that the earth was yielding in such a mighty stream.

Business of every kind boomed. Less than two years earlier, J. T. Goodman, a miner who was also a printer and a man of literary taste, had joined with another printer, Denis McCarthy, and the two had managed to buy a struggling Virginia City paper, "The Territorial Enterprise." But then came the high tide of fortune. A year later, the "Enterprise," from a starving sheet in a leaky shanty, had become a large handsome paper in a new building, and of such brilliant editorial management that it was the most widely considered journal on the Pacific Coast.

Goodman was a fine, forceful writer, and he surrounded himself with able men. He was a young man, full of health and vigor, overflowing with the fresh spirit and humor of the West. The Comstock would always laugh at a joke, and Goodman was always willing to give it to them. The "Enterprise" was a newspaper, but it was willing to furnish entertainment even at the cost of news. William Wright, editorially next to Goodman, was a humorist of ability. His articles, signed Dan DeQuille, were widely copied. R. M. Daggett (afterward United States Minister to Hawaii) was also an "Enterprise" man, and there were others of their sort.

Samuel Clemens fitted precisely into this group. He brought with him a new turn of thought and expression; he saw things with open eyes, and wrote of them in a fresh wild way that Comstock-

ers loved. He was allowed full freedom. Goodman suppressed nothing; his men could write as they chose. They were all young together—if they pleased themselves, they were pretty sure to please their readers. Often they wrote of each other—squibs and burlesques, which gratified the Comstock far more than mere news. It was just the school to produce Mark Twain.

The new arrival found acquaintance easy. The whole "Enterprise" force was like one family; proprietors, editor, and printers were social equals. Samuel Clemens immediately became "Sam" to his associates, just as DeQuille was "Dan," and Goodman, "Joe." Clemens was supposed to report city items, and did in fact do such work, which he found easy, for his pilot-memory made notes unnecessary. He could gather items all day, and at night put down the day's budget—well enough, at least, to delight his readers. When he was tired of facts, he would write amusing paragraphs, as often as not something about Dan, or a reporter on a rival paper. Dan and the others would reply, and the Comstock would laugh. Those were good old days.

Sometimes he wrote hoaxes. Once he told with great circumstance and detail of a petrified prehistoric man that had been found imbedded in a rock in the desert, and how the coroner from Humboldt had traveled more than a hundred miles to hold an inquest over a man dead for centuries, and had refused to allow miners to blast the find from its position.

The sketch was really intended as a joke on the Humboldt coroner, but it was so convincingly written that most of the Coast papers took it seriously and reprinted it as the story of a genuine discovery. In time they awoke, and began to inquire as to who was the smart writer on the "Enterprise."

Clemens himself did not escape. Lamps were used in the "Enterprise" office, but he hated the care of a lamp, and worked evenings by the light of a candle. It was considered a great joke in the office to "hide Sam's candle" and hear him fume and rage, walking in a circle meantime (a habit acquired in the pilot-house), and scathingly denouncing the culprits. Eventually the office boy, supposedly innocent, would bring another candle, and quiet would follow.

There was a side to Samuel Clemens that, in those days, few of his associates saw. This was the poetic, the reflective, side. Joseph Goodman, like MacFarlane in Cincinnati several years earlier, recognized this phase of his character and developed it. Often these two, dining or walking together, discussed the books and history they had read, quoted from poems that gave them pleasure. Clemens sometimes recited with great power the "Burial of Moses," whose noble phrasing and majestic imagery seemed to move him deeply. With eyes half closed and chin lifted, a lighted cigar between his fingers, he would lose himself in the music of the stately lines:

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man built that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That his own writing would be influenced by the simple grandeur of this poem we can hardly doubt. Indeed it may have been to him a sort of literary touchstone, that in time would lead him to produce, as has been said, some of the purest English written by any modern author.

It was once when Goodman and Clemens were dining together that the latter asked to be allowed to report the proceedings of the coming legislature at Carson City. He knew nothing of such work, but Goodman finally consented, remembering that Clemens would at least make his reports readable whether they were parliamentary or not.

So, at the beginning of the year (1863), Samuel Clemens undertook a new and interesting course in the study of human nature—the political human nature of the frontier. There could have been no better school for him. His wit, his satire, his phrasing had full swing—his letters, almost from the beginning, were copied as choice reading up and down the Coast. He made curious blunders, at first, as to the proceedings, but his open confession of ignorance in the early letters made these blunders their chief charm. A young man named Gillespie, clerk of the House, coached him, and in return was christened "Young Jefferson's Manual," a title which he bore for many years. A reporter friend he also dubbed "The Unreliable."

But now we arrive at the story of still another name, one of vastly greater importance than either of those mentioned, for it is the name chosen by Samuel Clemens for himself. In those days it was the fashion for a writer to have a

pen-name, especially for his journalistic and humorous work. Clemens felt that his "Enterprise" letters, copied up and down the Coast, needed a mark of identity.

He gave the matter a good deal of thought. He wanted something brief and strong—something that would stick in the mind. It was just at this time that news came of the death of Captain Isaiah Sellers, the old pilot who had signed himself "Mark Twain."

Mark Twain! That was the name he wanted. It was not trivial. It had all the desired qualities. Captain Sellers would never need it again. It would do no harm to keep it alive—to give it a new meaning in a new land. Clemens took a trip from Carson up to Virginia City.

"Joe," he said to Goodman, "I want to sign my articles. I want to be identified to a wider audience."

"All right, Sam. What name do you want to use—Josh?"

"No, I want to sign them Mark Twain. It is an old river term, a leadsman's call, signifying two fathoms—twelve feet. It has a richness about it; it was always a pleasant sound for a pilot to hear on a dark night; it meant safe waters."

He did not mention that Captain Sellers had used and dropped the name. He was not proud of his part in that episode, and it was too recent for confession. Goodman considered a moment.

"Very well, Sam," he said, "that sounds like a good name."

A good name indeed! Probably, if he had considered every combination of words in the language, he could not have found a better one. To-day we recognize it as the greatest *nom de plume* ever chosen, and somehow we cannot believe that the writer of "Tom Sawyer," and "Huck Finn," and "Roughing It" could have selected any other had he tried.

The name Mark Twain was first signed to a Carson letter, February 2, 1863, and after that to all of Samuel Clemens's work. The letters that had amused so many readers had taken on a new interest—the interest that goes with a name. It became immediately more than a pen-name. Clemens found he had attached a name to himself as well as to his letters. Everybody began to address him as Mark. Within a few weeks he was no longer "Sam" or "Clemens," but Mark—Mark Twain. The Coast papers liked the sound of it. It began to mean something to their readers. By the end of that legislative session Samuel Clemens, as Mark Twain, had acquired out there on that breezy western slope something resembling fame.

Curiously, he fails to mention any of this suc-

cess in his letters home of that period. Indeed, he seldom refers to his work, but more often speaks of mining shares which he has accumulated, and their possible values. His letters are airy, full of the joy of life and of the wild doings of the frontier. Closing one of them he says: "I have just heard five pistol-shots down the street—as such things are in my line, I will go and see about it."

The Comstock was a great school for Mark Twain, and in "Roughing It" he has left us a faithful picture of its long-vanished glory.

CHAPTER XX

ARTEMUS WARD, AND LITERARY SAN FRANCISCO

It was about the end of 1863 that a new literary impulse came into Mark Twain's life. The gentle and lovable humorist Artemus Ward (Charles F. Browne) was that year lecturing in the West and came to Virginia City. Ward had intended to stay only a few days, but the whirl of the Comstock fascinated him. He made the "Enterprise" office his headquarters and remained three weeks. He and Mark Twain became boon companions. Their humor was not unlike—they were kindred spirits, together almost constantly. Ward was then at the summit of his fame, and gave the younger man the highest encouragement, prophesying great things for his work. Clemens on his side was stirred, perhaps for the first time, with a real literary ambition, and the thought that he, too, might win a place of honor. He promised that he would send work to the eastern papers.

On Christmas Eve Ward gave a dinner to the "Enterprise" staff at Chaumont's, a fine French restaurant of that day. When refreshments came, Artemus lifted his glass and said:

"I give you Upper Canada."

The company rose and drank the toast in serious silence. Then Mr. Goodman said:

"Of course, Artemus, it's all right, but why did you give us Upper Canada?"

"Because I don't want it myself," said Ward, gravely.

What would one not give to have listened to the talk of that evening! Mark Twain's power had awakened; Artemus Ward was in his prime. They were giants of a race that became extinct when Mark Twain died.

Goodman remained rather quiet during the evening. Ward had appointed him to order the dinner, and he had attended to this duty without mingling much in the conversation. When Ward asked why he did not join the banter, he said:

"I am preparing a joke, Artemus, but I am keeping it for the present."

At a late hour Ward finally called for the bill. It was two hundred and thirty-seven dollars.

"What!" exclaimed Artemus.

"That 's my joke," said Goodman.

"But I was only exclaiming because it was not twice as much!" laughed Ward, laying the money on the table.

Ward remained through the holidays, and later sent back an affectionate letter to Mark Twain.

"I shall always remember Virginia as a bright spot in my existence," he wrote, "as all others must, or rather can not be, as it were."

With Artemus Ward's encouragement, Mark Twain now began sending work eastward. The New York "Sunday Mercury" published one, possibly more, of his sketches, but they were not in his best vein and made little impression. Possibly he was too busy for outside work, for the legislative session of 1864 was just beginning. Furthermore, he had been chosen governor of the "Third House," a mock legislature, organized for one session, to be held as a church benefit. The "governor" was to deliver a message, which meant that he was to burlesque from the platform all public officials and personages from the real governor down.

With the exception of a short talk he had once given at a printers' dinner in Keokuk, it was Mark Twain's first appearance as a speaker, and the beginning of a lifelong series of triumphs on the platform. The building was packed—the aisles full. The audience was ready for fun, and he gave it to them. Nobody escaped ridicule; from beginning to end the house was a storm of laughter and applause.

Not a word of this first address of Mark Twain's has been preserved to-day, but those who heard it always spoke of it as the greatest effort of his life—as to them it seemed, no doubt.

For his Third House address Clemens was presented with a gold watch, inscribed "To Governor Mark Twain." Everywhere, now, he was pointed out as a distinguished figure, and his quaint remarks were quoted. Few of these sayings are remembered to-day, though occasionally one is still unforgotten. At a party one night, being urged to make a conundrum, he said:

"Well, why am I like the Pacific Ocean?"

Several guesses were made, but he shook his head. Some one said:

"We give it up. Tell us, Mark, why *are* you like the Pacific Ocean?"

"I—don't—know," he drawled. "I was just—asking—for information."

The governor of Nevada was generally absent, and Orion Clemens was executive head of the Territory. His wife, who had joined him in Car-

son City, was social head of the little capital, and Brother Sam, with his new distinction and now once more something of a dandy in dress, was society's chief ornament—a great change certainly from the early months of his arrival less than three years before.

It was near the end of May, 1864, when Mark Twain left Nevada for San Francisco. The immediate cause of his going was a duel—a duel elaborately arranged between Mark Twain and the editor of a rival paper, but never fought. It was, in fact, mainly a burlesque affair throughout, chiefly concocted by that inveterate practical joker Steve Gillis. However, the new duelling law did not distinguish between real and mock affrays, and the prospect of being served with a summons made a good excuse for Clemens and Gillis to go to San Francisco, which had long attracted them. They were great friends, these two, and presently were living together and working on the same paper, the "Morning Call," Clemens as a reporter and Gillis as a compositor. Gillis, with his tendency to mischief, was a constant exasperation to his room-mate, who, goaded by some new torture, would sometimes denounce him in feverish terms. Yet they were never anything but the closest friends.

Mark Twain did not find happiness in his new position on the "Call." There was less freedom and more drudgery than he had known on the "Enterprise." His day was spent around the police court, attending fires, weddings, and funerals, with brief glimpses of the theatres at night. Once he wrote: "It was fearful drudgery—soulless drudgery—and almost destitute of interest. It was an awful slavery for a lazy man."

It must have been so. There was little chance for original work. He had become just a part of a news machine. He saw many public abuses that he wished to expose, but the policy of the

paper opposed him. Once, however, he found a policeman asleep on his beat. Going to a near-by vegetable stall he borrowed a large cabbage leaf, came back, and stood over the sleeper, gently fanning him. He knew the paper would not pub-



"CLEMENS COULD GATHER CITY ITEMS ALL DAY."

lish the policeman's negligence, but he could advertise it in his own way. A large crowd soon collected, much amused. When he thought the audience large enough, he went away. Next day the joke was all over the city.

He grew indifferent to the "Call" work, and when an assistant was allowed him to do part of the running for items, it was clear to everybody that the assistant would soon be able to do it all.

But there was a pleasant and profitable side to the San Francisco life. There were real literary people there—among them a young man, with

rooms upstairs in the "Call" office, Francis Bret Harte, editor of "The Californian," a new literary weekly which Charles Henry Webb had recently founded. Bret Harte was not yet famous, but his gifts were recognized on the Pacific Slope, especially by the "Era" group of writers—the "Golden Era" being a literary monthly of very good standing indeed. Joaquin Miller recalls, from his diary of that period, having seen Prentice Mulford, Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, and others, all assembled there at one time—a remarkable group, certainly, to be dropped down behind the Sierras so long ago. They were a hopeful, happy lot; each sometimes received five dollars for an article, which of course seemed a good deal more precious than a much larger sum earned in another way.

Mark Twain had contributed to the "Era" while still in Virginia City, and now, with Bret Harte, was ranked as a leader of the group. The two were much together, and when Harte became editor of "The Californian," he engaged Clemens as a regular contributor at the very fancy rate of twelve dollars an article. Some of the brief chapters included to-day in "Sketches New and Old" were done at this time. They have humor, but are not equal to his later work, and beyond the Pacific Slope they seem to have attracted little attention.

In "Roughing It" the author tells us how he finally was dismissed from the "Call" for general incompetency, and presently found himself in the depths of hard luck, debt, and poverty. But this is only his old habit of making a story on himself sound as uncomplimentary as possible. The true version is that the "Call" publisher and Mark Twain had a friendly talk, and decided that it was better for both to break off the connection. Almost immediately he arranged to write a daily San Francisco letter for the "Enterprise," for which he received thirty dollars a week. This, with his earnings from "The Californian," made his total return larger than before. Very likely he was hard up from time to time—literary men are often that, but that he was ever in abject poverty, as he would have us believe, is just a good story and not history.

CHAPTER XXI

THE DISCOVERY OF "THE JUMPING FROG"

MARK TWAIN'S daily letters to the "Enterprise" stirred up trouble for him in San Francisco. He was free, now, to write what he chose, and he attacked the corrupt police management with such fierceness that, when copies of the "Enter-

prise" got back to San Francisco, they started a commotion at the City Hall. Then Mark Twain let himself go more vigorously than ever. He sent letters to the "Enterprise" that made even the printers afraid. Goodman, however, was fearless, and let them go in word for word. The libel suit which the San Francisco chief of police brought against the "Enterprise" advertised the paper amazingly.

But now came what, at the time, seemed an unfortunate circumstance. Steve Gillis, always a fearless defender of the weak, one night rushed to the assistance of two young fellows who had been set upon by three roughs. Gillis, though small of stature, was a terrific combatant, and he presently disabled one of the assailants and put the other two to flight. Next day it turned out that the roughs were henchmen of the police, and Gillis was arrested. Clemens went his bail, and advised Steve to go down to Virginia City until the storm blew over.

But it did not blow over for Mark Twain. The police department was only too glad to have a chance at the author of the fierce "Enterprise" letters, and promptly issued a summons for him, with an execution against his personal effects. If James N. Gillis, brother to Steve, had not happened along just then, and spirited Mark Twain away to his mining-camp in the Tuolumne Hills, the beautiful gold watch given to the governor of the Third House might have been sacrificed in the cause of friendship.

As it was, he found himself presently in the far and peaceful seclusion of that land which Bret Harte would one day make famous with his tales of "Roaring Camp" and "Sandy Bar." Jim Gillis was, in fact, the *Truthful James* of Bret Harte, and his cabin on Jackass Hill had been the retreat of Harte and many another literary wayfarer who had wandered there for rest and refreshment and peace. It was said the sick were made well and the well made better in Jim Gillis's cabin. There were plenty of books and a variety of out-of-door recreation. One could mine there if he chose. Jim would furnish the visiting author with a promising claim, and teach him to follow the little fan-like drift of gold specks to the pocket of treasure somewhere up the hillside.

Gillis himself had literary ability, though he never wrote. He told his stories, and with his back to the open fire would weave the most amazing tales, invented as he went along. His stories were generally wonderful adventures that had happened to his faithful companion Stoker; and Stoker never denied them, but would smoke and look into the fire, smiling a little sometimes, but

never saying a word. A number of the tales later used by Mark Twain were first told by Jim Gillis in the cabin on Jackass Hill.

"They are not mine, they are Jim's," he said once; "but I never could get them to sound like Jim—they were never as good as his."

It was early in December, 1864, when Mark Twain arrived at the humble retreat, built of logs under a great live-oak tree, and surrounded by a stretch of blue-grass. A younger Gillis boy was there at the time, and also, of course, Dick

but Jim Gillis and Mark Twain found him a delight. They would let him wander on in his dull way for hours, and saw a vast humor in a man to whom all tales, however trivial or absurd, were serious history.

At last one dreary afternoon he told them about a frog—a frog that had belonged to a man named Coleman, who had trained it to jump; and how the trained frog failed to win a wager because the owner of the rival frog had slyly loaded the trained jumper with shot. It was not a new story



JAMES N. GILLIS HELPS MARK TWAIN TO STEAL AWAY FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

Stoker and his cat, *Tom Quartz*, which every reader of "Roughing It" knows.

It was the rainy season, but on pleasant days they all went pocket-mining, and, in January, Mark Twain, Gillis, and Stoker crossed over into Calaveras County and began work near Angel's Camp, a place well known to readers of Bret Harte. They put up at a cheap hotel in Angel's, and on good days worked pretty faithfully. But it was generally raining, and the food was poor. In his note-book, still preserved, Mark Twain wrote: "January 27 (1865) Same old diet—same old weather—went out to the pocket-claim—had to rush back."

So they spent a good deal of their time around the rusty stove in the dilapidated tavern at Angel's Camp. It seemed a profitless thing to do, but few experiences were profitless to Mark Twain, and certainly this one was not.

At this barren mining-hotel there happened to be a former Illinois River pilot named Ben Coon, a solemn, sleepy person, who dozed by the stove or told slow, pointless stories to any one who would listen. Not many would stay to hear him,

in the camps, but Ben Coon made a long tale of it, and it happened that neither Clemens nor Gillis had heard it before. They thought it amusing, and his solemn way of telling it still more so.

"I don't see no p'int about that frog that 's any better than any other frog," became a catch phrase among the mining partners; and, "I ain't got no frog, but if I had a frog, I 'd bet you."

Clemens, out on the claim, watching Gillis and Stoker anxiously washing, would say, "I don't see no p'int about that pan o' dirt that 's any better than any other pan o' dirt." And so they kept the tale going. In his note-book Mark Twain made a brief memorandum of the story for possible use.

The mining was rather hopeless work. The constant and heavy rains were disheartening. Clemens hated it, and even when one afternoon traces of a pocket began to appear, he rebelled as the usual chill downpour set in.

"Jim," he said, "let 's go home—we 'll freeze—here."

Gillis, as usual, was washing, and Clemens carrying the water. Gillis, seeing the gold "color"

improving with every pan, wanted to go on washing, and climbing toward the precious pocket, regardless of wet and cold. Clemens, shivering and disgusted, vowed that each pail of water would be his last. His teeth were chattering, and he was wet through. Finally he said:

"Jim, I won't carry any more water. This work is too disagreeable."

Gillis had just taken out a panful of dirt.

"Bring one more pail, Sam," he begged.

"Jim, I won't do it—I 'm—freezing."

"Just one more pail, Sam!" Jim pleaded.

"No, sir, not a drop—not if I knew there was a million dollars in that pan!"

Gillis tore out a page of his note-book and hastily posted a thirty-day claim-notice by the pan of dirt. Then they set out for Angel's Camp, never to return. It kept on raining, and a letter came from Steve Gillis, saying he had settled all the trouble in San Francisco. Clemens decided to return, and the miners left Angel's without visiting their claim again.

Meantime the rain had washed away the top of the pan of dirt they had left standing on the hillside, exposing a handful of nuggets, pure gold. Two strangers, Austrians, happening along, gathered it up, and, seeing the claim-notice posted by Jim Gillis, sat down to wait until it expired. They did not mind the rain—not under the circumstances—and, the moment the thirty days were up, they followed the lead a few pans further and took out some say ten, some say twenty, thousand dollars. In either case it was a good pocket that Mark Twain missed by one pail of water. Still, without knowing it, he had carried away in his note-book a single nugget of far greater value—the story of "The Jumping Frog."

He did not write it, however, immediately upon his return to San Francisco. He went back to his "Enterprise" letters, and contributed some sketches to "The Californian." Perhaps he thought the frog story too mild in humor for the Slope. By and by he wrote it, and, by request, sent it to Artemus Ward to be used in a book that Ward was about to issue. It arrived too late, and the publisher handed it to the editor of the "Saturday Press," Henry Clapp, saying:

"Here is something you can use in your paper."

The "Press" was struggling, and was glad to get a story so easily. "Jim Smiley and his Jumping Frog" appeared in the issue of November 18, 1865, and was at once copied and quoted far and near. It carried the name of Mark Twain across the mountains, and the prairies of the Middle West; it bore it up and down the Atlantic Slope. Some one said, then or later, that Mark Twain leaped into fame on the back of a jumping frog.

Curiously, this did not at first please the author. He thought the tale poor. To his mother he wrote:

I do not know what to write; my life is so uneventful. I wish I was back there piloting up and down the river again. Verily, all is vanity and little worth—save piloting.

To think that, after writing many an article a man might be excused for thinking tolerably good, those New York people should single out a villainous backwoods sketch to compliment me on!—"Jim Smiley and his Jumping Frog"—a squib which would never have been written but to please Artemus Ward.

However, somewhat later he changed his mind considerably, especially when he heard that James Russell Lowell had pronounced the story the finest piece of humorous writing yet produced in America.

CHAPTER XXII

HAWAII AND ANSON BURLINGAME

MARK TWAIN remained about a year in San Francisco after his return from the Gillis cabin and Angel's Camp, adding to his prestige along the Coast rather than to his national reputation. Then in the spring of 1866 he was commissioned by the "Sacramento Union" to write a series of letters that would report the life, trade, agriculture, and general aspects of the Hawaiian Islands. He sailed in March, and his four months in those delectable islands remained always to him a golden memory—an experience which he hoped some day to repeat. He was young and eager for adventure then, and he went everywhere—horseback and afoot—saw everything, did everything, and wrote of it all for his paper. His letters to the "Union" were widely read and quoted, and, though not especially literary, added much to his journalistic standing. He was a great sight-seer, in those days, and a persevering one. No discomfort or risk discouraged him. Once, with a single daring companion, he crossed the burning floor of the mighty crater of Kilauea, racing across the burning lava, leaping wide and bottomless crevices where a misstep would have meant death. His open-air life on the river and in the mining-camps had nerved and hardened him for adventure. He was thirty years old and in his physical prime. His mental growth had been slower, but it was sure, and it would seem always to have had the right guidance at the right time.

Clemens had been in the Islands three months when one day Anson Burlingame arrived there, en route to his post as minister to China. With him was his son Edward, a boy of eighteen, and General Van Valkenburg, Minister to Japan.

Young Burlingame had read about *Jim Smiley's* jumping frog, and, learning that the author was in Honolulu, but ill after a long trip inland, sent word that the party would call on him next morning. But Mark Twain felt that he could not accept this honor, and, crawling out of bed, shaved himself, put on his clothes, and drove to the home of the American minister, where the party was staying. He made a great impression with the diplomats. It was an occasion of good stories and much laughter. On leaving, General Van Valkenburg said to him:

"California is proud of Mark Twain, and some day the American people will be, too, no doubt."

It was only a few days later that the diplomats rendered him a great service. Report had come of the arrival at Sanpahoe of an open boat containing fifteen starving men, who had been buffetng a stormy sea for forty-three days—sailors from the missing ship *Hornet* of New York, which, it appeared, had been burned at sea. Presently eleven of the rescued men were brought to Honolulu and placed in the hospital.

Mark Twain recognized the great importance as news of this event. It would be a splendid beat if he could interview the castaways and be the first to get their story to his paper. There was no cable—a vessel was sailing for San Francisco next morning. It seemed the opportunity of a lifetime, but he was now bedridden and could scarcely move.

Then suddenly appeared in his room Anson Burlingame and his party, and, almost before Mark Twain realized what was happening, he was on a cot and, escorted by the heads of two legations, was on his way to the hospital to get the precious interview. Once there, Anson Burlingame, with his gentle manner and courtly presence, drew from those enfeebled castaways all the story of the burning of the vessel, followed by their long privation and struggle that had lasted through forty-three fearful days and across four thousand miles of stormy sea. All that Mark Twain had to do was to listen and make notes. That night he wrote against time, and next morning, just as the vessel was drifting from the docks, a strong hand flung his bulky manuscript aboard, and his great beat was sure. The three-column story published in the "Sacramento Union" of July 9 gave the public the first detailed history of the great disaster. The telegraph carried it everywhere, and it was featured as a sensation in the newspaper press everywhere.

Mark Twain and the Burlingame party were much together during the rest of their stay in Hawaii, and Samuel Clemens never ceased to love and honor the memory of Anson Burlingame. It was proper that he should do so, for he owed him much—far more than has already been told. Anson Burlingame one day said to him:

"You have great ability; I believe you have genius. What you need now is the refinement of association. Seek companionship among men of superior intellect and character. Refine yourself and your work. Never affiliate with inferiors; always climb."

This coming to him from a man of Burlingame's character and position was like a gospel from some divine source. Clemens never forgot the advice. It gave him courage, new hope, new resolve, new ideals.

Burlingame came often to the hotel, and they discussed plans for Mark Twain's future. The diplomat invited the journalist to visit him in China:

"Come to Peking," he said, "and make my house your home."

Young Burlingame also called when the patient became convalescent, and suggested walks. Once, when Clemens hesitated, the young man said:

"But there is a scriptural command for you to go."

"If you can quote one, I'll obey," said Clemens.

"Very well, the Bible says: 'If any man require thee to walk a mile, go with him, Twain.'"

The walk was taken.

Mark Twain returned to California at the end of July, and went down to Sacramento. It was agreed that a special bill should be made for the *Hornet* report.

"How much do you think it ought to be, Mark?" asked one of the proprietors.

Clemens said: "Oh, I'm a modest man; I don't want the whole 'Union' office: call it a hundred dollars a column."

There was a general laugh. The bill was made out at that figure, and he took it to the office for payment.

"The cashier did n't faint, but he came rather near it," Clemens wrote many years later in "My Début as a Literary Person." "He sent for the proprietors, and they only laughed in their jolly fashion, and said it was robbery, but 'no matter, pay it. It's all right.' I thought them the best men that ever owned a paper."

(To be continued.)



The Wishing Well

By Alara Platt Meadowcroft

In the springing of the morning, when the world was dewy green,
All the merry lords and ladies rode away to meet the queen.
Left behind, we waved a parting,—“Oh, I wish—I wish—” “Don’t tell!
Little Prince Beaumain,” said Griflet; “we will seek the Wishing Well.”

Close about our tangled pathway low the blossomy branches bent,
And the little bells on Griflet’s cap made music as we went.
“Who first drinks and casts a garland where the wishing-waters spring,
He shall have his heart’s desire—from the jester to the king.”

Now at hand the waters gurgled; overhead a thorn-bush grew,
Tied with silken tags and tatters, each to help some wish come true.
Trickling, tinkling, fell the waters; tinkling, trickling, clear and cool;—
Oh! but oh! another garland floated there upon the pool!

“Some one has been here before us, and my wish is lost, I ween!”
Suddenly around the thorn-bush came a lady all in green.
“Since my flowers crown the Wishing Well to win a wish for me,
You shall crown *me* with *your* garland, an it please you, Sirs,” said she.

Like a queen she knelt before us; like a queen she raised her head;
“I shall reign in royal fashion; I will grant each wish,” she said.
But so fairylike it happened, with the wonder and the fun,
That my first wish was forgotten quite and I could think of none.

“Then for all the summer day long, Sirs, your service I’ll engage.
Griflet, you shall be my poet; Beaumain, you shall be my page.
Would not any queen be happy to escape to Arcady
With a poet and a little page, and no one else?” said she.

So beneath a white wild-cherry bough we made our queen a throne;
Griflet sang the while and told us magic stories, all his own;
Then he whistled softly sweet to call his woodland friends to court;
Winging, whisking, stealing, scurrying, they came, of every sort.

Twilight crept beneath the branches ere the other Court rode past:
“’T is the Queen! your Royal Highness, we have found you safe at last!”
“I have spent the day in Arcady! My garland’s wish came true.”
“So did mine!” I quick remembered, “for my wish, dear Queen, was *you!*”



“So beneath a wild white cherry bough we made our Queen a throne
And Griflet sang and told us magic stories all his own.”

THE SAPPHIRE SIGNET

OR, THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-up House"

CHAPTER XIII

ALEXANDER ENGAGES IN SOME HISTORICAL RESEARCH

WHEN the chorus of surprise and bewilderment and indignation had at last subsided, they fell to discussing in its every detail this new phase of the journal and its abrupt ending.

"I tell you," announced Alexander, thumping a sofa-cushion to emphasize his remark, "something *happened* to that kid just as she got to the last,—something happened, sure as wash-day! And it was n't anything pleasant, either! Do you get me?"

"You must be right!" agreed Corinne. "When you think of what *was* going to happen the next day, and the danger she was in, and the fact that this journal is torn in two, and all that, I'm positive something terrible must have taken place just then. Poor little Alison! How are we *ever* going to know what it was, or whether she ever got out of it all right and got back home! If the end of the other half of the journal was maddening, this is about forty-five times worse! I feel as if I'd go absolutely *crazy* if this mystery is n't cleared up!"

"There 's one thing you must remember," suggested the practical Bess. "History tells us that the poison plot was discovered in time and did n't do Washington any harm; and that Phœbe Fraunces gave him the warning, and he just cleared up the whole thing, and hung the worst one of the conspirators,—whoever he might be! Now, if that 's the case, don't you think we could take it for granted that Alison's affairs turned out all right, too?"

"Not necessarily!" retorted Corinne. "Remember, also, that Washington did n't know anything about her, and that that horrid steward had been watching her and plotting about her; and so had Corbie, too. Who knows but what they took her and carried her off before the thing was to take place, in order to have her out of the way!"

"And there 's another thing," added Margaret. "Do you remember what I told you Mother said about that trunk of hers? It was found floating around in an old wreck. Now how did it get there? If there was a wreck and she was on it, she was probably drowned and never got back to

Bermuda alive. But how did she come to be on a vessel with her trunk if she had been captured by the steward? Did he put her there?"

"Maybe she was n't on that vessel at all!" was the contribution Jess made to the problem. "Somebody else may have taken possession of her trunk for all you can tell. A trunk is something *anybody* can use!"

"But did you ever hear of such a maddening thing as that journal breaking off just the minute she was going to tell where she 'd hidden the signet!" exclaimed Corinne in thorough exasperation. "Why could n't it have gone on just a second longer—at least till she 'd had time for a tiny hint! And, see here! Do you realize that she was actually talking to *us* (though she did n't know it) when she begs the person who finds and deciphers this journal in the future to find the signet and return it to her people?"

"Why, that 's *so!*" cried Margaret in a tone of hushed awe. "It did n't strike me at first. She 's actually speaking to *us*—for we *must* be the first ones who have read this journal! Is n't it amazing!"

"You don't know whether we are or not," contradicted Bess, with her usual cold common sense. "Lots of people may have seen it before we did, and found the signet, too."

"I don't think it 's likely," argued Corinne, coming to Margaret's defense. "And besides, how could they find the signet when she did n't even have a chance to tell where it was! No, I feel quite sure we 're the first; but how are we ever going to know where she hid it? And even if we *did* know, would we be able to find it after the changes that have come in all these years?"

"Then too," put in Jess, "there 's a chance that Alison got out of the trouble all right, anyhow, and took the signet back to her grandfather herself. How are you going to tell?"

"There 's one thing you all seem to have forgotten," suggested Alexander. "And it 's the biggest boost of the whole outfit! We are wise to her last name—*Trenham*. Now you, Corinne,—you 've been down there to that little old joint, Bermuda. Did you ever hear of any one by the name of *Trenham*?"

"No, I did n't. Of course, I never inquired particularly, not knowing anything about this,

then. But I never heard that name. There 's a very common one on the island that 's a good deal like it—Trimmingham—but that does n't help much. It probably is n't the same, though the English do have the funniest way of shortening their names and pronouncing them in queer ways!"

"Wrong trail!" exclaimed Alexander, briefly. Then, suddenly turning to Margaret, he added:

"Here, kiddie!

Hand me that journal-thing you 've doped out. I want to give it the once-over!" He studied it thoughtfully for several minutes, tugging viciously the while at a long lock of red hair that always hung over his eyes. The rest all kept very quiet, watching him expectantly. Presently he issued his ultimatum:

"There 's one other piece of business that you all seem to have pretty well given the cold shoulder—this song and dance about some plot in Bermuda that the Alison kid says she was mixed up in. Have you ever thought of dopping that out?"

"No, we have n't," admitted Corinne. "I did think once of hunting it up, but the whole thing was so awfully vague that there did n't seem to be any use. What could you hunt up, anyway? You 'd have to read up a lot of Bermuda history, and even then you probably would n't strike a thing that had any bearing on it!"

"You never can tell!" remarked the boy, wisely. "Me for this job, from now on! Where 's that library joint you get all your books from, Corinne? Little Alexander 's going to join the army of high-brows!"

"You can take my card and use it, Alexander, or I 'll get you the books myself," Corinne kindly offered.

"Thanks awfully, but nothing doing!" he returned. "This kid gets right on the job himself when he strikes the trail. All I want to know is

how you break into the place. If you put me wise to *that*, yours truly will do the rest!"

IN the course of the next few days, Alexander became a duly enrolled member of the nearest public library, and his family was edified to behold him deeply immersed in the most unusual occupation of literary and historical research. As he ordinarily touched no volume of any nature



ALEXANDER ENGAGES
IN HISTORICAL
RESEARCH.

except his school-books (and these only under severe compulsion!), the spectacle was all the more amazing. Baseball and other absorbing occupations of his street life were temporarily forgotten. He would lie for hours flat on his stomach on the couch, his heels in the air, pushing back his rebellious lock of hair, and

mulling over the various odd volumes he had brought home from the library. At intervals he could be heard ejaculating: "Gee!" "Hot stuff!" and remarks of a similar nature.

But of his discoveries, if indeed he had made any, he would have nothing to say, conceding only that, when he had found anything of interest, a meeting of the Antiquarian Club should be called, and he would then make his disclosures in proper business form. This was absolutely all they could draw from him. The twins reported to Corinne at school that Alexander was certainly doing (for him!) a remarkable amount of reading; and it was not all about Bermuda, either, as they had discovered from the titles of his books. American history also figured in his list, and other volumes whose bearing on the subject they could not even guess. They also expressed their wonder at the curious change they had noticed in his manner toward them.

"Oh, Alexander's *all right!*" Corinne assured them. "You've always misjudged that little fellow, girls! He's got heaps of good in him! Of course, he's a little rough and slangy, and a terrible tease, but most boys *are*, at his age; and some are lots worse. He's a gentleman at heart, though. You can tell that by the way he treats Margaret. He's always just as gentle with her! But you've never taken him right. You get awfully annoyed when he teases you, and that's just exactly what he wants; it tickles him to pieces to see you get mad! If you'd only take him up good-naturedly and give him as good as he gives you, you'd find yourselves getting along heaps better!"

"That's exactly what you do, I guess!" remarked Bess, ruefully. "And I can see that he thinks you're fine. He said the other night that you were 'some good sport,' and that's praise—from him! I'm going to try and act differently toward him from now on. But, oh! his language is so dreadful and slangy! It irritates me to pieces, and I just can't help snapping at him when he talks that way!"

"Do you know," said Corinne, "I've noticed a queer thing about him. When he's very much in earnest and forgets himself completely, especially in this mystery business, he hardly uses any slang at all,—just talks like any one else! I believe he'll grow out of all that, later, when he's learned that it is n't the way the worth-while people talk. But he's bright—bright as a steel trap; and think where we should have been in this affair if it had n't been for him!"

Meanwhile, all unconscious that he was a subject of such animated discussion, Alexander was pursuing his researches in grim earnest; and at length, in the course of a week or so, he announced that a meeting might be called and he would make his report. When they had gathered expectantly the following afternoon, he came in

with an armful of books and settled down on the floor before the open fire.

"Now, don't go boosting your hopes sky-high!" he remarked, noting the tense expectancy of their attitudes. "I ain't doped out anything so very wonderful—"

"Oh, *have n't* you, Alexander?" exclaimed Margaret, disappointedly. "I thought you must have found something *great*, the way you've been grunting and chuckling and talking to yourself all this time when you read in the evenings!"

"Sorry to give you the cold shower, kiddie! I've done the best I could; and if I was chuckling and grunting, it was because I'd struck some ripping hot stuff in the way of adventures. Say! that Bermuda history is *some* little jig-time! I started to wade through it, thinking it'd be as dry as tinder, and you can knock me down with a plate of pancakes, but it was rich! Started right in with the greatest old shipwreck, when old Admiral Somers and his men got chucked off on this uninhabited island! Gee! it was as good as 'Robinson Crusoe,' that we're reading about in school. Then they had a rip-snorting old mutiny, and started in to build another ship, and all that sort of thing! And later on, after they'd gone home to England and come back and settled in a colony there, they started up some witchcraft, and ducked a lot of gabby dames and hung some more, and—"

"But, Alexander," interrupted the impatient Margaret, "you can tell us all about that some other time. What *I* want to know is, did you find out *anything* that seemed to be connected with our mystery?"

"That's right, kid! We'll get down to business, and do our spieling afterward. Well, I did n't strike a blooming thing that seemed to be even a forty-second cousin to our affairs till I got down to the year 1775; and then I hit the trail of a piker called Governor Brûère, who was the reigning high Mogul in Bermuda just then. He was some pill, too, you can take it from me! And everybody seemed to hate him like poison, he was such a grouch. Well, it was just about the time when the Revolution busted out in the U. S. Washington was up there around Boston, keeping the British on the jump. But he was scared stiff, because gunpowder was so short. There were only about nine rounds left for each American soldier. But they were chucking a good bluff, and of course the British were n't wise to it.

"Just about then, somebody put Washington on to the fact that down in Bermuda there was a whole mint of gunpowder concealed somewhere in the government grounds, and it would n't be so hard to get hold of it. At the same time, too,

the Bermudians were pretty nearly starving, because they got all their food supplies from America, and since the war broke out, England had cut them off at the meter. So Washington doped it out that here was a good chance to make an exchange. He sent off a couple of fellers to tell the Bermudians that, if they 'd give him that powder, he 'd send them a whole outfit of eats. And you 'll admit that was square enough!

"But, would n't this jar you! When they got there, they found the whole place up in the air and the governor sizzling around like a cannon-cracker, because some one had got in ahead of them, stole the powder, and carted it off to America! They just turned tail and beat it for home and Mother as quick as they could, before the governor got wind of their business! So long as Washington got the powder, they should worry!

"But the how of it was like this: a fellow named Captain Ord,—or some say it was one called George Tucker, but most think it was Ord,—had it all fixed up with some Bermudian friends that he should get the powder on the q. t., load it on board his ship, and beat it while the going was good. The powder-magazine was in the government grounds at a dump called St. George's, and Governor Bruère always slept with the keys under his pillow. Well, some smooth guy managed to swipe those keys one dark night, and they rolled down no end of barrels to a place called Tobacco Rocks, loaded 'em on whale-boats, and rowed out with 'em to the ship that was anchored off Mangrove Bay, wherever that may be, and Captain Ord was off with it before morning. Well, you can take it from me that, when Bruère got wise to what had happened, he went up in the air! He was a hot sketch, and he made it warm for the Bermudians; but it did n't do any good, as nobody knew much about the business—or if they did, they would n't tell!

"Anyhow, Washington got his powder, and it 's on record that afterward he sent a heap of swell eats down to pay for it! Gee! would n't I like to have been in on that fun though—the night they swiped the loot!"

"But, Alexander, I don't see what all this has got to do with Alison!" cried Margaret. "There 's nothing in it about a girl, or the least thing that concerns her!"

"That 's just where I knew you 'd throw me down!" remarked Alexander. "I told you to begin with that I had n't found anything positive about it, did n't I? Well, this is the *only thing* that even passed it on the other side of the gang-way! That Alison kid keeps talking about a plot in Bermuda and something that happened that the government did n't cotton to, and there is n't

another blooming hook to hang your hat on but that, unless it 's something that is n't spoken of or known about in history. Then there 's one other reason. She speaks of some one called H., and his uncle, and his uncle's ship, and how they were afraid to go back to Bermuda because one of the sailors had turned piker and given way on them. Of course, it 's all guesswork! And what in thunder a kid like Alison could have to do with such a piece of work, beats me! But there you are! I 'm done!"

There was considerable disappointment in the Antiquarian Club, when Alexander had ceased, that nothing more definite had been unearthed by him. It seemed highly unlikely to them all that this strange little historical incident could have any bearing on the affairs of the mysterious "lass" whose secret they had stumbled upon. None but himself appeared to put any faith in the connection between the two, and they discussed it for a time hotly. At last Corinne, perceiving that Alexander was becoming piqued that his efforts were not more appreciated, declared:

"I think you 've done splendidly, Alec, in discovering anything at all, among such a lot of uncertain stuff; and perhaps we 'll come across something later that will make us sure. But you seem to have been reading quite a pile of books. Are they all about Bermuda?"

"Nope! Not on your tintype! There are precious few about Bermuda alone, anyway. So after I 'd chewed up what there was, I took to dopping out American history, and I came across some hot stuff there, too! The main guy over there in the library advised me to read Washington Irving's 'Life of George Washington' when I told her I was tracking down American history. And say, that 's going some, too—in spots! I fell over something last night that 'll make you all put on the glad smile—I found out the name of the feller that was soft on Phœbe!"

"Oh, what is it?" they shouted in a satisfying chorus.

"Thomas Hickcy!" announced Alexander, proudly.

"But how do you know?"

"'Cause that 's the name of the feller Washington hung! It was the member of his life-guard who was one of the conspirators!"

"Alexander, you 're *some* trump!" declared Corinne. "In all my browsing, I never came across *that!*"

CHAPTER XIV

A BELATED DISCOVERY AND A SOLEMN CONCLAVE
DURING the month following Alexander's researches into history, no further progress was

made in solving the mystery that absorbed the Antiquarian Club. The Christmas holidays came and went, and the severer winter weather held the city in such a grip that often, for days on a stretch, Margaret could not be wheeled out in her chair. Under the combined strain of confinement to the house and lack of any further stimulating excitement, she grew very restless and just a wee bit unhappy. The girls and Alexander were very busy with their midwinter examinations, and could not give much time to other interests, even such absorbing ones as the long-ago Alison and her fate.

But, with the beginning of February, matters improved. The weather moderated, to begin with, the sun shone daily, and Margaret could again enjoy her outing of an hour in the sunny part of each early afternoon. The others also, released from the grind of much study and "cramming for exams," had leisure at last to give to the club-meetings, which they now held regularly three times a week. Alexander was not always with them, for the claims of hockey and skating and coasting often proved too much for his boyish soul to resist. But, for the most part, he managed to be on hand at least once a week, for his interest in the mystery was still very great.

They grew into the habit of reporting, at these meetings, any even slight discoveries they had happened to make, in their reading or in any other manner, that had the slightest bearing on the subject. Thus, Corinne contributed the following, that she had gleaned in looking over a history of New York City: in referring to Abraham Mortier, some one had once remarked that the expression "Laugh and grow fat!" did not apply to him, since, although he was very jolly, he was so thin that the wind could blow him away!

"That 's interesting, but of course it does n't help *us* much!" Corinne added apologetically. "But I thought anything about the Mortiers would be well to know. I 'll warrant Madame Mortier was just the opposite—very fat and solemn!"

Alexander contributed the information that Thomas Hickey was hung at a spot about where the corner of Grand Street and the Bowery is now. And so deep was his interest in this gruesome affair that he even made an excursion across the city one afternoon to visit the site!

Margaret found a description of Richmond Hill, written by Mrs. John Adams during her residence there, in which she described at much length the beauty and attractiveness of the spot. Only the twins, who read but little, made no addi-

tions to the stock of information. This they apologized for by saying that they were no hand at such things, and about everything had been discovered already, anyhow!

Then Corinne invented another form of entertainment. This was that each member of the Antiquarian Club should, after due thought and consideration, invent an explanation of his or her own for the curious break in Alison's journal and her probable fate. The game proved an exceedingly diverting one, and every member took a separate meeting and expounded the particular solution that appealed to his or her imagination.

Corinne herself wove a romantic tale about Alison's having been captured that very night by the steward and Corbie while she was writing, how they carried her off, journal and all, and later fought over her book and tore it in two; how Alison was rescued by the mysterious "H." just in the nick of time, and was taken away to Bermuda to marry him and live happily ever after! But the mystery of the two halves of the journal and their strange hiding-places and the whereabouts of the sapphire signet she admitted she could n't explain and did n't try to!

Alexander invented a lurid tale of Thomas Hickey discovering Alison in the act of writing her journal, tearing it in two in snatching it from her, and retaining the latter half. Phœbe then helped Alison to escape with her trunk and the other half and embark on some vessel that was later overhauled by pirates and scuttled, and Alison was made to "walk the plank"! This horrible ending so affected Margaret that she cried herself almost sick over it. And Alexander thereat was so conscience-stricken that he determined henceforth to keep his inventive powers under better control.

Margaret herself advanced the theory that, for some reason, Alison and Phoebe suddenly determined to tear the journal in two and each keep half of it as evidence in case anything should go amiss. That Phoebe hid her half in the beam, and Alison put hers in the trunk. Then they went and denounced the plot to Washington, and he was so grateful that he sent Alison right home to Bermuda, where she lived happily, having taken the signet with her, and giving away the trunk to some relative and forgetting all about the journal in the bottom. It was the relative who was shipwrecked and abandoned the trunk!

Again the twins, who had no gift of imagination, refused to offer any solution, though they were highly interested in the tales of the others. They both declared that they could think of absolutely no explanation, so what was the use of their trying? And on these grounds the others

excused them. So the month passed, and then one day Margaret announced that she herself had made a discovery, and proceeded to tell of it.

"It all came about through Sarah wanting to wheel me over through Macdougall Street to-day and down Spring Street, because she had an important errand there. You know we *never* go through Macdougall Street, because it 's so narrow and not nearly as nice and clean and sunny as our own and Varick Street. I actually don't think I 've been over that way for three or four years! Well, just as we were passing a house between this block and Van Dam, I looked up at it, and what do you think I saw?—the brass sign near the front door—"Richmond Hill House!" I could n't imagine for a moment what it meant. But I asked Sarah if she knew what the place was, and she said it was a settlement-house, with a day-nursery and clubs for the children and things like that in it.

"I asked why it was called that name, and she said she did n't know—thought it was a silly one and did n't mean anything. But I knew—though I did n't say so! Somebody who knows about history has called it that because it stands almost on the grounds where Richmond Hill used to be. But oh, girls! think how much trouble and wondering and hunting it would have saved us, if we 'd only known about that house at first! It would have suggested the thing to us right away!"

"Huh!" remarked Alexander, disgustedly. "I knew about that old joint right along—ever since I lived here! I could have told you a thing or two, if you 'd only consulted yours truly sooner!"

"Well, never mind!" said Corinne, soothingly. "Maybe we *did* get at things in a roundabout, clumsy fashion; but we got there, just the same, and we had a good time doing it, too! But now I 've something brand-new to say, and I want you all to listen very attentively. This is a matter that needs a lot of careful consideration. We 've about come to the end of our rope, as far as making any further progress with this mystery is concerned. We 've been having a lot of fun

and entertainment out of it, of course, with these stories of our own, and all that sort of thing. But we 're not 'getting any forrarder,' as Dickens says; and do you know, I 'm beginning to think that perhaps we 're not doing just right in keeping this all to ourselves!"



"I LOOKED UP AT IT, AND WHAT DO YOU THINK I SAW?"

Here Margaret started and gave her a reproachful look. Corinne put an arm over the invalid girl's shoulder and continued:

"Honey dear, I know you think I 'm playing the traitor, and trying to spoil our delightful secret society, but I 'm really not; and if you 'll hear me to the end, I believe you 'll feel the same as I do. I 've been doing a lot of hard thinking about this matter lately. Perhaps you have n't realized it, but I am certain that this old journal

we've found is really a very valuable thing—not only valuable in the way of money (for many people would pay a great deal for a genuine old document like this), but also in the way of historical information. We're keeping to ourselves something that might really throw light on the past history of our city.

"Now, of course, I'm not *certain* about this, but I'd like to have the opinion of some grown person who really knows. And I've thought of a plan by which we could do this, and at the same time keep our secret society *almost* the same as it is now. It's this: I would like you all—and especially Margaret—to consent to my telling my father all about this, and, if he is willing (and I'm certain he will be), we can let him become a member of our Antiquarian Club. In that way, you see, we won't be breaking up our society—we will just be adding another member!"

"But he's a *grown* person!" objected Margaret, trying hard to keep the tears from rising. "And he would n't care a *bit* about a thing like this! And we'd feel so strange and—and awkward to have an older person in it!"

"Oh, but you don't *know* my father!" laughed Corinne. "To be sure, he's a *grown* person, but I never met any one who was more like a *boy* in his manner and interests and sympathies! Why, he's actually more *boyish* than lots of the young fellows in high school. He is deeply interested in young folks and their affairs; and if he were n't such an awfully busy man, he'd spend most of his time being with them. He and I are *such* chums! You ought to see us together when he's away on a vacation! He romps around with me as though he were only sixteen, and everything that interests me just absorbs him too. I believe you've thought, because I said he loved books and history and *old* things, that he's a regular old fogey that goes around stoop-shouldered and spectacled! He is n't a bit like that!"

"I got you, Steve!" ejaculated Alexander. "He must be *some* good sport! I vote we ring him in on this!"

Margaret, however, still looked only half convinced.

"But, if he's so busy," she ventured, "I don't see how he's ever going to find time to attend these meetings—even if he wanted to!"

"Of course," Corinne responded, "it would be impossible for him to get to our meetings, as a rule, but I know that he would be glad to hear all about them from me, and sometimes, on holidays, he'd be delighted to just get together with us all. And, what's more, I know he'd always have some interesting thing that he'd propose doing—something probably that we've never thought of!"

Margaret had, by this time, almost completely melted, but she had one further objection to offer:

"But, Corinne, he does n't *know* us—not a thing about us, and he'd feel awfully strange and queer too, getting acquainted with a lot of brand-new young folks he's never even heard of before!"

And again Corinne had her answer, even for this.

"Wrong again, Honey!" she laughed. "Talk about his not *knowing* anything about you! Well, do you suppose for one wild minute that I've never told him about these loveliest friends I ever had! Why, every evening he and I talk for at least a couple of hours about every blessed thing that interests us. I've given him your whole history, described you all in every detail, told him how much I come here, and that we have an important secret society. The only thing I *have* n't told him is the secret! But I've done something else that I hope you won't mind—I've let him know that I was very anxious to have him admitted as a member, and that the secret was something he'd probably find *very* interesting. And, do you know, he's just crazy to be allowed in it, and is only waiting for the time when I'll come home some day bringing him the high permission of its dear president!"

Then, at last, did Margaret capitulate. How, indeed, could she hold out after having been presented with such an alluring picture of the latest member-to-be! Truth to tell, the desire was awakened in her heart to meet this delightful father, who was so young in spirit that his daughter considered him a "chum"! She gave her full consent that he was to be told everything that night, and Corinne departed in high feather. When she had gone, Margaret turned to the rest.

"It must be lovely," she sighed, "to have a father like that!"

(To be continued.)



THE CYCLONE

BY FREDERICK BOOTH

As a lad I used to think that a cyclone of any considerable size was unknown east of the Mississippi; but when I was about fourteen years old, one of them swept across our farm in central Indiana. I shall never forget the experience, for, aside from the fact that it nearly cost me my life, the passing of the great whirlwind was a terribly impressive event.

Our farm-house was of the good old-fashioned "pinned frame" kind, built of the stoutest oak timbers. In front of the house was a thick growth of tall cedars, rare trees in that part of the country and at one time considered very desirable decorations for a lawn. These evergreens had become an eyesore to my father, and he had talked of cutting them down, but their presence was a very fortunate circumstance during the morning of the "big wind." The big "bank barn," also of pinned timbers, was set upon an unprotected hill perhaps a hundred yards from the house. One side of this hill had been cut away, leaving under the east side of the barn an open basement walled with stones, a shelter for cattle.

That morning Dan Rivers, the hired hand, and I were busy digging a drain from the stable. My parents had gone to the city for the day.

It was in late June, when the lush corn was fairly beginning to hide the brown earth beneath it, and the green wheat was just in good head. The morning was unusually hot and sultry; not a breath of air stirred, and the sky was absolutely cloudless, of a deep and almost tropical blue. The woods and fields of the country-side seemed strangely quiet and deserted. The pigs had come panting in from the field, and were nuzzling close up around the dripping stock-tank. Some men below the hill across the road were busy putting up a hay-shed, and in the oppressive air their voices sounded strangely clear and distinct. The cattle of the pastures had moved into the shade of every available tree; and those by the orchard fence, instead of standing quietly and chewing their cud, took turns at butting each other viciously, or tossing their heads wildly in the air. There were no passers on the dusty road. The whole landscape seemed to be holding its breath and waiting for something.

At short intervals Dan would straighten up from his work, wipe his burning face with his bandana handkerchief, peer into the west—and mutter, "When she comes, she 'll come a-whoopin'." I did not then understand what he meant.

A little before ten o'clock in the morning a breath of wind sprang up, set the timothy in the meadow waving, and turned the blades of the corn upside down. Almost immediately it died again and left the atmosphere closer and more sultry than before. Then in the west, just above the horizon, there appeared a thin line of haze, which rapidly broadened into a great belt of saffron-colored cloud that came racing across the sky, its farther edge lost to sight below the rim of the earth. This swift-moving bank of vapor was in strange contrast to the dead calm about us. The chickens scuttled into the coop; the two horses in the stable, apparently sensing some evil portent in the oppressive calm, began to snort and strain at their halters; and the cattle, as though taking fright at the uncommon spectacle in the sky, fled wildly across the pasture with their tails in the air, although there was as yet no sound from the approaching storm.

As the cloud broadened, large patches parted from the nearer edge and came racing ahead of the main body in scattered flets, twisting and turning in a high wind that had not yet reached the earth. From these patches of cloud, as they began to pass over our heads, there fell a few big drops of rain. Dan was gathering up the tools and watching the cloud at the same time. "I told ye she 'd come a-whoopin'," he said.

The rural mail-route man came driving into the yard, looking back at the cloud with a half-anxious expression on his face, and asked if he might have shelter until the rain passed over. He and the hired hand went at once into the barn, taking the horse and buggy into the wagon-way with them. Just then a jarring clap of thunder shook the earth. I hesitated between the house and barn; but the thought of the fragrant mow enticed me, and I followed the two men.

A little moaning noise was coming out of the west, close to the earth; now it would die away, now it would rise to a quivering whine. The grass seemed to shiver under this uneasy sound. I looked overhead. The edge of the great cloud was upon us.

As I climbed up the ladder into the mow, the last glimpse I had of the two men showed me the mail-carrier lighting a cigar, while Dan was standing by the stall and stroking the nose of old Ben, the great draft-horse, who was sniffing the air with a quivering nose.

The mow had been newly filled with clover

hay, and when I had got to the top of the heap on the west side, I was on a level with the dormer-window in the roof. I looked through this window to the west.

What I saw filled me with wonder and awe. The whole of the western heavens was filled with the turbid yellow cloud, but the base of this cloud, the edge near the horizon, had turned to an inkish purple. This forbidding color rapidly spread through the whole mass, as you have seen a white blotter, with one corner dipped in ink, turn black the most of its length. The whole western country was now plunged into that sort of luminous twilight that often comes with electric storms.

The wind began to come in heavy puffs that pushed roughly against the dormer casement and steadily increased in strength and duration. Evidently the sun in the east had not yet been entirely obscured by the rushing clouds; for perhaps two miles to the west the trees standing on a height of land were now and then plainly visible in a lurid sort of light, and I could plainly see their great branches tossing to and fro in the agitated air, against their purple background.

The low moaning noise which crept over the face of the earth gradually increased in volume and intensity. There was a rising and falling cadence to this sound, of a mournful, foreboding quality. I likened it in my mind to the funereal singing of myriads of people at a great distance.

Occupied in listening to this weird music, I suddenly became aware that a remarkable change had come over the most distant part of the cloud. It was no longer a black wall shutting out the sky; but, the whole mass suddenly lifting, it had disclosed itself to be a cone of gigantic proportions, crudely irregular in outline, the outer rim of which overshadowed the whole country, and the apex of which appeared to be just touching the rim of the earth. This black and balloon-shaped prodigy was approaching, by an irregular path, at appalling speed.

The twilight which I have described as luminous before, now turned to a leaden gloom. The trees on the height of land were no longer visible. A swirling mass of vapor blotted out the farther landscape, and it began to rain in torrents.

There was something in the rising moan of the wind, in the tempestuously driving rain, that filled me with uneasiness. The haymow was in semidarkness. The rain now began to shoot through the cracks around the window in such sheets that I left my position, and, creeping over the hay, sat down by the little window in the south gable of the barn.

In the short time I had taken to traverse the

distance the wind had risen to a scream, the like of which I had never heard before. The barn began to rock from side to side. I looked out through the gable-window. What seemed to be a torrent of yellow water was rushing by which my eye could not penetrate, except to the shortest distance. It was as if the barn had been sunk in a swift river. Now and then some object would shoot by, a mere streak of black.

Through the scream of the wind and the thunder of the falling rain I could faintly hear, now and then, from this direction or that, a faint, distant thud, like the sound of some heavy object striking the ground.

Then it began to hail, and the rattle of the stones against the roof sounded like the rapid firing of guns. I strained my ears to catch a sound from the men below, but could hear nothing. I began to be uneasy, for I had never seen or heard anything like this before. Then all the panes of the dormer-window came in with a crash, and the hailstones, flying almost horizontally across the mow, broke like glass against the opposite side of the roof.

Now the barn, instead of rocking from side to side, began to quiver with short and intense vibrations. The voice of the wind deepened to a hoarse, slatting bellow. I imagined that the barn was beginning to twist about, as though in the torsion of some great hand. I heard a faint shout below me and started to my feet, bewildered and panic-stricken by the wild din. At the same instant the building shuddered all over. There was a loud report as though a piece of timber had cracked in two. Then the barn leaped right into the air and flew to pieces as though it had been blown up by dynamite. I remember how the hay whirled and heaved under my feet. There was a crash of breaking timbers. I saw the roof split wide open and fly from over my head. And then I was lifted and hurled through the air in the midst of flying hay and wreckage—and I knew no more.

It must have been but a few minutes later when I opened my eyes. The howl of the wind had ceased. Perhaps it was this contrast of stillness that brought me back to consciousness. I was in absolute darkness, and, when I attempted to free myself, found that I was wound about with the hay as though with a blanket; only my head and my left arm were free. Bruised and sore, I attempted to loose myself. I was held as in a vise.

I now began to feel about with my free arm. The open space about my head was perhaps three feet wide. I could not tell how far it extended behind me. When I put my hand above my face, it came in contact with one of the sills of the



"THERE WAS A CRASH OF BREAKING TIMBERS."

mow, which undoubtedly had been torn loose from the rest of the frame, for it passed above me at a sharp slant. When the barn went to pieces, the hay probably had rolled over like a doubled mattress, catching me between the two halves, and it was this piece of timber that had prevented the tons of hay, piled atop of it, from covering me up and smothering me instantly.

Finding my efforts to free myself useless, I lay still and listened for some sound from the outside world. At first I thought I could hear the twittering of a bird, then all was silent. I began to think of what had befallen me. It was like the end of the world. No doubt the hired hand and the mail-carrier had been killed by falling timbers; and as for my own position, it was cheerless in the extreme. There seemed little hope of my escape. The air in the hole, moreover, was thick with dust from the hay; and unless there was some seepage from the outside, it was only a question of time until I should suffocate. There was already a roaring in my head.

I was diverted from these unhappy thoughts by some muffled sound over my head. Evidently some one was walking about over the wreck of the barn. Then I heard a faint commotion of voices; some one was shouting. Perhaps they were calling to me. I shouted in reply, but my voice, shut up in that narrow hole, seemed to die away in my very face. I listened again for the cheering sound from above, but all had grown silent again, and I lay and waited for whatever would turn up.

At last that muffled, jarring sound began again, but this time, to my surprise, it was almost directly under me. Some one was moving heavy objects about; now I heard the blows of an ax, and the two men talking back and forth to each other. I guessed that they must be down in the basement of the barn; that the whole western part of the building had been thrown so far east that now I lay directly over the big open cellar. I afterward found that I was correct in this.

The chopping of timbers presently was suc-

ceeded by a dull *chug—chug—chug—chug*, accompanied by a slight disturbance of the hay beneath me. It gradually became apparent that this chugging, grating noise was describing some sort of circle about my position. It became more and more distinct; they were striking short, heavy blows with some blunt instrument that made a dull, ripping sound, and I knew what that meant. They were cutting the hay from beneath me with a straw-knife.

A startling phenomenon drew my attention from the activities of the hired man. The mass of hay, and whatever wreckage lay atop of it, was moving! There was a grinding, jarring sound, and, when I put my hand up to the sill, at once my benefactor and my possible destroyer, I perceived that it was slowly settling upon me. The hay that it had been withholding was slowly forcing it into my face. It came with a little jerky movement, as if the upper end had been resting upon some sloping support that could no longer hold it secure.

I put both hands against the rough wood and pushed with all my might; but I had as well pushed against the wind. It came slowly but steadily; and though I hoped that it would stop, I knew in my heart that it would not. There is something terrible in the "feel" of an object moving with irresistible power, especially when that movement means destruction. A faintness came into my limbs; my arms had no strength; I was helpless. The hay that had been held back was closing in upon me. I could hardly breathe. Now my hands, pressed against the sill, were in turn pressed against my face; my head was being crushed into the hay. I cried aloud in terror, half suffocated with the dust.

At that moment, when I thought I was lost, the hay broke from beneath me, some one seized my arms, and I was jerked violently to the ground.

Half dazed and blinded by the dust, I found myself lying on some hay in the basement. The mail-carrier and Dan were bending over me, grinning. The mail-carrier's face was smeared with blood, and Dan limped with every step he took. I could see above me the hole they had cut and jerked me through; the sill was resting squarely across it. The lower end of it came out through the hay and rested upon the ground. I saw at once why they had gone to the cellar to dig me out, for, besides the hay that had been piled above me, there was on top of that a great heap of broken timbers and almost one whole side of the barn, which it would have taken hours to remove.

When I asked Dan how he had known where to dig for me, he smiled and showed me that he had merely made a hole in the only place possible. Broken beams and other wreckage were in the way everywhere else. It seemed providential that I happened to be over that spot.

WHEN I had recovered somewhat from the excitement and strain of my adventure, and had found that I was unhurt save for a few bruises, we began to look about us to see what damage had been done. The farm had suffered fearfully. All three of the horses in the barn had been killed, as the mail-carrier put it, "too dead to skin." The silo, built of stout oak sticks and lined with heavy pine, had tumbled over and over, and lay crushed flat. The steel windmill was twisted into a knot. All of the outbuildings were blown down, and one little cow-shed had entirely disappeared. Only the house remained, sheltered as it was by the cedar-trees, and one of these had been carried clear over the house.

A terrible swath had been cut in the landscape, as far as we could see to the east or west. All was a picture of devastation: buildings blown down, fences demolished, live stock astray. One fine grove of oak and hickory on the farm just east of ours was literally twisted into splinters. The young corn was cut to ribbons by the hail, and all the wheat was knocked out of the head.

It was hard not to imagine that all this was a result of hours of driving wind and hail; as a matter of fact the worst part of the cyclone had been a little less than three minutes in passing. In that brief time an immense amount of hail must have fallen, for the bark of the trees was scarred and broken by it, and pieces of the leaves were plastered to the trunks; and when, a half hour after I escaped from the barn, I went across the creek to drive the cattle back, I found, in a bend of the stream, a heap of hailstones two feet deep.

WHEN my father and mother returned from the city that evening, and saw the ruin, and heard all the story, my father only put his hand upon my shoulder and looked at me with his keen eyes, and said simply, "So you are all safe and sound, eh—not a scratch?" And my mother could only supplement his question with a close and tearful examination of my person for any possible breaks or bruises, with a big bottle of liniment in her hand. As for their misfortune and great money loss, when they had satisfied themselves that I was unhurt, they said not one word of that, either then or in after years.



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"HOME AGAIN!" PAINTED BY ARTHUR J. ELSLEY.



Power-house No. 2.

Power-house No. 1.

THE STORAGE LAKE, FED BY MOUNTAIN SNOWS, WHICH FURNISHES THE WATER-POWER TO CREATE THE MIGHTY ELECTRIC CURRENT. SHOWING THE TWO POWER-PLANTS AND THE TRANSMISSION LINES LEADING FROM THEM.

ON THE BATTLE-FRONT OF ENGINEERING

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Managing Editor of "Scientific American," and author of "With Men Who Do Things"

CHAPTER V

LIGHT AND HEAT FROM SNOW

JACK stepped off the train at El Prado, and took a casual survey of his surroundings. It was here that the San Joaquin & Eastern left the main line and squirmed up into the very heart of the Sierras.

Suddenly Jack gave a gasp and darted up the platform.

"Perry!" he shouted, as he dashed through the crowd of men. "Perry!"

"Well, of all the good luck, Jack!" cried Perry, grasping his friend's hand. "Did you drop from the sky?"

Jack was so overwhelmed that he could hardly contain himself. "I have been looking for you for a whole year!" he explained.

"Have you, Jack? Well, I have been trying my best to find you, but all the letters I sent to Thunder River were returned to me. I even went

there myself to find you, but Farmer Billups said you had run away, and threatened all sorts of things if he ever found you again. What did you do it for, anyway?"

Then Jack recounted the history of his travels.

"And now I am on my way to Big Creek to get a job," he concluded. "Are you working up there?"

"No, I am just here on a visit. I have got to get back to Copper Center, Utah, by the end of the week. We have a wonderful piece of work there."

"'We?' Who 's 'we'?"

"Mr. Barto and I, and you, too, Jack; you will have to come along with me."

"I 'd surely like to," declared Jack, "but you see, I have n't been able to lay aside much capital, and I 've got to earn my way. As a matter of fact, Jim Doyle loaned me the money to get to Big Creek; I 've got to pay it back just as soon as possible, and see if I can't find him a job, too."

"You don't mean to tell me you would try to get a job for that fellow!" ejaculated Perry.

"You don't know the man, Perry!" cried Jack. "The most wonderful change has come over him."

"It must be wonderful," declared Perry, "to have made anything of him."

"Yes it is, for he keeps sober now. He had an experience down in Brazil last summer that made a new man of him." Jack went on to tell about the affair on the Rio Pinto.

"Well, if he really has reformed, he'll make a wonderful worker. Mr. Barto has often told me what a handy, all-around man he is. But, say," he broke off, "that must be our train," pointing to a freight-train with a couple of passenger-cars hitched on behind. "I think we had better jump on. Mr. Teal, a friend of Father's, is up at Big Creek, and is going to show me around. You come along with me.

"Oh, bother the clothes!" interrupted Perry, as Jack began to apologize about his appearance.

"It is n't the outside, but the inside of a fellow that counts, and I am sure that is the way Mr. Teal will look at it, or my father would never have had anything to do with him. Now remember, you are my chum, and you are going along to Copper Center with me. We can fix it up with Jim Doyle. There is no reason why you cannot transfer your indebtedness to me." And, without giving Jack a chance to remonstrate, Perry changed the subject abruptly, and proceeded to talk about the gorgeous scenery that unfolded before them as the train started its winding course up the mountains.

"It's a wonderful job, this! Mr. Barto was up here to see it last month, and he said I must surely see it myself. Why, do you know, this railroad was built just to reach the spot. It is fifty-six miles long, and how much time do you suppose it took to build it?"

"About a year," ventured Jack.

"No; only one hundred and fifty-seven days!" declared Perry, triumphantly. "That's less than three days to the mile, and you can see this is n't like track-laying in the prairies. They are pushing all the work at the same top speed."

"Why are they hurrying so?" inquired Jack.

"Well, I guess it is just the hustle of the West. They are doing big things in a big way, and I suppose—"

"The real reason," interrupted a voice behind them, "is that we want to save all the 'white coal' we can."

The boys faced about, to see a man leaning over the back of the seat.

"I hope you don't mind my entering into the conversation," he went on. "If I am not much mistaken, this is Perry Carpenter, is n't it?"

"Why, yes," stammered Perry, in surprise.

"I have n't seen you since you were a small boy; but you have n't changed so very much. Now, I am Mr. Teal, your father's friend."

"Oh, Mr. Teal, I'm mighty glad to see you. This is my old chum Jack. I've just run across him and hauled him along with me."

"That's right, Perry," Mr. Teal assured him very heartily. "There's plenty of room for one more in my shack."

"It's awfully good of you," said Jack. "I was



THE TRANSMISSION LINES THAT CARRY THE CURRENT OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

really hunting up a job, but Perry insists on taking me with him to Copper Center."

"What was that you were saying about 'white coal'?" interrupted Perry.

"Oh, you know what we mean by white coal, don't you? It's water; that's what we call it here. In the East, electricity is made from coal; here it is made from water."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, in most of the eastern plants the electric generators are driven by steam-engines,

and the steam is made by burning coal in the boilers, so it is really the heat energy in the coal that makes the electric energy in the generator. Here we use the energy of falling water to drive the generators, so the water takes the place of coal. That 's why we call it white coal."

"It seems funny to get electric light and heat from water, now, does n't it?" said Perry.

"Yes; and funnier still to get electric power and heat from snow."

"Snow! What do you mean by that?"

"Yes, snow. Where do you suppose Big Creek gets its water from? It is the most wonderful water-trap that Nature ever devised. The west winds, heavily laden with moisture from the Pacific Ocean, strike the lofty Kaiser Mountains, eleven thousand feet high, and condense—just as steam does on a cold window. The water drops as rain or snow. All winter long the snow gathers on the mountains, and then, when the warm spring rains come, it melts and swells Big Creek into a torrent. It is that big spring flood that we wanted to catch. That is why we were in such a hurry to finish the dams before spring. There is a natural basin up in the mountains, and, by building three dams, we made a reservoir four and a half miles long. Fortunately, they were finished in time, and the thousands of tons of white coal that the mountains were storing all last winter have been trapped in our reservoir. If we had n't completed it in time, we should have been obliged to wait twelve months longer before starting up our electric plants. We expect to be delivering electricity in Los Angeles before the end of the year."

"Mighty quick work!" commented Perry.

"You will realize that better," declared Mr. Teal, "when you see what we have done. Why, do you know, at first it was planned to haul the materials and supplies from El Prado by team. Then I figured out what that would mean, and—would you believe it?—if we had a steady stream of ten-horse teams leaving El Prado every five minutes, it would take seven years to haul the stuff up to our plant. Naturally, we just *had* to build a railroad."

It was plain to see that Mr. Teal was proud of Big Creek, and he told the boys so many wonderful things about it that Jack, at least, expected he would see nothing less than a mighty Niagara pouring down the mountain side.

"See, we are just rounding the bend into Big Creek Cañon!" exclaimed Mr. Teal. "There is Big Creek now!"

"Where?" cried both of the boys.

"Why, down there," said Mr. Teal.

"I don't see anything," protested Jack.

"Why, that stream down at the bottom of the cañon."

"What, that little brook!" sniffed Jack. "It does n't hold a candle to Thunder River."

"You must n't judge the power of a stream by its width or its depth either, but by its drop. Now there 's the Mississippi, biggest river in this country, one of the biggest in the world; but what good is it for power? They have built a dam across it at Keokuk,—mighty big dam, too, nearly a mile long,—but then the river drops only forty feet in twenty miles, so they can't get very much of a fall. They have to use enormous streams of water in mighty turbines fifteen feet in diameter, but all the power they are getting out of the plant is about one hundred and fifty thousand horse-power. Here we have a little stream with a drop of four thousand feet in six miles, and we are going to get eighty thousand horse-power out of it, with as much again when it is fully developed. You see, there is a big difference between a head of forty feet and one of four thousand. Why, the drop is so great it would be risky to use it all at once, even if we could conveniently do so. For that reason we are using it in two stages of two thousand feet each. The water comes out of the reservoir and drops two thousand feet to the first plant, then it drops two thousand feet to the next. And, do you know what two thousand feet means? If you took the three tallest buildings in the world—the Woolworth Building, the Metropolitan Tower, and the Singer Tower—and piled them one on top of the other, they would n't much more than reach from our first power-station to the level of the water in the reservoir."

"Jack has n't been to New York, Mr. Teal," interposed Perry. "He does n't know anything about real sky-scrapers."

"Is that so? Well then, I suppose he is more astonished to learn that there *are* three buildings that would pile up over two thousand feet in the air."

"They must be pretty big," said Jack. "But you are telling me so many wonderful things that it will be hard to astonish me at all."

"Nevertheless, you will find two thousand feet is a big drop. I don't believe you have any idea what it means to drop water as far as that. There will be four streams, each spouting a jet six inches in diameter. That is not much when compared to the big flow through the Mississippi turbines, but those six-inch streams will be running at the rate of three hundred feet per second!"

"Is that so?" said Jack, in such a matter-of-fact tone that Mr. Teal was visibly disappointed.

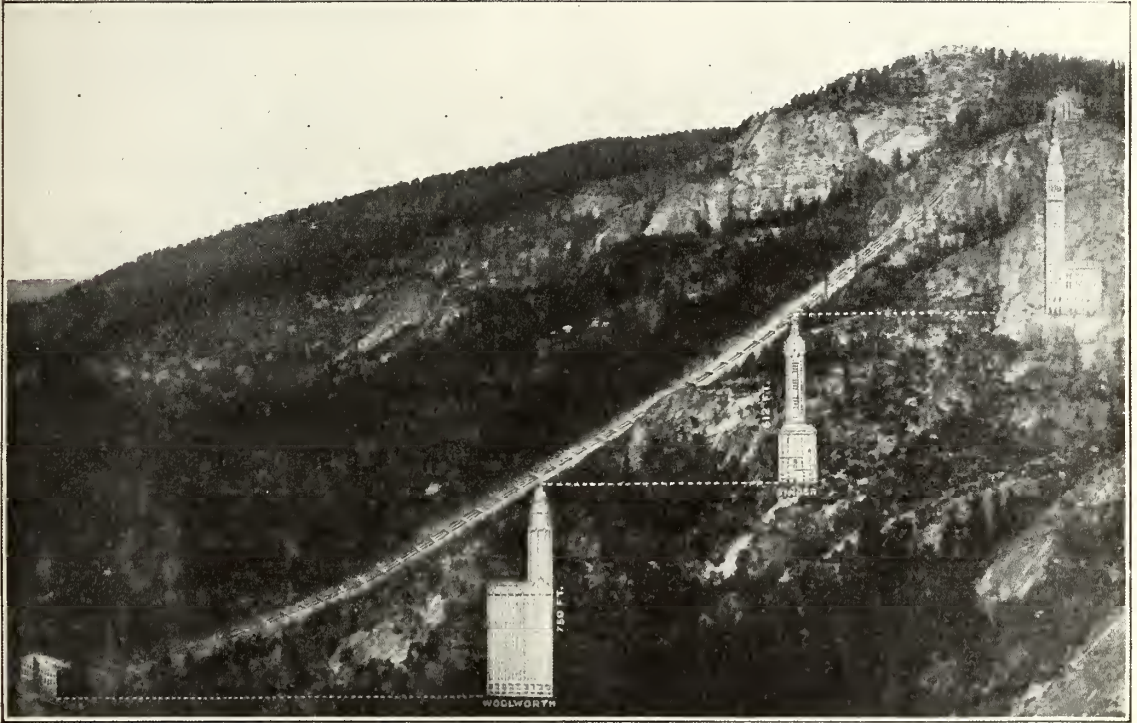
"Pshaw! you don't know what that means, do

you? Well, a train that makes sixty miles an hour is traveling eighty-eight feet per second. These streams would be going—let me see—about four times as fast, would n't they? Say, two hundred and forty miles per hour. You never saw anything travel as fast as that."

Jack was really impressed this time, and

You see, these jets make up in speed for what they lack in volume. The Keokuk turbines make only fifty-seven turns per minute, while these fellows, nine feet in diameter, make three hundred and seventy-five.

"Here we are at Big Creek!" exclaimed Mr. Teal. "We'll keep on to camp number two. That



Courtesy of "Scientific American."

THE HEAD OF WATER AT THE FIRST POWER-PLANT EQUALS THE COMBINED HEIGHT OF THE WOOLWORTH, SINGER, AND METROPOLITAN TOWERS.

showed it. "I should think it would tear any wheel to pieces!" he remarked.

"So it would—any common paddle-wheel, but these are impulse-wheels, and they have buckets so formed that the part the water first strikes is almost parallel to the jet; it is like this (see Fig. 2). The jet strikes the outer edge first, and splits in two because the buckets are double; then the bucket curves so smoothly that the water turns right back on itself and drops, almost without any velocity left, after giving up most of its velocity to the wheel. Yes; a water-jet running at two hundred and forty miles per hour is a rather powerful stream. The wheel-pits are lined with steel to keep the water from tearing them out. There are two impulse-wheels to each generator, one on each side, and these two wheels, driven by two six-inch jets, produce as much power as one of those great big fifteen-foot turbines at Keokuk.

is as far as the passengers can go. From there the track turns up the mountain-side. It rises about two thousand feet in a little over a mile of length. This is camp number five."

"Have you as many camps as that?" questioned Perry.

"Why, yes; we have seven camps here without counting the camps along the transmission line that runs to Los Angeles. You don't realize how big this job is. It's eight miles long, and we are working hard all along the line. The long tunnel, for instance, is being attacked from ten different points."

"Tunnel? What do you need of a tunnel?"

"Why, we have two tunnels, one over four miles long. The water will flow from the reservoir through a tunnel three quarters of a mile long and twelve feet in diameter. Then it drops down about two thousand feet to power-house

number one in a pair of steel pipe-lines, which branch into four pipes just before they enter the power-plant, so as to serve four impulse-wheels. From the power-house the water will be discharged into the creek. There is a dam across the creek here that will back up the water into a

or "powder," as the men called it. Then they took their stand behind a wooden shelter with the firing-boss while the charge was set off. It was all very exciting, and almost like real war when the blast went off with a frightful bang and a powerful gust of wind, while a shower of

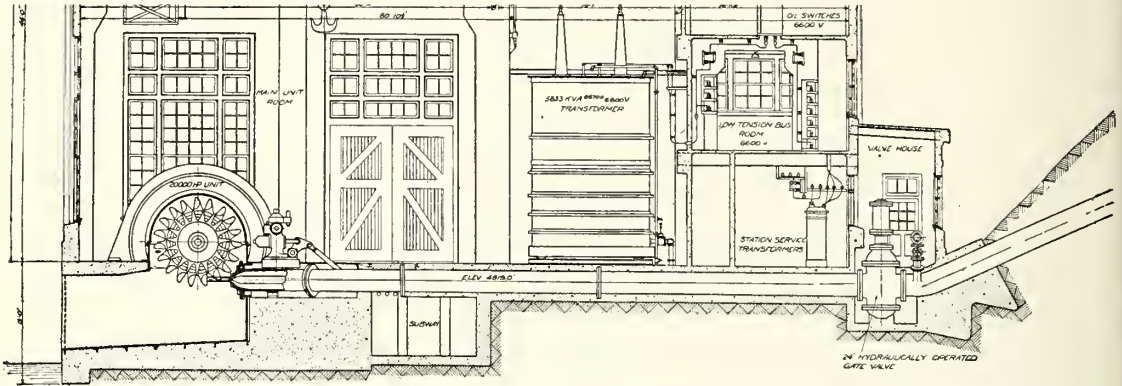


FIG. 1. SECTIONAL VIEW OF POWER-PLANT NO. 1, SHOWING A WATER-JET STRIKING AN IMPULSE-WHEEL.

second tunnel four miles long, at the end of which there is another pipe-line that runs steeply down the side of the mountain to power-house number two, nearly two thousand feet below."

It was growing late when the boys reached the end of their journey. By the time they had finished their supper, it was nearly dark, but work at Big Creek did not slacken. It was pressed day and night in order to make use of the valuable store of water that had been gathered in the reservoir far above them.

Jack and Perry caught their first view of the work by the glare of arc-lamps, which added a glamour to the situation and gave it a romantic appeal. Mr. Teal took the boys down into the

small stones was hurled down the tunnel, glancing perilously near them. Then the choking fumes drove them out and sent them to bed with headaches.

Two days the boys spent at Big Creek, going over the whole work, from the reservoir filled with white coal to the lower power-house, where the generators and impulse-wheels were being installed. What interested Jack most was the transmission line that was stretching out toward Los Angeles, two hundred and forty-one miles distant, and was well on its way there.

"Those lines will carry about one hundred and sixty thousand horse-power," Mr. Teal explained, "and the current will be sent over the wires with an electrical pressure of one hundred and fifty thousand volts."

"Why do you need such a high voltage?" asked Perry.

"Because the higher the voltage, the smaller the wire you need to use, and the cost of the wire amounts to something, I tell you. The lighter the wires, the farther apart the towers may be put, which is another important item; so in place of copper, the usual metal, we are using aluminum cable with a steel core to give it strength. There will be five million pounds of aluminum cable in the transmission line, and over three thousand steel towers. The wire is nine tenths of an inch in diameter. If we had used copper, it need not have been of so large a diameter, but it would have weighed more, and cost much more."

"What are those strings of knobs that the cables are fastened to?" Perry inquired.

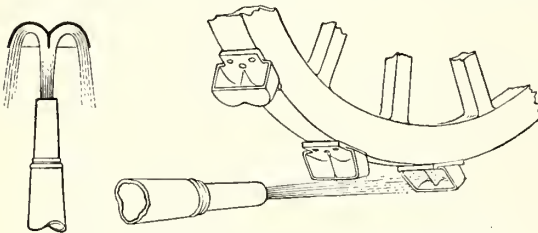


FIG. 2. HOW THE WATER-JET STRIKES THE TWIN BUCKETS OF THE IMPULSE-WHEEL.

long tunnel running from power-plant No. 1. Neither of them had ever seen any tunneling operations before, and despite the deafening roar of the drills as they pecked away at the tough granite, they found the work most fascinating, and insisted on staying until the holes had been bored, so as to watch the loading of the dynamite

"Why, those are the suspended-disk insulators. You know the old telegraph-poles have a little glass knob on a peg to insulate the wire from the pole. When wires were required to carry a higher voltage, the electricity had a way of creeping over the surface of the insulator, in rainy weather, and leaking through to the pole. Then insulators were made with a set of 'petticoats.' The electricity could leak along the moist, dust-covered surface of the petticoat, but it could not so readily make its way along the clean, dust-free under-surface leading from the bottom of one petticoat to the top of the next. As the voltage grew higher, the insulators became larger and larger and had to have more and more petticoats, until finally they became too cumbersome to be supported on pegs. So the next development was to turn the insulator upside down and hang it from the cross-arm. That led to the type of insulator we are using, which, as you see, is made up of nine large disks of insulating material linked together. A hundred and fifty thousand volts is an enormous electrical pressure, and will make its way over a large insulating surface. That is why we have to have so many disks to keep it from leaking and making its way through to the towers."

"I don't see," said Jack, "how you can handle electricity of such high voltage in the power-plant if you have to have such careful insulation along the transmission lines."

"You don't suppose for a minute," laughed Mr. Teal, "that the generators are going to turn out current at one hundred and fifty thousand volts! Of course we could not handle any such pressure in the plant, but the current that comes from the generators is under a pressure of only sixty-six hundred volts; then we put it through transformers that raise the pressure to one hundred and fifty thousand volts, merely to carry it over the long line to the substation at Los Angeles. There other transformers step down the pressure to seventy-two thousand and eighteen thousand volts before the current enters the plant and is distributed about the neighboring regions for light and power purposes."

"Two hundred and forty miles is a long way," mused Jack, as he gazed at the transmission line reaching out into the distance. "I guess I know more about distances than you do, Perry. I've done a pile of walking in the past year."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Teal, "it is the longest express line on record. It is wonderful, when you stop and think about it. Here we take the power of a lonely mountain-stream and turn it into a mysterious, invisible, noiseless energy, and send it over cold, silent, motionless wires; over moun-

tains, across valleys, through forests and desert wastes to a distant city, there to turn night into day, to drive trolley-cars and powerful machinery, to cook food, and to provide a thousand and one comforts in the home."

CHAPTER VI

FEEDING A RIVER WITH PUMPS

"WAS N'T it wonderful?" remarked Jack, when the boys were on their way out of Big Creek Cañon.

"Yes," admitted Perry. "I'm afraid you won't be much impressed by the job *we* are on, and yet it is one of the queerest engineering stunts you ever heard of."

"Say, you have n't told me anything about that! I've been seeing so much here that I forgot there was anything else worth talking about. What's queer about your job?"

"Well, it's like this," explained Perry. "We are building a pumping-plant to pump water out of a lake. That water goes through a power-plant that makes electricity, and the electricity drives our pumps."

"Hold on, now!" cried Jack. "That sounds like perpetual motion."

Perry grinned. "Yes, that is what they all say when they first hear about it. I thought it was perpetual motion, myself."

"But," said Jack, somewhat perplexed, "you said that you pumped the water to make the electricity to drive the pumps that pumped the water, did n't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is like running around in a circle. You don't get anywhere. I don't see how you start in. You have to have the electricity before you can work the pumps; and you have to have the water before you can get the electricity; and you have to work the pumps before you can get the water. If that is what you are trying to do, it can't be done; and even if it could be done, what's the use of it all?"

Perry burst out laughing. "Jack," he said, "that is almost exactly what I said to Mr. Barto."

"But is n't it true?"

"No; the thing will work, and it will make a whole lot of useful power. It's like this: Copper River, when it is high, overflows into a big lake. Oh, it is very much bigger than the reservoir at Big Creek. Why, it's twenty-five miles long and fully eight miles wide. So, you see, it will store an immense amount of water. Now when a dry spell comes on, they are going to swell the river by pumping the water out of this lake back into the stream, and to do this they

may have to raise the water as much as twenty feet. But about fifty miles away, at the Torrent power-plant, it drops over five hundred feet, so that it makes a great deal more power there than is needed to drive our pumps. After that, the water goes through two more power-plants, dropping, altogether, five or six hundred feet more before it reaches Great Salt Lake. So you see, by raising the water only twenty feet we get a drop of over a thousand. As a matter of fact, twenty feet is the most we'll have to raise the water. That will be near the end of the season, when the water in the lake will be very low. Ten feet will be nearer the average lift. But the drop at the three power-stations will be seven hundred and fifty feet altogether, so the water will do seventy-five times as much work for us as we do in lifting it into the river. Mr. Barto says that, even allowing for loss of power in the machinery, the water should give back forty horse-power in our transmission lines for each horse-power we take out of them to drive the pumps."

"But, I don't see," persisted Jack, "why you have to pump the water out. Why don't you dig a canal to some point farther down the river, so that the water can run out without pumping it?"

"You just wait and you will see why," answered Perry. And when the boys finally reached Copper Center, a couple of days later, and Jack sized up the situation with his own eyes, the reason was very clear. Right there Copper River was a sluggish stream and ran through a broad, flat plain for miles and miles without much, if any, drop. Copper Lake was about on a level with the river; in fact, the lower end of the lake was a great swamp six miles long and fully as many miles wide. A sand-bar separated the swamp from the main lake, and on this sand-bar the pumping-plant was to be built. A canal was being dredged through the swamp to the river, and a system of dykes was being built to divert the floods from the river past the sand-bar and into the main lake. The pumps could draw water out of the main lake until it was lowered twenty feet or more below the level of the swamp outside. To do this without pumps, it would have been necessary to dig a deep canal through the mud and swamp-land and carry it through the flat plain for a distance of thirty or forty miles before the river dropped low enough to receive it.

Mr. Barto himself came to the station in his automobile to meet the boys. He was as pleased as Perry had been to see Jack again, and he took pains to explain everything to him.

"I suppose those pumps will have to be pretty large, won't they?" asked Jack.

"Well, I should say so!" replied Mr. Barto.

"They will be the biggest centrifugal pumps in the world. There will be five of them, and they will pump a river of water. Each one of them will lift three hundred cubic feet per second, that is, fifteen hundred cubic feet altogether."

"Let me see," said Perry; "they said that Big Creek ran about 300 cubic feet per second on the average."

"Well," said Mr. Barto, "that means these pumps will deliver five times as much as Big Creek. You can see that they will be a material help to Copper River during dry seasons."

Mr. Barto's task at Copper Lake was to lay the foundation for the big pumps. He was building an enormous caisson. To be exact, it was one hundred and forty and a half feet long, by sixty-two feet wide, and it was a mass of timbers. As Jack remarked when he arrived, it looked more like a lumber-camp than a piece of foundation work. Fifty car-loads of timber were being put into the caisson, and it was all divided up into sections by the cross-bracing. Some of the sections were floored and walled off with planking to form big hoppers, which were filled with sand. There were four hundred tons of sand in these hoppers just to weight the caisson and force it down into the ground.

"Are you going to have one big working chamber under the whole caisson?" asked Jack.

"No; we won't have any working chambers. This caisson is going to be sunk without using compressed air," announced Mr. Barto.

"But how are you going to keep the water out?"

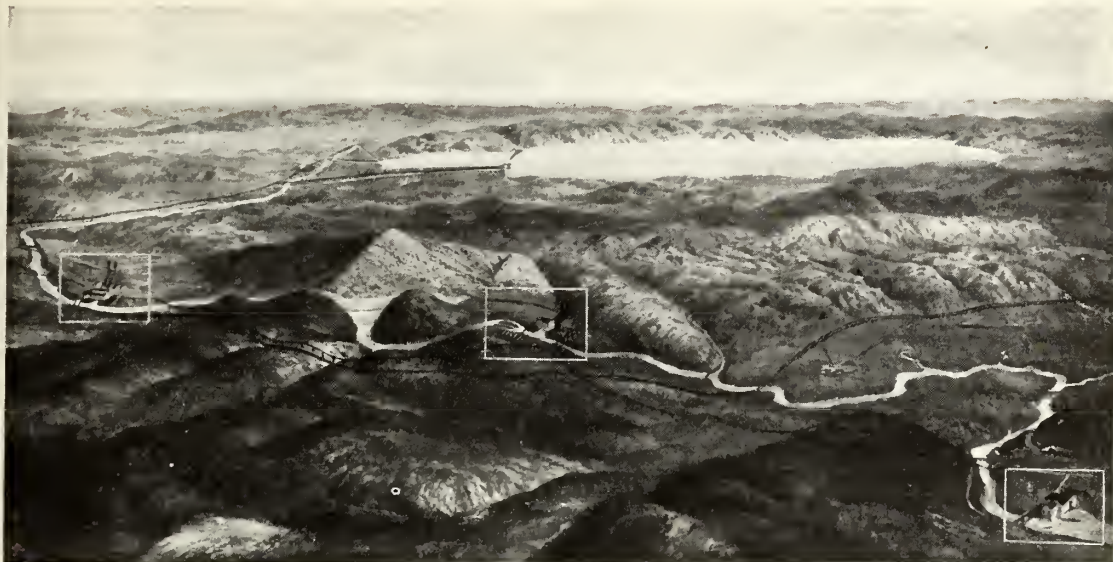
"We are *not* going to," replied Mr. Barto. "We don't care if it does flow in. In fact, we want the water in, and may actually have to pump it in."

"But, how can the men dig out the sand if the caisson is full of water?" questioned Jack.

"We are not going to use men, but machines. We are going to dredge out the sand with clam-shell buckets. It's going to be a hard job putting that caisson down evenly. If one end gets ahead of the other, it is going to put an awful strain on the caisson, and it may be hard to straighten the big box up again; and so we'll have to watch it carefully and keep it straight by dredging a little more out of this pocket, and then that, so as to keep the caisson from sluing off sideways."

"What did you mean by saying that we might have to pump water into the caisson?" asked Perry.

"Well now, that is pretty much of a trade secret," answered Mr. Barto, "but it is one you ought to know. The soil we are going through



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF COPPER LAKE AND THE THREE POWER-PLANTS (IN SQUARES) THAT IT FEEDS.

is very fine, and water does not flow through it as easily as it would through gravel or coarse sand for instance. Now, when we dredge out the mud from inside the caisson, a great deal of water will be taken out by the buckets with the mud, and, if the surrounding water does not flow in fast enough, there may be quite a difference of level between the water inside the caisson and the lake outside. That will put a heavy pressure on the caisson. The mud and fine sand may be pressed so tightly against the caisson walls that the caisson will stick and will not go down. Then the only thing to do is to pump water into it so as to relieve the pressure. We may even have to raise the water inside the caisson to a higher level than the lake, so that it will flow out under the cutting edges of the caisson and work up outside, freeing it from the mud that is holding it. Then there is another difficulty: the material is so fine that it is easily carried by flowing water. If the level inside is low, there may be an inward flow under the cutting edges that will bring in a lot of fine sand or mud. If this is n't watched carefully, a big cavity may be washed out under a corner of the caisson, and then suddenly the caisson might tip into it, and we 'd have a tremendous job trying to straighten it again. You see, we can do a lot of juggling by raising or lowering the water-level in the caisson; at the same time we must keep on the watch to prevent the caisson from playing tricks on us."

"What are you going to do when you strike rock?" asked Jack.

"Strike rock? Why, there is n't a rock within two hundred feet of where we want to go."

"But are n't you going to build the foundations on rock?"

"Oh, no; these are to be pile foundations," replied Mr. Barto. "After we get the caisson down forty or forty-five feet, where we want it, we 'll drive piles into the ground through the pockets. Fortunately, piles are to be had very cheap in this country. We are going to use seventy-foot piles, and drive them about forty-five feet into the ground. We 'll let them stick up out of water so that we can see just where they are when we lay our concrete around them. When the piles have been driven, we expect to cover the bottom with a layer of concrete about eight feet thick. Then we 'll pump out the caisson and plug up all the leaks. After that we shall proceed to build the walls of the pumping-plant inside the caisson and make the big pits for the pumps. It is a novel piece of work and the biggest caisson ever built. It does n't look like so much out here in the open, but if we had it in New York City, for instance, it would be big enough to choke lower Broadway and would be more than half a city block in length, while the top of it would reach above the third-story windows. But I forgot; you have n't seen New York, have you? Well, you will before long. As soon as they get this caisson all the way down, I have got to get back home and you are coming with me. I 'll show you the most wonderful engineering city in the world."

"What, me?" cried Jack, in astonishment.

(To be continued.)

WHENCE COMES THE SPRING?

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

"WHENCE comes the spring?" The Birds looked
wise.

"We brought it up from southern skies
Upon our April northern flight,"
Sang they, "to end the winter's night."

"Not so!" averred the Almanac.
"From wintry scenes I brought it back
To tell those very Birds 't was time
For them to seek this northern clime."

"Absurd," the Gardens sniffed. "'T is we
Who bring these days so full of glee
To fill our nooks and leafy bowers
With blushing buds and fragrant flowers."

"What foolish nonsense!" laughed the Rain.
"'T is I who brings the spring again

To fill the waking heart of earth
With laughter gay and songs of mirth."

"Tut!" quoth the Trees. "'T is plainly seen
'T is we who make the glad earth green—"
"Not you alone!" the Grass declared.
"That credit must with us be shared."

"Claim all you will!" the Breezes cried.
"But we brought spring on pinions wide;
An Easter gift from realms above
To fill the heart and soul with love!"

'T was then the SUN the clouds came through,
And smiled, because, you see, HE knew
Who brings the springtide every year
With all its wealth of gladsome cheer!

AN APRIL SHOWER



"SORRY, SIR, BUT THIS HOTEL IS FULL; NOTHING LEFT BUT THE ROOF. YOU SHOULD HAVE
ENGAGED ACCOMMODATIONS IN ADVANCE."



The Lad and Luck's House *Being the Fifth of the* *Wonder-Box Stories* by Will Bradley

HERE to-day, and there to-morrow. That is the way it is with some folks, for no sooner do they *rap, tap, tap* at the front gate of one town, than they must be tucking their toes in the dust on the road to the next.

Yes, that is the way it is with some folks; and some there are who must always be crimping and primping and fol-de-roling. Off they go, dancing and prancing, at this ball to-night and that ball to-morrow night, and then all day long they are sleepy and cross. But none of that for me. When night comes I like to toast my shins in a cozy corner by the fire, with the good wife a-knitting and the yellow yarn dancing over the amber needles. That 's the time the fairies come. I love to watch them skipping and romping in the blaze—blue ones, red ones, green ones, and sometimes, on the rarest occasions, there comes a little one of pure gold.

And in summer—my! but that is when the fairies have the good times! Out in the garden, in the honeysuckles and the corn-flowers, the delphiniums and the periwinkles, and most espe-

cially in the roses, how the fairies do skip and jump and play tag! And oh, they tell such wonderful stories and sing such wonderful songs! Sometimes the wrens and thrushes accompany them, and then there is the finest concert a body ever heard!

It takes sharp eyes to see a fairy; and when you do see one, you must never jump or make a loud noise or frown. That will scare the fairy away. Most of all, though, fairies love children, and I think it is only when old people keep a little bit of childhood in their hearts that fairies come to them. That is why I am going to try and never grow old; not old in my heart, anyway, because, you see, I want the fairies always to come to me, especially winter nights before the fire. I always have a flower or two standing around on the mantel or table to tempt them, because in all the world nothing makes a fairy as happy as do flowers.

Well, one winter afternoon, when all the family were off gadding, nothing would do but I must put on my big coat and heavy boots and

tramp through the snow to Neighbor Fairborn's. I grumbled and fussed as usual, for it is never easy to get me started, and in the end, of course, I was sorry; for when we came to Neighbor Fairborn's, there was a fine fire burning on the hearth, and some tea brewing, and a big comfortable chair with pillows. There, too, were Billy and Bobbs looking at wonderful pictures of ships, and trains of cars, and oceans, and bridges.

So I said, "Oho! This is just the place for



"THE UGLIEST OGRE IN ALL THE FOUR
QUARTERS OF THE WORLD."

me!" for I knew what was going to happen. No one else knew what was going to happen, and they kept up their jabber, jabber about all sorts of uninteresting things. But as for me, I just found a comfortable place among the cushions and pillows and kept very quiet. Pretty soon a big green flame went twisting up the chimney; then there was a big red one, and a blue one, and a purple one, and then one of golden yellow. But the yellow one was not a common, every-day flame. No, sir, the yellow flame was really a beautiful Fairy, all in a robe of golden gossamer and rich jewels. I wondered if Billy and Bobbs saw her. But just then some one said, "Hush! don't make a noise." That always distracts chil-

dren, so they missed her. I was sorry, too, for the Fairy was looking right at them, and with such a serious expression that I knew there were important matters on her mind.

Well, it was n't long before the Fairy was perched upon my shoulder and whispering in my ear; and as I listened, I was filled with such wonder that never a word did I hear of what was being said in the room, no, not one single word did I hear, save only what was whispered by the Fairy.

This is what the Fairy told me:

"The Marsh King has stolen Princess Bluebell and imprisoned her on the top of Glass Mountain."

"My! Oh my!" said I. Not out loud, because it is n't necessary to speak out loud when talking to the fairies. You just think "My! Oh my!" and the fairy hears it quite as distinctly as though it were really spoken.

"Yes," continued the Fairy. "Princess Bluebell is locked in the topmost tower of Glass Mountain, and the Marsh King has vowed and declared she shall never be free until she consents to marry Hook Nose."

"Hook Nose?" said I. "Why, that is the Marsh King's oldest son, and the ugliest Ogre in all the four quarters of the world! Never could the Marsh King be so cruel as to compel the lovely Princess Bluebell to marry the ugly Ogre Hook Nose!"

"Yes," said the Fairy, "it is really true. A great pity it is, too, for now her mother, the Queen of the Blue Mountains, weeps day long and night long in her palace, while the King of the Blue Mountains rides at the head of twenty thousand knights in gold and silver armor to make war on the King of the Marshes."

"Twenty thousand knights in gold and silver armor!" said I. "Why, that is a marvelously big army! Surely the Marsh King cannot array a host to compare with that. Already he must have been captured and the Princess Bluebell freed."

"So I thought, too," said the Fairy; "for there are few kings that could withstand the onslaught of twenty thousand knights in gold and silver armor, especially when led by the King of the Blue Mountains. But Will-o'-the-wisp, who has just come from the marshes, tells me the Marsh King sits on his throne in the heart of the great swamps and only laughs; for you see, when the heralds blow upon their bugles, and the knights fix their lances and ride forth to the charge, why, no sooner do they reach the low lands than the great bogs and quagmires swallow them up."

"Yes," I thought, "that must certainly be true,

for the marsh lands are dotted with green, shiny bogs and shallow, muddy pools where no horse and rider could possibly travel. But," said I, "were the brave knights really and truly swallowed up?"

"Yes, at first those in the front ranks were," said the Fairy; "but Will-o'-the-wisp tells me their companions quickly rescued them, so that not a single life was lost. Only, of course, their gold and silver armor was all spoiled; at least, it had to be sent back to the Blue Mountains to be cleaned."

The situation was indeed serious, and I knew the Marsh King would not leave a stone unturned to win his way against the King of the Blue Mountains. This is why:

Twenty years ago, Hans of Noodleburg found the Hoop of Gold and released the King of the Blue Mountains from a terrible enchantment. In all that while nothing had ever been heard of the wicked Witch who wrought the enchantment. It did n't take long for me to put one and one together and make two, and two and two together and make four. Then the whole story was as clear to me as crystal. Was n't the Marsh King a brother of the Witch? Was n't this just the sort of trick he would be apt to play in order to have revenge? Yes, there was no doubt; the Marsh King had imprisoned Princess Bluebell and would marry her to Hook Nose just to have revenge on the King and Queen of the Blue Mountains.

Well, all of this thinking and reasoning and remembering was just the same as talking out loud to the Fairy; she listened very patiently, and knew every word that passed through my mind. No doubt she thought me very dull, and that I was losing precious moments. One can never tell what a fairy is thinking; and I suspect they often lose patience at our slow wit, though, of course, they are too polite to mention it.

"What is to be done?" said I. "Have you worked out any plan?"

Well, to make a long story short, the Fairy *had* worked out a plan, and it was neither more nor less than just this: Billy and Bobbs must mount a fine white charger and ride over hill and dale to Noodleburg, where they are to hunt about—here, there, and around the corner—for Luck's House. In Luck's House are great chests full of wonderful treasures, and tucked away on the shelves there is plenty of this, that, and the other, such as would surely be worth having by any one who would win a princess.

Yes, that is what it had come to now. The King of the Blue Mountains had made a procla-

mation that he who should release the Princess would win her for his bride.

Mounting a white charger and riding to Noodleburg—surely it would take brave lads to do that, to say nothing of the bravery of entering Luck's House. Did the Fairy think Billy and Bobbs could do that?

Yes, the Fairy had no doubt at all. Listen!



"THE BEAUTIFUL SHIP WITH SILKEN SAILS."

The Fairy had a fine plan—certainly such a plan as would have been thought of only by a fairy.

This is the plan, and it all really happened:

That night, when Billy and Bobbs were asleep, the Fairy came to them on a moonbeam; with her she had a white horse with a long curly mane and tail. Then, over hill and dale, off rode Billy and Bobbs to Noodleburg. Over hill and dale to Luck's House, where they knew just what to take and what to leave. Then, mounting their horse, over hill and dale, back home they came, long, long before the cock crowed and the sun came up over Neighbor Shultz's garage.

Now, if I were ever astride a fine white charger with my feet in the stirrups, riding clipperty-crick over House, I when I got suppose it with Billy chose, or their pock-one round from a string, and one chip of wood, all of which she promptly threw out of the window.

Lucky it was, I can tell you, that a little bird saw where Nurse threw these treasures; and lucky, too, that the

out of the town gates was a wonderful sight. The gay trappings and the glint of sunlight on the polished armor and swords and spears made such a brave showing that, had it not been for his terrible swamps and bogs and the protection they gave him, the Marsh King must have trembled in fear.

Now it happened that beside the town gates, at a little rickety table, there sat an old lady, and to each knight, as he passed, she cried, "Come buy my treasures!" But when the knights looked on the table, they only laughed, for the treasures were neither more nor less than a round pebble, a black feather, a piece of string, and a chip of wood. No one knew they came from Luck's House, and so no one bought.

When it was nearly evening and the last knight had ridden through the gates, there came a poor lad who had neither horse nor sword. He thought it would be fine to rescue the Princess, because she must be very much afraid away up there on the top of Glass Mountain. But as for marrying her, that would be quite another matter. Perhaps she liked somebody else, and of course she would never think of marrying such a poor lad.

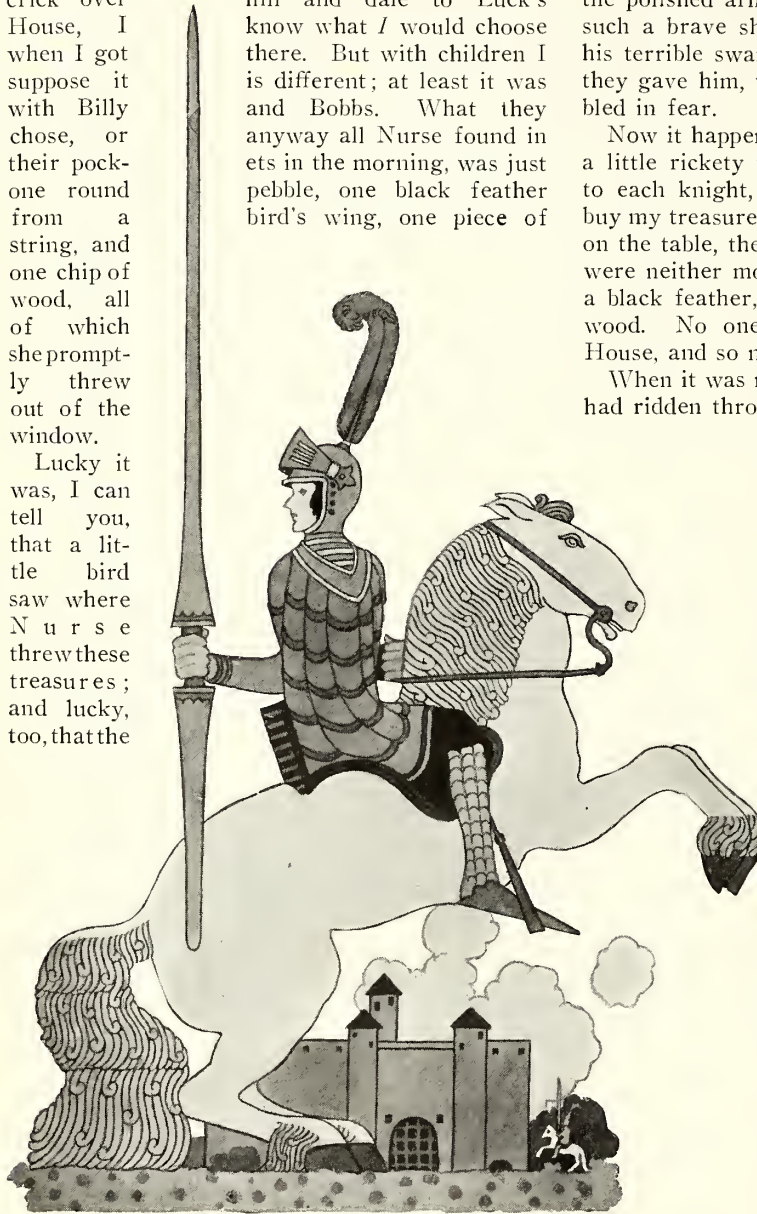
Just then the lad spied the little old lady.

"Oho!" said he, "I have only a penny or two, but these odds and ends cannot be worth much, and perhaps the old lady needs the money."

When the little old lady saw the twinkle in the lad's eyes, she knew he would be her customer, and it was n't long before she had her pennies and he had her treasures. Then off he went down the road, whistling merrily. Had he turned to look back, he might have wondered what had become of the old lady, for she was nowhere in sight. I, for

one, think she was the Fairy; but I am not certain.

When it was nearly evening and the poor lad came to the edge of the marsh lands, he saw all the knights riding hither and thither and not knowing which way to turn. As it happened at first with the King's army, so it happened now: every rider who dared to venture into the marsh land soon found himself floundering in the mire.



THE GREEN KNIGHT CHALLENGES THE VICTOR.

little bird told the Fairy, or else the Princess Bluebell never would—but wait! We are getting on too far in the story.

When the King of the Blue Mountains made his proclamation that he who released Princess Bluebell would win her for his bride, he certainly caused a great stir, and brave knights came from every corner of the kingdom. To see them riding

"Here is a pretty pass!" thought the lad. "At this rate it will be many a day before the Princess is freed, and old Hook Nose will most likely be the bridegroom." Then, feeling the round pebble in his pocket, he took it out and shied it at the water to see it skip.

Crash! Bang!

No sooner did the pebble strike the water than every shiny, open pool became solid stone, firm as flint and as easy to ride on as the cobbles in our town. No sooner did the knights see this firm, hard road-bed than, with a glad shout, away they rode to capture the Marsh King.

No one took even a single glance at the lad, and no one offered him a ride, so off he trudged on foot.

In the heart of the marsh lands there was a great lake of seething, boiling water, on which no ship could ever sail. In the center of the lake there was a tall mountain all of glass, which no man could ever climb, and on top of the mountain was the castle in which was imprisoned Princess Bluebell. To this castle the Marsh King had fled with Hook Nose. How they ever reached it, I do not know, but there they were, safe and sound, when the knights rode up to the edge of the lake.

"My, this is a fine sight!" thought the lad, when he at last reached the lake. "But how are the knights ever going to get to the Glass Mountain across the boiling lake? And if they reach the mountain, how can they ever climb to the topmost tower? And if they cannot climb to the topmost tower, how can they rescue Princess Bluebell? And if they do not rescue Princess Bluebell, surely she must marry old Hook Nose, which would be sad indeed."

All this while the knights were riding hither and yon, waving their spears and flashing their swords, and making the bravest showing ever seen west of the sun and east of the moon.

As for Princess Bluebell, she had cried herself to sleep. No wonder was that, either, for she could hear the Marsh King and Hook Nose tramping about downstairs and making such a noise as was quite enough to frighten any one.

Although the lad was as brave as the bravest, it would have been a wish wasted for him to want a horse and armor, but to wish for fine clothes and buckled shoes—that was only natural, so torn and tattered were his own. "Well, at least I have a plume for my cap!" said he, and into it he tucked the black feather he had bought for a penny from the old lady at the gate back yonder. Then he put the cap on his head and—

Whisk! Boom!

Away through the air flew the lad. Over the

knights and horses, over the boiling lake, over the Glass Mountain and into the window of the topmost tower he flew, right into the presence of Princess Bluebell, who opened her eyes and looked upon him in fear and wonder.

Up went the lad's hands to doff his cap, for he would have bowed politely. But his hand found only his hair, for his cap had been brushed from his head as he passed through the window.



"MUSICIANS PLAYED IN THE PALACE GARDENS."

Of course, all the knights thought it a strange sight to see the lad flying through the air. As for the Marsh King and Hook Nose, they were so frightened they knew not which way to turn; and when they saw the cap and feather come tumbling down, they tried to run, stubbed their toes, and went tumbling topsy-turvy into the boiling lake!

The wild shriek they gave as they reached the water made Princess Bluebell run quickly to the window. When she saw what had happened to the Marsh King and Hook Nose, and saw all the great array of knights on the opposite shore, she thought: "At last I have been rescued, and this raggedy, tattered lad must be a servant of the

great prince, or king, or knight who has freed me. Now we will go home and have a fine wedding."

And then she ordered the lad to do this, that, and the other, and she smoothed her dress, and brushed her hair, and made ready to greet the fine knight whom, every second, she expected to see coming through the door.

Meanwhile, as the lad looked about and saw the high, smooth walls of the tower and the steep glass sides of the mountain and could find no way to the bottom, he thought, "This is a fine fix we are in!" A fine fix it would have been, too, if it had not been for the piece of string that came from Luck's House and was bought for a penny back yonder. Yes, the string helped them now; for no sooner did the lad lower it from a window than:

Flipperty flap!

The finest and safest rope-ladder ever seen was hanging from the topmost tower to the very bottom of the mountain!

This way and that way swung the ladder as, step by step, down went Princess Bluebell and the lad. All the while the Princess wondered what had become of the knight, for she thought, "Surely this raggedy, tattered lad cannot be my rescuer!"

At last they reached the bottom of the ladder and the edge of the boiling lake. Now there was left only the small chip of wood—the chip brought by Billy and Bobbs from Luck's House.

Out of his pocket the lad took the chip, and into the lake he threw it. Then—

Whistle and whoop!

Riding gracefully on the waves was—not a chip. No! The chip had become a beautiful ship with silken sails, and painted sides, and polished deck—such a ship as one might travel in all around the world and back again and never see its equal.

Well, as they sailed toward the other shore, the Princess wondered why the raggedy, tattered lad was her only companion, and, although she thought him a fine enough looking lad, she said: "Of course, he can't be the one who has freed me. My real rescuer must be one of the fine knights on the bank yonder."

Thus it was that, when the ship reached the shore, Princess Bluebell rode away with all the King's knights. Once she looked at the lad to say "Thank you," but he was coiling a rope and did not see her. So off she rode, and off rode the knights, and the lad was left behind, and—

In his pocket nothing was left from Luck's House!

The King and Queen were glad enough to have

the Princess, I can tell you, and such a celebration as they made I would walk many a mile to see. Musicians played in the palace gardens. Clowns and mountebanks did tricks in the royal theatre. Ladies wore their finest gowns, and every one had the best time ever known in the Blue Mountains.

Meanwhile, grand preparation was being made for the wedding. Artists redecorated the palace. The most famous dressmakers and milliners prepared the trousseau. The greatest chef designed and baked a wonderful wedding-cake, and no money was spared to make the event the grandest ever seen in all the world.

"But who is to be the bridegroom?" That was the question the townsfolk were asking. Every knight who had ridden into the marsh lands hoped to be the favored one, and each day so many claimed the honor that all the wise men in the kingdom could not decide which it should be.

As for Princess Bluebell, she was not at all worried. The King had said that he who freed her from the tower should win her for his bride, so of course there would be a wedding. But as the days came and went and no one proved his claim, the King finally announced a great tournament, and vowed and declared that the victor should be proclaimed the choice of the Princess.

When the King's heralds, astride their beautiful chargers and blowing great blasts upon their golden trumpets, rode to the four corners of the kingdom and cried the news of the tournament, the knights all gave a great cheer, for each one thought he surely would be the victor.

At last the great day arrived, and so many were the knights that rode to the tournament that ten men could not count them, nor twenty men their banners and the squires that attended them.

All day long the knights rode thundering forth and back across the plain with shield on arm and lance at rest, and always riders hurtled together with a splitting of shields and a splintering of lances, until so many had been tumbled from off their horses that only one remained.

I wish *I* could have been at that tournament. Some folks tell me it was the most wondrous ever seen in all the world—even surpassing any ever held by King Arthur. I wish, too, I could have seen the Green Knight when he rode thundering onto the field and challenged the victor. Where he came from, nobody seemed to know. My, how he could ride! Why, the victor, the knight who had tossed all the other knights into the dust, was tumbled out of his saddle so quickly one had n't time to even say "*Scat!*"

Of course, there could be no doubt about it now.



THE PRINCESS BLUEBELL TRIES ON HER NEW GOWNS.

The Green Knight was declared the winner of the tournament, and off he rode with Princess Bluebell to the castle. All the bells in the city were ringing, and the wedding was to be held at six o'clock.

Some said the Green Knight was a great prince, and some said he was a powerful king. As for Princess Bluebell, she said nothing at all. But if you had been with her in the topmost tower of the Glass Mountain, and especially, if you had been carried down the rope-ladder and had sailed in the painted ship on the boiling lake, I think you would have taken a peek out of the corner of *your* eye, just as the Princess did. Then you would have said just as the Princess said:

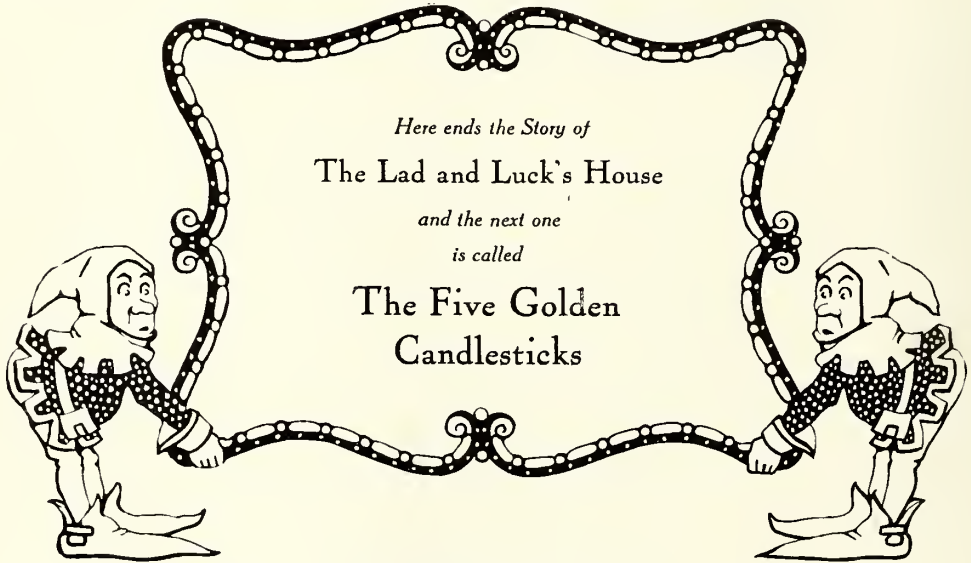
"Why, the Green Knight is neither more nor less than—"

Who do you think?

"THE POOR LAD!"

Yes, sure enough! The Green Knight was really the lad who had rescued the Princess. Now a raggedy, tattered lad no longer, but a rich and powerful king. All the treasures that had once belonged to the Marsh King and Hook Nose now belonged to the lad. For he was the really true and rightful king of that country.

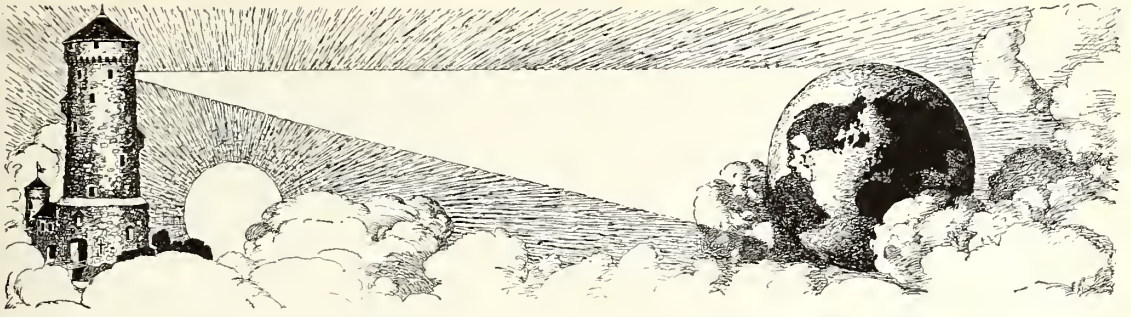
Of course the Green Knight and Princess Bluebell were married and will live happily ever after. When they read this history, and learn of the visit to Luck's House, they will be glad Billy and Bobbs made such a wise choice. As for nurses who look through boys' pockets, and throw away stones, and strings, and other treasures, and say, "Bah! Silly truck!"—why, they had just better be careful, because I am not sure Hook Nose was drowned, and if he ever catches them and locks *them* in the topmost tower of Glass Mountain, they will be sorry they were so stupid.



APRIL

BY FLORENCE M. OSBORNE

APRIL Sunday is mellow and gay,
 April Monday is blowy.
 April Tuesday is rainy and gray,
 April Wednesday is snowy.
 April Thursday is bright and clear,
 April Friday is sunny.
 April Saturday's damp and drear,—
 April weather is funny!



THE WATCH TOWER

BY S. E. FORMAN

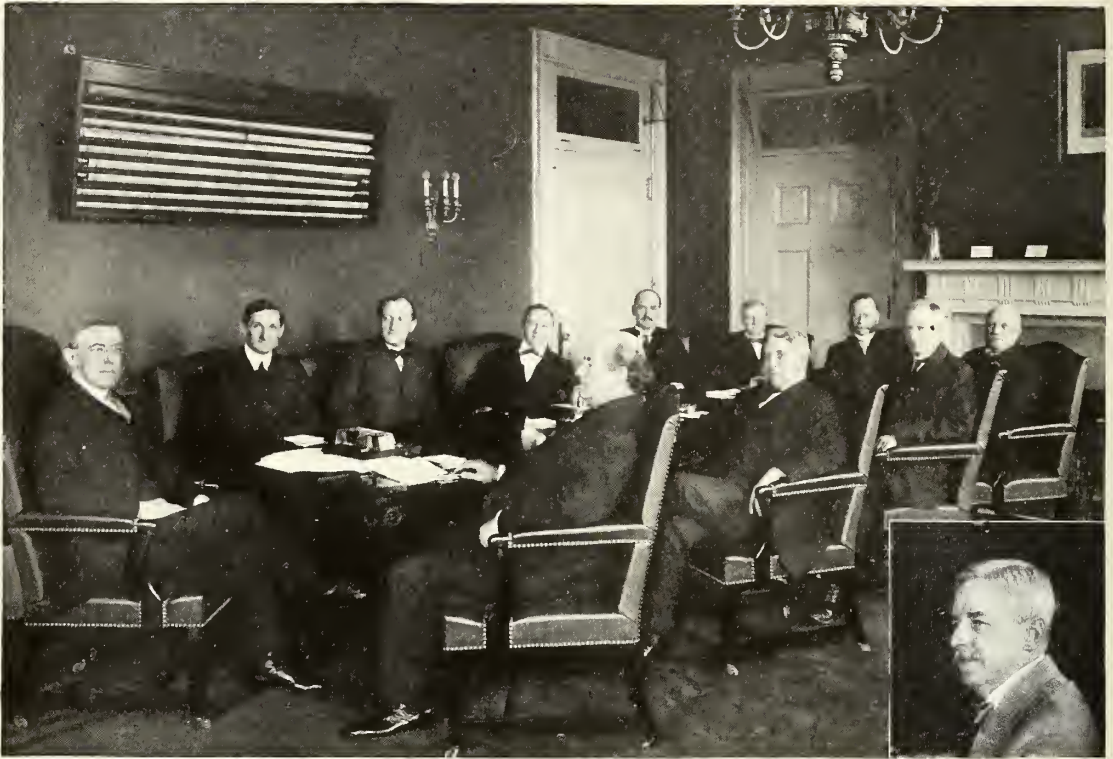
Author of "Advanced Civics," "A History of the United States," etc.

THE PRESIDENT'S CABINET LOSES A MEMBER

As the National Government grows more powerful, the President's cabinet grows more important as a political institution. This does not mean, however, that the cabinet is growing in *power*, for as a body it has no power. Indeed, in a strict sense the cabinet has not even a legal existence. The Constitution makes no provision for such a body, and Congress has never said that there shall be a cabinet. What, then, is the President's cabinet? It is simply a body of officials who meet at the White House once or twice a week to consult with the President and to advise with him in respect to public affairs. It consists of the ten gentlemen who are the heads of the ten great departments of the Federal Government—the Secretaries of State, the Treasury, War, the Navy, the Interior, Agriculture, Commerce, Labor, the Attorney-General, and Postmaster General. When these officials come together at the call of the President, the meeting is known as the cabinet meeting. But no such meetings need be held unless the President so desires. In the early part of the present administration there was a rumor that President Wilson had decided not to hold any more cabinet meetings. It turned out that the rumor was without foundation; yet if the President had so wished, he could have governed without a cabinet. So the existence of the cabinet as a body depends entirely upon the wishes and the will of the President. But no President has ever ventured to govern alone, and it is likely that we shall have cabinet meetings as long as we have Presidents who feel that they need advice. For the cabinet can only advise; it can take no action that the President does not wish it to take. It may, and it sometimes does, take a vote upon a question that is under discussion, but the

President may overrule the vote. It is said that President Lincoln once asked his cabinet, consisting of seven members, to vote upon a proposition which he personally favored. The vote showed that every member of the cabinet was opposed to the proposition. Lincoln in his laconic fashion announced the vote as follows: "Seven nays, one aye; the ayes have it, and the proposition is agreed to." The story brings out in clear light the truth that the cabinet as a body has no power. Its business is to discuss and advise; the business of the President is to decide and act.

Early in February the country was surprised by the news that Lindley M. Garrison, one of the ablest members of the cabinet, had offered his resignation as Secretary of War. The President also was greatly surprised by the resignation, but he promptly accepted it with expressions of "sincere regret." The withdrawal of the secretary was due chiefly to a disagreement about the plans for increasing the size of our army. It was Mr. Garrison's wish to strengthen our land defense by adding to our regular army a citizen, or continental, army consisting of 400,000 men (see *THE WATCH TOWER* for January), who were to be under the exclusive control and authority of the National Government. President Wilson, from the beginning, was in favor of the secretary's plan, and he asked Congress to provide for the organization of the proposed continental army. But it seems the President found that the leaders in Congress did not take kindly to the idea of a citizen army such as Secretary Garrison desired; they preferred rather to strengthen the militia—the National Guard—of the several States. About the middle of January Secretary Garrison began to feel that his plans were in danger, and he wrote to the President urging him to use his influence with Congress and save the preparedness program from failure. In reply to this letter the



From photograph copyright by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C. No photograph of the cabinet as now constituted has yet been taken.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S CABINET, AS ORIGINALLY FORMED.

Around the table, beginning at the left, President Woodrow Wilson, Secretary of the Treasury William G. McAdoo, former Attorney-General James Clark McReynolds, Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, Secretary of Agriculture David Franklin Houston, Secretary of Labor William Bauchop Wilson, Secretary of Commerce William Cox Redfield, Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, Postmaster-General Albert Sidney Burleson, former Secretary of War Lindley M. Garrison, and former Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan. Insert: Present Secretary of State Robert Lansing.

President said he was in favor of an army of trained citizen reserves, but that he was not so fully committed to the continental army plan as to be unable to consider other plans. Later on, in another letter to the secretary, he said that he felt it was unfair to the committee which was considering a measure for strengthening the National Guard to say that that plan would not give the country the defense which was needed. In saying this, the President practically said that he was content to keep his hands off and let Congress provide for defense in its own way. Of course, if it passed a bill which he did not like, he could veto it. But Secretary Garrison plainly was not satisfied with this attitude, and as soon as he learned clearly where the President stood, he resigned. In his letter of resignation he said: "It is evident that we hopelessly disagree in what I believe to be fundamental principles." Feeling as he did, Mr. Garrison could not very well do otherwise than resign. Nearly fifty years ago one of our Presidents said: "The President is the responsible head of the administration; and, when

the opinions of a head of a department are irreconcilably opposed to those of the President in grave matters of policy, there is but one result which can solve the difficulty, and that is a severance of the official relations."

MAKING THE WORLD SAFER

OUR present-day civilization can boast of many good and wonderful things, but safety is hardly one of its blessings. The ancients seem to have moved about in a paradise of safety when we compare the simple conditions of their life with our own complex and dangerous environment. The very richness of modern life makes the world a dangerous place in which to live. The figures showing the number of deaths from violence in recent years is appalling. Last year, in the United States alone, 75,000 persons were killed in accidents of one kind or another, while nearly 2,000,000 more were injured. About 35,000 workmen were killed while at their tasks. On the railroads of the country about 10,000 persons

are killed every year, and twenty times that number are injured. On the streets and roads, 5000 deaths are caused by vehicles, the automobile being responsible for half this number of victims.

A very large proportion of the accidents is due to the fact that in America we do not safeguard life as we should. In Europe the percentage of deaths from accident is very much lower than in the United States. We are beginning to realize our lack of precaution and are taking steps to ward off some of the dangers by which we are beset. A nation-wide movement for saving life and limb has recently been started, and already nearly 25,000 persons have joined the many "Safety First" societies which have been organized in different parts of the country. To this "safety first" movement Uncle Sam is lending a helping hand. The House of Representatives has just passed a bill providing for a fully equipped Bureau of Labor-Safety in the Department of Labor. The duty of this bureau will be to learn how the lives of workmen may be safeguarded in the best manner and to inform the public concerning the use of labor safety-devices. In February there was given in Washington an

exhibition of what the National Government is already doing to safeguard the lives and prop-



A POLICE SIGNAL-STATION IN A NEW YORK CITY STREET.



TYPES OF ARTIFICIAL BREATHING APPARATUS WORN BY BUREAU OF MINES RESCUERS AT COAL-MINE EXPLOSIONS.

terested in the "safety first" movement. One of the exhibits was an automatic wireless fog-signal worked out by the bureau of standards. This remarkable device will be used in lighthouses at dangerous places along the coast. When heavy fogs render useless the beams thrown out from the lighthouse, the fog-signal, by a wireless message, will speak out in the darkness and tell vessels at sea that they are in dangerous waters.

The "safety first" movement is timely and welcome, and should receive hearty support. In the mad rush of business and pursuit of gain, Americans sometimes seem almost to have forgotten the value of human life. "There is," says Darwin P. Kingsley, the president of the National Safety-First Society, "something in society vastly more important than success, more desirable than efficiency. If human life is to be jeopardized by haste, don't hurry. If human life is to be sacrificed by speeding up efficiency, be less efficient. If the human body is to be maimed or destroyed in order to secure speed or power, get along with less speed and power."

CONCERNING THE "PORK BARREL"

WHEN reading about Congress and its doings, we frequently meet with the words "pork barrel." What is the "pork barrel" about which we hear so much? Briefly speaking, it is a bill which appropriates money in a wasteful manner or for useless purposes. For a long time the particular bill referred to as the "pork barrel" was the one

making appropriations for rivers and harbors. It received the name because it almost always provided a number of good things for the constituencies of individual members of Congress. One member would receive a "delicious ham" in the form of an appropriation of \$100,000 for widening the channel of a river which flowed through his district. Another member would receive a "fine shoulder of bacon" in the form of an appropriation of \$50,000 for improving a harbor located in *his* district. The river, it is true, might be a little stream upon which no vessels would be likely to sail, and the harbor might be one that was not worth improving. But the fact that the money was to be spent for useless purposes made no difference; it was to be spent in the respective districts of the members, and that was the thing desired. The more useless and unnecessary the expenditure, the better was the quality of the "pork."

In recent years the river and harbor bill is not the only "pork barrel" which is opened. The bills appropriating money for public buildings, such as post-offices and United States court-houses, frequently contain a great deal of "pork." It is no uncommon thing for a member to secure \$50,000 for the erection of a post-office in a little town in his district when an appropriation of \$10,000 would be ample. One member secured \$35,000 for a post-office when, according to his own admission, a building costing \$5000 was all that was needed. He openly defended the extravagance on the floor of Congress, saying that other States besides his own shared in the "pork barrel," and that every time another State got "a shoulder of bacon" he wanted his State to have a "nice large ham." In this frank utterance the member revealed the secret of the "pork barrel." Congress spends every year many millions of dollars uselessly, and, as long as it continues to do this, the individual member will demand for his district a fair proportion of the useless expenditures. If \$50,000,000 are wasted every year,—and this is a low estimate,—each member can insist that at least \$100,000 ought to be wasted in his district. What is the remedy? What will drive the bad influence of the "pork barrel" out of politics? The remedy is in the hands of the people. The voters of every congressional district must make the congressman who represents them understand that they do not want any "pork barrel" money and that, if he supports any bill which provides for an extravagant use of Uncle Sam's money, they will reject him at the polls. It is not right to lay all the blame in this matter on Congress. In a large number of the districts, perhaps in a majority of them, the people want as much

out of the "pork barrel" as their congressmen can secure, and they encourage useless and extravagant expenditures. The people, therefore, are partners with Congress in this bad system and they ought to share in the blame. Let the people do better and Congress will do better.

A STEP FORWARD IN PREPAREDNESS

ALTHOUGH Congress is moving along very slowly with its measures for preparedness, it has nevertheless taken one important step in the direction of strengthening the Army and Navy. It has provided for the training of more midshipmen at the Annapolis Naval Academy and more cadets at the West Point Military Academy. Hereafter three, instead of two, midshipmen will be allowed each senator and representative in Congress, and four cadets for each senator and two for each representative, instead of one cadet for each as at present. This will add more than five hundred to the number of midshipmen and more than seven hundred to the number of cadets entering each year. The bill making this change met with little or no opposition in Congress. Even the opponents of preparedness are willing to concede that it will be well for the Army and Navy to have a few more thoroughly trained officers.

THE GREAT WAR

THE events of the Great War in February were full of seeming significance. The word *seeming* must be used, for, until the fighting is over, we cannot say of any event that its significance is real and lasting. In the opinion of many, the most important military operation of the month was the defeat of the Turks by the Russians at Erzerum in Asia Minor. Certainly, the capture of this stronghold was the first great victory of the Allies in many months. Erzerum is the gateway to Asia Minor, and now that it is in the hands of the Russians, they are free to move southward and join British forces near Bagdad. If the juncture is made and Asia Minor is brought under the control of the Allies, the advantage to Russia in a military way will be immediate, for it will put her into closer and easier communication with ports at which she can secure ammunition at any season. At present she can import munitions only by way of her arctic ports in Europe and the Pacific ports in Siberia, both of which are closed by ice for the greater part of the year. But the victory at Erzerum may bring to Russia something vastly more important than a temporary advantage in the game

of war. It may give her a permanent short route to the warm waters of the Persian Gulf and easy access to the trade of India. This is what she has long desired to have, and it is the very thing

blow. The defeat of the Turks at Erzerum seemed to foreshadow the blasting of Germany's commercial hopes, and that is why the event was regarded as having so much significance. For it must not be forgotten that at least three of the great nations engaged in the war, Great Britain, Germany, and Russia, have immense commercial interests at stake, and, in a sense, are fighting for their commercial lives.

During the last week of February the eyes of the world were turned toward the terrible struggle upon the western front. The drive of the Germans upon Verdun resulted in the most murderous clash that has occurred since the outbreak of the war. A full half million of men met the onset of a half million, and each side was willing to pay any price in human life that might be necessary for victory. "Advance, no matter what the loss may be," is said to have been the order given to the German troops. In the same spirit the French met the assaults of the advancing foe.

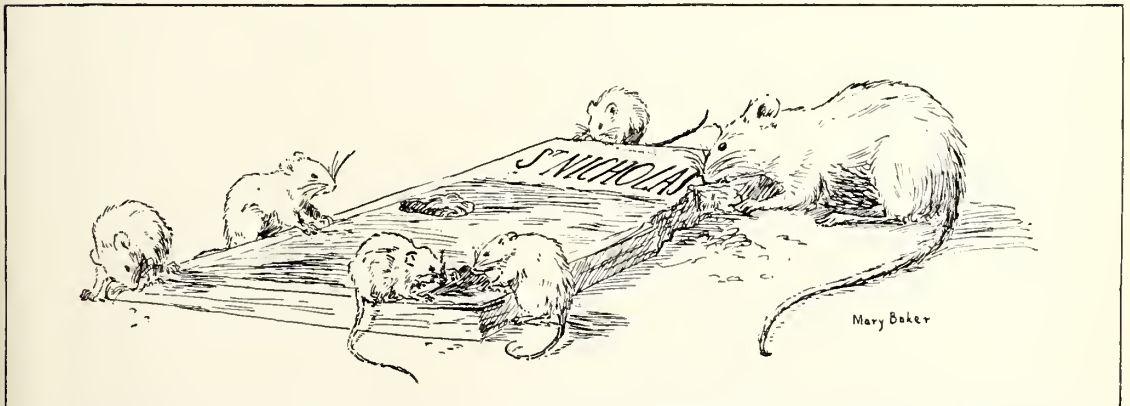
Since the terrific losses were in proportion to the numbers engaged and to the fury of the encounter, the battle around Verdun was one of the bloodiest in all history. The losses of the Germans alone in killed and wounded were estimated at 150,000. This is about four times as many as were killed and wounded on both sides at the battle of Gettysburg, the greatest engagement of the Civil War. But there was something decisive about Gettysburg; it was a turning-point in the great struggle between the North and the South. Whether Verdun also would prove to be a turning-point, or whether it was only a harvest of death, was what the world was wondering, at the beginning of March.



By courtesy of the New York "Sun."

MAP OF THE CAMPAIGN IN ASIA MINOR.

that Germany does not want her to have. If Russia shall come out of the war with Asia Minor in her possession, the commercial ambition of Germany will have received a deadly



Mary Baker

TINY MOUSE: "I SAY, TEENY, I REALLY BELIEVE DAD LIKES ST. NICHOLAS JUST AS MUCH AS WE DO!"



The Princess Who Could Not Dance.

BY RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON

Oh, once—oh, once, dears and ducks, there was a beautiful princess who could not dance! Think of it! All the dancing-masters in the kingdom and in all the kingdoms for miles round about could do nothing with her. They came singly and doubly and then all together, and counted one, two,—one, two, three, and twirled, and bobbed, and bowed, and stamped, and swayed in and out, and whirled round like tops; and the court musicians twanged and banged and thumped, *tum-tum, tiddy-um-tum, tum-tum, tiddy-um-tum*, till their ruffled collars wilted, and their cheeks puffed out like red balloons,—but still she could n't dance.

The king tore his hair out by the handful—he did n't have much either; and the queen wept into her flowered handkerchief, while the dancing-masters explained this and then that, but the princess sadly shook her head instead of her foot, and there was an end of it. So in all the land there could be no dancing,—no court balls or frolics, nor any music even, because music made the other folks dance and the princess appear ridiculous.

And oh, my dears, that kingdom grew pokier than snuff! Faces grew long and dour, and visitors to the realm most mighty scarce. And yet this princess was really bewitchingly enchanting, her hair all tumbling golden curls, and her eyes, sweethearts, as blue as the darkest part of the sky, and her cheeks as pink as the little clouds at sunset, while her feet and hands were the tiniest ever. Oh, you would have loved her to pieces! Even her name was a dancy sort of name, for it was Dianidra.

Well, poor Dianidra grew every day more thin and sad, because all the court ladies who could dance were exceedingly unkind to her. I should n't be surprised if they pinched her now and then. And the king was so vexed that a real princess could n't dance, that quite often he boxed her

ears. Oh, he was a crab of a king! When Dianidra went near her mother, the queen covered her face with her handkerchief, and shrieked for her smelling-salts, and moaned: "A princess who cannot dance will never marry. How disgraceful! How terrible! Unhappy me!" and a good bit more that I have not time to tell you.

So Dianidra used to wander off into the garden by herself and try to puzzle it out. She used to work it out with a paper and pencil like this: 2 steps plus 2 steps, and 1 bow plus 1 dip = the minuet. And 4 times 3 steps plus 1 turn, and 2 swings plus 1 slide = the court glide. Then—then, because she never could put the puzzle together, she would throw herself down on the ground and weep, until the flowers thought surely that spring had come. And, dear hearts, have you guessed why? Don't think she was bewitched. Not a bit. Let me tell you the way of it. The proud old king and the weepy old queen and the stupid old dancing-masters had been so busy telling the princess how to dance that they all completely forgot to tell her what dancing was. So Dianidra had it all mixed up with her arithmetic and spelling lessons. And of course she could n't dance, because the wisest person in the world could n't dance with his head.

Things grew worse and worse, and pretty bad, I can tell you. And one day, after the king had been unusually crabby, and the queen most awfully weepish, and the court ladies outrageously crossish, Dianidra decided to run away. She waited until the gate-keeper was snoring, then she stood on her tippy-toes, turned the great golden key, and slipped out into the world. She ran and ran, down the king's highway, of course, crying all the time so hard that she could n't see where she was going. And first thing you know, *plump-p-p! bump-p-p-p!* she had run into an old lady and tumbled her head over heels in the road.

"Sugar and molasses, my dear!" cried the old

lady pleasantly, bobbing up like a top, "I was just hoping something would happen."

At this, Dianidra, who had expected nothing less than a box on the ears, stopped crying and looked at the old lady curiously. Her eyes were brown and dancy, and her cheeks, though withered and old, were red as apples. In her shabby bonnet and dress she looked younger than Dianidra herself.

"Well, well!" she chuckled, picking up her things. "Who are you, my pretty?"

"I 'm Dianidra, the princess who cannot dance," the princess answered, hanging her head.

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed the old lady. "Is that why you 're crying on the king's highway?"

"Oh," sobbed Dianidra, "if I could only learn to dance!"

"Come here, child," said the old lady; and putting her head to Dianidra's heart, she listened long and knowingly.

"Yes, it 's there," she muttered to herself. "It 's there." All of which was very puzzling to the princess.

"Now, what do you know about dancing?"

"Let me see," said Dianidra, puckering up her brow and counting on her fingers. "Two turns, plus five slides, plus six steps, plus two swings, divided by a curtsy equals— Oh, dear, what does that equal? What *does* it equal?"

At that, what do you suppose happened? The old lady burst into laughter—and I mean it, really. Her bonnet tumbled off, and she laughed and laughed; and her hair tumbled down, and she laughed and laughed; her cape flew away, and still she kept laughing; till finally, in an awful chuckle, she just *disappeared*; and out of the laughter stepped the most beautiful fairy that you can imagine—with shimmering wings and

smiley eyes. Dianidra was so surprised that she laughed a little bit, herself.

"That 's right!" said the fairy. "Before you can learn to dance, you must learn to laugh! You must laugh with your lips, and then with your heart, and then with your feet, Dianidra, for that 's what dancing is. And I 'm going to send you to the most wonderful dancing-masters in the world. Walk straight ahead between these tall trees till you come to yonder gray stone, and



"ALL THE DANCING-MASTERS IN THE KINGDOM COULD DO NOTHING WITH HER."

on the other side you will see your first dancing-master. He will tell you where to find the others. Good-by, little princess. Before the next sunrise you will be the most beautiful dancer in all the ten kingdoms."

Then, sweethearts, the fairy kissed Dianidra and flew up, up, out of sight. And I might tell you that the fairy's name was Happiness, if you have not already guessed it.

Something about the fairy kiss kept the princess laughing softly all the way along between

the tall trees till she came to the gray stone. She peeked round it curiously, and there, sure enough, was her first dancing-master,—a rippling, racing, merry little brook.

"Lean down, Dianidra," called the brook. And Dianidra, obeying, was drawn gently into its arms, and away it danced with her over the stones, singing:

"Run, don't slip,—glide, don't trip!
Merrily, gay, that 's the way.
Dianidra, dancing 's play."

You never could guess how pleasant it was dancing with the brook. The sunbeams came, too, and joined in. But finally the brook whispered to the princess that on the top of the next hill another dancing-master was waiting. So Dianidra sprang gaily up the bank, shaking the diamond drops of water out of her sunny locks and wringing out her dress.

And straightway she began running and gliding as easily as the brook, singing all the time the bit of a song he had taught her. When she had come to the top of the hill, there, sure enough, was her second dancing-master. 'T was the south wind. He seized Dianidra's hands and spun her round in a hundred gay circles; and she bowed and swayed as gracefully as you have

would never weary of it. Over the flower-splashed hill they swept, down and down to the edge of the sea. And there the south wind left

"OVER THE
FLOWER-SPLASHED
HILL DIANIDRA
AND THE SOUTH
WIND SWEPT."



her to learn something from this, her last dancing-master.

The sea rushed toward Dianidra with his hundred dancing waves, and, catching her up in his mighty arms, drew her out to where the swells rose and fell with majestic rhythm. The dance of the sea, dear hearts, was the most beautiful of all. First he held her curled in the hollow of a giant swell, then tossed her lightly as foam on the rising crest, where she floated gently to and fro. Now with a rush a great wave ran with her merrily up the sand, teaching her the most wonderful curtsey, the curtsey the waves have been dropping to the shore for years and hundreds of years.

After she had been dancing with the sea for a long, long time, he brought up from his treasure-chest a wonderful coral chain, and clasped it round her neck; and he wove her a crown of seaweed and pearly sea-flowers, and, with a last caress, set her high upon the beach. So happy had Dianidra been, dancing with these wonderful dancing-masters, that she had n't noticed that the sun had slipped down behind the hill. It was night, and the moon came up out of the sea, and smiled at the runaway princess dancing over the sands. Her satin dress was torn and dripping, but she was more beautiful now than ever before, because her eyes were laughing, her lips were laughing, her heart was laughing; but more than all else, her flying feet were laughing!

It chanced that a most royal palace stood on that beach, and the princess, running and gliding

"BEFORE YOU CAN
LEARN TO DANCE,
YOU MUST LEARN
TO LAUGH."



seen the flowers do when the south wind dances with them.

"Oh, off with a rush, now sway, now stay,
Now bend and bow, and again away!"

whispered the south wind in her ear. And away and away they danced, and Dianidra thought she

like the brook, and swaying and bending as the south wind, and curtsying and dipping like the sea, danced up to the golden gates, which were open, straight into the gaily lighted ball-room! Gorgeous princesses, and queens, and ladies of high degree were dancing with princes, and kings, and gentlemen of high degree, for it was the royalest ball of the year, and from the east and west, from the north and south, from all the ten kingdoms in fact, the company had gathered.

When Dianidra swept lightly into their midst, dears and ducks, it was the most surprised company ever. The musicians all stopped thumping and banging, and, with their cheeks still puffed out and their hands upraised, stared and stared. And the gorgeous princesses, and queens, and the ladies of high degree stopped right in the midst of a wonderful figure, and, with their satin slippers daintily pointed to take the next step, stared and stared. And the princes, and kings, and the gentlemen of high degree, with their courtly backs bent for the deep bow, stopped and stared and stared; and my goody! they stared the hardest of all. But Dianidra danced merrily on.

Just about as long as you could count twenty they all stared, then—CRASH!!!! went the music, and started up the most marvelous booming,—quite like the roar of the sea,—and the most royal of the princes unbent his back, and ran lightly up to Dianidra, and away they whirled down the

center of the room. Then—then I am sure you would have laughed at what happened next—because all the kings and princes and gentlemen of high degree were so anxious to dance with Dianidra that they trod upon each other's



"THEY FOUND THE KING TEARING OUT WHAT LITTLE HAIR WAS LEFT HIM."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

toes; and in the scramble they lost their crowns, and they shoved and pushed each other quite terribly, without ever once saying "Beg pardon," or anything like that—while the princesses, and queens, and the ladies of high degree grew red

and then white by turns, and stamped first one foot and then the other, and whispered behind their fans, and glared at the dancing princess through their gold lorgnettes. No wonder! Dianidra, in her torn frock and seaweed crown and coral necklace, was more beautiful than all of them together; and who, after dancing with her, cared to dance with any one of them?

So she danced with each of the royal gentlemen, but oftenest, as you are already supposing, with the most royal prince; and pretty soon they danced out into the castle gardens, and perhaps she told him all about her strange dancing-masters—but that I cannot say. They spoke so very softly that I could not possibly hear one word. But after a while the prince ordered his most royal carriage, and the fifty white horses galloped over hill and dale to the palace of Dianidra's father.

There they found the crabbish king tearing out what little hair was left him, while the queen,

nearly smothered with smelling-salts, was swearing more bitterly than ever, and sobbing the princess who could not dance was better left princess at all!" and a good bit more that n't time to tell you. But when they saw Dianidra they ceased their crabbishness and weeped straight off, and when the prince on his bent knee asked for the hand of the princess, they were overjoyed and delighted—which is the way of kings and queens.

So Dianidra and the prince were married in a year and a day, and the wedding was the most gorgeous you could imagine. As the fairy had promised, Dianidra was the most wonderful dancer in all the ten kingdoms, for in her dancing was the ripple of the brook, the swaying of the trees and flowers in the south wind, the mystery of the sea. All through the years she and the most royal prince danced together merrily, and so lived happily ever after. That, sweethearts, was the way of it.



A HYDRO-AÉROPLANE RACE
IN FAIRY-LAND.

C. BARNES

like the
south
sea, d
open,
Gorg



Painted by Charles C. Curran.

"MY KITE SAILS HIGH JUST LIKE A BIRD."

Copyright by The Osborne Co.

OLD MISTER WIND

BY MAZIE V. CARUTHERS

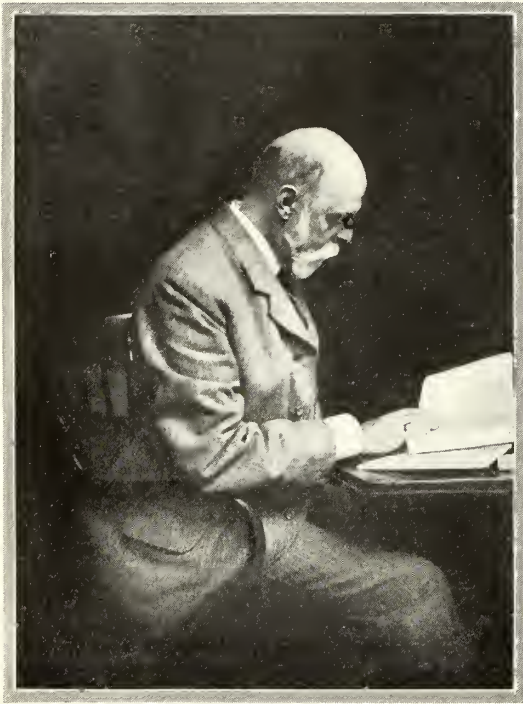
OLD MISTER WIND, he just enjoys
 Making the grown-up people cough,
 Blowing their hats and mufflers off—
 But he 's a friend to all the boys!
 He makes my grown-up sister fret
 Because her hair won't stay in place,
 Blows every which way 'round her face—
 The maddest girl you ever met!

But he and I have lots of sport.
 "Come on, my boy, let 's sail your kite!
 I 'm blowing up a breeze just right!"
 He whispers. Then we have a sort
 Of race, up hill and down. It 's grand!
 My kite sails high just like a bird!
 At home, though, I don't say a word
 Of this—no one would understand!

IN MEMORY OF ALEXANDER W. DRAKE

BY WILLIAM FAYAL CLARKE

JUST after the last number of *ST. NICHOLAS* went to press came the sad news of the death on Friday, February 4, of Mr. Alexander W. Drake, to whom this magazine and its readers owe a great debt of gratitude. For it is to him mainly that two generations of American girls and boys are beholden for all the joy and charm and inspiration they have gained from thousands of beautiful pictures and drawings—almost beyond numbering—that have appeared in our pages. And to his fellow-workers his loss is that of a comrade for whom each and all had cherished, year after year,



ALEXANDER W. DRAKE.

From a photograph by his friend Albert Bigelow Paine.

a boundless homage and affection. In him were combined such strength and gentleness of character that seldom, if ever, has a man been more beloved by all who knew him.

Most of our readers are aware, of course, that Mr. Drake was the honored Art Director of *THE CENTURY* and *ST. NICHOLAS*; but some of them may not have known or remembered that his long and invaluable services in their behalf extended back to the very beginning of these publications, now more than forty years gone by. It was to

him, indeed, that the wise founders of the enterprise looked for expert knowledge, guidance, counsel, in the then undeveloped fields of illustrative art, when the very first numbers of the two periodicals were prepared. Though not yet thirty, he had taught drawing at Cooper Institute and was established in business as a successful wood-engraver. With the devotion of a genuine apostle of art, and the indomitable zeal and patience of one who thought, with Emerson, that "difficulties exist to be surmounted," he gave himself whole-heartedly to the accomplishment of his great new task. How strenuous the demands upon his faculties were to be, he was doubtless at that time profoundly ignorant, and little dreamed what mountains of difficulty lay before him. But young manhood shares with youth the fortunate privilege of seeing only the end to be attained and not the obstacles; and how amply he justified the faith reposed in him and "achieved the impossible" was clearly demonstrated within a very few years.

Mr. Drake was born near Westfield, New Jersey, in 1843, and from his earliest youth showed artistic talent and inclination. Before he was twenty-five he had made drawings on wood for engravers, had practised wood-engraving, and had studied painting both in oil and water-colors. From the close of the Civil War, in 1865, his business as a wood-engraver grew and prospered for five years with such success, as already stated, that when "*Scribner's Monthly*" (now *THE CENTURY*) was established in 1870, he was induced to take charge of its Art Department. Three years later, the same company decided to begin the publication of another periodical, *ST. NICHOLAS*, dedicated especially to the pleasure and profit of American girls and boys; and Mr. Drake became Art Director of both magazines.

In this important and responsible position he promptly won for himself and the two periodicals an acknowledged leadership in the field of art by his achievements in perfecting new methods of engraving and printing. He also placed the magazines in the forefront of periodical publications of that day by his rare taste and skill in selecting subjects and illustrators, and by his increasing success in obtaining perfect reproductions of the artist's work. In this effort he received the constant, loyal, patient aid of a great printer, Theodore L. DeVinne; and as a result of their combined study and perseverance, it became possible



IN THE DINING-ROOM OF MR. DRAKE'S HOME.

ere long for the magazines to lay before their readers almost faultless copies in black and white of the masterpieces of European galleries and of distinguished artists of our own times, one of whom, the well-known etcher Joseph Pennell, declared, "Mr. Drake has done more for the advancement of illustration than any man living."

Not content with these successes in his own immediate work, however, Mr. Drake has been identified with many other important art movements in this country during the past thirty-five years. In all these varied organizations, as well as in his association with painters and sculptors, he was held in especial regard as an art critic of trained discrimination, rare taste, and ripe experience, and he was repeatedly selected to serve on special juries and committees for projected exhibitions or art publications.

But, as most ST. NICHOLAS young folk know, there is another side of Mr. Drake's life which would be found perhaps even more fascinating by girls and boys—the fact that he was one of the most remarkable art-collectors in New York. Al-

most every boy at some time in his childhood or early teens becomes absorbed in making a collection of one sort or another. With many it is only a temporary craze, but even with these the hobby that he has cherished so intensely for weeks or months—whether it be autographs, or stamps, or coins, or some finer fancy—has always a special interest, even after its actual pursuit has been abandoned. But we all have known or read of a few steadfast youngsters with whom the enthusiasm has persisted and become a factor or an influence that affected and enriched their entire after-life. So it was with Mr. Drake. He was by nature an artist, and he made collecting an art; and the touch of real art, whether it lay in form or color, in clever design or perfect craftsmanship, was the test by which he chose each object in his collections. But his interest in the pursuit itself was unceasing, and by the multitude and variety of beautiful things that he gathered about him, his life gained a charm and special interest that it could not have had otherwise, while his collections also added immeasurably to



A CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

the joy and art-knowledge of all his intimates and illumined their lives as well as his own.

One of these good friends, Mr. W. H. Shelton, himself an artist and an author, gave a delightful account of Mr. Drake's home a few years ago in a magazine article from which we take these extracts:

"There is nothing that is modern in this interesting house. The tables, the chairs, the sofas, the tapestries, the chandeliers overhead and the rugs underfoot are the products of old workshops in Old World by-ways. For Mr. Drake, as a collector, by no means confines himself to one fad. His fondness for color, which seems to be the secret of his interest in old things, has apparently shaped his course as a collector. His first love is still for old vessels in copper and brass, which he has gathered in his summer vacations in Spain, in Holland, in Algiers, in Egypt, and in spare hours

at home among the wonderful junk-shops of New York. He has an exclusive collection of antique finger-rings; another of the embroidered and faded samplers of our grandmothers' day; a third of bird-cages, including some curious specimens of old blue delft from Holland; a remarkable collection of old glass bottles of all sizes, shapes, and colors; and a most interesting array of full-rigged model ships, both large and small.

"Mr. Drake is a born collector who pursues his fads with the enthusiasm of a boy of sixteen. He is one of the youngest men of his age in New York; and when he becomes thoroughly interested in showing his treasures, he is like a happy child, with the magnetism to transform his visitors into admiring playmates. The only drawback to this temporary forgetfulness of conditions, on the part of Mr. Drake's guests, is that they presently emerge from his toy-land of warmth, and color, and music, to find with a shock that they are old again, or at least grown up; that they have been beguiled by a wizard who does not have to emerge, but remains behind in the pleasant delusion and the beautiful play-house."

It is pleasant to note that Mr. Shelton finds the "make-believe" and "play-house" of childhood a fitting image for Mr. Drake's miniature palace of art, while he shows conclusively that its beauty and treasure had power to make grown-ups young



THE LIBRARY.

again. And, along with his admirable word-pictures, we print here several photographs selected



"THERE IS NOTHING THAT IS MODERN IN THIS INTERESTING HOUSE."

from interior views of the house itself—because to young eyes they reveal, better than any words, what rich spoil of loveliness Mr. Drake's taste and knowledge had gathered from far and near. All these beautiful objects are antiques—the work of the years when the artisan wrought with the love of an artist and put his soul into the thing that he was fashioning, whatever it might be. And of course no photographs can give the rare effects of color which mellowed all this opulent array into one general harmony and glow.

But this brief summary presents only the merest outline of Mr. Drake's singularly useful and successful life. The things that counted most in it—that made up his winning and unusual personality—cannot be told. Yet from what is here recorded, girls and boys may at least gain some glimpses of the traits that made him the man he was and won the deep esteem and affection of all his friends and fellow-workers, who cherish the memory of his unnumbered kindnesses, his unwearying generosity, and his happy serenity of spirit that radiated gentleness and cheer.

In the early years of his work upon the magazines, his business associates included Mr. Roswell Smith, the founder and first president of The Century Co. and the liberal, active head of all its varied projects; Dr. J. G. Holland, the first editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, and Richard Watson Gilder, his successor; Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, for thirty-two years editor of ST. NICHOLAS; Mr. Frank H. Scott, the second president of the company; and Mr. Charles F. Chichester, for many years its treasurer. These all preceded him into the Great Beyond; but with all of them he labored long and zealously in pursuit of the finest ideals. They were all united not merely by a mutual interest, but by the closest bonds of comradeship; and no member of that distinguished and high-minded circle was more respected and beloved than he. Our young readers and their parents will understand in what grateful affection he was held by the surviving associates of both his earlier and later years, and with what sorrow they record his death in the magazines which were his life-work and his greatest pride.

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

BIRDS AS TRAVELERS

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN

Curator of Ornithology, American Museum of Natural History, New York

THE DAY FLIERS

SOME birds travel only by day; others, only by night; while a smaller number travel both by day and night.

The day fliers are strong of wing. Many of them live in the open—in the fields or marshes, and along the beaches. Or if their home is in the trees, they do not hesitate to leave them, and often make long flights in their search for food. All the birds which gather nightly in roosts, like robins, grackles, swallows, swifts, and crows, are day fliers. Blue jays, waxwings, bluebirds, many of the finches,—like crossbills, redpolls, and snow-buntings,—and even the tiny humming-bird travel by day. "But," you may well ask, "why should not all birds travel when they have light to see the way, and sleep at night as they do when they are not migrating?"

The answer is that only those birds venture forth by day which can fly fast enough to escape from bird-killing hawks. Not all hawks prey on birds. Most of them live chiefly on mice. But Cooper's hawk, the sharp-shinned hawk, and the duck-hawk are all cannibals. Woe to the bird they chase, unless it is swift enough to outdistance them or escape to the nearest cover.

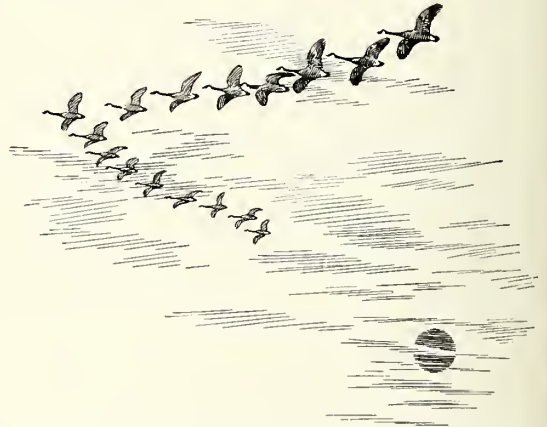
Ducks and geese, most snipe and plover, and sea-birds like gulls and petrels travel both by day and night. They are among the birds which carry fuel for the engine and can go long journeys without stopping for a fresh supply.

Have you ever seen birds migrating by day? Sometimes it is difficult to tell whether passing birds are simply flying to or from the roost, or whether they are actually embarked on their great journey. When, on some late summer or early fall afternoon, we see swallows hurrying southward, we might well imagine that they were bound for their winter homes instead of their beds in the marshes. But when we hear the clarion honking of wild geese, and, looking upward, see the flying wedge cleaving its way steadily and rapidly through the sky, then we know that we are

seeing real bird travelers, and we wonder where they have come from, where they are going, and how they can possibly find the way.

Then, in the early spring, when the black flocks of chattering redwings and grackles come and fly onward toward the north, we know that they belong to the army which soon will take possession of the land.

Robins usually migrate in scattered companies or "loose flocks" as they are termed. Bluebirds



THE FLYING WEDGE OF WILD GEESE.

have much the same habit, but are perhaps even more scattered. When they are traveling, one can hear their soft flight-note, *tur-weet, tur-weet*, all day long, as bird after bird passes overhead.

Crows migrate much as they return to the roost. In March and October one may see single birds or groups of three or four flying rather high and as though they had an important engagement somewhere. Such flights may last all day, while the return-to-the-roost flight, we know, takes place only in the late afternoon.

Hawks also travel in this way. Some days in the fall one or more hawks will be in sight from morning until evening, all flying in the same direction, as though they were going to the same place.

In the spring, on the eastern slope of the mountains of Vera Cruz, Mexico, I have seen flocks containing thousands of hawks migrating north-

ward. Although closely massed, they did not move onward in a solid body like a flock of black-birds, but, like a swarm of bees, they circled about and among each other in the most remarkable and confusing manner. But in spite of their wheel-



RED-WINGED BLACKBIRDS. A FLOCK OF MALES ARRIVING IN ADVANCE OF THE FEMALES. CLOSE FORMATION.

ing, they all passed rapidly northward and were soon out of sight.

Some years later, in March, in the same part of Mexico, I saw a flock of several thousand white pelicans migrating northward. These great birds measure eight feet from tip to tip of their outstretched wings. Like the hawks, their flight was not in a direct line, but in a series of intertwining loops. The sun shone on their snowy plumage, and against the background of blue mountains they made a sight of great beauty. They were as dazzling white as snowflakes in a squall, but, unlike snowflakes, their motions were as stately and dignified as those of dancers in a minuet. So, sweeping gracefully around each other, they too were quickly lost to view.

Why birds should travel in this manner instead of "as the crow flies," I cannot say. It must at least double the distance they cover. We cannot believe that they keep rounding up the flock to prevent any stragglers from being lost, for we have found in what scattered companies hawks, perhaps of the same kind as those seen in Mexico, travel in the fall. Possibly these spring flights may have something to do with the courtship customs of that time of year.

A PATHWAY IN THE AIR

It is most interesting to observe how closely widely separated flocks or groups of migrating birds follow the same invisible pathway through the air. I have seen swallows flying northward in small bodies, which followed each other at

short intervals. Sometimes several minutes would pass before a bird was seen. Then the last ones to go by would be far out of sight, for they were not flying more than twenty feet above the earth. But each bird followed those that had gone before it, as though guided by the marks of wing-beats in the air.

In the same way I have seen herring-gulls, in the spring, migrating over my home at Englewood, New Jersey. They were flying toward the northeast in flocks of fifteen to twenty birds, and were about one thousand feet above the earth. At times, several flocks could be seen at once. Then several minutes would pass without any more gulls appearing. But soon another flock would come out of the southwest and follow as directly after those which were now several miles ahead as though there were guide-posts in the sky.

Besides those day travelers which fly near enough to the earth to be seen, there are others which fly too far above us to be within range of our eyes. On September 30, 1894, an astronomer at Shere, England, was studying the sun through a telescope. Every few seconds, during the ten minutes he watched, a bird was seen to pass slowly through his field, flying in a southerly direction; but with the naked eye not a bird could be seen.

Our ears really tell us more than our unaided eyes about the day fliers which are traveling far



HAWKS' MIGRATION. LOOSE FORMATION.

up in the sky. With nothing to turn them from their course, sound waves carry surprising distances either up from the earth or down to it.

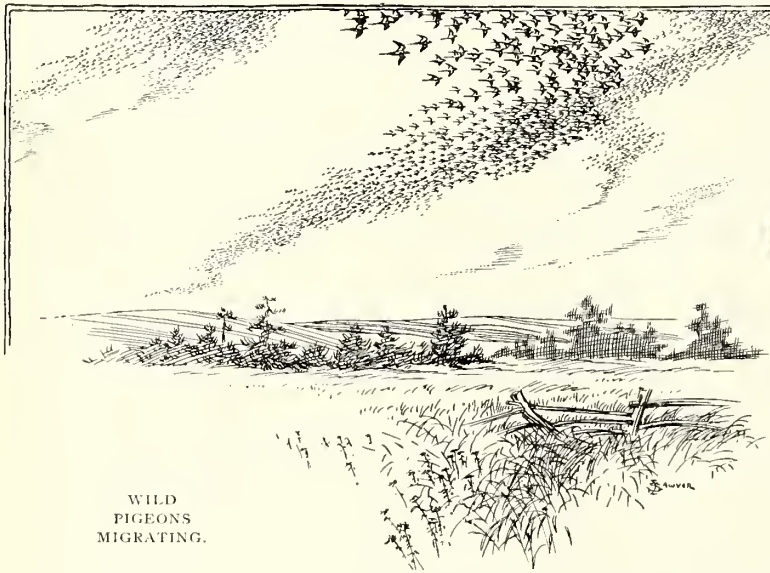
Balloonists tell us how clearly they can hear voices of people who are scarcely visible to them. So we may hear the notes of passing birds which are traveling at too great a height to be seen. The mellow whistles of certain snipe and plover

tell us that they are passing along the birds' air-line when it is impossible for us to see them. But, if we answer, we may in time see a black speck in the sky which responds to our call and finally circles close overhead.

On one occasion, in Central Park, New York City, I heard the flutelike call of a yellow-leg snipe, which was migrating high over the city. Perhaps he was calling to some companion in the sky. Certainly there was nothing on the earth to attract him. But putting my fingers to my lips, I whistled a loud imitation of his notes. Quickly he answered. I whistled again, and soon could see a black dot circling high above me. Larger and larger it grew, louder and more frequent became his cry, and within a minute, much to the surprise of passers-by, the bird was flying anxiously back and forth just over my head. But unable to find the bird which had called to him, he soon mounted high in the air and continued his journey.

THE PASSENGER-PIGEON

ONE of the most remarkable of day fliers was the passenger-pigeon. At times, several days were required for the migrating hosts to pass a given



WILD
PIGEONS
MIGRATING.

point. The procession stretched from horizon to horizon and was a mile or more in width. Often the sun would be obscured by the clouds of flying birds.

In 1808, Alexander Wilson, America's pioneer ornithologist, estimated that, during a great flight of pigeons which he saw in Kentucky, 2,230,272,000 birds passed in four hours. Twenty years

later they were still so abundant that Audubon wrote: "I have satisfied myself by long observation that nothing but the gradual diminution of our forests can accomplish their decrease." But Audubon did not realize the power of the market gunner unrestrained by law. Forests we still have, but of the pigeons not one remains.

INSTINCT

THE winter had been a hard one, and the intense cold had only moderated enough to make it possible for the meadow people to venture out without becoming actually sluggish with its biting intensity. So late in the season, and still the hard, frozen snow lay as if possible thaws were unknown.

To-night the moon shone clear and brilliant in a steel-blue sky, and every projecting weed-stalk stood arrayed in glittering ice-jewels, with a sharp black shadow extending along the snow from its base.

The hardy little meadow-mice, who seldom mind how cold it is, during this winter had passed many a day and night inside the galleries that ran in all directions among the frozen grass-roots from their nest under the snow without coming to the surface at all, and everything eatable within those icy passages had been devoured long ago.

So long had the snow and ice lasted that the younger generation had no knowledge of thaws, or sudden high tides that swept over the marsh, turning it into a raging sea, when only the lucky ones ever lived to remember if they were caught in it.

The Veteran of the colony had aroused himself from his day's sleep, and, with a stretch and yawn, had shivered as he washed his face with both paws at once, after the fashion of his kind, in preparation for the night's adventures.

The biting cold had become a settled fact in his existence, a sort of fate that

was there for all time, and he started out to explore the eaten-out tunnels without much expectation of finding anything there.

Presently he paused, as his keen nose told him that at one spot there were a few seeds left in one of the pockets where food had been stored in the fall, and the snow had penetrated and formed an ice-bank around them.

Even as he stopped to investigate, the warning squeal of one of the younger members of the colony told that they also had located the store; but the snarling teeth of the Veteran, as he turned toward them, warned them to respect his age and prowess.

With all his strength of teeth and claws he attacked the frozen, matted grass-roots and stems, and in a few moments had uncovered the beginning of a store of seeds placed there in the autumn, when food was abundant.

He ate what he wanted, but he had other plans, and soon left to continue on his way to the opening of the burrow, while the other members of the colony lost no time in

satisfying their hunger by finishing the rest of the supply.

At the entrance of the burrow, hidden under the frozen remnant of the salt-grass that abounded along the edge of the marsh, he paused with uplifted head and twitching nostrils.

The wondrous clear moonlight changed every twig and frozen grass-blade to silver and blue, and they each and every one cracked with the intensity of the cold.

Still the Veteran paused and sniffed. It was just as cold as ever, everything was just as hard as ever, and everything was still crackling with the frost; but there was something new in the air. A change was coming.

He knew the marsh well, and, while it was as hard as it was to-night, there was no need to hunt for firm ground. He made his way across the ice from grass-roots to clumps of bushes, finding a seed here and there that had been overlooked by the other prowlers; but he steadily headed toward the other side of the marsh, where the long, low farm-buildings stood black against the moonlit sky, pausing every few feet to sniff with upraised head.

As he left the cattails' shelter at the edge of the higher ground, a black shadow against the snow passed beyond without a sound, and he knew the fox was also looking for food near the barns.

Famine was in the land, and the barns and sheds were the only hope of many of the meadow people.

The slightest rustle or cry would have brought the enemy hunting for him. Nothing but absolute stillness could protect him, but he was experienced and not easily startled.

The shadow passed. Although everything seemed clear, he distrusted the signs and made use of every grass-root and fallen branch as a shelter.

But the barn walls were reached and the little hole found that he knew so well.

His kind did not enter barns except in dire necessity, but he had found that there were times when it was wise.

The feast was long, and there were others, who were ready to dispute his right. More than one scrimmage resulted before he reappeared, an hour before the dawn.

Again his head went up in the air, his nostrils twitched—there was a cloudiness that had dimmed the brilliancy of the night, and a wind was rising in low gusty breaths.

He had advanced well on his way toward the marsh, when a shadow crossed his path. An almost involuntary jump on one side was all that saved him, as the owl's wings indented the snow beside where he had been.

Not a sound from that swift-moving shadow. He forced himself among the shoots of a wild-rose bush, heedless of the scratches he received



"THE VETERAN PAUSED AND SNIFFED."



"HE WAITED AS THE SILENT TERROR PASSED."

on every side, and waited as that silent terror passed once more, but, finding nothing, went its way.

Again he started on his homeward journey,

traveling warily and keeping well within the shelter of every twig, until the band of salt grass-stalks at the edge of the marsh were reached.

He gained the mouth of the burrow and again he raised his head and sniffed. As he did so, the first soft fleecy snowflake fluttered down.

He slept soundly all day, for it had been a glorious feast, and he was warmer and more comfortable than he had been for weeks. But there is an end to all things, and the alarmed squealing



"ONWARD CAUTIOUSLY MOVED THE LITTLE BAND."

and scampering of the younger members of the colony at last disturbed him.

He stretched and yawned as he awoke, washed his face with dainty paws, stroking and shaking his sleek fur into place, but stopping occasionally to listen to the excitement among the others. Then he was ready for the work of earning a living again.

As he approached the entrance to the burrow he sniffed and sniffed, and his pace became slower and slower, as the air, warm and wet with rain and half-thawed snow, reached him.

The other members of the colony were gathered at that end of the burrow, but the Veteran traveled past them.

Slowly and cautiously he poked his nose out. He felt the warmth and drenching wet everywhere, and heard the crackling of the breaking ice. The wind was driving a gale, and the flying clouds streamed overhead as if in sympathy with the fear and confusion below. The thaw had come while he slept.

Only a moment did it take him to realize the change, and his instinct told him of the danger.

He darted back to the burrow and uttered a shrill squeal. Instantly the burrow became silent. Again he called, and the whole clan answered the cry. Young and old came crowding to the entrance, while the Veteran moved outside with one more sharp call.

It was the flitting, and they all knew that their leader's instinct told him that a serious danger was near.

He led the way, not in a straight line across frozen surfaces this time, but from grass-root to grass-root, testing any smooth surface, for the cracking ice tells how it is being forced up from below as well as weakened by the melting snow above.

Overhead circled the great, winged enemies—crows and gulls and herons—ready to seize those unfortunates who would soon be drowned out of their winter quarters and fall an easy prey, numbed as they were with fear and cold.

Onward cautiously moved the little band. Once a young mouse broke from the compact mass and scampered out on the wet ice beside the grass-tufts, when an ominous cracking told how slight a thing would break that ice-crust and let the rising waters cover the surface.

The Veteran, with snarling teeth, turned savagely on the venturesome one, on whom he bestowed a sharp bite as he scrambled back to the higher and safer level of the grass-tufts.

Where, on the first trip, the ground had been white and hard, there were now bogs and raging seas, and more than once they had to swim for their lives.

But they would cross the marsh in safety if only the ice would hold a few moments longer.

Their progress was slow, as many of the puddles had to be forded and the driving wind stirred their surfaces into serious waves for the mouse-folk to navigate.

They struggled on until the end of the marsh was in sight and the rising ground beyond showed a harbor of refuge, but between them and the solid ground lay a patch of crackling ice, covered with melting snow under the driving rain.

They paused with plaintive, suppressed squeals, when an extra crash told that the ice had given way.

The Veteran, with his sharp cry of warning, plunged into the seething waters as the ice disappeared under the storm-driven tide.

The others followed, seizing any sticks or drifting debris that comes from every corner when the tide drives.

The wind helped as it drove the waves toward the edge of the land, and in a few moments it

was an exhausted and dragged band that crawled out on the higher ground; but the Veteran's cry brought them together.

As they struggled onward toward the sheltering walls of the barn, they looked back many times at the raging sea that covered the place of their winter home, from which there would have been no escape by this time, if the Veteran's instinct had not warned him of the rising waters.

N. M. PAIRPOINT.

ELECTRIC BLOCK-SIGNALS

A WHOLLY new automatic block-signal system, of a type never before used on any railroad and doing away entirely with the use of varicolored lights, has just been put into operation by the Pennsylvania Railroad on the wonderful new electric road between Philadelphia and Paboli, Pennsylvania.

The feature of the new signals is the substitution, for day and night use alike, of brilliant white electric lights, showing sharply against a black background, in place of the moving arms of the semaphore hitherto used by day and the colored lights used at night.

All positions of the semaphore arms—horizontal, diagonal, and vertical—are duplicated in the new signals by the rows of electric lights. Each signal has a sufficient number of rows of lights to be the equivalent of two semaphore arms.

To make the lights clearly visible even in the brightest sunlight, the voltage used in the daytime is nearly quadruple that used at night. The lamps can easily be seen in the clearest sunshine for more than 4000 feet. So powerful are the lamps that, when the full current is used at night, it is possible to read large type by their light at a distance of 1000 feet.

Each signal protects a block of track 3500 feet in length. A train passing a signal will automatically set it at "stop." When the train reaches the next block, the first signal changes to "caution." Another position of lights shows when two full blocks are clear, and a fourth position, when three or more are unoccupied.

An engineman always receives notice of a possible stop at least 7000 feet in advance, and re-

ceives two cautionary signals before approaching the "stop" signal.

The new signals are mounted on structural-steel bridges, which span the tracks and serve the additional purpose of anchoring the trolley-wires.

As color plays no part in the scheme of the new signals, all possibility of the engineman failing to distinguish at night between red, white, and green lights is banished.

Thus the new signal assures the highest possible degree of safety and the greatest certainty and efficiency in operation, as well as economy in installation and maintenance, since all moving parts have been eliminated from the signals themselves. There is no delicate machinery mounted



THE NEW BLOCK-SIGNAL BRIDGE.

in the signal bridges to get out of order or require attention.

E. LESLIE GILLIAMS.

RIVERS FORMED BY GLACIERS

SOME rivers are formed by a rather slow process. Fed by springs or small ponds, they issue forth as mere rivulets to be reinforced by other streams until they have reached a size that entitles them to be termed rivers. Some, like the St. Lawrence, having their source in some extensive lake, pass through no intermediate state, but proceed as full-fledged rivers directly upon their course to the sea.

Others emerge with a rush and roar from the heart of glaciers located far up on the sides of



MOUNT RAINIER, WASHINGTON, FROM WHOSE RUGGED SIDES TWENTY GLACIERS RADIATE LIKE THE ARMS OF A GIGANTIC STARFISH.



THE STREAM THAT BURSTS FROM THE GLACIER.

lofty mountains. The waters of these glacier-born rivers are not crystal clear, as many suppose, but are milky white, due to the lava dust and powdered scoria contained in the ice-mass. This color the waters retain for miles as they flow through the lowlands, proclaiming their parentage to the observant eye.

From the rugged sides of Mount Rainier, which rises to a height of over 14,000 feet, and which John Muir declares America's noblest mountain, twenty glaciers radiate like the arms of a gigantic starfish. From each of these springs a river.

The great Nisqually Glacier, one of the largest on the mountain, rears its "snout," or lower end, within a few hundred yards of the automobile road which ascends the mountain to an altitude of six thousand feet.

The face of the glacier is four hundred feet in height. From a cavern in the ice-mass a large stream, called the Nisqually, bursts forth with a boom and goes rushing down the valley, and finally empties into the waters of Puget Sound. It is seldom indeed that one witnesses the formation of a river under such favorable surroundings.

JAS. G. McCURDY.

THE "SEA-SLED"

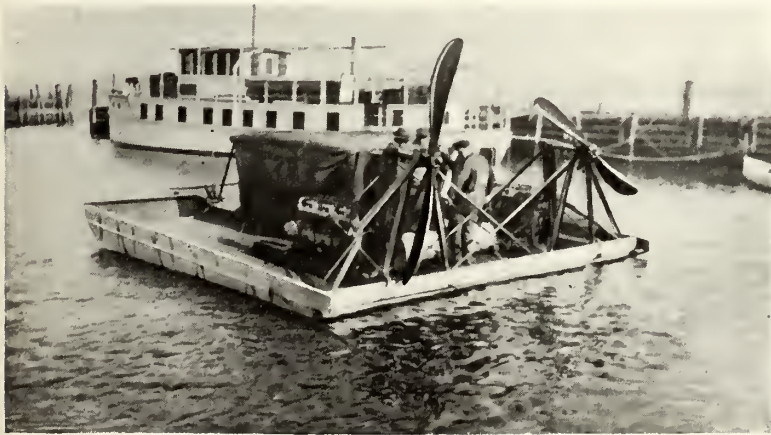
NYACK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: With the permission of Mr. La Chappelle, the designer and builder, I am sending you some photographs and the following description of a unique, aërially driven boat, designed to operate on very shallow waters. It is called a sea-sled.

It is named *Yolanda II*, and draws only *two inches* when running with a load of ten persons. Two motors, each of one hundred and thirty horse-power, drive two aërial propellers, nine feet in diameter, at nine hundred and fifty revolutions per minute. The sled attains a speed of forty-five miles an hour.

The hull is twenty-eight feet long, nineteen feet wide, and two feet three inches deep; it is formed of six wooden pontoons placed crosswise to the length of the boat. The rudder is at the bow. She is designed to carry mail on the upper Magdalena River in the United States of Colombia.

Early in November the sea-sled was tested on the Hudson River before his Excellency the Colombian Minister to the United States, and was accepted by Señor Don Gabriel Mejia, who holds the contract for the transportation of mails in the United States of Colombia.



THE SEA-SLED AFLOAT ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

The *Yolanda II* was built with the greatest secrecy. The villagers knew nothing about it until it was launched and tested on the river.

Trusting that other children will be interested in the *Yolanda*,

Your loving reader,
KATHERINE JANE JUDSON (age 14).

HUMAN LIFE DEPENDS ON THE BIRDS

Do you know what calamity could be even greater than the present European war—what would cause an even greater loss of life? Mr. John Davey, of Kent, Ohio, big brother to the birds



THE SEA-SLED, SHOWING THE AËRIAL PROPELLERS.

and doctor to the trees, has found out what it is and tells us. He says:

"Human life depends upon vegetation. We should all starve if vegetation ceased for a year. But vegetation depends upon the birds, who protect it from destruction by insects.

"Human life, therefore, depends upon the birds. All insectivorous birds in this country are decreasing ten per cent. each year. Unless we start at once to increase their numbers, to protect them and kill their enemies, within a decade will occur the disaster to humanity which I have spoken of—a catastrophe more awful than the European war."

Decrease in the number of insectivorous birds, said Mr. Davey, is due to the destruction of the forests, depriving birds of retreats from storms and cold, and to the enmity

of the English sparrows, who, he said, increase almost as fast as the ton-measured progeny of the canker-worm.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



HAROLD had been ill. Being ill is n't much fun—not when you 're ten. But when the doctor just laughs a great big jolly laugh and says: "No more bottles or powders, old man! A dog, a pony, and a sleeping-tent out there on the lawn, with three good meals a day and a lunch between times," why, then being ill is n't so bad after all.

Harold knew a lot of things to do with a pony and a dog. But this story is n't about the good times they had and the long jaunts they took, Harold riding Star, with Ponto racing ahead after rabbits, or barking up a tree at a squirrel which scolded him roundly at having been chased. It is about the time when Harold forgot to give Star her supper, and what happened afterward.

Harold had played late, and had come home just in time to sit down at the table. It was a rule that he should feed Star before he came to the table. But supper would get cold if he went to the barn first. Surely just this once it would not matter if Star waited!

It did matter, though, for after supper he forgot all about it. He never thought of it once until he woke up next morning and started out to feed Star as usual. Then he remembered.

"I'll give her enough this morning to make up," he thought as he hurried toward the barn. He heard no welcoming whinny as he entered the stable: Star's stall was empty. He was not troubled at first, for the barn was near the orchard, and the pony was sometimes turned out there for a run. He whistled for Ponto and went out to the orchard fence. The pony was nowhere to be seen. Neither did Ponto answer to his calls.

Then he was frightened! He ran to the house, calling loudly as he ran:

"Oh, Papa, Papa! Star is gone!" Then, as his father came out of the house, he added soberly, "I forgot to feed her last night, and now she's gone."

Harold's father came and looked the barn over. The halter was gone—he thought it must have been untied.

"Horse-thieves, I'm afraid," he said.

"But Ponto is gone, too; they would n't steal Ponto!" objected Harold, ready to cry in spite of his ten years.

"They probably took good care that Ponto should not wake us up," answered Father. That made Harold feel very unhappy, although he did not know just how Father thought the thieves had taken care of Ponto.

Harold walked that day instead of riding, and everywhere he went he whistled



"BUT PONTO IS GONE, TOO; THEY WOULD N'T STEAL PONTO!"

and called to Ponto and looked for his beautiful pony. Father said it was no use to hunt; he would tell the police, and let them do the hunting.

Harold worried so over the loss of his pets that his mother was afraid he would be sick again. All that day and the next he could think of nothing but Ponto and Star. "I hope the horse-thieves fed her," he said again and again.



"PONTO ALMOST FORGOT HOW TIRED AND FOOTSORE HE WAS."

"I hope so, too," Mother answered, in a voice that was not cheery.

The second morning, as he lay in his cot in the open tent thinking that there was not much use in getting up any more, now that he had no dog to play with and no pony to ride, he saw, coming through the front gate, a dog that was so like Ponto he could hardly believe his eyes. Like Ponto, only draggled and tired, with his pretty, pointed ears drooping and his tongue hanging out.

Harold sat up in bed and whistled. Such a change! It was Ponto, sure enough, so happy to hear Harold's voice that he almost forgot how tired and footsore he was. Harold's exclamations woke his father, who slept on a cot near by.

"He must have come a long way," said Father. "Hurry and dress, and give him something to eat."

Ponto was hungry; that was plain to be seen. He was also very glad to get home again, for he left his plate of food more than once to come back to the petting that his happy young master gave him.

Harold thought that, after Ponto had eaten breakfast and taken a rest, they would go out for a walk. But the dog had no sooner finished eating than he went to the gate and looked up the road toward the hills. Harold whistled, and the dog started back, only to return again to his watch toward the hills.

"Papa, can't I tie Ponto up, or shut him in the barn? I'm afraid he will run off again."

Father came to the door.

"Just watch him," said Harold. "He goes to the gate and looks up the road as if he wanted to go away again. I can't let him go away again."

Father walked slowly toward the gate. Ponto barked joyfully and started up the road.

"I half believe he wants us to go with him," declared Father. "Is that it? Do you want us to go with you, old fellow?"

Ponto could not speak English, but his dog language made it pretty plain that that was exactly what he wanted most. So Father saddled Prince and started out. Harold had to wait at home, and he only knew what happened when Father came home and told them about it.

Ponto led the way straight to the hills that ran for two or three miles along the river. Up the winding road between the bluffs they went, then off through the timber by a well-worn path. As the trail grew dim, Father stopped more than once, thinking it foolish to follow the dog farther, and not knowing where the chase might lead him. But Ponto always said "Come on!" so plainly there could be no doubt that he knew where he was going. After climbing quite a while, they reached Star. Her halter-ropes were caught in the brush in such a way as to tie her fast, and all the grass and leaves within reach were eaten close.

So it had not been horse-thieves, after all! Only a carelessly tied halter and a hungry pony.

Star seemed almost as glad as Ponto had been to see some one from home. I wonder if you can guess how happy Harold was when his father came home leading the lost pony. He was just too happy to eat! And when a boy is as glad as that, he is about as glad as he can be, is n't he?

"I'll never let Star go hungry again," said Harold, as he fed his pony that night and spread her a nice soft bed of straw. "No, sirree! Not even if I have to go without my supper to feed her!"



ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A SUNNY CORNER." BY MARY HOLLISTER, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1915.)

Ho, all you young lovers of sunshine, behold this charming photograph that heads the League this month, and rejoice that summer and all outdoors are waiting for you! Of course, the view here presented is probably on an Italian lake, and belongs to a later date in the calendar than April 1st. But it may at least be taken as a prophecy of what awaits you later on, when school is ended and you joyously hike to seashore or mountain, to lake or woods. And if you would like to double your wish that June were here, just read the opening verses on the opposite page—which are a genuine poem, by the way!—and you may feel like throwing study-books into the fire, and seeking a warmer clime. This is stark, sheer mutiny, we admit, and your teachers all may tell you so; but please offer the excuse for an unruly scribe that, as these lines are written, though March is nearly

a week old, a blizzard-y snow-storm so dense that it almost hides the sky-scraper opposite is raging outside the window. And so, by contrast, this Italian lake photograph, and these League verses about "When the Days Grow Longer," and pictures of "A Sunny Corner," and all the rest of it, made the good old summer-time shine out so vividly that even an Editor declines to be responsible for every word he says!

Incidentally, don't overlook that camping-scene either nor the two interesting camping articles on "The Love for the Outdoor Life"—charming title that!—and "How to Foretell the Weather"—(on April 1st, we suppose). Which leads us to remark that there has n't been a word said as yet concerning this League competition as a whole. But why should there be? It speaks for itself—and eloquently too!

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 194

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, **Eliza Anne Peterson** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **V. Gregory-Cochrane** (age 15), New York; **Ester J. Lowell** (age 15), California; **Phyllis Hazard** (age 14), Rhode Island.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Wendell S. Clampitt** (age 17), Iowa; **Annette Auslander** (age 15), New York. Silver badges, **Agnes Law** (age 14), Colorado; **Anna Lincoln** (age 17), Minnesota.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Venette Milne Willard** (age 17), Pennsylvania. Silver badges, **Marjorie Wintermute** (age 11), California; **Louise S. May** (age 16), New York; **Chester E. Bartruff** (age 15), Illinois.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Mary Hollister** (age 15), South Dakota.

Silver badges, **Elizabeth B. Bray** (age 14), Minnesota; **Edith Showers** (age 11), New York; **Dorothy McKee** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **Pauline Beardsley** (age 13), Colorado; **Leslie P. Moyer** (age 14), Illinois; **Anna R. Payne** (age 15), Pennsylvania; **Margaret Olmsted** (age 13), Massachusetts.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Anna Marie Vogel** (age 15), New York.

Silver badge, **James A. Miller** (age 13), Michigan.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Luther B. Arrington** (age 13), Massachusetts. Silver badges, **Katharine H. White** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Fannie Garson** (age 13), New York; **Winifred Walz** (age 13), New York.

WHEN THE DAYS ARE GROWING LONGER

BY SARAH F. BOROCK (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

When the days are growing longer, comes a stirring of the heart,

Comes a wild resistless longing to follow roadways new,

To explore the huge dim forest where the forkèd pathways part,

And disclose the fairies' ball-room or the welcome fleecy blue.

Then the west wind whispers softly of the verdant, sweeping hills;

Of the meadows daubed with color, each a scented swaying sea;

Of the cloud-crowned crested ridges; of the sparkling cadenced rills;

Of the languid breeze that ripples the lake's tranquillity;

Of the brooklet's song and tinkle as it slips along the stones;

Of the stately, steel-blue river that is coursing to the bay;

Of the deep and solemn murmur that the surging sea intones

As its green-capped billows fondle the frowning cliffs of gray.



"A SUNNY CORNER." BY ELIZABETH KNABE, AGE 15.

When the days are growing longer comes a longing wild desire

To break our leaden shackles and wander through the day,

For the message of the west wind sets the heart and blood afire,

And the robin's trilling bugle is calling us away.

A LEGEND OF MY TOWN

BY ELIZA ANNE PETERSON (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

The first English fort west of the Alleghanies was Fort Ligonier, on the site of which the town where I live is built. Tradition has it that there was an underground passage from inside the fort, which was on a hillside, to the creek below. Its exit was under a shelving rock and was concealed by underbrush.

One day a young girl who lived in the fort went through the underground passage to the creek for water. As there had been no Indian alarms for some time, she

strolled along the creek bank, gathering flowers. Suddenly looking up, she beheld an Indian creeping stealthily toward her. As she had walked some distance from the entrance to the underground passage, she perceived that the better way to escape was to run straight up the hill. When the Indian realized that the girl had seen him, he gave a terrific whoop and started in pursuit. Terror lent wings to the girl's feet, and, as the Indian's whoop had alarmed the men of the fort, they met her



"A SUNNY CORNER." BY ELIZABETH B. BRAY, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

at the entrance of the stockade and drew her into safety, leaving her pursuer a few paces behind.

A few days later, an Indian with signals of peace approached the fort. He told the captain that he wanted the maiden he had raced with for his squaw, because she was the only paleface he had ever seen who could outrun an Indian. Needless to say, his request was refused. The girl afterwards married a resident of the fort, and she was always very fond of telling her descendants about her race with the Indian.

A TOWN LEGEND

BY JEAN F. BLACK (AGE 15)

The tale which I am about to relate is an old one, and for generations has been handed down by word of



"A SUNNY CORNER." BY EDITH SHOWERS, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

mouth, so I cannot vouch for its authenticity, but will tell it as it was told to me.

Long ago, in a certain town in Greece, there lived a wizard, who was so called because, by walking over the ground, he could tell where it would be best to strike

for a well. Because of this gift, he was of great value to the people, and so he traveled from town to town and country to country, being royally treated everywhere.

Many years passed; then one day the wizard was



"A SUNNY CORNER." BY LOUISE E. MANLEY, AGE 11.

taken ill, and the wise physicians said he could not recover. When the king heard this, he sent a messenger to the dying man's bedside to implore him to betray his secret knowledge, but the wizard replied:

"Tell your master there is no secret in my power, but after my death my spirit will enter the forked branch of a tree bearing a pitted fruit."

The messenger returned to the king, and in a few days the wizard died.

So it is claimed that, when you take a forked branch of a tree bearing a pitted fruit and hold a prong in each hand, the handle will bend toward the ground when water is not far below the surface.

THE LEGEND OF OUR TOWN

BY RUTH ELOISE BROWN (AGE 12)

SOMEWHERE on the outskirts of town is an old house falling to ruin and decay, but, for those who know its story, it is better than any palace.

But what is there to call attention to it? Nothing! Absolutely nothing! The paint has long since been



"A SUNNY CORNER." BY DOROTHY MCKEE, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

worn off. Inside, the rooms are perfectly bare, with no suggestion of mystery. However, in this house there are many carefully concealed cupboards and closets, and, if the house were thoroughly searched, probably

not one of them would be found, unless it was known how to pull back pieces of walls and lift boards in the right places.

Ohio, as every one knows, played no minor part in assisting the slaves over the border-line to Canada and freedom; and this old house was a station of the "Underground Railway."

The trees which stand about the house, guarding it like sentinels, could tell many tales of how, at night, big, curtained coaches would draw up before the door to deposit slaves, who would wait, safely hidden in the old house, for another curtained coach to take them on to the next station. They could tell, too, of times when slaves would reach the house, worn out and weary from many miles of travel, and barely get inside before the master, thinking himself on the right trail at last, would force his way in, and, after searching thoroughly but vainly, would go away no wiser than when he came.

Some of the slaves were captured and taken back into bondage; but most of them got to Canada, and lived to bless all those who had helped them to freedom.

This is the legend of our town.



"A SUNNY CORNER." BY PAULINE BEARDSLEY, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

WHEN THE DAYS GROW LONGER

BY WENDELL S. CLAMPITT (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1915)

At Christmas time, in our northern clime,

The cold north winds do blow.—

The sun goes down; above the town

The angels' lanterns glow;

Upon the sleeping land below

The moonbeams dance on the sparkling snow;

When days start growing longer.

A month or more, and at our door,

The hungry sparrows eep;

The packed highways, o'er which pass sleighs,

With snow are still piled deep.

Yet the midday sun, now farther north,

To us a cheery warmth gives forth,

For days are growing longer.

The snows at last are melting fast,

And ice down streams is swirled;

The rising sun sees day begun

In a newly wakened world.

The robin sings with a note of cheer,

And bluebirds tell us, "Spring is here,"—

While days keep growing longer.



BY MARY E. BELL, AGE 11.

BY ANNA R. PAYNE, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

BY MAUDE NEVILLE, AGE 17.



BY LESLIE P. MOYER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY SIDNEY HYDE, AGE 12.

"A SUNNY CORNER."

WHEN THE DAYS GROW LONGER

BY ELIZABETH KIEFFER (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

A MYSTERY of waking thoughts
 Long hid beneath the winter's snow,
 A melody of choral songs
 Heard loud when'er the soft winds blow,
 And gentle whisp'rings 'mid the trees,
 And sounds of music on the breeze,
 When the days grow longer,
 And the heart beats stronger,
 And the bluebirds tell the tidings
 That the springtime 's come.

A joyous murmur of the brooks
 Set free from all their icy chains,
 Telling, along their greening banks,
 The gentle tales of many rains,
 And happiness in hearts of men
 And weary souls raised up again,
 When the days grow longer,
 And the heart beats stronger,
 And my whole soul tells the tidings
 That the springtime 's come.

A LEGEND OF OUR TOWN

BY V. GREGORY-COCHRANE (AGE 15)

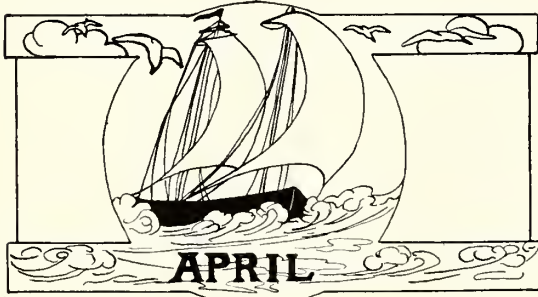
(Silver Badge)

BEFORE New Netherlands became New York, a Dutch maiden named Gretchen Van Nostrand lived in the little village of Fishkill Landing. Of her many suitors, Peter Van Der Water and James Waldon found the most favor in her sight. Unable to decide between them, she declared that she would marry the braver of the two. To test their bravery, she said they must go through the Devil's Chasm after midnight.

Though it was firmly believed in those days that the powers of darkness themselves met in this place, Waldon said he would traverse it, and, unwilling to be excelled by his rival, Van Der Water said the same. So, on one dark night, Van Der Water was started on the lonesome trail by a party of friends. He grew more and more frightened with every step he took, but all went well until he reached the gloomiest part of the ravine. Just as he came around a bend in the path, a dark shape with a glowing face and outstretched hands sprang at him with a hideous yell. Uttering a scream of terror, Van Der Water sped back over the trail, never stopping until he had reached his friends. In

spite of his fearful story, Waldon walked through the chasm without mishap, and, having proved it by some people he met on the other side, was allowed to marry the girl he loved.

It might be stated, in passing, that Waldon had a friend whose terrifying war-whoop was admired by the Indians, and that in his closet was a bottle of phosphorus.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY EVELYN RINGEMANN, AGE 16.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

WHEN THE DAYS GROW LONGER

BY BARBARA BANCROFT (AGE 12)

THE eventide breeze, in the last afterglow,
Sweeps over the fields with a low singing chant.
'T is odored with roses that in clusters lie,
With sweet-grass and lilies and pink clovers, too.
The clouds that were caught by a far-fleeing ray
Were at once all aflame as the sun went away.
In the friendly old elms, and maples, and willows,
Where shadows are many and leaf-patches deep,
The robins are chirping while twilight still lingers,
And the crickets start in with their songs for the night.
Fireflies dart; while the moon's hazy fingers
Draw over the world a sweet peaceful sleep.



"A SUNNY CORNER." BY MARGARET OLMSTED, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

A LEGEND OF OUR TOWN

BY ESTHER J. LOWELL (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

It was a hot summer day in the latter part of the eighteenth century, in southern California. The year was so dry that many streams were merely sandy beds. A little band of Spanish soldiers, who were going from San Diego to San Gabriel Mission, had searched all day for water. Parched in throat and footsore, at the time for evening vespers they knelt wearily under a

large oak and prayed for water. Then, lying down, they spent a restless night.

In the early morning Pasqual was awakened by a child's gleeful shout. Not far off he saw an Indian woman plodding along with her water-jug. Before her, a merry little Indian maiden chased butterflies and called to the birds.

"Señors!" called he, arousing his companions. "Awake! We shall find water!"

The men sprang up at once and followed the Indians. When they had gone over a mile, they emerged from a willow thicket upon a small stream. Falling to their knees, they uttered their earnest thanks for this mercy. Then, drinking deeply and filling their jars, they inquired the way to San Gabriel from the wonderstruck Indian woman. She had been taught enough Spanish by the padres to answer brokenly:

"Up stream go; path find over hills; soon come, Señors."

Before continuing their journey they again consecrated the spot and named it, "Neustra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles (Our Lady the Queen of the Angels)." Following the Indian's instructions, they soon arrived at San Gabriel.

It cannot be said whether or not this story is true, but at least the old Spanish name still clings to the spot in the city of Los Angeles, and this is the legend of our town—now the famous tourist center of the Pacific coast.



Priscilla Long-Cubist

"SOMETHING SQUARE." BY MARJORIE WINTERMUTE, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)

WHEN THE DAYS GROW LONGER

BY AGNES LAW (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN the days are growing longer,
And the earth awakes from sleep,
And the sun's faint beams grow stronger,
And the flowers begin to peep
Through the soft brown earth above them,
And the hillsides turn to green,
And the birds find mates to love them,
Everywhere new life is seen,

What 's the use of being gloomy?

Yield to springtime's happy call!

Come, rejoice with Mother Nature!

Spring 's the happiest time of all.

There 's enough of gloom and sadness

In this great big world of ours.

Join in Nature's song of gladness.

Birds and blossoms, trees and flowers

All are telling you 't is springtime,

Calling you to come and see.

Listen to the birds a-singing!

Listen to the hummingbee!

Can't you feel new life within you?

Can't you feel the call to be,

Like the birds among the tree-tops,

Wild and joyous, glad and free?

"WHEN THE DAYS GROW LONGER"

BY ANNETTE AUSLANDER (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1915)

WHEN the days grow longer, a something stirs
In the moist brown earth and the heart of me,
And I feel it quicken on briar and tree,
And thrill in the flame of the gossamers.

When the days grow longer, the morning starts
With a shimmer of sun, and a choir of song,
And a dazzle of dew on the happy throng
Of the hills of God—for a world of hearts.

When the days grow longer, the stilly noon
Nods her head, as a butterfly sleeps on the bell
Of the village church, while the magic spell
In a whisper of wind makes the grasses croon.

When the days grow longer, a flush of sky
Brings night, and the moon, and the revel of stars,
And a breeze from over the ocean-bars,
And a smell of clover from fields hard by.

When the days grow longer, we laugh and run,
And Rover comes after, and scoots thro' our heels,
And barks—well, only because he feels
Like barking to show that he 's in for fun.

When the days grow longer, the earth lifts a tune
Of life and the joy and the wonder of things,
And the whole wide landscape in unison sings,
When the days grow longer—in summer and June.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY VENETTE MILNE WILLARD, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MARCH, 1913.)

A LEGEND OF OUR TOWN

BY PHYLLIS HAZARD (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

IN the earlier half of the nineteenth century there lived in Newport a queer old man, who had a fund of local legends and superstitions. One particularly interesting was that about the famous Rhode Island greening.

It seems that, on one of his numerous eastern voyages, the captain of the *Atlantis* had the good fortune to rescue a shipwrecked Indian prince. His father was so delighted at his miraculous return that he gave the captain a young apple-tree planted in a porcelain tub and which was said to be one of the few original offshoots of the Tree of Knowledge, the king having poss-

session of it because his palace was situated on, or near, the Garden of Eden.

The sea-captain took the little tree and brought it home to his ship-owner, who, in turn, preserved it carefully, intending to build a greenhouse and have the temperature regulated to make it thrive. Before this was accomplished, however, the ship-owner was warned in a dream that the climate would not be right, and that the tree would have to be taken to Rhode Island, as its climate was similar to that of Assyria, in order to make the tree grow.

He proceeded to do this, and planted the tree at



"A SUNNY CORNER." BY LILLIAN EDDY, AGE 13.

V—, a famous homestead near Newport, and watched the tree's development with pride.

The little tree grew and grew. The apples were famous the world over, and known then, as now, as the "Rhode Island greening." Many people claim that spurious apples are sold them; that the originals are too precious to part with; and that the old brand has died out. But you have only to secure one of the V— apples and you will no longer wonder at man's fall.

A LEGEND OF OUR TOWN

BY LYDIA MOWER (AGE 12)

A FEW years previous to 1658, a small vessel anchored in the Saugus River and four men were seen to leave the boat and come ashore.

In the morning, as this was an unusual occurrence, a



"A SUNNY CORNER." BY RAYMOND EDDY, AGE 14.

number of people from the settlement of Lynn went to see about it. Imagine their surprise when the boat was nowhere to be seen.

This same morning a note was found in the iron

foundry saying that, if handcuffs and other iron manufactures were left in a certain place, silver money would be left for them. These articles were made, and the money was found as promised. People watched, but no ship or men were seen.

Sometime after this, the four men returned and took up living in a secluded part of Lynn Woods.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY FRANCES H. LENZ, AGE 16.

Later, these men were discovered to be pirates, and ever afterward this ravine has been called Pirates' Glen. Three were caught and taken back to England and tried. The fourth, Tom Veal, made his escape, and took up his abode in a cave about two miles north of where the pirates are said to have hidden their plunder.

He was still living there when, in 1658, there was an earthquake throughout New England. A boulder was shaken before the opening of the cave, making Tom Veal a prisoner. Because of this incident the cave has been named Dungeon Rock.

Many have hunted for the pirates' treasure, which is supposed to have been deposited in Lynn Woods, but all in vain.

WHEN THE DAYS GROW LONGER

BY ANNA LINCOLN (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

AFTER the king of winter

Yields to the voice of spring,
And birds from sunny southland
Return and sweet songs sing;

When buttercups and violets peep
From every mossy nook,
And through the soft air echoes
The murmuring of the brook;

When girls with baskets wander
The fields and woodland through,
Gathering nature's treasures,
Flowers of every hue;

When boys have pockets brimming
With marbles, tops, and strings,
And sticks to build their kites with,
And numerous other things;

When nature is awakening,
And sun rays growing stronger,
When buds burst from their bondage,
'T is then the days grow longer.

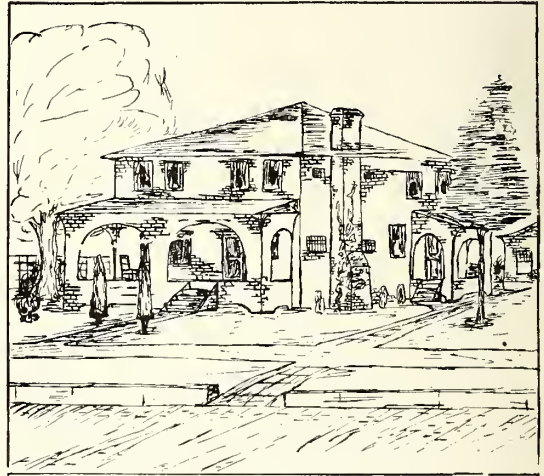
WHEN THE DAYS GROW LONGER

BY FANNIE M. BOUTON (AGE 16)

SPRING 's a little spirit moving
Swift and always full of mirth,
Sometimes flitting high above us,
Sometimes delving in the earth.

She takes sap up to the tree-tops,
Brings the warm light to the ground,
Shakes each little sleeping seedlet
Till it wakes from sleep so sound;

Draws the birdies from the Southland,
Fans soft breezes till they blow,
Whispers words of love to brooklets
Till they murmur as they flow.



"SOMETHING SQUARE," THE HOUSE IN WHICH I LIVE

BY CHESTER E. BARTRUFF, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Now the Sun in open pleasure
Rises early in the morn
To see the children of Spring's labor
All the wakening world adorn;

And when he nears the western portal,
Loath to let night's shadows fall,
He lingers long with Spring,—to help her
Spread her spirit over all.

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	Dora Sussman	Richard W. Frost
Elizabeth Parsons	Sarah Richards	Rose Schwartz
Jessie Babcock	Leighton Rollins	David J. G.
Margaret Strickland	Edward Gleason	Murrell
Edith Emmons	Elizabeth B. Locke	Margery Wells
Katharine	Florence Guelman	Rosalyn Margolies
Van R. Holste	Gladys Funck	Olie W. Block
Emma G. Jacobs	John H. Hinrichs	Mary Powers
Cecile A. de Witt	Arthur C. Johnson	Edna Hanley
Walter Hanlon	Helen E. Bailey	Emily L. Hewitt
Lillian Brenton	Miriam McQuaid	Mary F. Gopen
Virginia M. Alcock	Anna Higgins	Doris E.
Sarah Volkell	Josephine Smith	Woodruff
Ruth Brindze	Patrick Reilly	Anita Griffin
Elizabeth Cluverius	Dorothy S.	Frances Wolf
Isabel McDowell	Dinsmore	Harold Stevens
	Blanche Livingston	Jerome Reeves

VERSE, 1

Ada M. Haesler
 Susannah S. Platt
 Virginia Hartwell
 Marie Welch
 Marie Mirvis
 Nellie M. Japp
 Oscar Kaplan
 George K.
 Newell, Jr.
 Edna Foster

Clarence De W.
 Rogers, Jr.
 Howard Danielson
 Rose Stockel
 Marguerite Munger
 Margaret Noyes
 Julia Kuhl
 Alice B. Parker
 Albertine James
 Eleanor Sprague
 Jane Whitney
 Lester H. Owen

Roberta Hopkins
 John Virgilio
 Anna F. Prosser
 Anna Babcock
 Katharine Gerry
 Thornley W.
 Martin, Jr.

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Anita Fenton
 Vinnie MacRay
 Stephen Greay
 Margaret Gabel
 Charles E. Lytle, Jr.
 Horton H. Honsaker
 Sherwood Munson
 Helen McHarg
 Dorothy Levy
 Barbara Prosser
 Hazel W. Russell
 Alice M. Clampitt
 Margaret Barnard
 Esther B. White
 V. Burke
 Gerald H. Loomis
 Elizabeth W. Graves
 Madeline R. Brown
 Parker B. Newell
 Margaret Olmsted
 Verdi E. B.
 Fuller, Jr.
 Patricia Acres
 Phillips H. Lord
 Polly Sawyer
 Florence
 Nightingale
 Madeline Spafford
 Harry Clow
 Alice B. Munro

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Dorothy Dyer
 Phyllis Kett
 Kingsley K.
 Howarth
 Mary B. Huhbell
 Elizabeth Kimball



"A SUNNY CORNER." BY MARY H. STODDARD, AGE 9.

Margaret A. Buell
 Minna Frank
 M. Dorothea
 Drummond
 Anita L. Grannis
 Yvonne Smith
 Ethel C. Litchfield
 Hannah Ratisher
 Eleanor Hillyer
 Minna G. Dessez
 Louise McElroy
 Katherine Gauss
 Ellen Crawford
 Eleanor Johnson
 Mary S. Benson
 Mary Lockett
 Mary Bosworth
 Frieda Rosenberg
 Marcella H. Foster
 Isabel B. Greason
 Jane Linn
 Kathryn A. Lyon
 E. Frances Jennings
 Muriel J. Bodkin
 Hallet Gubelman
 Eleanor Stevens

Peggy Winter
 Adelaide Winter
 Margaret W. Bacon
 Florence White
 Margaret Schaff
 George Kass

DRAWINGS, 1

Marjorie Henderson
 Otto Tennigkeit
 Norman Trefethen
 Anle Sussé
 Miriam Eisenberg
 Dorothy Stein
 Richard Purdy
 Elizabeth Mouat
 Mary H. Hart
 Dick Rathbone
 Stephanie H.
 Rasmus
 Susan E. Burney
 Mildred Parnham
 Edmund Bellairs
 Estelle Weinschenk
 Edith Nelson
 Margaret Warrin
 Fredrick S. Hulse
 Margaret J.
 Wooldridge
 Emily P. Bethel
 F. B. Fox

Dorothy B. Smith
 Katharine T. Bryant
 Emily B. Newman
 Theodore Johnson
 Rosamond Pinchot
 Elizabeth Zimmer
 Wynne Fairfield
 Constance Voorhies
 Kathleen Andrews
 Edith Dempsey
 Margaret Sanders

Helena Archihald
 Kathryn Rauh
 Rose T. Whiting
 Carvel Hunt
 Marie F. Boas
 Evelyn R. Drayton
 Eda McCoy
 Lolita Stubblefield
 Mary L. Lytle
 Doris Lenhart
 Joseph Pascoe



"SOMETHING SQUARE." BY LOUISE S. MAV, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

PUZZLES, 1

Hubert Barentzen
 William Penn
 John McAndrew
 May Shove
 Howell Ellett
 Gladys H. Pew
 Richard W. Sawtelle

Ignatius Vado
 John McClellan
 Louise Patricia
 Lynch

PUZZLES, 2

Harriet Davis
 Armand Donaldson

Bernard Scheinman
 Ruth Mary Collins
 Barbara Farr
 Jamie C. Perkins
 Sterling Dow
 Elizabeth West
 Angeline Garrison
 Nancy Hough
 Helen Beinecke

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 198

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. 198 will close April 24 (for foreign members April 30). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for August.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "A Song of the Trees."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Golden Opportunity."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Our Church."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Ready for the Ride," 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 zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned 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—and must state in writing—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; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: The St. Nicholas League,
 353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

ST. GALL, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading over some old ST. NICHOLAS'S I found in the July, 1914, number an inquiry regarding the invention of the watch answered with the statement that "History does not seem to have preserved the name of the inventor."

Now I once lived several years in Nurnberg, and I remember a fountain in the heart of the city over which presided the figure of a man accredited with that invention. The inscription on the monument may be translated as follows: "In remembrance of Peter Henlein the inventor of the watch." Around the pedestal upon which the statue stands are the twelve Roman characters ordinarily used to designate the time upon the faces of watches and clocks.

Very truly yours,

CATHERINE ELEANORE IFFT.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think you are the very best magazine anybody could have. If I say, "I have nothing to read," Mother says, "You should take your ST. NICHOLAS; that is lovely and you could never tire of it." And Mother is right. In many books you read ST. NICHOLAS is mentioned. My favorite stories were "The Lost Prince," "Peg o' the Ring," and "The Boarded-up House."

Your most interested reader,
MARGARET SANVILLE
(age 10).

BRUNSWICK, Mo.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years and enjoy you more than I can tell. Mama reads you to me from cover to cover, and enjoys the stories as much as I.

We gave the little play "The Sleeping Beauty" for the benefit of our school, and cleared over a hundred dollars. I

was *The Shining Prince* in the play, and I am sending you my picture. We had a flash-light taken of the whole company, but it was not good, so I cannot send it.

LOUIS DONALD SASSE (age 7).

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and I have taken you for three years, and we enjoy you very much. We live in Washington, D. C., and it is a very beautiful city, especially in the springtime, when all the flowers begin to come up. The public buildings are very interesting,

and also very pretty. Mother tries to take us every Saturday to see a different building, so by spring, when we leave, we shall have seen all of them. The monument, which is five hundred and fifty-five feet high, is very pretty at night, when the search-light is played on it. A few weeks ago we went to the Bureau of Engraving, and saw how they make paper money, and stamps. It was very interesting to see thousands and thousands of stamps colored, by big copper plates which have been smeared, with red, green, yellow, or whatever the color is going to be; then a plain sheet of white paper is placed on the color, and a roller goes over it, and it comes out stamped. There are four hundred stamps on each sheet. After they have been stamped they are perforated, and the mucilage is put on them; then they are packed in bundles of ten thousand, and shipped to the different cities and towns. The paper money is done just about the same, only when they are printed, they go to the place where they are signed.

My favorite stories in ST. NICHOLAS were "The Lucky Stone" and "The Lost Prince." I think it is very interesting to read the "Letter-Box" each month, and see how far you send your lovely magazine.

Your interested reader,

MARY EMILY LANIER.

LYONS, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother and I both enjoy you very much, and there is always a quarrel about you.

I live in Lyons, the double gateway to the new Rocky Mountain National Park.

About a quarter of a mile away from our house there is a beaver-dam. Last summer I went wading in that same river, and now it is seven feet deep. Some of the biggest trees around there were cut down by the beavers. But the funniest thing to me is that the logs they cut, instead of floating, sink to the bottom and are dragged to the dam by the beavers. I would like to know how they get them to stay at the bottom of the river.

Your interested reader,

LOUISE TURNER.

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you only a short time, but now I don't see how I did without you. I enjoy reading the "Letter-Box." I have seen letters there from many faraway countries, but none from here.

The main business streets in Buenos Aires are: Florida, Avenida de Mayo, and Callao. Florida is a very narrow street. From five until seven in the afternoon automobiles and other vehicles are not allowed in it, then Florida is crowded with people walking on the sidewalks and in the streets.

Your interested reader,

MARGARET HELEN RICHARDSON (age 12).

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Navy girl, and I have lived on the small island of Guam, out in the middle of the Pacific, for eight months. It was very interesting there. The natives are called Chamorros. The night before a wedding they have very interesting parties, called fandangoes, one at the bride's house and one at the groom's. This particular fandango that I watched was the one given by the groom, whose name was Vincente Camacho. It was right across the street from the house that I watched it from. They ate outside under



a little arbor made of young cocoanut-leaves and lighted by lanterns. They had soup, rice, beef, mutton, pork, ham, peas, wine, and ice-cream. They had huge helpings of everything.

The food was placed in copper kettles, and cooked over a fire built on the ground. They stirred the soup with a long bamboo pole.

They had music, and after dinner they danced. It lasted from six o'clock in the evening to six in the morning. They were married at the Catholic church when the fandango was over.

I am glad to be back in the United States, where I don't have to wait so long for you.

I remain, your little Navy friend,
WINIFRED ANNE MURFIN (age 10).

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years, and began the fifth in November. "The Lost Prince" is one of the best stories I have ever read. It was given as a prize to the winner of a spelling-match we had at school. I am reading "The Sapphire Signet" now.

It seems very queer here without the Exposition. The Fine Arts Palace was re-opened New Year's Day. Art Smith, the aviator, flies from the grounds on special occasions. One day he did twenty-two loops in about fifteen minutes. He is just a boy, being only twenty-one years old. He has a little red automobile that he made, and when he comes down, he gets out of his aeroplane and into his automobile and rushes around the field in it. Thanksgiving day he raced Barney Oldfield in it, and beat Barney, too; but he had a quarter-mile head-start.

Your faithful reader,
FREDERIC J. SIEBERT, JR. (age 11).

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I've taken you for five years.

I am going to tell you a little bit about "Norman's Woe," where the fishing-schooner *Hesperus* was wrecked. I cannot tell if this certain schooner, of which Mr. Longfellow writes, was really wrecked, but I know that, within the last few years, the fishermen of Gloucester have placed a bell-buoy half a mile out from the island, to keep all steamers or large boats out to sea.

Although we have lived near Gloucester for thirteen years, we never have heard any one speak of that subject.

The island of Norman's Woe is in Massachusetts,



and is between Gloucester and Magnolia. It is a low flat island with a pebbly beach sloping towards the mainland, where a few houses face the sea.

The fishing is very good, and the bathing is also good—for polar bears only.

I thank you again and again for the many happy hours you have given me. I liked "The Land of Mys-

tery," and my brother knows Mr. Moffett. I also liked "With Men Who Do Things," and "Beatrice of Dene-wood." In fact it is impossible to choose.

I remain forever,
Your devoted reader,
NATALIE HAMMOND (age 12).

DULUTH, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years and cannot express all the pleasure I have received from your stories, poetry, and pictures. Mother is going to have you bound for my birthday.

I have never seen a letter from Duluth in the "Letter-Box," so I will tell you something of the city.



It is at the head of Lake Superior. It is built on a hill and is very narrow, but it is twenty-one miles long (some people say a mile high). Extending out into the lake for seven miles is an arm of land called the Point. It is separated from the mainland by a narrow canal.

Reaching from the Point to Duluth across the canal is a bridge. It is called the Aërial Bridge. This bridge is a peculiar construction modeled from a French design. It has to be queer, because it must be a bridge, but cannot interfere with the passage of boats. It is a steel car, suspended by arms from a track above. It is run by cables. A motorman has control of it, just like a street-car. It has room for automobiles, horses, and people. This picture, taken from our naval training-ship *Gopher*, just shows the bridge part.

Your interested reader,
NATALIE HAMMOND (age 12).

GRANTCHESTER, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I just love your magazine but I think the thing that is most popular with all of us is the Bee-ba-boes. I love "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," and "Peg o' the Ring."

There are three of us, and we live in a little village called Grantchester. There is supposed to be a haunted room in this house where you hear the clanking of chains.

We have no real pets, but we keep snails instead; they become quite tame, and let you touch their horns. In case any reader would like to keep them, I will tell you how we do it. We get a glass aquarium and put them under it with plenty of fresh cabbage-leaves. I

have one which I have had for seven months. He is very tame, and has only one horn. I let him go loose in the garden, and he always comes back.

The war has made a great difference to us; we used to have a great many friends come to see us on Sundays from Cambridge, where Father used to lecture; but now they have all gone to the war, and Father has gone to do war-work in London.

Your delighted reader,
KATHARINE TANSLEY.

RAHWAY, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I sprained my ankle two days ago, and you certainly have afforded me continuous amusement. You have been at my side constantly during my misfortune. I should not know what to do without you. I have read you from cover to cover, I believe. And what's more, when I get through reading this month's ST. NICHOLAS I read my old ones. Thanking you again and again for the never-failing pleasure you give me,

Your grateful reader,
HOPE BERRY.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am only seven, but I liked "The Boarded-Up House" so much I could hardly wait for the ST. NICHOLAS to come. I nearly learned to read it myself. And I cried hard when my Father told me the next chapter would be the last. I am so glad this story has been printed as a book.

Your little reader,
MARY VIRGINIA HAILEY.

CATANIA, SICILY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years, and I am sure you are the nicest magazine in the world. I am always very excited to have you and I think all your stories are lovely. My favorite ones are: "The Lost Prince," "The Runaway," and "A Maid of Dene-wood." I have a brother and a sister both younger than myself and they also are very interested in you. We liked so much "The Adventures of Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear" and "The Lucky Stone."

I am a Sicilian girl and am thirteen years old; we live in the country near Catania and we have many pets. Our favorite one is a little dog named Jinny; next time I write I will send you his photograph. We had such a nice little monkey, named Susy, but some time ago she died; we used to dress her up in dolls' clothes, and she looked so funny!

I am very interested in the "Letter-Box," and always read your readers' letters; there was a very nice letter from Japan from Pentarrow Mochizuki in the January number. I have not yet seen a letter that has been sent from Sicily.

Wishing you always good luck, I am your very interested Sicilian reader,

ENRICHETTA DI SAN GIULIANO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have received you for a year, and have enjoyed you immensely.

I like "The Sapphire Signet" and "Saved by a Camera" best.

When I was visiting the Hawaiian Islands, I went to Hilo. One night I went to the Kilauea Volcano in an automobile. This is the largest active volcano in the world. All around were great tree ferns. When we got there we toasted cards in the cracks of hot lava. Then we went into a sort of cave, called the Devil's

Kitchen, and pinned cards with our names on the wall.

The lava was shaped very queerly. One heap was shaped like a witch, another like a baby in a tub. The fire was bubbling and every little while some of it would shoot into the air.

Your interested reader,
ARDELL MOCKBEE (age 8).

PEPEEKEO, HAWAII.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have never seen any letter from these islands, I thought I would write and tell you how I enjoy your magazine.

We live on Pepeekeo Plantation, near Hilo, the capital of the island of Hawaii. My father is the manager of this plantation. Near our house is a large sugar-mill. We often go down and watch the cane being manufactured into sugar.

I have two brothers and one sister. We go in and out to school every day on the train to Hilo, a distance of eight miles.

The volcano of Kilauea, the largest active volcano of the world, is on this island and we go up there every summer. It is a wonderful sight, and I wish you could see it sometime.

We have taken ST. NICHOLAS for seven years, and could not do without it. Many other children of these islands take this magazine, too.

Your devoted reader,
LOUISA WEBSTER.

WAXAHACHIE, TEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps this little "poem," composed by my three-year-old niece, may be of interest to the readers of your Letter-Box.

Very truly,
IRENE D. GALLAWAY.

"When the roses are all gone,
When the leaves are falling down,
Then the lady goes across the street
to meet her daddy."

MARGARET FRIERSON (age 3).

PARAISO, COSTA RICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Costa Rica on an orange farm. I used to live in Cartago, one of the towns, with my father and mother. I am ten years old now, but then I was only five. We lived in a stone house on the corner of the street.

We had been sleeping in a tent for some time, because Father thought there would be an earthquake. One night my nurse had just put me to bed. It was seven o'clock, and my father came into the tent to say good night to me, when all at once the tent rocked from side to side, and the houses began to fall. My father took me up, bedclothes and all, and gave me to my nurse, who was shrieking with fright, and he ran out to the house to get Mother. She had run out of the house. All the people were crying and shrieking, and houses were falling. There was a dreadful noise. Nobody was hurt in our house. We all stayed in the tent all that night, and at seven o'clock in the morning, we started for the farm. Mother rode and held me, while Father walked beside us. The streets were full of stones from the fallen houses.

A great many people were killed, about eight hundred, and all the houses fell down but three.

Now the town has been rebuilt, but we are never going to live there again.

CONSUELO CARTER (age 10).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "No pain, no palm; no thorns, no throne; no gall, no glory; no cross, no crown."

Pi. When will Boreas give us peace?
Or has Winter signed a lease
For another month of frost,
Leaving Spring to pay the cost?
For it seems he still is king,
Though 't is Spring.

A MARCH ACROSTIC. Presidential Inauguration. Cross-words: 1. Peril. 2. Round. 3. Eclat. 4. Scrub. 5. Image. 6. Datum. 7. Every. 8. Natal. 9. Truth. 10. India. 11. Allow. 12. Liana.

A DOZEN JACKS. 1. Jack Horner. 2. Jack Frost. 3. Jack of all Trades. 4. Jack-o'-lantern. 5. Jack Spratt. 6. Jack-in-the-pulpit. 7. Jackstones. 8. Jack-knife. 9. Jack-in-the-hox. 10. Jackdaw. 11. Jackson. 12. Jack and the Beanstalk.—**CHARADE.** Tar-tar.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Norse. 2. Ocean. 3. Rebut. 4. Sauce. 5. Enter.

PREFIX PUZZLE. 1. Catacomb. 2. Catalogue. 3. Catbird. 4. Catboat. 5. Catfish. 6. Cattail. 7. Caterwaul.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received before January 24 from Fannie Garson—Winifred Walz—Luther B. Arrington—Katharine H. White—Claire A. Heppner—Helen Fyke—Sally Burrage—"Midwood"—Elizabeth Lee Young—"Alilil and Adi"—Isabel H. Wisner—Helen H. McIver—Helen A. Moulton—R. Kenneth Everson—Nancy Hough and Angeline Garrison.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received before January 24 from Ellen W. Lothrop, 10—Helen Adda Vance, 10—Arthur Poulin, Jr., 10—Frances Burrage, 9—Lloyd Berrall, 8—Russell W. Kenfield, 7—"St. Anna's Girls," 7—Edith M. Hryn, 7—George J. Smith, 7—Edwin Pond, Jr., 7—Whitney Ashbridge, 6—Morton Milsner, 6—Anna Winslow, 6—Ignatius Vado, 5—Agnes Salinger, 4—Florence Guelman, 4—Albert W. Simpson, 4—John A. Hall, 3—Emily B. Strong, 3—Adele S. Weiler, 3—Paul T. Siedenburgh, 2—M. Spicer, 1—K. Lehachner, 1—H. Shepherd, 1—G. M. Laimbeer, 1—L. Fronefield, 1—D. Achelis, 1—C. E. Kent, 1—M. Gooding, 1—L. H. Loomis, 1—E. Libby, 1—R. Crogan, 1—M. Tucker, 1—M. Salomon, 1—E. Temple, 1—A. M. Lloyd, 1—A. Warne, 1—J. Gordon, 1—G. Gilgan, 1—C. Eddy, 1—A. Loftus, 1—C. R. Buell, 1—A. A. McCulloch, 1—B. W. Palmer, 1—M. S. Guthrie, 1—M. Robinson, 1—W. Lee, 1—L. Richards, 1—H. M. Patterson, 1—A. G. Ford, 1—P. Conwell, 1—M. Morris, 1—E. Morrow, 1—S. Cunningham, 1—M. Taylor, 1—D. Taylor, 1—V. Beatty, 1—H. H. Stewart, 1—M. W. Greves, 1—T. Walker, 1—A. M. Muller, 1—M. L. Goldstein, 1—L. P. Lynch, 1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell a certain pleasant season, and another row of letters will spell a certain pleasant day.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A country of Europe. 2. The hymns of David and others. 3. A scamp. 4. To purpose. 5. A little instrument used in sewing. 6. A clear, red stone. PRISCILLA LEE (age 15), *League Member*.

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 *lamp* to *fire* in four moves. Answer, lamp, lame, fame, fare, fire.

1. Change *lily* to *rose* in six moves.
2. Change *blue* to *pink* in eight moves.
3. Change *tree* to *bush* in seven moves.
4. Change *gate* to *door* in seven moves.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL. America. Cross-words: 1. Algeria. 2. Alabama. 3. Antwerp. 4. Georgia. 5. Leipsic. 6. Ecuador. 7. Atlanta.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, "The Boarded-up House"; fourth row, "The Sapphire Signet." Cross-words: 1. Tattle. 2. Hyphen. 3. Effect. 4. Beasts. 5. Oblate. 6. Adopts. 7. Reaper. 8. Dasher. 9. Engine. 10. Dearly. 11. Unread. 12. Person. 13. Habits. 14. Origin. 15. Unknt. 16. Street. 17. Easter.

CHANGED HEADS. I. Hare, mare, pare, rare, hare, fare, tare, ware. II. Pine, wine, mine, vine, line, dine, fine. III. Hack, Jack, lack, pack, rack, back, tack, sack.

MIXED ACROSTIC. Initials, March; third and fifth rows, St. Nicholas. Cross-words: 1. Means. 2. Ashes. 3. Relic. 4. Croon. 5. Hoist.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE. Begin at S, the upper, left-hand letter, and end at the S in the square below it. Shakspeare, Macbeth, Hamlet, King Lear, Julius Caesar, Cymbeline, Romeo and Juliet, Othello, Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus.

5. Change *soft* to *hard* in six moves.
6. Change *leaf* to *vine* in seven moves.
7. Change *desk* to *game* in six moves.
8. Change *girl* to *lady* in seven moves.
9. Change *shoe* to *coat* in four moves.

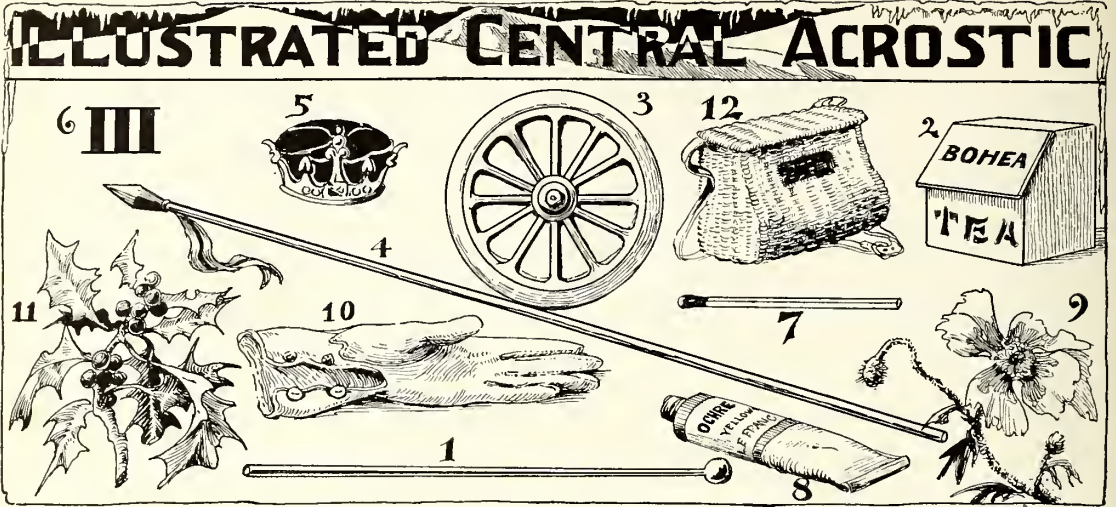
EDITH ANNA LUKENS (age 14), *League Member*.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL

ALL the names to be guessed contain the same number of letters. When written one below another, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the surname of a famous man.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. One of the United States. 2. A city famous for its cutlery manufacture. 3. A republic of Central America. 4. The name of an Indian Reservation in Montana. 5. A town near Boston. 6. A famous town of Palestine. 7. The strait which connects the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora. 8. A city of the Netherlands. 9. A range of mountains in the Middle Atlantic States.

ELIZABETH MC MILLAN (age 12), *League Member*.



THIS differs from the ordinary central acrostic in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. When the twelve objects are rightly guessed and their names written one below another, the central letters will spell an alluring spot which must be almost impossible to photograph.

ANAGRAM

A GREAT country:

IS AUNT TESTED?

JOE EARNEST (age 14), *League Member*.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July, 1914)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, the initials will spell the name of a famous writer, and another row of letters will spell one of his works.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Ardor. 2. To hinder. 3. The plant whose leaves crowned a victor. 4. A surgeon's instrument. 5. Measures of length. 6. An inclosure for live birds. 7. A substance capable of attracting iron or steel. 8. To render pliable. 9. Very brave. 10. Adroit. 11. Rogues. 12. Entirely. 13. To spring. 14. Morals. 15. To save. 16. To make dear.

ANNA MARIE VOGEL (age 15).

WORD-SQUARE AND INCLUDED DIAMOND

WORD-SQUARE: 1. A very low bow. 2. To lessen. 3. Toil. 4. To make satisfaction for. 5. Lakes.

INCLUDED DIAMOND: 1. In reality. 2. A club. 3. To exert muscular strength. 4. Two thousand pounds. 5. In reality.

WILLIAM PENN (age 12), *League Member*.

CHARADE

A SCOTSMAN and a sailor met
One day upon the shore;
One was my *first*, with a coat of my *last*,
While my *whole* the other wore.

MARION AMES (age 16), *League Member*.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of forty-eight letters, and form a quotation that teaches perseverance and cheerfulness.

My 29-44-8 is to watch closely. My 27-25-43-48 are old and tattered clothes. My 36-18-31-3 is a feature. My 22-12-34-23 is to possess. My 14-40-6-37-45 is a freshet. My 39-16-41-19-26 is a professional buffoon. My 4-32-5-17-47 is levity. My 20-28-42-10-2, my 38-15-9-1-11, my 35-46-30-21, and my 7-33-24-13 each name a point of the compass.

ETHEL CROSBY (age 15), *League Member*.

ZIGZAG

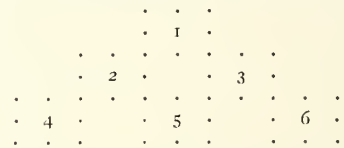
ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, left-hand letter, will spell something sought by small children at Easter.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A representation of a person. 2. A useful tropical plant. 3. More quickly. 4. A manager. 5. To hesitate in action. 6. To annoy. 7. To drink in. 8. Time yet to come. 9. Yearly. 10. Enrages. 11. At a distance, but within view.

ARTHUR A. COOK (age 13), *League Member*.

A PYRAMID OF SQUARES

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



IN solving this puzzle, follow the above diagram, though each square in the puzzle contains five cross-words.

I. 1. A wading bird. 2. A black bird. 3. To turn aside. 4. Courage. 5. To penetrate.

II. 1. To fail in duty. 2. Use. 3. Shaved. 4. A systematic attack on a fortified place. 5. A senior.

III. 1. Charges. 2. To ward off. 3. In ancient geography, a city in Arcadia. 4. Upright. 5. To recite.

IV. 1. Old. 2. To cast. 3. To get up. 4. One who loses. 5. Pitchers.

V. 1. Storms. 2. Concerning. 3. Certain domestic fowls. 4. To follow. 5. To guide.

VI. 1. Earnest. 2. To expiate. 3. Supplies. 4. To invest. 5. To set again. JAMES A. MILLER (age 13).



A REGULAR "Bow of Promise" for perplexed housewives—A good part of the labor and worry cut out of the every-day dinner problem. Time saved. Fuel saved. A hearty, wholesome, satisfying dish ready on the minute for any meal or any emergency—You have all this in

Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

There is real nourishment in every spoonful of this tempting Campbell "kind." We make it from medium-sized ox tails, specially selected for this use. The sliced joints with their meaty marrowy substance, are combined in a delicious tomato purée, with diced carrots and yellow turnips, barley and celery. We complete this appetizing combination with delicate spices and a slight flavoring of dry Spanish sherry. You'll say you never tasted a more delicious soup.

Why not enjoy it *today*?

21 kinds

10c a can



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



"No-Not This"

"Go Get Your Own Puffed Wheat"

Every child has dainties she dislikes to share.

You did and we did. Children always will.

And in every home that serves Puffed Wheat, that dainty is among them. We have often watched it. With a great big dish, and a package-full in waiting, one hates to share a taste.

Flaky, Flavory Bonbons

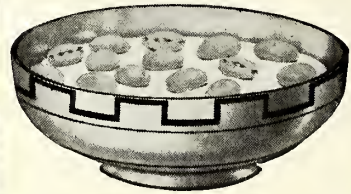
These bubbles of wheat look and taste like confections. Children love to eat them like peanuts—carry them in bags when at play.

Adding cream and sugar makes a breakfast dish with which nothing else compares. And they are about as delicious as a good-night dish, floated in bowls of milk.

Another pleasant fact is that at any hour one may eat his fill. For these thin, crisp morsels are simply whole wheat puffed. Every food cell has been exploded. So, beyond all other grain foods, Puffed Wheat easily digests.

It is quite a mistake to be sparing of a food so fascinating and so hygienic.

Puffed Wheat	Except in Far West	12c
Puffed Rice		15c
Corn Puffs—Bubbles of Corn Hearts—15c		



These are the foods in which Prof. A. P. Anderson solved the problem of perfect cooking.

In other forms these grain foods are cooked or baked or toasted. Thus part of the food cells are broken, but rarely more than half.

In Puffed Grains alone is every food cell exploded. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in each Puffed Grain. Thus every atom of every element becomes available as food.

Your doctor will tell you that wheat and rice, in every way, are best when served in puffed form.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1229)



Boys and Girls Know *that* Sign

The New Departure Coaster Brake brought the Bike back because it brought safe riding and easy pedalling to the good old wheel.

This wonderful device has made the Bicycle the safest, easiest to ride, most health-giving vehicle in the world. The



NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE

never fails the rider. Maintains a perfect control all the time—reduces or quickens speed instantly—stops you anywhere—on any road—in less than the wheel's length.

Boys and Girls and "Grown-ups" too, when you buy your Bicycle have it "fixed right" with a NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE.

Free, to Live Boys!—We will send you a gold-plated "Joy Boy" stick-pin if you will give us the name of your nearest bicycle dealer.

The New Departure Manufacturing Co.

105 Main Street

Bristol, Conn.



Shut Your Eyes and Choose.

"Zaire!" exclaims the eminent French chef, as he proudly exhibits his splendid Cherry Jell-O dessert, "can anybody beat zat?"

"Well, perhaps not 'beat it,'" the lovely young housewife says, demurely, "but what do you say to this?"

What *is* there to say? Fact is, any woman, whether she can cook at all or not, can make of

JELL-O

the same delicious and beautiful desserts that are made by the greatest chefs and cooks, for she doesn't cook it, but only adds boiling water. And the cost is only 10 cents.

Jell-O is really a very wonderful product and many women will tell you that they are fascinated by the charm of the "easy Jell-O way."

There are seven different pure fruit flavors of Jell-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate. Each, in a package by itself, 10 cents at any grocer's or general store.

A beautiful new Jell-O book tells of a young bride's house-keeping experiences. It has splendid pictures in colors and will interest every woman. It will be sent to you free if you will send us your name and address.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.

A tightly sealed waxed paper bag, proof against moisture and air, encloses the Jell-O in each package.



This is the package

ANSCO

CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM



The Sign of the
AnSCO Dealer

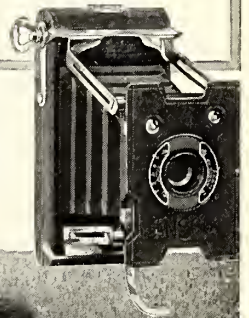


WHEN Billy Robbins and Kate Abbott broke their saving banks to buy cameras, do you remember how you wanted one, too, but found you did not have enough money? Count your pennies and nickels and dimes again. More now! Spend part of it for an AnSCO Vest-Pocket.

You can get one for only \$7.50—the smallest and lightest camera made to take $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ pictures. With AnSCO Speedex Film and Cyko Paper for the prints, your pictures are almost sure to be “hummers.”

Catalog from your dealer or us free upon request. Write us for specimen picture.

AnSCO Vest-Pocket No. 1
Weight, 12 ounces; size of
picture, $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches.
Price, \$7.50 with Single
Achromatic Lens; \$9 with
Rapid Rectilinear Lens.



ANSCO COMPANY BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK



Betty's Letters—3.

HER LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT



WHITNEY LYON, PRESIDENT H. LYON, VICE PRESIDENT FLOYD WHEELER, VICE PRESIDENT RALPH LYON, VICE PRESIDENT GEORGE S. LYON, VICE PRESIDENT

I.W. Lyon & Sons, Incorporated

ESTABLISHED IN 1898

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER | DR. LYON'S PERFECT DENTAL CREAM

TELEPHONE 8977 CHICAGO CHICAGO, ILL. CHICAGO, ILL.

520 WEST 27TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Dear Miss St. Nicholas:-

I have seen your letters in St. Nicholas and in this office and I think you are to be congratulated.

I wish all boys and girls would become acquainted with the good products our company makes. You know my father originated them when your grand-father was a boy and for over half a century Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder has lived up to the fine name he gave it. He called it, "An old friend of the family."

If all St. Nicholas boys and girls will brush their teeth two or three times daily they will have better health and more happiness and this beloved country of ours will have better citizens.

Respectfully yours,

Whitney Lyon
President

Miss Betty St. Nicholas,
Everywhere,
U. S. A.

BETTY has had a letter from the President! Of course you know we mean the President of "Dr. Lyon's" company. We knew all the St. Nicholas Bettys and Dicks would like to see it. So here it is. And right below this is Betty's reply. Even though Dick isn't grammatical, he is very much in earnest and he will find that better teeth will help him to learn more easily. That is what President Lyon means when he says that the regular use of "Dr. Lyon's" will make better citizens.

(By the way, do you notice how much better Betty's writing has become?)

Dear Mr Lyon:-

I showed your letter to all my friends and they agree with me in thinking it strange that anything so pleasant to use should do anyone so much good! We all use "Dr Lyon's" regularly.

*me too -
Dic'*

*Your friend,
Betty*



Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder
OR
Dental Cream

Send 2c. to-day for a trial package of either DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER or DENTAL CREAM. There's enough to last for nearly two weeks. See what fun it really is to brush your teeth with dentifrice that you like—that tastes as good as it looks.

I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc., 533 W. 27th St., New York





When You See a Boy Proud of His Tires

and enjoying every minute of his bicycle ride, you know he's riding on those unbeatable

VACUUM CUP *Puncture-Proofed* by the use of a special *Red Oilproof Tread* 15½ oz. fabric. *Guaranteed Oilproof.*
BICYCLE TIRES The attractive red tread of three rows of Vacuum Cups means skid-free trips and tours. *Guaranteed* for one entire season, else repaired or replaced without charge.

★**THREE STAR**★ *LINE OF-*
BICYCLE TIRES Tire Triumphs—every one of them—each with its own distinctive quality, price, tread design. Built, backed and *guaranteed* by the makers of Vacuum Cups.
STURDY STUD—TRIPLE TREAD—SUCCESS

True auto tire construction—so tough, strong, wear-resisting that they usually average far in excess of their mileage guarantee—

VACUUM CUP *Oilproof* **MOTORCYCLE TIRES** Oilproof, skid-safe, *guaranteed* for 5,000 miles.

Sold Direct to Dealers

—giving the consumer the benefit of the goodly savings—

Generous in quality, moderate in prices.

STURDY STUD *Oilproof* **MOTORCYCLE TIRES**

Guaranteed for 4,000 Miles

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO.

Jeannette, Pa.

Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada



How Dad Broke Up the Corner Gang

Carom or Pocket Billiards played at home gives boys a manly way to let loose their 40-horse energy. *It keeps them off the street!*

In homes that have the "Baby Grand," the parents write us it's *solved* the boy problem.

Why don't you learn to be a robust boy or girl again? One Brunswick Home Table brings 33 royal games—and *each one makes grown-ups feel a year younger!*

BRUNSWICK

"Baby Grand"

"Grand," "Convertible" and "Quick Demountable"

Home Billiard Tables

This family of Brunswick Tables lead the world because they are scientifically built.

Fast, ever-level billiard beds, famous Monarch cushions—life, speed and accuracy! *Sizes and styles to fit all homes, regardless of room.*

\$27 Up—Pay 10c a Day

"Grand" and "Baby Grand" Brunswicks are made of genuine San Domingo mahogany.

"Quick Demountable" Brunswicks can be set up anywhere in a jiffy and easily taken down after play.

"Convertible" Brunswicks are handsome library and dining tables that give you grown-up carom and pocket billiards, too.

30-Day Trial—Balls, Etc., FREE

High-Class Playing Outfit included without extra cost—Balls, Cues, Rack, Markers, Expert Book of 33 Games, etc.

Color photos, low prices, easy terms and home trial offer all shown in our handsome book—"Billiards—The Home Magnet." It's FREE! Send this Free Coupon TODAY—

This Brings Billiard Book Free

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. 33A 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send free postpaid your color-photo book

"Billiards—The Home Magnet"

and tell about your home trial offer.

Name

Address

(523)

Oils Everything

about house and office. 3-in-One has a hundred daily uses. You constantly need it to oil clocks, locks, casters, sewing machines, go-carts, velocipedes, roller skates, lawn mowers, guns and fishing reels; magnetos and commutators.

3-in-One Oil also polishes automobile bodies; prevents rust on andirons, escutcheons, and tools; puts an edge on a razor; keeps nickel-plated faucets, etc., bright.

3-in-One

has been the standard household oil for twenty years; nothing can take its place.

At all stores: In bottles, 10c, 25c, 50c. In Handy Oil Cans, 25c.

FREE—A generous sample and Dictionary of Uses.

Three-in-One Oil Co.
42QM. Broadway, New York City

TRIAL BOTTLE THIS SIZE

SENT FREE

Dioxogen

Keeps little hurts from becoming big and dangerous. Use it promptly as the safest means against infection. Men, women and children should learn to use Dioxogen every time they receive any injury that breaks the skin. You can judge for yourself as trial bottle will be sent free on request, or ask for Dioxogen by name at any drug store.

The Oakland Chemical Co.,
10 Astor Place, N. Y.

EVEREADY SAFETY LIGHTS

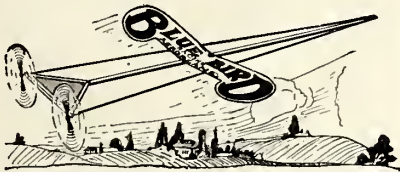


For fun and use you can't beat an EVEREADY! Think how handy this "automatic" would be when doing chores and errands at night, going down cellar, and finding things in the dark. Many styles, at your dealers. 75 cents and up. Catalog free.

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Company
Long Island City New York

With that long lived
TUNGSTEN Battery

BLUE BIRD RACING AEROPLANE



It Flies High and Far

You can have piles of fun racing this wonderful 22-inch flyer. It is *guaranteed to fly* and will mount to a height of over 50 feet and make flights of about 300 feet. It flies just like a real man-carrying aeroplane.

Complete outfit is packed in an attractive box with our Patent Multiple Winder, flying instructions, etc. Price only **\$1.25**

Sold by toy, sporting goods and department stores. Ask to see the Bluebird and other "Ideal" Aeroplanes. If your dealer can't supply you, send your order to us.

Get our 50-page *Aeroplane Book*, containing full information about other Ideal Aeroplanes, parts, etc., 5c. postpaid.

IDEAL AEROPLANE & SUPPLY CO.
84-86 West Broadway New York City



Feels
fine to get out
for a romp again!

You bet, and the biggest fun is to have some tasty Necco Sweets along. Not just ordinary candy that gets dirty and sticky in your pockets, but Necco "Joy Drops," sealed up in transparent wrappers that keep 'em fresh and pure.

Tried Necco yet? Lemon Drops, Assorted Fruit Drops, Boston Baked Beans, Sweethearts, Necco and Hub Wafers. All sealed, all fresh and all mighty good—and only a nickel



There are nine different flavors in Necco and Hub Wafers. Find out which you like best.



NEW ENGLAND
CONFECTIONERY CO.
Boston, Mass.



EVERY baby's mother
Should do the same as mine—
Buy Baby Midget Garters,
They certainly are fine.

Baby needs the comforts
That grown-up folks enjoy,
So take home Midget Garters
For your little girl or boy.

Baby Midget

Liste *Velvet Grip* Silk
10 HOSE SUPPORTER 15
CENTS SOLD EVERYWHERE OR SENT POSTPAID CENTES
GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON



THE BOOK MAN

"Know ye not," the Brownie cries,
"At our coming trouble flies,
Joy and peace, and goodly gain
Surely follow in our train.
Give me then upon your shelf
Some wee corner for myself."

WHAT special virtue is there in the Brownies that after so many years they still go on making friends among boys and girls? Many are the funny, fantastic little creatures that have been invented since Palmer Cox and his Brownies first showed the way; but the Goops and the Kewpies and the rest never seem to have the staying power of the Brownie band. Perhaps the reason is that the later inventions really have no meaning and are just nonsense after all; while the Brownies are so human that once having made friends with them we never quite forget them.



The Brownies have an honorable and ancient past that reaches back long before Palmer Cox made them famous, a past during which they had time to acquire all the nice qualities Palmer Cox himself discovered in them. For the Brownies really belong in folk-lore, along with gnomes and goblins. But legend says that they differ from gnomes in being kind and helpful little fellows, delighting in acts of service and in performing during the night tasks that human beings have not had time to finish in the daytime. And legend adds that all you have to do to keep in their good graces is to leave where they can get it a little bowl of cream, or home-made malt. While they are never visible, they are supposed to be tanned brown by the sun, and to have brown hair,



which accounts for their name. This is what folk-lore says, so you see Palmer Cox told the truth when he wrote the sentence that is printed on one of the opening pages of every one of his books: "Brownies, like fairies and goblins, are imaginary little sprites, who are supposed to delight in harmless pranks and



"Um-m-m! Doesn't a
BEECH-NUT
PEANUT BUTTER
sandwich taste good
after school!"

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
Canajoharie, New York

THE BOOKMAN—Continued

helpful deeds. They work and sport while weary households sleep, and never allow themselves to be seen by mortal eyes."

But of course the Palmer Cox Brownies, though they preserve all these qualities of their ancestors, are quite up-to-date in other respects. They skate, they play baseball, go ballooning and tobogganing, ride bicycles, play tennis, and travel about the world in lively fashion. You know there are special books about the Brownies' travels abroad, through the Union, around the world, and even in the Philippines! (There are nine Brownie Books altogether, not to mention a tenth called "The Brownie Clown in Brownie Town," and an eleventh called "The Brownie Primer,"—but that's not quite like the others.) And then, too, the Brownies, as you know, are not merely the fat little men with spindly legs and peaked hoods that they were before Palmer Cox discovered them. There are all sorts of Brownies now—soldiers, policemen, grey-beards, Irish, German, Chinese and every other kind of Brownie. But of course I don't have to tell you things of this kind,—or that Palmer Cox and his Brownies started their wonderful career in your own St. NICHOLAS.



Palmer Cox, who still lives in Brownie Castle up in Canada, where he can look out from his tower forty miles or so over the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains, believes that too many children's artists and writers nowadays show childhood at its worst, and that in order to gain comic effects in their work they too often make their jokes depend on exhibitions of a dreadful thing called youthful depravity. Now there is one point about the Brownies, they never cause pain, just as they never suffer pain. Whatever they do, they are always helpful and kind—and perhaps that is why people who made friends with them when they were small do not quite forget them when they have grown up, and buy the Brownie Books for their own children. The Germans would never have sent their armies so cruelly into Belgium if there had ever been a German translation of the Brownie books and the Kaiser and the other imperial leaders had been brought up on them and had really absorbed their message. Palmer Cox himself said that the other day.

The Bookman

**The Ideal Gift
EMERSON
PHONOGRAPH**



\$3

Size
9 1/2 x 9 1/2 x 12"
Weight
Packed
8 1/2 lbs.

Tone equal to many high priced machines. Plays all makes of disk records. Any child can play it. Fully guaranteed. Enjoyment for the youngster and the entire family.

HARRY LAUDER, Caruso and Emerson Popular 6 inch records, 10c. 7 inch double disks (music on both sides), 25c.

Send \$3 and we will send the machine express collect

At all
dealers

JOS. W. STERN & CO.
Sales Corporation
109 W. 38th St. New York

Write for
complete list
of records

From 1857 to 1916—

**Babies of
Three Generations
have been raised to
healthy childhood
on**

Gail Borden
**EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK**
THE ORIGINAL

THE FOOD that thousands of mothers of today — of a generation ago — and of our grandmother's day — found pure and safe for their babies is likely to prove pure and safe for your baby. Awarded GRAND PRIZE at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Keep a supply of "Eagle Brand" in the house and use it in cooking. It gives a wonderful flavor to coffee, tea and chocolate.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
108 Hudson St., New York

Please send me the book-lets checked:
 Baby's Welfare.
 Baby's Biography.
 Borden's Recipes.

Name.....
Address.....

S. N. 4-16



We carry everything in the way of Outdoor Games and Sporting Goods to make your summer in the country the most enjoyable you ever spent. Tell us in what you are interested mostly and we will send you particulars:

Portable Play Houses in wood and canvas, Tents of all kinds, Sand Boxes, Outdoor Games, Play Suits, Camping Outfits, Canoes, Athletic Slides and Bump the Bumps, Bicycles, Velocipedes, Automobiles, Express Wagons, Sulkies and Goat Wagons, and, of course, toys of all descriptions.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ

(Established 1862)

Fifth Ave. at 31st Street, New York

FOR
MAY PARTIES
Maillard Confections

Ask your mother if we may send her a free copy of a little booklet called "Maillard's Confections"—it is brimful of Helps and Hints for her.

If she says "Yes," write us a short note telling us so and we will send the booklet for her, and a new series of Poster Art Stamps for you.

Your mother wants to be sure that the candy served in her house is delicious and pure and fresh and wholesome, whether it is for Parties or for Every Day. That is why we want every St. Nicholas family to know about Maillard's Confections.

In writing for the booklet and stamps, address Maillard, Publicity Department, 116 West 25th St., New York

Chocolates Bonbons

Maillard

**REPORT ON ADVERTISING
COMPETITION, No. 170**

"Nobody loves a Chinaman" somebody once remarked, but whoever said it had evidently never heard of our friend Yuan Hop Sing, or counted the number of answers which that Oriental's weird stamp advertisement brought him from all over the country.

The Judges are tempted to believe that many of you stand at the head of your class in languages—certainly if you can translate French or German as easily as you deciphered Yuan's Chinese, the United States will have no future need to worry over its consular service. What made us more than usually happy was to have so many of you write that this was the most interesting of recent competitions. We are glad not only because we like to amuse, but also because we want to see all our readers take up the fascinating hobby of stamp collecting.

Before closing, the Judges wish to correct the mistaken impression which existed in the minds of some of you—that just because you didn't use the "What I want for Christmas" page you would thereby be barred from competing successfully. Naturally all those who gave interesting information as to *why* they did not use the plan were given full credit. No matter whether or not you can give the required information, always make sure that your letters show careful thought in preparation.

One First Prize (\$5.00).

Lucy Lewis Thom, age 15, Maryland.

Two Second Prizes (\$3.00 each).

Ruth McAneny, age 14, New York.
John Gibson, age 12, Pennsylvania.

Three Third Prizes (\$2.00 each).

Helen McHarg, age 15, New York.
Rachael Rogers, age 13, Kansas.
Marjorie Schmal, age 14, Ohio.

Ten Fourth Prizes (\$1.00 each).

1. Nan Hunt, age 12, Missouri.
2. Miriam Alvans, age 19, Georgia.
3. Margaret Rittinger, age 16, New York.
4. Edith T. Kelso, age 16, Connecticut.
5. Leslie Brown, age 15, Massachusetts.
6. Charles Michener, age 12, Pennsylvania.
7. Marie Luhrs, age 12, New York.
8. Foster Hensel, age 17, Minnesota.
9. Lois McDavis, age 16, Missouri.
10. Olive Frazer, age 15, New York.

Honorable Mention.

- Cranston Jones, age 16, New York.
Louise Porter, age 14, California.
Cecile Creveling, age 13, Washington.
Helena Dillingham, age 12, New Jersey.

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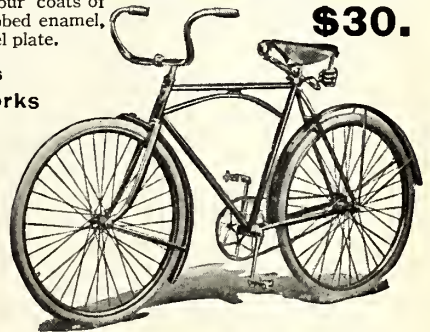


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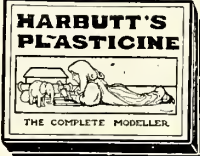


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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE



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ANOTHER STAMP-COLLECTORS' COMPETITION

NEW ISSUES

WE find a general demand for these little competitions of ours. They seem to meet with great favor. We believe, too, that they stimulate collecting generally. This we wish to do, and also to encourage those of our readers who are already stamp-collectors to get into more personal touch with us, and to form the habit of bringing their stamp problems to us. And so we are going to make this competition a personal one. It is going to be one to which every reader can reply, and will not require a very extensive acquaintance with stamps. Any stamp-collector—every stamp-collector—has a "favorite" stamp, one in which he takes a personal and peculiar interest. We want you to tell us which stamp in your collection interests you the most. And why? It may be that you like the stamp because it comes from some far-away country; or perhaps because it was given you by a grandmother or auntie. Possibly it was on a letter sent you from some uncle or cousin who was traveling in Europe. Perhaps you bought it yourself in some other land—or on some vacation. Or perhaps you like your favorite stamp because of the beauty of the design, or the bright color; or because it bears the portrait of some great man whom you admire; or because it depicts a scene which interests you. Possibly it is a stamp which you found yourself in some old trunk or some other out-of-the-way place. Perhaps you like it, not because of its worth or beauty, but just because it was the first stamp you had—the very beginning of your collection. But whatever the reason, no matter how young you are nor how old, no matter whether your collection is little or big, no matter, even, if you are a grown-up, write and tell us about it. We want every reader of the page to enter this competition. Your replies should not be over 200 words in length and should reach us by April 20. Write your address plainly, and we will acknowledge all replies. And to those which are, in our opinion, most interesting and best written we will send something in the stamp line as a prize. The names of the winners of prizes will be published in *St. Nicholas* for June, 1916. Replies should be directed to

EDITOR STAMP PAGE,
ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE,
353 FOURTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY.

(Concluded on page 34).

AMONG the new issues which have recently come to us, and which we illustrate in our heading, is the Canadian War-Tax Stamp. It first reached us through the courtesy of Mr. J. Horace Faull, Jr., of Toronto, a reader of "Stamp Page." Others also sent copies. One of these readers thinks the issue will not last long, as much fault is found with it. While not a postage-stamp *per se*, it is yet available for postage. Notice the lettering just below the head of King George. The big letter "T" stands for Tax. Mr. Paul J. Glasgow, also of Toronto, sends us an interesting set of the revenue-stamps of Canada.

The month has been productive of quite a series of the popular Red Cross stamps. The most striking of these, owing to the sharp contrast of the colors used, is the one-penny Trinidad. This was on sale only one day—October 21st, 1915. The cross is in deeper red than the stamp and is surrounded by a black frame, which makes it stand out boldly. The entire issue was sold out in a few hours, and the stamp already commands quite a premium.

Ecuador sends a striking three-centavo stamp. The design is clearly engraved, and is printed in intense black. The central portrait is Señor Robles. His epaulets suggest that he is a general in the army. The whole design is very effective and an ornament to any stamp collection.

From Switzerland come two jolly little stamps—stamps which every girl and every boy will take pleasure in owning. They both bear the heading "Pro Juventute." The five-centime is in green; the central design is that of a merry-looking, snub-nosed, mischievous boy. His curly hair has escaped from beneath his cap, and he looks as if he was about to play a good joke on some one of his friends. In the background are lakes and mountains. The ten-centime presents a fascinating girl, whose pig-tails hang demurely down her back, and who has turned her head slightly so as to show to best advantage a truly astonishing and becoming head-dress. In front of her is some kind of a tree. Who, of our readers, can tell us what it represents? In the lower label is the one word—*Helvetia* (Switzerland).

We illustrate also two stamps (Red Cross) from Italy. Both of them bear at the top the words "Poste Italiane" and the postage value (Cent. 10

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

(Continued from page 33.)

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(Continued from page 32.)



and Cent. 15), while at the bottom appears the charity value, "Cent. Croce Rossa 5." The central design of the red ten-centime is a picture of the royal flag of Italy surrounded by a wreath; just below the flag is a circle containing the Red Cross symbol. The fifteen-centime shows an eagle with outstretched wings; above his head, a crown; and above that, in a circle with olive (?) branches, is the Red Cross symbol. The stamps are a little larger than those used for ordinary postage.

We have seen copies of the new United States envelop. The Government will not permit us to illustrate it. The design, however, is good, and will find favor with many collectors. It is on sale now at Washington, D. C., and will soon be sold at all post-offices. We wonder which of our readers will be the first to see it.

CHOOSE CAREFULLY

ST. NICHOLAS believes thoroughly in stamp-collecting, and wants all of its readers who are not already collectors to take up the hobby at once. For those who are just commencing, the most important suggestion that can be given is to "choose carefully your stamp." The beginner has as yet no standard of excellence. He does not know what a stamp should be like in order to be worthy of a place in his collection. There is nothing so discouraging as to wake up after a while to the fact that one has not chosen one's stamps carefully; that one can not take pride in showing his collection to the other girls and boys. More collections are laid aside because of this than for any other reason. And in order that the St. NICHOLAS readers may have no regrets later, we would strongly urge each and every beginner to collect only good stamps—that is, stamps in good condition. Discard at once all torn, damaged, faded stamps. Insist upon having bright colors—handsome-looking specimens. In buying a perforated stamp, be sure that it has perforations on all four sides, and also that it is fairly "evenly centered"—that is, that the margin outside of the design is not markedly wider on one side than it is on the others, and that the perforations do not impinge upon the design. The cancellation on a used stamp need not be nearly invisible, but it should not be heavy. If a town cancellation, choose a specimen upon which the figures and lettering of the cancellation are clearly legible. Choose for your collection only such imperforate stamps as have wide margins on at least three sides. Following such rules as these will cause you to reject many stamps, but in the end you will be glad you did it.

Schools



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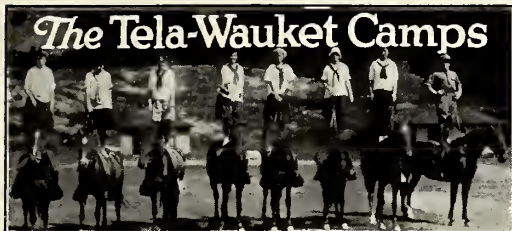
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There are some excellent schools advertising in these columns, but if you are perplexed and do not know which school to choose, we will gladly advise you without charge.

Give as much information as possible when writing. Address

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353 Fourth Avenue New York City



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READ the two letters printed below and then read the camp advertisements. Show them to your mother and your father and get one of them to write for booklets, which any of the camps will gladly send. Tell the camps you saw their advertisements in *ST. NICHOLAS*; or if your parents can't quite decide which camp to choose, get them to fill out the coupon below and write their name on the back, or fill it out yourself but get your mother or father to sign the reverse side or to write us a letter. Then we will gladly give advice without charge.

Here are the letters.

DEAR BETSY:

I do hope you will be able to meet me at camp next summer as we planned. I would so like to show you all my favorite nooks and take you on some of our walks or up the mountain.

I am sure that you would enjoy life at the camp. There is such a wonderful spirit there. Whatever you are doing, work or play, you are always interested in it. Why, you really could n't help liking it! Every one does.

On the clear days we will swim in the lake after we have finished our crafts, and then perhaps in the afternoon we will ride horseback. Such wonderful, refreshing rides as they are—around the lake and back. Perhaps we will not ride but play baseball. My! what fun those games were! Last year we played a boys' camp. You should have seen those boys. They wore sacks for a handicap and they did look so funny "hopping bases."

If we do not want to do any of these things, there are the shady spots where we can read, or some one will always be ready to go out rowing with us.

Rainy days are quite a contrast, yet they are just as much fun, for we will all gather together and play games or tell stories.

In the evening, after supper, we will have charades or something amusing, such as minstrel shows, shadow pictures, or perhaps a fancy-dress party. When at last the bugle blows I can tell you that we will all be ready to go to our tents.

Then, besides these daily occupations we often have little extra parties, which are such fun—but I have no time to tell you more of the joys of camp life and can only assure you again that you will love our camp.

With love from

J. R. R.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I thought that by writing you a letter I could thus let many other boys and girls know about my most wonderful summer at camp.

We sleep in tents which provide ample shelter in bad weather. They are completely furnished with all the necessary cots, furniture and flies—that is, a second cover for the tent. All of them have board floors, so there is scarcely any danger of catching cold; there are a number of tents, with an average of three boys and a counselor to a tent. As for the campers themselves, well, with the exception of some of my friends here at home, I would n't want to look for a better "bunch." We had an excellent cook, and the meals can't be beat."



The swimming is fine. One can dive from the first floor into ten feet of water.

However, the best part of the camp season, or at least what I think is the best part, is the number of wonderful trips we take under the guidance of the counselors.

The camp season is ended with the land and water sports, which I need not describe, as every boy and girl in the United States is familiar with them.

This is really a joint letter, for my brother called to mind some of the points on which my brain was rusty, so we both sign it.

Yours sincerely,

Sam and Jack D—

For information, fill out, cut out, and mail this coupon

Did you attend a camp last year?

If so, which and where?

.....

What section would you prefer?

.....

What is your age?

Name

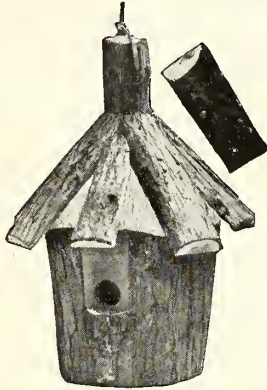
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ST. NICHOLAS CAMP EDITOR
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No. 14, Wren-Bluebird House

house. Use it for model and make many more.

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SCREWDRIVER and a minute's time will make this house perfectly suitable for either Wren or Bluebird.

Am urged to have this invention patented, but I am averse to having anything patented the noble bird cause.

\$1.35 will buy the



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Shetland Ponies, Dogs of all breeds, Belgian Hares and all other rabbits, Angora Cats, Fancy Pigeons, Fancy Poultry, Wild Ducks, Geese, Swans, Cavies, Squirrels, Ringdoves, Parrots, Canaries, Monkeys, Foxes, Raccoons, Ferrets, thousands of Pets all varieties, low prices. Big catalog beautifully illustrated 25 cents, lists free.

Order your pets now.

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Write for catalog of Belle Meade Ponies. Bred from blue ribbon winners. Shows photos of pet ponies, describes them with pedigree and gives prices from \$75 up.

BELLE MEADE FARM
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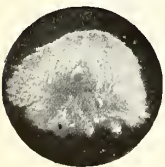


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BIRDS AND SPRINGTIME

OF COURSE the two go hand in hand. Now that April is with us again, you will begin to plan for the coming of your feathered friends, and you will want to give them nice, safe nesting-places where they can raise their little ones undisturbed by cats or sparrows. The best way to make sure that your wild birds will nest close to your house or garden is to buy one of the many varieties of splendidly built bird-houses advertised in this department. They are made by experts who know exactly what sort of tastes birds have—and there are models for every species from the Purple Martin to Jenny Wren.

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"Neglected Teeth are more dangerous than smallpox."

See *Good Housekeeping*—
March, 1915—p. 324.

Dr. Osler says:

"Oral hygiene, the hygiene of the mouth—there is not one single thing more important to the public in the whole range of hygiene."

See *Dental Hygiene*—p. 3.

Dr. Richard Grady (U. S. Naval Surgeon at Annapolis) says:

"The tooth-brush drill is as needful as any gymnastic exercise."

See *Dental Hygiene*—p. 5.

The N. Y. Sun says:

"Teeth bad—boy bad."

Interview with Mr. C. D. Hilles, formerly Secretary to President Taft and now President N. Y. Juvenile Association.

N. Y. Sun, July 8, 1914.

The N. Y. Times says:

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N. Y. Times, December 20, 1914.

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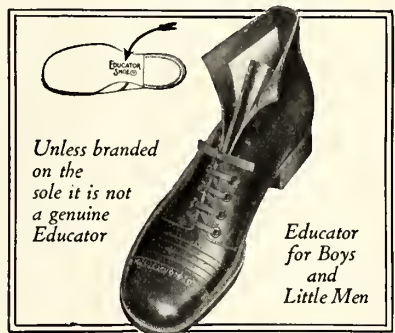
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In this respect, for all the ages, oats have stood supreme. And oats will always be the king food where vitality is prized.

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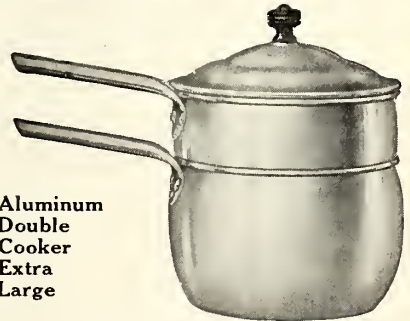
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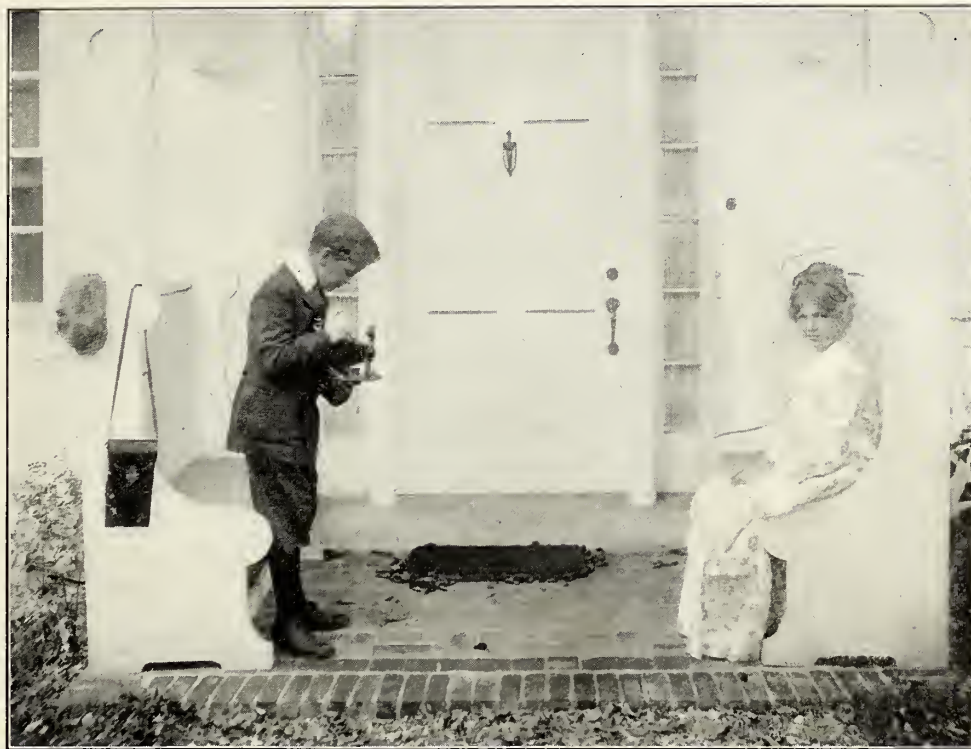
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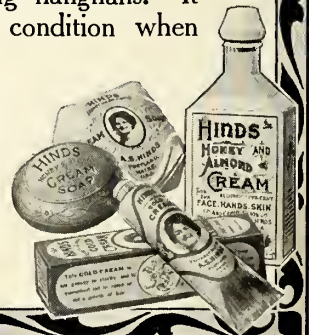
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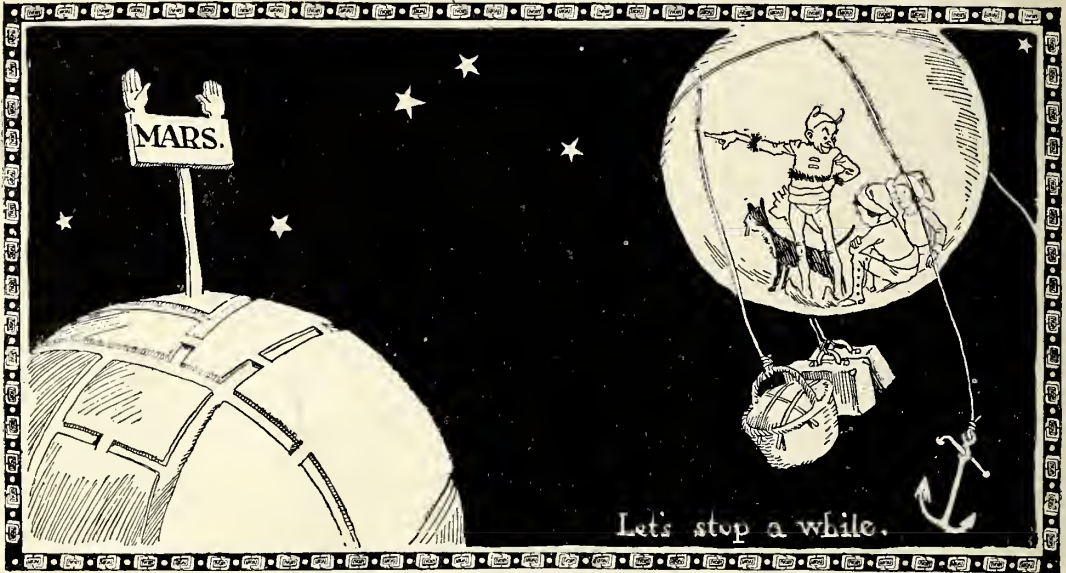
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·: MUDDY MARS CHILDREN ·:

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"It's Mars," said Bob, "let's stop a while and take a careful look. I read about that planet once in Father's science book." And so they cast their anchor in a stalwart Martian tree, then scattered off in ones and twos to see what they could see. The **IVORY** bubble bobbed about and tugged upon its rope, when back came all its passengers for lots of **IVORY SOAP**.

The first to come were Bob and Gnif, in quite a breathless rush. Each carried off six **IVORY** cakes, some towels and a brush. Then Betty came with Yow and Snip, from different directions. They'd seen some grimy babies with most sorrowful complexions. Such fine success they all had gained with various kinds of dirt, they thought the use of **IVORY** at least would do no hurt. You should have seen the snow white streak they scrubbed right through the crowd, while from the unwashed little tots, came pleadings, long and loud.

"Oh, wash us too, we beg of you, and give us **IVORY SOAP** to cleanse our skins as clean as pins, and fill our hearts with hope." So to the bubble back they came, more **IVORY SOAP** to get, and there just flocks of children led by Bob and Gnif they met.

Oh, what a harum scarum time! Oh, what a soapy tussle! The clean ones washed the grimy ones with all their might and muscle. And since that day, old Mars has been the cleanest, brightest planet, and very glad our heroes are that **IVORY SOAP** began it.

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(a Magazine for
little children)

*You see all cleansing tasks are hopeful
If hearts and hands are **IVORY SOAP**ful.*

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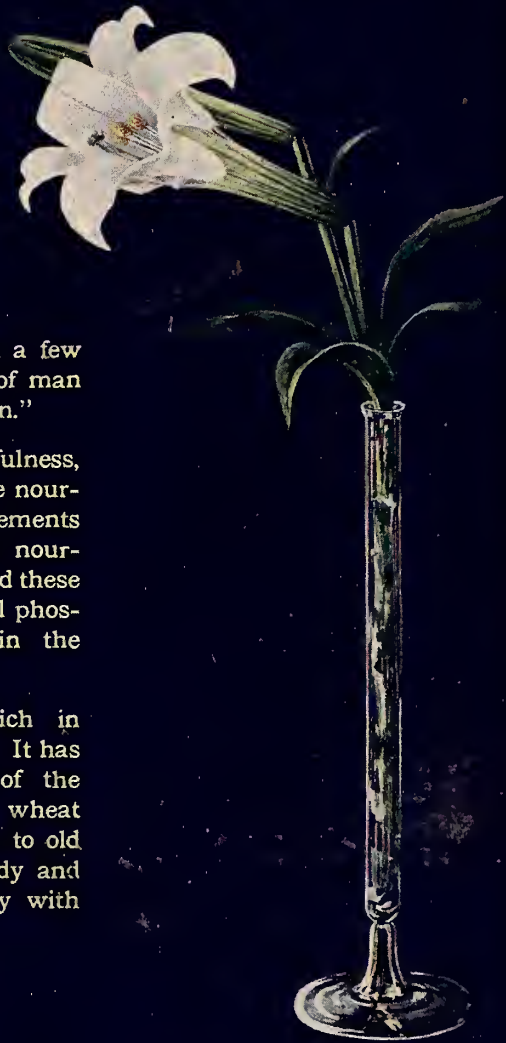
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The life of the lily is but a few transient hours. The life of man is "three score years and ten."

But to live his life in its fulness, man—like the lily—must be nourished by those same vital elements which Nature provides for nourishing every living thing; and these include the valuable mineral phosphates so often lacking in the usual dietary.

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